

Content Warning: reality warp, unwilling to willing prey, fattening up prey to extreme levels, fatal oral vore featuring the foxy boss Bea

“So, you’re giving the main course today man?”

Harley turns around, straightening his tie in order to look his best for the newcomer. To his surprise, though, it’s not a newcomer at all—but his boss, Jeremy. Well, this is for the best, then! After all, that’s certainly someone he’s been looking to impress...

He clears his throat, trying to get rid of a sudden drip of nervous sweat. “Yep, I sure am!” he replies cheerfully. “I’m honored to be part of the company’s skill share day! It’s something I’ve wanted to do ever since starting here.” He gives Jeremy a cocky grin. “Maybe I’ll even teach you something new; who knows?”

His boss’ smile, though, is strained. “Maybe! What’s your course about?”

“I’ll be teaching all of you about machine learning!” he answers eagerly. “There’s so many new advances in the field that I’m sure the company can—”

“Fantastic stuff!” Jeremy interrupts. “But unfortunately I do need to go. Head into the lobby; there’s a whole spread out. Grab a bagel or a danish or something; have fun!”

With that, the executive walks away without another word.

Harley snorts in annoyance. He’s practically giving a keynote lecture to the entire company & this man can’t even pretend to be interested! The nerve!

Sighing, he walks into the lobby, hoping a bite to eat will help his mood. He could do with a bit of sugar before giving his course...

Thankfully, sugar seems to be in abundance. There are tables covered in foods, each table proclaiming “Welcome to Skill Share Day!” on a large sign sitting at the center of the table. Surrounding the sign were treats free for grazing—bagels, donuts, breakfast pastries, & more. Though Harley isn’t paying attention to the “more”, instead opting to approach a table crowded in many varieties of donuts.

He picks up a chocolate donut, taking a bite. The delicious sugar immediately improves his mood; instantly, the taste cheers him up a bit. He's not even mad anymore at how Jeremy had just slighted him! Well, not *that* mad, anyway...

As he takes another bite, he glances at the sign. Underneath the welcome is the name of each speaker for skill share day. And of course, the first bit of text reads "Harley McNell: 1st Course - The Beauty of Machine Learning"

With a self-satisfied smirk, he takes another donut, stuffing both treats into his mouth at once. He deserves this, after all he's put in—not just to the presentation he'll be giving today, but to his job, his boss, his *everything* at this company. Harley's put in so much damn work, and this course today is one of the only recognition for it he'll ever get. So he'll damn well make the most of this little pleasure, and enjoy it.

Determined, he eats another donut, Boston Creme this time. It's perfectly sweet, and before he knows it he's reaching for another, then another. So good...

Just when he's about to grab yet one more, a hand reaches from seemingly nowhere—and stuffs a donut into his mouth.

"Mmmmp?!" Harley turns to see that while he was grazing, the table became surrounded by people in suits. Coworkers from other floors, perhaps—though he doesn't recognize any of them. Next to him, a man in a blue suit is giving a self-satisfied grin. Clearly this is who fed him the donut just now. "What's the big idea, m—"

But before he can finish, another donut is forced into his maw—this time by someone else entirely.

"Huh?" Harley asks through sweet bites, blinking in confusion. And maybe it's the sugar, but he's starting to get...dizzy. Harley looks around for something to steady himself, and finds the sign on the table—something familiar! But now when he looks at the sign, it seems to read something different. "Harley McNell: 1st Course - Please Fatten Up This Beauty".

He lets out a startled cry as another donut is forced into his mouth, & then another, and another. Between the forced feedings he glances at the sign again, sure he must be reading it wrong...

But he's suddenly confused by his own thoughts—reading it wrong how? Isn't that what it always had read?

Why did he think it had read something else...? Is he missing something...?

The confusion is startling to make his head hurt, even as his belly begins to swell out further from all this stuffing. All the people around him seem determined to fatten him up as much as possible. But who are they? His co...something? Colleagues...?

That word strikes something within him, and he tries to grasp it. But instead, the thought fades away. He blinks in surprise, unsure what's going on in his own mind.

What even was the damn word again?!

*Consumers.* It suddenly comes to his, fast and quick like a lightening strike. All of these people are his consumers, fattening him up to be eaten. Just as it's supposed to be. It's the only purpose Harley's ever had, and he needs to fulfill it...

That's how it had always been, right? At this company?

Now that he finally understands, he leaves his mouth open, no longer resisting the feedings. Everyone around him eagerly stuffs him, and he breathes a small sigh of relief. Of *course* this is why he's here; how could he have ever gotten mixed up about that? Something about being fed, being plumped up like a pig, feels so *right*.

He lets them feed him everything—the rest of the donuts, a heaping pile of danishes, bagels smothered in cream cheese, and too many croissants to count. Every treat at the table makes its way into his mouth, and Harley eagerly devours it all, crumbs falling freely from his hungry mouth...

By the time they're finished, his initial distended belly is *nothing* compared to how hugely round he's become. Harley's entire body is covered in soft, blubbery fat—and his once-fit body is now more fat than a human body should be able to become. He's become a round mass of fat, full and sated beyond measure.

The crowd around him is murmuring in awe and appreciation at his new shape—and size. Some of them lick their lips in eager hunger. But before any of them can get a word in, a voice booms across the room.

“I believe your CEO should enjoy the main course.”

He looks up, multiple fatty chins jiggling as he finally sees her walking across the room—a woman with fox ears and a tail that swishes confidently behind her. At first, he has no idea who he’s looking at. Who the hell is this?! Is this...someone he should know...?

Yes, it is, he suddenly realizes: it’s Bea, the company CEO. Of course, of course. How could he have forgotten?

The crowd parts to let her through, and the fox girl continues forward. She finally stops right in front of him, and has a similarly hungry expression to the rest of them. All at once he knows—it’ll be an honor to be eaten by her.

“Be a good meal,” she orders him, licking her lips. “Be a good main course...”

And then, her maw engulfs his head, licking him vigorously, nibbling at his round cheeks and fatty chins, enjoying the first tastes of his flavor in her mouth. It feels surprisingly good, and he leans into her, eager to let his consumer taste and enjoy him.

But as the devouring begins, the last bit of clarity enters his mind. This wasn’t what his day was supposed to be, was it? He was supposed to be giving a presentation—this isn’t right! Right...?!

But then, a hungry lick covers his face with saliva, making everything feel wonderfully foggy. It feels so unexpectedly good to be tasted and savored like this...

So good that the moment of lucidity fades away.

The foxy CEO gulps, sending her fat, helpless prey halfway down her throat. Harley moans in pleasant surprise as he slides down her wet maw, enjoying how ravenously she swallows him down—how her slick, tight throat begins to guide him to her belly. Every other thought has left his head except the thought of being a good meal, the best meal, and how excited he is for the predator before him to send this meal to her gut.

The crowd cheers, starting to close in around him and their CEO. Then, they begin to push the rest of him down Bea’s throat. One eager shove at a time sends him closer and closer to his destiny as food—and he leans into it, enjoying his slow descent down the fox’s hungry body...

At last, one last loud GULP from Bea finishes the job, and as her maw closes, he starts to fall faster, faster...

...until he reaches her belly.

It's warm inside her gut, the flesh eagerly hugging him close, ensuring its prey has no escape. But instead of fear, he feels comfortable, safe. It's like he's being tightly embraced in a loving hug. Even as Bea's stomach starts to growl all around him, the sounds only make him feel relaxed.

This is what he always has been. A meal, brought into the company to be fattened up & devoured by the CEO. It's an honor. A privilege...

There's a flash of something, a remnant of his old life trying to take hold of him...

But he ignores it, closing his eyes to lean into the warm embrace of the fox girl's gut.