Eric II: Weekend at Eric’s

Contains: M/M, digestion, disposal

It had been a few months since Eric and Jonny had their time together and as time went on Eric began to feel less and less guilt about devouring the poor guy. He laid in bed, staring straight up at the ceiling dreading the long workday ahead. *At least its Friday* He thought. In the wild, an Apex predator could care less about deadlines, meetings, and quotas but alas those days were gone, and Eric was just another cog in the office machine and had bills to pay. He sat up, picking out some comfortable but still work appropriate clothes. As he was leaving the room he paused for a moment and examined the items he had on his ‘prey I cared about’ shelf. A skull, and a locket with his first true loves photo inside; he took a moment to examine both items, each one a memento of someone he had truly cared about but ended up as extra jiggle on his ass.

“Sorry guys.” He said to the items. “Gotta head out to work, planning to spend the whole weekend at home with you both though!”

He knew it was morbid, but a part of him felt bad about what happened to Jonny and Tom and wanted to believe that he could at least remember who they were as people and keep the memories (and ass fat) alive. This wasn’t to say he did this for all his prey, most ended up little more than a heaping pile of waste in some washroom or back alley; and by following his own hunting rules, he (or anyone else really) would never miss those people. He only felt the ‘hunger’ a few times a month, normally only needing one prey every week or two. Today though was one of those days. He felt his belly give a distinctive rumble and knew that today he would have to hunt again.

He attempted to eat breakfast, cramming a bagel, some fruit, and a pastry down his hungry gullet, barely taking any time to chew but they would not, could not fill his stomach as it needed to be filled. He grabbed his bag and keys and was out his way out of his apartment heading down the stairs of his building when he realized he forgot his coat. It was approaching Fall and the mornings and evenings proved to be quite a bit colder than the afternoon would lead one to believe. Grabbing his coat, he quickly exited his building and started making the walk to work.

As Eric lived downtown it wasn’t going to be a very far walk to work and he enjoyed his brief time of fresh air between his home and his stuffy office. He absent mindedly started following his normal route: Around the college, and through the old warehouse district, to his office on the other side of downtown. He was lost deep in thought as he walked; *Today is Friday, most of us can get out at lunch if we can meet our quotas. Luckily, I got most of my work done earlier this week so if all goes according to plan, I can get out and hit up the game and grocery store on my way home then tuck in for a weekend on the couch watching movies and playing the new ‘Call of Battlefield:Revenganance’ game.* ***GRRRRRRRUUUURRP***. Eric’s stomach elicited aloud low rumble that broke him out of his reverie. *Right. And find someone to eat as soon as possible.* The wind nipped at Eric’s cheeks turning them a bit pink on the corners. He knew he was cute, but a little natural blush never hurt anyone. Walking through the old warehouse district, Eric started to look around for anyone that would possibly not be missed if they ended up in his tank. He saw a few homeless men yelling and gesticulating at each other in one of the alleys between two converted warehouses, He would occasionally eat the homeless and drifters but didn’t care much for the taste.

“Blegh.” He said quietly to himself, hoping to find someone better today but resigning that one of them may become dinner tonight.

 Making it to his office he made his way to the elevator, pressing the button for his floor. Hoping to ride the elevator alone he began to quickly but discreetly smashing the door close button, he could see a throng of people come in through the front door and didn’t want to share his elevator car. As the doors started to close a hand shot between them.

“Hey!” Came an unfamiliar male voice. “Hey!”

The doors parted quickly, and a handsome guy stepped into the elevator. He had to have been in his mid-twenties like Eric and was only a few inches shorter than him, clocking in around 6’-0” and was a lot more toned than Eric. Eric was miffed at first, but upon examining him he immediately started to blush and became incredibly awkward around the man. The man looked at Eric, not noticing his obvious crush on the stranger. He then leaned In and pushed the button for his floor (two floors above Eric’s) and then also smashed the door close button and the doors came to a pleasing ***THUD-DING.***

“Sorry, I don’t like sharing elevators with large crowds.” Said the man. “Name’s Brayden by the way.”

“I-uh…Eric.” Stammered Eric struggling to regain his composure. “What uh…brings you to the building?”

“New job!” Said Brayden. “First time working in an office too.”

Eric could see that Brayden’s shirt was a little too tight for his chest and that the buttons were straining to contain his muscle. Brayden, oblivious to Eric’s staring just started at the floor display, watching the numbers tick up. The elevator arrived at Eric’s floor, but he was so caught up staring at this perfect guy he didn’t even feel the elevator stop.

“….Isn’t this your floor?” Said Brayden.

“I uh-no. Wait-yes!” Eric stumbled to get out of the elevator tripping on his way out.

He tried to recover, landing on one leg with the other sticking straight out behind him, his bag swinging about wildly. Incredibly embarrassed in front of someone he just met he quickly shot up, turned, and walked towards his office not daring to look back. ***THUD-DING.*** He heard the elevator close and chime and Brayden was gone. *Welp.* He thought. *There goes my chance with him…wonder if I’ll ever see him again.*

Eric reached his office door and put his key in and turned it but there was no click of an unlocking door. Confused, he turned the handle and went in, seeing that the lights were already on. Normally, he was the first one in the office with the other 15-20 staff coming in throughout the morning. But not today. Seated at a desk at the head of the office was one of mid-level managers: Derrick. *Fuck me.* Thought Eric, he knew this guy was supposed to be coming to their regional office, but he was hoping that day wasn’t today of all days, This guy hated Eric for whatever reason and made it his unofficial job to make his life a living hell. *What a good way to ruin a Friday.*

“Morning Eric.” Said Derrick, rising from his desk. “Late again I see.”

“But it’s only 9:01?” Stated Eric checking his phone clock. “That’s barely a minute…”

“Don’t care, still late.” Said Derrick. “I assume that minute will come off your lunch break?”

“Yeah, Sure.” Said Eric sitting down at his desk heavily.

Derrick ambled over to Eric’s desk, dropping a massive pile of papers beside him. Looking over, Eric could see the huge stack and the man looming over him. Twenty-Four and standing at roughly 6’-5” Derrick was by no means a small man, tall with wide frame the man eclipsed Eric by a few inches. He had blue eyes and blonde hair slicked into a point at the front of his, a classic case of ‘My Dad owns the company, so I get to be a manager’. To Eric, he found the man annoying, having a shitty attitude and had having used his family ties to jump ahead of everyone else in the company.

“Need these done by end of day.” Commanded Derrick.

“But-but today’s Friday!” Stammered Eric. “We normally get out at noon!”

“Not today. Not for you.” Chuckled Derrick as he walked away.

Perusing the workload dumped on him Eric said: “Wait a minute, this isn’t work for me! This is your work!”

“Yours now, office bitch.” Said Derrick his voice dripping with malice. “I don’t know how to do it and a big chunk of management is delegation.” With that he reached his desk at the back of the office and kicked his feet up on the desk and pulled out his phone and began to aimless scroll through his socials.

*Fuck this, Fuck that, and especially Fuck Him!* Eric thought. He briefly considered devouring the man for his shitty attitude, converting him into something more aligned with his temperament, but reconsidered, he really needed this job and he wasn’t sure if he could fit a man so large down his gullet. The day went by and he worked hard, making decent progress on the stack of work offloaded onto him. The other staffers came and went, all of them leaving at lunch or shortly afterwards. Late into the afternoon, it was back to just Eric and Derrick.

“I think…I think I’ve done it!” Exclaimed Eric, leaning back in his chair. “It took all day, but I think I’ve finally finished everything!”

“Excellent.” Came Derrick’s voice from the back of the office, coming closer. “Then you’ll have no problem doing this next stack over the weekend.”

“Hey!” Eric shouted, rising from his desk. “That is so not cool! I have a weekend planned!”

“Too bad…Bitch.” Said Derrick, his tone suggested he wanted Eric to escalate. “Plans change. Now, you’ll stay here, or I’ll tell Dad to fire y-” Eric snapped, punching the larger man square in the nose. Derrick fell back onto his ass, smacking his head on one of the other desks and landed on the ground looking dazed.

*Fuck! Shit! Shit-Fuck!* Thought Eric. *There’s no way I’m keeping my job after he tells his Dad…unless…*

Eric moved quick, grabbing the spoiled man-child by the shoulders, and wrapping his mouth around Derrick’s head. He quickly took a swallow before the man could react. ***GLUK!*** Eric pulled back trying to switch positions with Derrick, trying to angle the man above him, so that gravity would aid in getting this beast down. ***GLUK-SLUUUURP!*** Eric was now sitting on the ground with Derrick half-standing in front of him, the man’s shoulders now fully enveloped in Eric’s hungry maw. He could taste Derrick’s flavour; He was a bit salty from sweat but overall, fairly bland but meaty. That’s when Derrick snapped out of his daze and realized what was happening. He began screaming and kicking and flailing his arms, forcing Eric to grab them and hold them at his sides so that he could devour him.  ***GLUK!*** Again, Eric swallowed, taking the man down to his torso. He stopped swallowing for a moment to try and pry off Derrick’s pants and shoes (those never tasted or digested well) but the man was kicking and flailing so much he was only able to get his pants and one shoe off. Just then Derrick’s foot with the shoe found something solid to get his balance, much to his unfortune. He pushed off on the solid mass (Eric could see it was a desk) on animal instinct, accidently tipping Eric and himself back and caused himself to slide into Eric’s maw even faster and further before with a loud ***GSLUUUURRPP!*** Eric was taken aback by how quickly Derrick had accidently forced himself down his throat, the only thing still protruding out of Eric’s mouth was Derricks remaining shoe, the bulky thing had caught Eric on the chin, the last catch-hold of meal trying to escape its fate. Eric slowly sat back up listening to the muffled cries from Derrick from within him, he slowly pulled off Derrick’s other shoes and gave one last hard swallow with a loud ***GULP!***

Eric looked down at his now massive distended stomach, surprised to see that it had stretched out further than he’d ever seen it go before and watched in mixed delight and panic as the shirt he was wearing lose the battle to his massive stomach, ripping the front to shreds.

“That’s what you get you massive tool.” Said Eric to his stomach.

“What are you-What the hell! When Dad hears about this I swear-“ Came the muffled yelling from Derrick.

“Hears about what?” Said Eric. “That his worthless son went missing? Come on now, people go missing all the time. Especially stupid trust fund kids, going out to the bar…or doing drugs…or getting kidnapped, happens quite often really. Who says it was me?”

“I did!” Shouted Derrick frantically. “I’ll call him right now! I tell him that it was you who-” Derrick trailed off. “Where the fuck is my phone?!”

Eric looked over at the pants he pulled off Derrick as he was eating him, seeing the newest model of that phone everyone has protruding from the back pocket.

“looks like you forgot to bring it.” Said Eric dryly. “what a shame…you go on a trip of a lifetime and you forget your phone to take pictures…”

The mass in Eric’s stomach began to kick about wildly as Derrick really started to understand his fate.

“Fuck you!” Came Derrick’s muffled shouts. “Let me out bitch!”

Eric responded with light ***BRP!*** That reduced the amount of oxygen Derrick had left.

“If you want to live, you’ll have to be quieter than that…bitch.” Said Eric. Derrick stopped screaming but kept kicking about in a futile effort to escape his fleshy prison.

Eric carefully stood up off the floor, still getting used to his new heft. He quietly gathered Derrick’s clothes and put them in his bag and slipped into his fall jacket and buttoned it up as he didn’t want anyone to see his meal squirming about. He gathered up his things, turned off the lights and locked the office door behind him. He made his way to elevator and hit the down button. As the elevator doors opened his heart dropped; it was Brayden, standing alone in the elevator.

“Oh! Hello again!” Said Brayden cheerfully. “long time no see…” His voice trailed off as he noticed that Eric was sporting a larger gut than he remembered from this morning.

“Uhhhhhh…H-Hello!” Stammered Eric, awkwardly stepping into the elevator beside him.

The two rode in silence for a few moments, Brayden studying Eric’s mass as Eric pretended to look straight ahead sweating bullets. Derrick squirmed inside him trying to get noticed by anyone who could save him, but Brayden couldn’t see any motion through the coat. *Shiiiit!* Thought Eric. *How can I get out of this? He can’t know I’m a pred and I don’t think I could eat him if I wanted to! I-* His train of thought smashed as Derrick said:

“Big lunch?”

“Uh…Yeah…Yeah! The boss brought in pizza and I think I ate too much!” Eric practically yelled.

“Ohhhh, that would make sense.” Brayden said and laughed. “And here I thought a cute guy like you wouldn’t be able to eat that much!”

“Surprises everyone.” Said Eric with a hint of irony and began to blush at the comment. Was Brayden hitting on him?

The elevator lurched to a halt with a ***THUD-DING!*** And the elevator doors opened, Eric quickly but calmly made his way out the front door, turning to see that luckily, Brayden was headed the other way towards the parkade. *Whew!* He thought. *Too close.*

 He walked home a different route, even though his appetite had been sated, he was still planning on picking up his game for his weekend in. He walked through the downtown core to the mall at the center of the city, tucked neatly between some of the skyscrapers. As the business day was well and done the mall was quiet this time of day. He could feel Derrick getting tired inside of him, slowly losing the fight to his powerful stomach. He still kicked and moved about, but with less energy.

“Oh no you don’t.” Said Eric quietly. “You don’t get to fade out that quickly.”

He swallowed some air and felt Derrick’s efforts renew. He made his way to the game store and began talking about picking up his pre-order, when a muffled but powerful shout could be heard from within his massive paunch.

“HEEEELP MEE!” Came Derrick’s powerful but muffled voice.

“What was that?” Said the clerk.

“What was what?” Said Eric, pretending to look around. “I didn’t hear anything.”

“It sounded like…” The clerk stepped out around the counter and looked out into the mall to see if he could see what was happening.

As his back was turned Eric took a moment to hit Derrick over the head in an attempt to shut him up.

“It must’ve been nothing.” Said the clerk returning to his post.

They finished the transaction and Eric began walking home a bit more cheerfully; his gut was filled, his boss was soon to be out of the picture, and he had a whole weekend to digest and play his new game! He trundled home, occasionally feeling Derrick kicks and punches getting weaker, his cries getting softer.

“Please…its starting to burn in here” Came Derricks voice as Eric walked the last stretch up to his apartment.

“Too bad buddy. You had your chance to be nice.” Said Eric. “This is what you get for being shitty, and really I think in a fair world I’d get to do this to you twice.” He sneered.

As he made his way up the stairs to his apartment, he could feel his stomach getting a bit smaller, he figured that Derricks legs must have melted off at this point. Derricks screams became louder as with the last flight of stairs a loud ***CRUNCH!*** Signaled that a bone or two broke on its way from his stomach to his intestines. He unlocked his door and dropped his bags on the table, then moved to insert his game and flopped on the couch.

“Theeerrree we go” Eric Said. “Perfect way to spend a weekend. Now be a good little meal and digest won’t ya?”

“Please…. Please kill me…” pleaded Derrick, his skin and flesh were begging to come off his arms and torso into a thick meaty paste and he could see his exposed bones peeking out of the slurry.

Eric poked his gut. “Quiet down in there, I’m trying to play.”

Over the next few hours, the shifting mass went still, Eric marked Derrick’s passing with a loud ***BEEEELCH!*** Which rocketed a scrap of the man’s shirt onto Eric’s gut. As he kept playing his game well into the next day his large gut slowly began to shrink smaller and smaller but throughout the day it never reached the point where he felt he had to release him. Sitting up for the first time in a day Eric pulled himself up on the couch and paused his game to rub his still large stomach.

“Wow.” He said to the mass. “First time I’ve had a meal last a whole weekend. Maybe I should start hunting larger guys.”

With another ***BURRP!*** He chuckled and laid back to take a little break and fell asleep. He slept well into Sunday and sleepily woke to play more games until it was dark, pausing from time to time to examine his stomachs progress. By the time Sunday evening rolled around, his gut was small but still noticeable, he smirked and felt it over again. *Now who’s the office bitch.* He thought. By Monday morning, his gut had settled on a small but firm shape.

----------------------------------------DISPOSAL BELOW---------------------------------------------------------------------------

Eric stretched and yawned, what a good way to spend a weekend. He was about to stand up when a loud ***BBBBBBBBFFFFFFFFFFFRRRRRRRTTTTT!*** Broke through the silence of his apartment. He immediately felt pressure in his ass.

“Impatient and annoying as usual.” He said to himself. Derrick retorted with a light ***TOOT!***

Eric got dressed, grabbed his bag and Derricks ‘forgotten’ clothes and headed out the door, locking up behind him. On his walk to work he decided that Derrick should ‘re-appear’ in one of the other nearby office towers and began making his way to one that he hadn’t been to in a while. On his way he pulled out Derricks phone handed our Derricks shoes and pants to some homeless men, who were confused but appreciative of Derrick’s “philanthropy”. He made his way in through the lobby to the elevator and picked the 27th floor and let out another, more urgent ***FFRRRTT!*** *That one really stank*. Eric wondered if Derrick’s shitty personality was tied to his bad smell. When he arrived on the floor, he made his way quickly to the public restrooms serving that floor. As he was the first person of the day to be on the 27th floor he had his pick of the stalls, and he picked the one furthest from the door.

Opening the stall door, he quickly dropped his pants and bag, and with one final ***BPFLRRRT!*** Derrick began to re-appear. The log came out of Eric as thick as his arm and he grunted and groaned to push out the large man with a wet ***TTTTHHHHPPLUUNK!*** It hit the bottom of the porcelain tomb and began to coil, only breaking occasionally with chunks of bone, hair, and shirt fabric sticking out at various places. A few more large logs slid out and landed on top of the other shit with a wet ***PLOP! SPLAT!*** He eventually had to stand as the shit pile rose over the lip of the toilet. Eric was used to this being close to the end of the process, but Derrick had so much bulk to him that he just kept coming out with a rhythmic ***TTHHHSPLAT! TTTHHPLOP!*** As more and more waste piled up behind him. The last bit began to lose its shape coming out in more of a wet mess and less good solid logs. Eric felt it, the final piece of Derrick had arrived at his anus, with a hard push he heard that pleasant ***POP! SPLAT!*** Of Derrick’s being fired out of his ass and into the shit mount. Eric turned, his cock hard from the shit of a lifetime and began to piss on the mound, melting it a bit and pieces running onto the floor with wet ***SPLATS!*** Satisfied, Eric pulled up his pants and put his bag back on and fished Derrick’s phone from his bag. He scrolled through Derricks contacts and found the one labelled ‘Daddy’. Eric snapped a pic of the sad shit pile, Derrick’s skull barely protruding with shit stuck in the mouth and one of the eye sockets. He followed with a text:

**Hope you got our last message. Since the ransom wasn’t paid, we had to dispose of the boy.**

Eric chuckled. That would throw the suspicion off him. He turned, tossing the phone back to Derrick, who caught it with a ***SPLORCH!*** And the phone sank sadly into the mound. Eric washed his hands and head out to leave the building. *Thanks for the extra ass padding, I guess you made a good bonus for overtime.* He thought as he walked out.

Without Derrick looming over him, He was sure that today was going to be a better day at work.

End.