

Corporate Food Chain

Chapter One

Eric Small stood outside the front door of Greene and Union Technology, where he'd wasted the last three years of his life with nothing more to show for it than he'd come in with. Even the couple raises he'd received didn't keep up with inflation. The building stretched toward the sky, looming over him, yet he'd never been higher than the third floor, and even that was just to visit his friend Andy, who'd found much more success. The German Shepherd sighed and, adjusting his grip on his satchel bag, stepped into the building for another day.

Trudging through the beige sea of identical cubicles, sparsely decorated almost as much to be able to tell one's workspace from their neighbor's as to inject some measure of life into the floor, Eric soon found himself at his own cubicle. Three years in the same box. He wasn't sure how much longer he could stand it. If an opportunity to even just move to a different part of the building – didn't even have to be a promotion – didn't come up soon, he would have to start seriously thinking about finding another place to work. He logged into his computer, opened up a spreadsheet, and resumed his exciting job double checking the numbers it contained.

Eric completely zoned out, checking through the spreadsheet on autopilot without paying attention to the time until he felt something soft and round bump into the back of his head. "It's nearly lunchtime, take a break and let's hang," a familiar voice rumbled.

Eric turned around in his chair, and sure enough standing behind him was Andy. The rotund crocodile stood at slightly more than Eric's height, but easily double his weight. His suit jacket hung unbuttoned, and from the look of it, it wasn't clear that he could button it if he wanted.

"Sounds good," Eric said, grabbing a brown paper bag out of his satchel and following his friend to their usual bench outside in a small park across the street from the office. From here they could see everyone coming and going, mostly going at the moment as they spread out to find lunch. For

a while the two sat in silence, Eric slowly eating his sandwich, trying to drag this break out as long as possible before he had to go back in.

Apparently he was not being particularly subtle with that feeling, as Andy said: “Something eating you, bud?”

Eric sighed. “I just feel like I’m going nowhere. You didn’t pack a lunch?”

“I gotta fire a couple people later,” Andy changed the subject. “What do you mean going nowhere?”

“Just, like, I don’t know... you and I started here at about the same time yet you’re steadily climbing the hierarchy and I’m stuck where I’ve always been.”

“Y’know, management has been eyeing you for a promotion for a while,” Andy said after a small pause “They’re just waiting for you to really show you’re management material.”

“What do I need to do?” Eric said, slightly too eager.

Andy chuckled. “Well you know what they say about the corporate world. It’s a dog-eat-dog world.”

“I get that it’s competitive but--”

“No no, you misunderstand,” Andy said. “Do you remember? When we started, I was even a little skinnier than you were.”

“You’re not saying that this company promotes people based on how fat they are,” Eric nearly choked on his sandwich.

“No, not quite. I mentioned I gotta fire some people later, yeah? If you helped me out with that, I can pretty much guarantee you a supervisor position.”

“But what does that have to do with...” Eric trailed off, the pieces starting to come together in his head. At first he was disgusted, but then another thought entered his head. Or maybe something less than a thought; an instinct, a hunger. That instinct met his frustration with his job, and suddenly he found himself seriously considering what his friend was implying.

“Johnson is on my list for today, you know him right?” Andy continued.

“Yeah,” Eric said, almost absentmindedly. Johnson was the shiba inu in the cubicle right behind his.

“Well, if you can help him... understand that he shouldn’t come in tomorrow then by this time tomorrow you might be moving your stuff into an office of your own, right next to mine.” Andy said.

The two sat there for a moment in silence before Andy grabbed the other half of Eric’s sandwich.

“What the hell?” Eric said, pulled out of his mulling over the proposal.

“Hey, if I’m not firing Johnson today, I’m gonna need a bigger lunch,” Andy said, taking a massive chunk out of the sandwich. “Besides, you’re gonna want to be hungry if you want to help me out,” Andy checked his watch. “Looks like our break is just about over. Hopefully I’ll see you moving into a new office tomorrow.”

Eric made his way back to his cubicle, and with little else to think about he found himself thinking constantly about his conversation with Andy. He thought about how nice a new office would be. He thought about whether he could really do what was being asked of him. He thought about how his good friend apparently liked to eat... he still had trouble finishing that thought, less out of disgust and more out of disbelief. It all just seemed so impossible, could he really even--

“Have a nice night Eric,” Johnson said as he passed by Eric’s cubicle. Eric looked at the time, he’d lost the last hours of the workday to thinking about this.

Eric found himself rising out of his seat almost automatically. He started following Johnson at a fair distance out of the building. No, “following” was the wrong word. He was hunting. It was a new feeling, a mix of terrifying and exhilarating. All his civilized manners were telling him this was wrong, all his wild instincts were telling him this was right.

Soon they arrived at Johnson’s car. He had parked in a poorly lit corner of the parking lot. Eric picked up the pace to close the distance before Johnson could unlock the car or notice he was being

followed. As soon as he was close enough, Eric through his whole body weight at the shiba inu, knocking them both to the pavement.

“What the fuck?” Johnson cried.

Eric didn’t answer. Before he could have a second thought, he opened his maw wide and thrust it over Johnson’s head before swallowing. He almost gagged, not used to swallowing something so large, but he managed to keep composed. He swallowed again, pulling the shiba inu in deeper.

Johnson’s head in his throat, his cries seemed to echo throughout Eric’s whole head. It was almost enough for him to stop, but then he thought about what would happen if he chickened out now. Johnson would definitely call the police, and they would not be happy that Eric tried to eat someone. So despite Johnson’s cries and struggles, Eric persisted, pulling the shiba inu in deeper.

Eric had swallowed Johnson up to his waist by this point when he felt his pants start to tighten. Something about this whole experience was arousing him. Andy had said that the higher-ups had been eyeing him for a promotion for a while, had they seen something in him that he hadn’t seen in himself?

As Johnson started to push into Eric’s stomach, his dress shirt started to come untucked, exposing the German Shepherd’s caramel colored belly fur. Eric suddenly realized that he didn’t know how long he’d been out here, and the thought of someone else coming by and seeing what he was doing spurred him to swallow quicker. He needed to get Johnson in his belly before anyone found out. With a few more quick swallows, Johnson’s feet joined the rest of him in Eric’s rapidly ballooning belly. Eric stumbled to his feet, bracing himself on Johnson’s car as a massive burp escaped his lips.

Eric looked around him, lucky that no one was around to hear that. He made his way back to his car as quickly as he could, moving somewhat awkwardly due to the massive weight now hanging from his middle, Johnson’s struggles threatening to knock him off balance. As he found his way into his car – having to put the seat as far back as it could go to make room for his occupant – Johnson thrashed in a way that hit a spot that felt... amazing.

Eric let out a moan. “Ooh, do that again,” he said, a hint of predatory domination sneaking into his voice in a way that surprised even Eric. He rubbed his stomach for a while, not able to go anywhere for a while as long as Johnson was still struggling the way he was. Eventually, though, as his air supply dwindled and Eric’s stomach kicked into action, Johnson’s movements slowed, then eventually stopped altogether. A part of Eric couldn’t believe what he’d done, a bigger part of him was saying that he couldn’t believe he hadn’t done this sooner. Eric started his car and drove home.

- - -

That night, Eric couldn’t take his eyes or his hands off his middle. His stomach grew louder the more active it got, breaking down his meal until his old coworker was nothing more than a sloshy soup. Eventually, Eric was woken up by the alarm on his phone going off. He didn’t remember falling asleep, but the early signs of the sun peeking over the horizon told him he must have. His hands went to his middle, half-thinking it was all a bizarre dream. The new layer of fat that had accumulated there let him know otherwise. Overnight Johnson had been totally processed into a new, thick layer of fat around Eric’s middle.

The German Shepherd pushed himself up off the couch and started getting ready for the day. He skipped breakfast, he still wasn’t hungry after last night’s dinner. As he undressed to take a shower, though, he couldn’t help but admire his new form in the mirror with a sense of curiosity, but also power. Eating Johnson made him feel strong. His new gut felt like a trophy. As he washed himself in the shower, his hands couldn’t help but wander down to his cock. The power turned him on in a major way.

After taking care of his arousal, Eric dried himself off and found the only dress shirt and khakis that still fit him. He hadn’t bought this wardrobe expecting to suddenly gain a couple dozen pounds, he’d have to get a new one soon. But with the promotion he was about to get, he was sure he could afford it.