



Oroko-Better than the taco truck

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## Oroko Lunch break leftovers

Oroko does her best to walk across the park towards her office building after a short yet fulfilling lunch break. Despite her efforts her usual sultry gait from only thirty minutes earlier are now completely reduced to a waddle. She sighs knowing it's her own fault that her stomach is so engorged that she has no recourse but to waddle to get back to work. She knows she looks like a pregnant woman with a pair of baby elephants in her womb. And of course knows she didn't have to eat BOTH of the tourists. Even if they were easy, oblivious, succulent, meaty, mouth-wateringly delicious and virtually begging to be sucked down her gullet.

"Oh well, I guess it's not everyday a girl get to pig out on two delectable ditzzy tourists...way better than the taco truck." she thinks, patting her squirming gut with a sigh and a light belch. "...At least it's Friday."

Stepping into the office building she greets the lobby receptionist with a stifled belch, as one of her rude occupants kicks hard before waddling into a thankfully empty elevator. Riding up to her office on the 11th floor Oroko thinks back to how lucky she was to catch and swallow both of the tasty touristas. The first, a busty auburn haired girl who Oroko spotted completely by chance wandering into a nearby secluded alley way, apparently trying and failing to navigate the city using her phone. "*Ah Merde!*" was the only words the woman would manage as she turned and promptly found herself being guided down Oroko's throat.

Oroko quickly peeled the french girl's clothes off tossing them to the ground as she quickly scarfed down her prey. It was just as she had finished slurping up the girls toes, finishing off her lunch that she was introduced to her second course, who's camera flashed brightly in Oroko's face.

Annoyed and blinking vigorously as her vision cleared Oroko saw grinning caramel skinned brazilian woman who was already taking another picture of her huge squirming belly.

"You Americana so...muito Gravida!" The woman said in excited broken english as she immediately began rubbing the swollen mass of Oroko's stomach. "Como você está tão grávida?Eu quero esfregar sua barriga."

Oroko had no idea what the foreign woman was saying, and it wasn't that she didn't like full belly rubs, but she unsolicited belly rubs from strangers was her pet peeve. Before she realized what she was doing Oroko had swallowed the Brazilian girl down to her shoulders. Shrugging she decided to make the best of an unexpected easy meal and

proceed stripping and swallowing the woman down until there was nothing left but her massively gurgling gut a camera and discarded clothes strewn about.

“Better in my belly than than blocking the sidewalk taking stupid pictures” she muttered, patting her twice swollen gut as she waddled out of the alley.

The electronic ‘ding’ as the elevator doors slid open on the 11th floor brings Oroko back from her revelry and she groans as she waddles through the halls and past the receptionist who hesitates at the sight of the burgeoning size of her boss's bare squirming stomach.

“We-Welcome back, Ma'am. H-How was your lunch?” The receptionist asks obviously anxious and avoiding allowing her gaze to drop to the huge stretched shifting mass that bulged from her boss's torso.

“They were actually quite tasty, Samantha. Thank you for asking. Hey, If i missed any important calls just send me a memo, I'll be in my office prepping for quarterly meeting.” Oroko responds with a pleasant smile keeping her waddling stride down the hall towards her office.

She always enjoys the nervous atmosphere in the office when she walks about with a gurgling belly full of live struggling person-meat. All of her subordinates are clear never to mention their boss's voracious gluttony in or out of work. But every once in a while a reminder is given whenever productivity slacks or rumours start spreading and it usually comes in the form of a newbie or intern slipping up and promptly sliding down her throat serving for a quick office lunch. Even with her longest serving employees Oroko still loves their nervous discomfort when she lumbers over to their desk with a belly full of wigley prey, a hand full of paperwork, and a few offputting questions. The best part of all is that employee is forced to act like the boss's stomach isn't pleading for help or to call 911. She even loves the panicked head count among her subordinates when she unexpectedly strolls by all bulging and bloated, and they try to figure who hasn't been seen in a while or who was last with the boss. Of course they rarely ever know for sure until Samantha begins packing up items a missing employees desk into a box for “delivery”.

Shutting her door Oroko plops into her custom-reinforced chair and scoots up close to her equally custom-reinforced adjustable desk until her belly is resting heavily between her parted legs, and supported on a soft ottoman hidden beneath her desk. With the weight of her massive meals off of her back she sets to work sending emails and

making phone calls all the while occasionally rubbing her stomach in turbulent areas and belching up excess gasses stirred up by the regular movement of her meals.

At 2:30 pm she held her scheduled productivity meeting, with all the members of her team in a boardroom. With her undeniably swollen, bare ebony stomach in plain view, Oroko nonchalantly went over the quarterly evaluations and her overall team's performance. As they all sat, sweating and avoiding eye contact as they walked around the room as she spoke over the sound her huge ebony gut's glorping and gurgling her pleading meals. Placing her gut on the meeting room table she concludes the meeting and commends them all for reaching their goals while at the same time warning them of their penalty if failure occurs too often, then she dismisses them.

“Good job everyone. You're all dismissed-**oOoOOUR-URP\***)”

As she dismisses them an unexpectedly hearty belch interrupts her, and a goo covered passport is expelled from her mouth. Somewhat surprised Oroko watches it flop onto the tabletop with a wet splat. Wiping a bit of spittle from her lips she looks up from the soggy paged travel booklet and peers around the room. As she expected not a single person acted as if they saw or even heard the gastric expulsion as they quickly file out of the boardroom.

Back in her office Oroko chuckles at the memory her subordinates hasty retreat as she settles to do more work. She quickly realizes that her lunch, both of whom have become particularly active during and since the meeting, seem to have decided to make work quite impossible as they thrashed and fought with renewed desperation. Unfortunately for them, all their efforts did was stir a bit of indigestion for Oroko, but it was enough to encourage the Maneating boss take the rest of the day off. Which she did with as much haste as her engorged, belly swinging waddle would allow her to muster.

After all, why sit here on a Friday afternoon when these emails could wait till Monday and her boyfriend was home with strong belly rubbing hands and a big ass dick.

The end.

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Outline:

-Oroko, a rising star either as a top business woman working for a urban clothing line, has just finished lunch of 2 women she had been able to gobble up inconspicuously and it's back to the grind. Business meetings and discussions for the clothing line's next big product

- She thinks back about her meals briefly:(One in a small starbucks bathroom and the another in an elevator/dressing room against her better judgement as usually one meal does her fine for lunch.)

-The women digesting inside of her try to get her attention, and beg, plead and yell their way to freedom. Oroko tends to get mildly annoyed with them as they digest over the course of the day, disappointed by their lack of professionalism as fellow working women. "Can't you be a little quieter while I'm trying to work, ladies? It's really unprofessional. I know getting digested is painful, but please try to be a bit more considerate."

-Finally her squirming belly during meeting of her team's goal is awfully distracting, and even knocks over her coffee at one point. Fortunately, Oroko's subordinates, used to this type of display, just go with the flow and ignore her victims gurgling and muffled screams.

-Around 4:30pm she decides to take off early, as her lunch still hasn't settled down after 4 and a half hours. As she heads out of the door she thinks if maybe she'd have been better off just getting lunch at the taco truck. A lurch from her stomach and a satisfying belch, reminds her how tasty the girls were and she concludes, despite everything this was better than the taco truck. .