



Heavy Lunch

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Requested by Anon



Husky girl comes into work having missed breakfast and skipped dinner, hungrily vores entire office without realizing until after the fact.

The husky pitifully whined as she clutched her softly-furred middle, hoping to stifle the noise of her hungry belly. The chubby canine knew she would regret missing dinner last night, but she wasn't expecting to skip breakfast on top of that! Her ears splayed back as her middle let out another angry rumble, clearly unappreciative of her accidental teasing. She had only been at her desk for a couple of hours, but she was already considering knocking off for lunch. Unfortunately, it didn't look like that would be an option today. A few of her coworkers had called in sick, leaving the office somewhat short staffed. Plus, she knew her boss would be watching her like a hawk after the last time she was caught trying to leave. She was only going out to her car to fetch her packed lunch, but that taskmaster wouldn't let it go even after she proved herself.

Her hunger only became more distracting as time dragged on, and within a half hour of committing to her work, she fell to staring at the clock. If she could just hold out for another two hours, a measly 120 minutes, an instantaneous 7220 seconds, she could abandon the cubicle farm and head to her favorite buffet. Another whine resonated in her muzzle as she watched the hands of wall-mounted timepiece slow to a crawl, each tick teasing her with a drawn out arrival. She blushed as she noticed a few sparsely distributed office drones looking at her with confusion, and her belly couldn't help but plead for food again as she returned their gaze. She couldn't pin down exactly why, but something seemed off about them today. Her colleagues had never looked so... *delicious*.

The husky caught herself as a strand of saliva began to slide from her lips, and with that she decided it was time to go get something to eat. Consequences be damned. She grabbed her purse as she headed for the door, but in a somewhat expected instance of Murphy's Law she was stopped by her cow of a boss. She froze under the bovine's cold glare, eliciting another questioning roar of protest from her empty belly. Without hesitation the plump woman launched into her verbal reprimanding, but her actual words blurred together as the husky's eyes glazed over with ravenous hunger. Her boss's enthusiastic gesturing set the soft padding of her body in tantalizing motion, and before she could stop herself, the canine subjected her to a chewing-out of her own.

In a burst of feral strength she leapt up to her superior's head and took it into her slavering muzzle, effectively ending her rant. The shock of the situation prevented the cow from offering any resistance, allowing the husky to work most of the lush bovine into her throat uncontested. By the time she came to, her head was pushing through the gate to the canine's eager stomach and her arms were pinned against the walls of her rippling gullet. The rest of her

heavy form followed suit, and within moments the husky was rubbing her greatly expanded middle. Rather than sate her caloric lusts however, the massive meal awakened something primal and infinitely ravenous. She struggled to haul herself into the office proper to explore this realm of experience that had just made itself known, but the weight of her swollen stomach was unfortunately too great for her to manage. Her strategy shifted as she realized the advantageous location she was bound to, a blind corner relative to the hive of cubicles.

She spent the rest of the day ambushing other employees as they rounded that blessed corner, shoving their heads into her muzzle before they could alert the rest. Her stomach swelled with the other furs as they left to take their own breaks, filling her with a bliss she had no idea existed. It was the contentment of a predator, the thrill of a successful hunt, and it was something she absolutely reveled in. Only as the last pair of paws vanished down her throat did she truly realize what she had done, but she hardly cared at this point. The husky accepted her self-assigned role as a huntress with pride as she rested atop her mountainous gut, murmuring to herself as she massaged the soft expanse. Her only concern was finding a place new place to hide for a repeat performance tomorrow.