

“Ah! I can’t believe I’m gonna be late!” Tyler screamed to himself as he ran through the doors of the massive building. It was impossible to miss and he could feel the eyes of people around him giving him inquisitive looks. Their thoughts almost always loop around to the same concept of “How does a person end up working there?” They were right to ask this question. Tyler was initially just a pole dancer before being approached by the CEO of this place with an exclusive job offer. Admittedly Tyler thought it was just an overdramatic offer for sex but he was assured that this wasn’t it. As well as not being exclusively a sex thing, he advised Tyler to get a suit overnight and show up to the building at 6 on the dot. It was currently 8:30 and Tyler couldn’t find anything to wear on his feet except Crocs. This entire building held some of the biggest hot shot millionaires on TV today, so what on earth could Tyler have to do with any of them? Let alone their plan for him, but would he really be able to make a good first impression after being almost 3 hours late? As soon as he got to the reception desk, the person seemed to recognise him. She instantly greeted him as Tyler and advised him to take the elevator to the highest floor. Much to his surprise, she didn’t question a thing about his appearance or timing.

On his way up, he could see the outside. It was one of those fancy elevators you usually only see in hotels that looked over this entire side of the city. He didn’t even know buildings could be this tall. Much later than he would have thought, he opened the door and walked in, a bunch of eyes glaring at him menacingly. Although Tyler was a snow leopard and by all means a predator, he felt far from at home with the room full of preds twice his size.

“Ah, there’s the man of my eye! I was worried that you refused my request!” The burly tiger marched forward, a large paw outstretched to greet him not even a step out of the elevator. Has he grown bigger since last night? Was he also not surprised by Tyler’s time management? Simply by looking around, he knew that even his best suit couldn’t compare to the extravagance of the outfits surrounding him. The tiger especially seemed to take his attire very seriously, not a blemish on his suit and perfectly groomed fur as well. The handshake seemed to last a while before the tiger suddenly changed positions and led Tyler to the office at the end of the room, not letting go of his hand. As they walked through the massive doors to his office, the room seemed impossibly big from the outside, holding its own fountain and decorative servants along the walls with equally extravagant suits.

Tyler physically recoiled from the overpowering feeling of him not belonging. Even if he tried to break the grip that the tiger had on him, the office doors have since closed and the tiger marched to his desk, a golden plated name plate reading '*Luscious Black*'. With a lazy paw now releasing Tyler's, Luscious guided to the seat in front of the large desk as he sat on the opposing side of it. Once they both sat down, it was an eerie quiet. Tyler had no idea what he was here for and the large tiger only seemed to stare at him with oddly predatory eyes. Soon enough, Luscious broke the silence.

"You've yet to comment on the decor." He noted. Tyler now tried to rush to piece together a genuine sounding compliment about the place without sounding like an idiot.

"Uhh... Nice? Yeah."

Nailed it.

"I assume you would like an explanation as to your invitation here." He noted once more. Had Tyler not known any better, the tiger didn't seem to move anything but his mouth when he talked, not even blinking. Deciding not to talk for too long, Tyler simply nodded his head.

"This building holds a lot of elites. Those said elites require a form of release every now and then. That is where you come in. Every other day, you will belong to one of the people on this upper echelon as a pet. For every other day, you belong to me. A contract has already been written and it only waits for your signature. Once you sign, you start. This offer ends at the end of today." He explained it all without much of a second thought, still not moving in the slightest. Was he already planning on Tyler being his pet?

"Wait what? You want to just *belong* to these guys? I'm my own person! And what do you mean *once I sign*? I haven't agreed to any of this yet and this sounds inhumane! You can't just invite someone here and expect them to bend to your will just because you have the money! Did you actually think I would *ever*-"

"Have I neglected to mention that your pay will be 600,000 a month with another bonus for every worker of mine that you please? If they compliment your efforts, I will raise your pay further. All has been mentioned in the contract if you don't believe me."

"Oh. Deal."

Admittedly, Tyler's compulsion for money did most of the talking, not even caring to read the fine print of the multi-paged contract before signing the dotted

line. As soon as he finished the last swirl of his signature, one of the servants lifted the sheet from in front of him and walked off swiftly.

“Excellent. Your new name is now ‘Pet’ and any word of Tyler will lead to your immediate termination. Do you understand, *Pet*?” The tiger only now seemed to smile, his fangs glistening in stark white. Tyler took his time reacting, not wanting to lose the job he had just gotten. He could only imagine how horrible this ‘termination’ was when coming from this beast.

“Y-yes?”

“Excellent. You will quit your previous job and move into the sub division prepared for you on the floor two levels down from this one. You can move your furniture at your leisure with any required assistance. Now come to my side.” Tyler hardly had time to process what he had heard, only really sticking to the command. He stood from the seat, walking around to see the lush dog bed situated next to the large tiger beforehand. He really planned for this, didn’t he? Taking the hint, he sat down on the dog bed, hardly peering over the desk with his gaze. The tiger smiled down at Tyler, his large paw now petting along the fur at the top of his head.

“Good boy.” He paid the leopard a second of his attention before looking down at some papers and scribbling down. With one hand still on Tyler’s head, it left an awkward silence in the air that only Tyler seemed to acknowledge. The tiger mindlessly petted his head with his large paw. It wasn’t a bad feeling by a long shot, simply bizarre. If this is what it took to earn money then what could be so bad about it? Aside from the poor posture, that’s a small price to pay.

Breaking the silence somewhere around 1 in the afternoon, Luscious pressed an intercom button on his desk.

“Sarah, can you send in the red fox from marketing? The one I had warned you about.” His words were much less warm now than before. He seemed almost upset to be saying this. A staticy reply followed the intercom, a woman replying with ‘yes sir’ before snapping off. This was the first time since his new employment that Tyler didn’t have a paw on his head as Luscious stood up from his desk, stripping off his suit one article at a time. Once he stripped the clothing off, he neatly set it back down on his desk, folded perfectly. This soon left the large tiger to be in nothing but a thick thong that kept his junk together. His musk was kept under wraps, not yet contaminating the room as the servants along the side left just in time to meet the fox as he entered. Tyler hadn’t yet moved from his seat, fearful of whatever

punishment may wait for him if he did. The fox was clearly fearful, his arms to his chests and his knees pointed inward. He hardly paid Tyler any mind as he glared heavily at the tiger.

“Y-you called for me... M-Mr. B-”

“Call me Luscious. And you need not be afraid to look at my body. You will be very accustomed to it soon.” The tiger nodded along dismissively as if it were a natural thing to say. The fox shared the same confusion, though he humored the tiger and allowed his gaze to follow the bulky tiger as he approached. The fox decided to keep his paws to himself, but the tiger didn’t find any enjoyment in that, pulling the fox against his chest and squeezing the fox into his overly pronounced pecs. The fox panicked for a split second, soon succumbing and leaning into the massive chest without a word. The tiger stroked his back before leaning down a bit to give an oddly affectionate lick to his head. Was he like this to every coworker of his? Should... Should Tyler be expecting tongue baths from a millionaire tiger dild? That's amazing. Something surprised both of them when the tiger opened his jaws much wider and closed his jaws around the head of the fox. The frail body panicked and felt around the muscled body as he was slurped in quickly. The tiger patted down his throat bulge as his belly filled with the writhing body. The tiger rubbed at the small bulge with a lick across his lips. Without another word, he turned on his heel and marched back to his desk. The bulging mess of the fox is still visible through the dense musculature and fur.

“Sarah, close my office for the evening.” The tiger commanded as he hunched over his desk, his outgrown belly now swaying as he leaned over. Just like before, a static ‘Yes sir’ came across the intercom. Much to Tyler’s surprise, the massive striped tiger only slouched on his chair once more, stroking his gut with a satisfied smile across his face. Tyler could hardly realize that he’d been staring before the tiger drew his attention back to him.

“Is this the first time you’ve seen someone eat someone else like this?” He asked suddenly, not stopping the circular motions his paw made while patting down his outstretched gut.

“Y-yeah... Does that happen often around here?” Tyler kept his voice lowered, keeping his eyes glued to the belly of the tiger. Luscious smiled at the question, gesturing haphazardly to his stomach.

“Yes. This fox here was awfully rude to his superiors, hardly showed up on time, didn’t come in the right attire, and wasn’t giving satisfactory work. This led to

his 'termination' as agreed to by his contract. The same contract you signed, after all." With the remarks about his timing and attire, Tyler instantly shrunk in his seat. An image flashed in his mind of his own body being churned into food for his new boss. With a shutter, the tiger cleared his throat abruptly.

"As my pet, I hope you understand your task here. Come up and help me with my meal." He said. Tyler hardly had the mind to question the orders of a man capable of eating whole people and paying his way out of consequence. The meek snow leopard stood next to the massive tiger and looked at the writhing gut, hardly able to hear the words of the moaning fox inside. He froze, unsure of what to do. Lucky for him, a tiger dild was there to help him out.

"While I am consuming another, I require you to call me master. Now for your part in this... Simply rub my stomach and push around the prey inside. This is to ensure they digest properly as well as feeling amazing. Any shortcoming on your part will lead to a replacement of yours. Assuming you don't want that, I suggest you get to work, pet." The name calling runs deeper now that his position was made clearer. I slowly lay my paws over the gut of his and instantly feel the fox react to it. He tried to push back out and kick in panic, during my proximity I could even start to hear his words. As Tyler slowly laid his hands over the bulges, the tiger ahead of him relaxed, leaning back slowly. Tyler thought for a second that he was doing a good job, but Luscious used one of his own paws to envelope Tyler's paw and guide him through more effective movements and pressing into the gut flesh thoroughly. This led to a more relaxed tiger than before, soon leaving Tyler on his own as his paws returned to his side. Tyler continued to work down on this belly. He stroked the belly just as Luscious had guided him and felt the gurgling mess of body parts soon loosen under his efforts. Luscious laid a paw over Tyler's head once more, working to stroke his scalp as he worked, signifying that Tyler was doing a good job. With the repeated movements in mind, Tyler continued down to the sides of his tiger's belly, working through the bundled fox parts still compacted under the immense hide. Once his arms got tired enough, Tyler moved to the underside of his gut, now finding a gentle rhythm to go by. The underbelly was by far the heaviest and most rewarding, getting the most moans from the large tiger as well as releasing a lot of the build up under there.

"Isn't it a little early to reach for a raise?" Tyler looked up at the smirking head of Luscious with a large paw still weighing down his head. He was initially confused, but found that his new boss' cock had been poking out from the side of the

jockstrap with his impressive size and filling the space between their paws with slight pre cum dribble. Tyler reactively pulled away, scared by the cock almost the size of his entire arm somehow managing to sneak up on him.

“Worry not, you will not have to deal with that until later, once you prove yourself a useful asset to this family of ours. As of now, just continue what you were doing. The meal is already being absorbed as we speak. I suggest you slow down, start enjoying it. He actually lasted longer than most.” Luscious added it in as if the thought wasn’t utterly horrifying. To think what is now mush stewing in this tiger’s gut was a fox person just a few seconds ago. As well as that, Tyler could very well be next. Much to his surprise, the belly seemed to have shrunk down since before, now becoming more firm alongside the muscles above and much thicker, feeling dense with meat and fur. Luscious caught wind of his awareness.

“Shocking isn’t it? These workers are still respected although they are terminated. They have the luxury of filling my body with more mass once they are consumed. Feel.” The command was as calmly stated as before, causing Tyler to step back in shock at the flexed pecs, bouncing abruptly and bulging to an impossible degree. Obediently, Tyler obeyed, laying his hands over the thick muscles. Although the fox only passed through the chest muscles, they still were held proudly in place. Tyler soon realized that the tiger had been flexing the rest of his body as well. Did he expect Tyler to explore his body? After petting his head for the better part of a day, it may be a given. With little hesitation, Tyler began stroking down Luscious’ arm fur and feeling the muscles underneath. Each was finely toned and plenty powerful just by the feeling. Although he was gentle with both Tyler as well as the fox from before, he could no doubt simply forcefully eat people. Tyler rubbed along the thick arms and moved onto the clenched fist of the tiger, his claws hidden under a layer of fur. Based on his cock beating against his belly, Tyler could tell that Luscious was loving this. With his free arm, he hooked him into the large abs of the tiger. Luscious looked down at the snow leopard with a smile. Though this smile wasn’t the same soft smile as before while he was petting him. This time it was a smile much closer to the one he gave the fox. Before Tyler could think to push away from the tiger, he was fully compacted into a tight hug. Luscious licked his muzzle affectionately and leaned down to lick the head of Tyler, reminding him of the fox.

“Uhh M-mister uh... M-master...?” Tyler spoke up from under the weight of his tongue. Was he still eating? Did he still have to call him master? It wouldn’t matter soon.

“Be a good boy and feed me, pet.” Those were the last words Luscious said before hoisting Tyler upwards and lowering his head over his tongue, his massive black lips encasing his entire head in a slick lubricant, subduing any attempt Tyler attempted to pull himself free from his grip. Tyler was careful not to urge the tiger to bite down, knowing it would spell his end. Though where he was ending wasn’t a very bright direction either. The big tiger boss’ tongue maneuvered to cover every inch of Tyler’s fur as he fought about. Luscious seemed to enjoy tasting his pet, taking him in with another gulp as Tyler was forced down Luscious’ throat, his body became compacted in the swallowing gullet and saw his future before him. he never should have come here, much less succumb to such easy charms and promises. Another swallow sent Tyler down even further, his penis now flaccidly pressing into the maw of his boss, his head upside down and facing the belly just a whisker away from him. Much to Tyler’s surprise, his cock reacted almost immediately to the thick tongue, growing at a staggering speed in order to jab the boss’ muzzle. As Tyler fell further into the pit of a stomach, Luscious seemed to have his own fun with his cock, toying with him slightly before parting with the penis with another gulp. With Tyler’s legs now victims to gravity, his body sank further and further into the belly until his entire being was encased in the fleshy pocket within the tiger.

Tyler fought to reposition himself, his knees digging into his cheeks but the tight confines made it extremely hard, only really permitting him to slide about and get his face next to his knees instead. The constant pressure from outside in the shape of paws rubbing over him didn’t help his predicament. With it being so tight, Tyler hadn’t even thought to yell. His body was much too weak to push against the walls, much less to any avail. How long did he even have? He mentioned that the fox wasn’t the normal timing so did Tyler have more time to fight? What would even be the point? He was truly just a victim to his boss now, his master.

“Are you comfortable in there, pet? As I understand it, it is very tight. Is that correct?” Luscious called out. Out of stubbornness, Tyler wanted to stay silent, not giving him the satisfaction of a panicked meal. Though to his surprise, the tiger was still silent, as if waiting for an answer. He knew that if he were out of the stomach then Luscious would be making constant eye contact, unbreaking and unblinking. With his last moments, he may as well say something.

“Why did you eat me?” Tyler moaned, trying not to sound as panicked and disheartened that he truly was. To his surprise, the tiger seemed to laugh quietly, still stroking the distended belly.

“Simply to get you desensitized. You’ll be fine in there until morning, pet. Fall asleep in the meantime. You won’t get out unless I say so.” The tiger cooed gently, now hoisting the belly up as he walked around the office. Tyler couldn’t tell exactly what he was doing, but the movement was unmistakable.

“A-am I not going to die...?” Tyler asked, still unsure about what his fate had in store. Although his own voice was quieter than his breath, Luscious still heard and Luscious still laughed all the same.

“You have been an excellent pet thus far. I can withstand my hunger in time to ensure your long term employment, worry not.” The tiger explained, not walking out of his office. The noise change was obvious, shifting from silent and baron to busy and talkative with dozens of other voices. A few goodbyes were exchanged to and from the tiger, not caring about the whole adult now residing in his stomach. Likely to remain there for a while.

Tyler helplessly stirred about, not making a noise or much of an imprint to be on anyone's radar. At this moment, the only person who knew he existed was the large tiger that ate him in the first place. The idea was apparently to make sure he can be eaten later, but as of now, he couldn’t do anything. With a bit more work on his part, he was able to get his head back above his body, even getting a passing paw rub to guide his body through the movements. It was surprising enough, but Luscious seemed to take good care of him from inside, much more compassionate than he was outside. In the weirdest way, Tyler felt that from inside his belly was the best side of Luscious to be on. The constant massaging of the stomach walls compacting on him gently though thoroughly. Listening to the command of his master, he leaned his head against the fleshy walls, the warm pulsing becoming more soothing with the knowledge of his safety. Hopefully he doesn’t have to stay in there while awake for much longer. It would be much too troublesome for Tyler to try and be awake through it all, most especially with the constant lullaby the body produced.

Want the full thing? Get it here [at my patreon](#) as well as others and exclusive series!

Any additional help is so useful to me and future stories to be posted!
<https://paypal.me/CecilCollects>