

Full Initiation

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A Patreon Request

A newly hired panther becomes the taste tester for his boss's baking when his coworkers throw him under the bus. Fortunately for him, he grows into his new role quite well

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains A Male Panther Tiger and Elephant, Belly Stuffing, Wardrobe Malfunctions, Weight Gain, Feeding, Semi-Public Setting, M/M Handjob,

The buzz of fluorescent lights filled thrummed through the office, wrapping around sharply-lit walls and resonating throughout the building. The rhythmic clacks of keyboards broke the drone in sporadic flurries, matched in irritation only by the constant ringing of phones. Low cubicles offered workers only token shelter from the sounds of their peers, and only the offices of management truly knew tranquility in the poorly-ventilated space. The only other sanctuary within its walls was the break-room, and even then it wasn't always peaceful. Constant conversations filled the comparatively small room, but the ever-present scents of foods and drank offset that draw back. Still, there were moments no one wanted to be caught there.

The senior staff had their bosses routine down to clockwork. On mere instinct, they knew exactly when to make themselves scarce. Their more astute coworkers took note and followed their lead, leaving the oblivious and naive to deal with an infamous chore. Heads turned from their snacks as the scent of fresh baked cookies wafted from the hallway beyond, and pupils shrank as fates were sealed. A stout elephant waddled into the cramped room, filling the doorway with his plush figure. An expensive suit clung to his form and accentuated his curves, leaving no folds of fat to the imagination. The buttons of his jacket strained to keep the garment closed around his middle, and his belt held back an avalanche of softness. His suspenders sank into his pudgy shoulders, pinned in place by the weight of his rear. The plate of cookies he bore towered passed his chest, forcing him to look over them to behold his employees.

All but an intern buried their faces in their phone or newspaper, but the elephantine titan was not deterred. "Good morning everyone," he began with far too much cheer for the morning's early hour. "My wife experimented with another cookie recipe, and I thought you all might enjoy the result."

His workers remained silent while he lumbered to the central table, floor creaking in his wake. The table let out a similar sound when he placed the pile of cookies.

"Feel free to take as many as you like. In fact, I suggest you do, because my wife will be very unhappy if I bring any back home." He swept his gaze across the room, making passing eye contact with those foolish enough to look up. "And if she's not happy, I'm not happy. And if *I'm* not happy, *you're* not happy."

He paused to let his threat sink in.

"But I'm sure that won't be an issue. I hope you all have a good day."

The elephant bowed and walked out of the room with a frightening degree of casualness. No one dared speak until the thumps of his footfalls dropped out of earshot.

"Ughhhh," a tiger groaned. "Someone needs to take her oven away. Or at least hide all her cook books."

"Absolutely not," a panda shot back. "Can you imagine what abomination he'd bring in if she didn't even have that?"

"At least then it'd grow legs and walk outta here."

A curious look crossed a panther's face. "C'mon, they can't really be that bad, right?"

The tiger and panda turned to face each other. "New guy?"

"New guy."

They turned to the panther in unison. "Surviving his wife's baking is a rite of passage around here."

The tiger nodded. "You know, bonding over shared trauma and all that."

The panther shrugged. "No cookie can possibly be that bad."

"Then how about you put your money where your moth is," the panda grinned. "If you can finish the entire plate, we'll consider you one of us."

The tiger blanched. "There's a difference between hazing and killing, you know."

"You know, I just remembered I'm on a diet," the panther muttered.

"Oh no, you're not getting off that easy. In a couple hours, I'm throwing away whatever's left on that plate."

"You're going to turn this into an actual murder."

"Not if he eats them all. Then he'll just be hospitalized."

The tiger shook his head. "This is going to bite you in the ass."

"But until it does, he'll be the one biting," the panda gestured at the panther. "You've got a full day ahead of you rookie. I suggest you get chomping~" With that, he stood and returned to his cubicle.

The tiger followed shortly after, laying a paw on the panther's shoulder as he passed. "I'll send my condolences top your family." He shook his head somberly, then shuffled to his desk.

In the following silence, the panther stared the small mountain of cookies down.

For a lengthy moment, neither moved. The cookies sat under the fluorescent light,

steaming with apparent goodness, while the panther sized up their task for the day. The intern breathed deep through his nose, then gingerly let it out. The scent of chocolate lingered in his nose, and his stomach gurgled in anticipation. His paw sank into his paunch as his hunger reminded him of his missed breakfast, and for once in his life, he was happy to run late. He licked his lips, then turned back to the waiting plate. Despite the speculations of his peers, it seemed the dish was competently prepared and perfectly content for someone to eat it. He rose from his seat and approached the platter and the aroma of the snacks strengthened. Notes of sugar drifted into the cat's perception, and his hunger deepened. His middle groaned and churned with need by the time he reached the table, and he wasted no time helping himself.

He plucked a cookie from the peak of the pile and popped it into his mouth, then moaned with delight when it melted across his tongue. Rich chocolate both dominated and enhanced the light pastry holding it in place, culminating in a quality that rivaled desserts bought from a store. Confusion interrupted his gastric revelry when he wondered why the others thought so poorly of the cookie's creator, however. The panther swiftly shrugged those thoughts off, thankful that he had all the more to himself. The feline scarcely swallowed the first one down when he chomped into the second, and emboldened by their bountiful flavor, he crammed his cheeks with a third and fourth. A low purr rumbled in his chest as he chewed, capped by a gasp of delight when he gulped them down. One of his paws drifted to his paunch and welcomed the treats to their proper place, while the other kept his muzzle full. His shameless feasting only stopped when he noticed the clock, which marked the end of his break. Instead of leaving the plate in the break-room like a considerate coworker, however, he stole it away and brought it to his desk.

With his snack secured, the panther's productivity plummeted. Only one of his paws ventured to his keyboard, and the other kept his maw constantly filled. The flavorful distraction cut his concentration as well, hampering the quality of what little he was able to achieve. Still, he managed to complete all of his assignments at his glacial pace and stay out of his supervisor's notice. More importantly, the panther consistently chipped away at the plate of cookies. His paunch advanced onto his lap and eclipsed his belt by the time lunch time arrived, and the feline saw no reason to leave his desk when he had a perfect meal in reach. The pile of cookies dwindled at a record pace without the distraction of his work, free to stuff himself without consequence for a full half hour. Crumbs littered his shirt and rolled down his tie, an obvious indicator of declining manners. The buttons of his shirt strained and stretched, showing patches of midnight fur up his front. A few popper threads were the only casualties by the time he finished the platter, and he slumped back in gluttonous victory as his peers returned from their lunch out.

A deep purr rumbled in his chest as the panda passed by, drawing his attention, "Hey rookie, did you finish all those- holy hell." The sight of the licked-clean plate stopped his words in his throat.

The tiger stopped in his tracks at the sight. "I think we found the first one to both like and survive the boss's cookies," he whistled.

"It is just the first day though. Let's see if he can keep it up through the week."

The panther stirred from his gluttonous haze. "Wait, there's going to be more? And I thought his wife made these."

The panda shrugged. "I'm pretty sure he just says that so he doesn't look like the terrible baker. But yes, there's going to be more tomorrow, and the next day, and the next day."

The tiger leaned against the cubicle and explained. "He gets like this every time he finds a new cook book. Though for better or worse, he might have made a deal with a devil with they're that good this time."

The panther stifled a belch into his fist. "Does that mean you two will help me eat the next batch?"

The pair laughed. "Not in your life rookie," the panda chuckled. "What makes you think I want anything to do with probably-demon-cookies?"

"Yeah, I'm with him on this one. Even if they weren't probably-cursed, I have a diet I need to stick to." The cat patted his flat middle to emphasize the point. "That belly's gonna look better on you than me anyway. I can already tell." He reached out and rubbed the panther's exposed middle through a set of popped buttons. "You probably want to put that away before the boss comes back, by the way."

The panther's cheeks flushed and he scooted his middle into the shadow of his desk. "You're probably right. I don't need a dress code violation on day one."

"That, and you don't want to be on his radar," the panda added. "If you've ever wondered why the doorways are wider than usual here, it's because someone got on his radar."

The panther's tail flicked, a gesture that didn't go unnoticed.

"You really might be the perfect fit for this," the tiger grinned. "The boss has a thing for bigger guys and making them bigger."

The panda elbowed him. "Don't throw him under the bus like that."

"Like you did earlier?"

"That's because it was helpful to us," he sneered. "That doesn't help anyone."

"It'll get his baking off our back for a couple weeks, until rookie here outgrows his wardrobe. And cubicle." He patted the panther's belly for emphasis.

The panda shrugged. "That's up to him either way." He turned to the panther. "As far as I'm concerned, you've proved yourself."

The panda walked off, and the panther hid his scowl.

"Don't worry about him or the boss too much," the tiger offered. "He's just salty about missing a promotion a while back. You do what you think is best for you."

The tiger departed, leaving the panther in relative solitude. He let out a breath he'd been holding since they arrived, allowing his belly to spill into his lap and rolled him back from his desk. The feline rested his paws across its softening dome and idly rubbed its exposed surface while he considered the conversation. Earning favor with the elephant certainly appealed to him, though he pondered if it was worth the cost of his waist line. He traced the curve of his love-handles and hid his fingers under his muffin-top, the idly hefted his pudge. He reasoned he wasn't in particularly great shape to begin with, so what was a little more weight on his figure? Working it off would be a simple task, and his metabolism would greatly speed up the process. The cat leaned back in his seat, earning a creak from the plastic piece of furniture, reminding him of his past "success" at the gym. His belly grumbled and gurgled in the same moment, swaying his judgment. All he needed was a break from gym life, and slacking on losing weight would give him the motivation to really lose it.

The cat set his resolve on his rebound strategy, then returned to his work. The rest of the day passed swiftly, despite the occasional, hungry complaints from his stomach.

The next day carried the consequences of his initiation. The panther staggered into the office not even a minute before start time, wrapped in disheveled clothing stretched tightly around his figure. Patches of fur poked through gaps in his button-up shirt, a stark contrast to its snowy hue that drew attention to his new curves. The bottom his belly defied the garment altogether, peaking from beneath its edge and eclipsing his belt. The top fastener of his pants hung open and exposed his underwear, a break he attempted to hide by wrapping his tail around his waist. The technique only partially preserved his modesty however, and it did nothing for his rear peeking over the top of his pants. The poorly-clothed feline willed himself invisible as he darted by the break-room and made a beeline for his desk, though the stares of his colleagues followed him regardless. The panda laughed to himself and returned to his breakfast as he passed, though the tiger proved much more interested in the spectacle.

The striped cat invited himself into the panther's cubicle and leaned against its entrance. "Looks like those cookies did some damage."

The panther blushed. "Yeah, I didn't have time to find new clothes once I got home yesterday. I might not tonight either."

The tiger grinned broadly. "Well, hopefully that won't become a bigger problem. It's rare for

the boss to go all out two days in a row."

"That's a bit of a relief."

"Rare, but not impossible."

As if on cue, the elephant started his walk through the office and passed right by the panther and tiger. The panther let out a sigh of relief, until realization struck the executive and caused him to backtrack. "You're our new intern, right?"

"I have a name, but yes."

The elephant grinned. "I'm delighted to hear how well my baking went over with you. It was a little rude of you claim the whole batch for yourself, but I can't ignore a compliment like that."

"I thought they were your wife's cookies?"

The boss completely ignored the question. "I felt inspired to bake again last night, and this time I made a little extra just for you. I hope you enjoy these as much as the others."

The panther opened his mouth to speak again, though his jaw dropped when presented with the platter of desserts. Dense brownies filled every inch of the serving plate, stacked taller than yesterday's pillars of cookies. He relaxed when saw the smaller plate in the elephant's other hand, then blanched when he set the platter on his desk. "It's so nice to finally be appreciated around here."

Before the panther could make a sound, the elephant was off on his way to the break room. His expression fell while he processed what just happened, and the tiger's grin only grew.

"Well, looks like today is going to be the same as yesterday. Congratulations though, that's the happiest I've seen him in a long time. Probably since I started working here."

The wheels in the panther's head turned. "Wait, if every new guy gets this treatment, why is this different?"

The tiger shrugged. "I guess you're just really good at what you do. His brownies are usually better than his cookies though, so let me know if you need some help finishing off that plate today."

"I really need to get through all of it?"

"That depends, how much do you want to disappoint your boss before your evaluation period ends?"

The panther gulped. "So, all of it."

The tiger smiled. "You're gonna do great here." He reached down and rubbed the panther's belly and grinned as a hungry rumble resonated under his palm. "Fantastic, even. And like I said, let me know if you need any help with these." The tiger gave a parting pat of the panther's middle, then excused himself and departed.

The panther eyed the plate of brownies with a mixture of anticipation and dread. His stomach rumbled and grumbled under his desk, reminding him of his once missed breakfast and pitiful dinner the night before. A paw traced his middle's modest curvature and settled over his belly button, then gave it a calming pat. Finishing off the brownies by the end of the day would be a slightly bigger challenge, but given the gluttonous ease of the previous day, the cat wasn't overly worried. He logged into his computer and helped himself to the first of many treats, popping it into his mouth without a second thought. His fangs pierced its outer layer, and decadent flavor flooded his mouth. The treat was dense enough to weigh his jaw down and slow his chewing, though he didn't mind the extra time to savor the rich explosion. In the back of his mind, he wondered how many calories the elephant managed to cram into the mouth-filling squares, but he banished that concern with a hearty gulp. The feline squirmed in his seat as he felt the dessert's weight drop down his gullet, until it landed in his belly with an almost audible thump.

He reached for a second brownie as the first settled in his core, completely unconcerned with the potentially weighty consequences of his actions. A deep, rumbling purr resonated in his chest while he chewed and gnawed on his treat, filling the air with his gluttonous approval. The noise attracted the attention of his coworkers, who promptly made themselves scarce when they saw the designs on the dessert platter. There was no mistaking their boss's unique taste in dishes, and the sight alone infused some of them with nausea. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, the plate-circling artwork only filled him with a deep hunger. His gorging slowed when his computer finally warmed up, and he snatched a third brownie from the pile as he checked his email. The panther kept his reading slow and deliberate, scanning each document in the span it took to eat one of his treats. His pace quickened as his belly spilled into his lap, until the emails coming in went entirely ignored. His manners deteriorated as his shirt buttons popped loose, and his flabby front fell exposed. Still, he ate until interrupted by a more demanding source.

"Intern," the elephant rumbled. "Did you see that email I sent you? I need you to-" The boss's words caught in his throat at the sight of the panther.

The panther tried once again to will himself invisible, and his attempt was just as successful as before. No amount of willpower could hide crumb-covered tie and open shirt. A fierce blush kindled in both of them while an awkward silence hung in the air, until the panther finally stammered something out. "Sorry boss." He rubbed the back of his head and averted his gaze. "I didn't have time to update my wardrobe after yesterday, and these brownies are a little more filling."

It took the elephant a moment longer to find his voice. "Uhhh, yes, of course," he mumbled. "I suppose I can't blame you too much since I had a hand in that. I'll make sure to keep a larger set of clothes here in the office for you, in case this happens again."

The panther's swaying tail froze and frizzed.

"In the meantime, I think these are yours too." He presented a half-full plate of brownies and placed it on the panther's desk. "I don't think they're as popular with everyone else. I'll try to fix that tonight."

Before the cat could ask him not to, the elephant darted from the cubicle. Once he recovered, the panther took in a deep breath and let it out, only for the tiger to saunter to his desk and undo what little relaxation he achieved.

"I have *never* seen him act like that before," the tiger laughed. "If I didn't know better, I'd think he's got a thing for you."

The panther rolled his head back and groaned. "Look I get that everyone messes with the new guy, but could you stop messing with the new guy, just for a day or two?"

The tiger grinned. "No jokes or japes here, bud. He's smitten. Did you see how his ears blushed?"

"I might have been too busy looking at the floor."

"I think you should run with this. The people on his good side do extremely well here, and I think you might be the best."

"So what should I do?"

"Keeping eating his food. As much as he brings you. Don't let a single crumb go to waste."

"I can't possibly eat all of this," the panther lamented. "Besides, it would destroy my figure."

"You've already done a lot of damage if we're being honest." The tiger sank a finger a knuckle deep into the panther's flab. "And you sell yourself short. All you need is a little help to get all this down."

"If I need help, I won't be doing it by mys-"

The tiger snatched a brownie from the nearest plate and stuffed the panther's mouth, silencing both the panther's voice and doubts. The feline couldn't suppress a groan of delight while he munched and chewed, giving the tiger ample time to follow through. He left for his cubicle and returned with his chair, then pulled it along side the panther's. The striped cat grabbed the smaller plate and set it in his lap, then filled his hands with as many

treats as he could. The instant the panther opened his mouth the tiger lunged in, stuffing his coworker's cheeks to the brim. The midnight feline let out a muffled sound of surprise before his reflexes took over, spurring him to chew with all his strength. After a few moments of laborious gnashing, he swallowed the lump of brownies down, sending a visible bulge down his neck. The tiger reached out and traced its peak before it vanished behind his chest, then gave the rookie's middle an affectionate pat and rub before reaching for the next batch.

The panther rumbled and purred under the tiger's ministrations and gave into his gluttonous urges. His tail lashed as he eagerly opened his mouth for the next pawful, and he was rewarded with a double fistful of brownies. The tiger murmured encouragements while he struggled to seal his lips around the delectable stack, and with his striped counterpart's help, he soon succeeded. His jaw strained as he worked his tongue and teeth over and through the mass, until it eventually grew soft enough to break apart. He gulped down chunk by chunk until his mouth was once again free, prompting his impromptu feeder to fill it again. The panther's mind wandered in the freedom brought with the tiger's attention, and his hands roamed his form as daydreams sprang forth. The corners of his lips curled up in a smile as he rubbed over the growing dome of his middle, savoring the greedy tightness building in his core. He gently raked his claws through his fur as it spread with his tightening hide, relishing the bolts of developing stretch marks beneath his pelt. His rumbling purr crescendoed with his hedonistic satisfaction, and the sounds of his failing clothes soon joined the song.

The pops and tinks of flying buttons marked his progress, sounding off the growth of his belly. Only a few remained at the top of his shirt, though the largest one on his pants had yet to fly. The panther's waist band dug into his blooming muffin-top as it spilled over the garment, applying more and more pressure to that final fastener. When it finally gave, it was more seen than heard. It shot into the lower curve of his belly, sending a rippling wave across his figure. The feline jumped in his seat and shook loose a belch when the impact registered, though by that point, he hardly cared. His attitude only changed when the tiger paused his feeding and reached under the panther's rolling overhang, digging his claws into the ruined garment. He paused to wait for permission, then rolled the stretched fabric down the panther's thighs once it was given. His belly preserved his modesty well enough, and his pants would only get in the way going forward.

A shiver ran through the panther's figure as the cool air of the open office flowed through his fur, and a blush heated his muzzle when their actions pierced the haze of his gluttony. Another handful of brownies banished what few doubts welled up in his mind however, and the tiger reached for the last few portions of the personal dessert buffet. The striped feline slowed his pace as his coworker bloated further and further however, taking time to help rub and soothe the panther's overstuffed gut. The panther answered every touch and rub with a deep purr and subtle roll of his hips, leaning into the affection again and again. Gurgles and groans filled the cubicle as his stomach approached its capacity, though fortunately the midnight cat's metabolism adjusted to the caloric influx. His stomach rolled and churned under the tiger's attentive touch, working his dense meal

down and sending it deeper into his passages. The lower curve of his belly swelled and softened as his first courses moved to the next stage of digestion, while the tiger ensured his upper roll remained tight and full.

The panther's tail lashed as the sensation of his swelling form stoked his arousal, kicking off a self-sustaining cycle as his member emerged. His stretched boxers kept the throbbing spire in the shadow of his gut, where it ground into his growing flab. The panther's bites slowed as his focus shifted from one hunger to another, but the tiger kept him on track. He gathered the last of the brownies into his paw and stuffed them into the panther's eager mouth, then reached under his swelling paunch as he chewed. The rookie's breath caught in his throat when his coworker grabbed his cock, and shuddering waves rippled across his figure when he tried to thrust. The tiger simply moved his paw with the panther's hips however, only truly tending to him while he ate and swallowed. The panther caught on quickly and dutifully worked down the last of his meal, relishing his coworker's ministrations to the last bite.

His last gulp sent a wave of hedonist bliss through his core, and with the tiger's carnal attention, he tumbled over the edge of climax. The panther bit his lip and stifled his moans as he shot jets of cum into his underwear, saturating the garment with bolts of lust. His tail twitched and his hips rolled with each shot, and every muscle in his body trembled in time with his orgasmic pulses. He squeezed his eyes shut and focused on his release, leaving him oblivious to the tiger's exit. The panther's breathing eased and his pulse relaxed once he finally spent himself, and he slumped back in his chair as afterglow took him. A lazy grin spread across his muzzle as he devoted his returning energy to rubbing and kneading his belly, basking in his own decadence and gluttony. He only fell from his dreamy afterglow when a cough sounded from behind, nearly startling him from his chair.

Beet red, the elephant loomed above him. With the panther's pants on the floor and the scent of lust wafting through the air, there was hiding what he had done. No excuse came to his mind, so he simply waited in silence for judgment.

The elephant shifted on his heels and crossed his arms, clearly searching for his words. "I know it's only been two days - one and a half really - but I think it's clear you're not a good fit for this position."

The panther mentally braced himself for the worst.

"But I think I know where you would fit in quite well." The elephant swallowed. "Tomorrow, I'd like you to report to my office instead. I'd like to hire you on as my assistant, where it will be your duty to help keep me on track though the day."

The panther wasn't sure what the elephant was getting at until he noticed the growing bulge in his pants.

"Part of your duties will also be helping me perfect my baking. I need someone with your..."

capacity, to handle all my experimental batches. The position comes with full benefits, of course."

The panther didn't have to think about his choice. "That sounds great, but I think you'll have to make some bigger test batches." The feline patted his belly in punctuation. "It's hard to get a feel for their taste with such small sample sizes."

The elephant visibly throbbed. "Of course. Considered yourself hired."