

Emmie Eats The Holiday Party

By Juxtaterrestrial

With special thanks to the following:

Art	Beta Readers	Proofreaders
UrgUrgUrg	Nerds!	Sir Kata
Grimimic	MoonslashX	Kurono Kira
	Bob514	Tarquin
	UrgUrgUrg	
	HumbleSasquatch	
	Kuronokira	

This story was written as a Christmas gift for ClinkoClinko.
You can find his art here: <https://www.deviantart.com/clinkoclinko>

The story is a fun alternate universe reconceptualization
of Nerds' stuffing focused RPG: Some Bullshit

Play Some Bullshit here:

<https://forum.weightgaming.com/t/some-bullshit-stuffing-focused-rpg-maker-game/8461>

The story was inspired by these drawings

<https://www.deviantart.com/clinkoclinko/art/they-are-in-an-office-now-897580023>
<https://www.deviantart.com/clinkoclinko/art/they-are-in-an-office-now-part-two-897580093>

Content Warning:

This story contains unrealistic stuffing and ventriphilia (belly fetish) content.

Emmie Eats The Holiday Party

In the lead up to Christmas, the office for Lantrum Business Solutions buzzed with the holiday spirit. Interns scurried around hanging garlands overhead while grey-haired office moms made their rounds distributing peppermints and chocolates to their celebrating co-workers. The resulting mint and pine scents would hang in the air for weeks to come, replacing the usual miasma of coffee and cheap perfume.

Amidst the festive chaos, Emmie Von Schleuse skulked in an empty cubicle, ogling the assembly of the buffet table for the office Christmas party. With her bright blonde hair, blue shoes and ascot, she was not well camouflaged. Likewise, having her head stuck out with eyes starstruck and mouth hanging agape left her the opposite of hidden.

Along the back wall, a row of folding tables sat accumulating holiday cheer. Caterers diligently scuttled in and out of the building, placing both decoration and decadent treats alike atop the long buffet. Tall holiday statuettes on each table served as festive centerpieces. Around each figurine, caterers arranged trays of crackers with sliced meats and cheeses; cookies; chips with dips; bowls of punch and eggnog; and chocolate heavy treats.

So much chocolate, Emmie thought.

There were molded chocolates shaped like Christmas characters, bonbons filled with fruits and liqueurs, candy bars and otherwise savory snacks coated with layers of chocolate. The central table even had a chocolate fondue fountain wreathed with a flowering display of juicy, freshly sliced strawberries around its base.

Emmie wiped drool from her mouth as the deep brown liquid flowed out of the top of the fixture and cascaded down its tiers.

Everyone, even Emmie, knew that the reason for the feast of cocoa-heavy confections was the office manager, Clara Van Damm. Despite her trim figure, sleek office apparel, and daunting demeanor, she was a fiend for it.

Clara stood at the far end of the table, giving last minute instructions to the caterers about what should go where on the table. The otherwise cheerful workers grumbled as Clara had them switch the location of two desserts *yet again*. As they put the final touches on the holiday buffet, Clara used the distraction, and scuttled her hand to a nearby plate to snatch a small chocolate orb. It went into her mouth apparently unnoticed by anyone else.

At least it was *mostly* unnoticed. A storm grew on Clara's face as she locked eyes with Emmie from across the designated party area. Even against the office carpet, the manager's stout black heels clacked with fury as she approached.

Emmie ducked behind the cubicle wall, and pretended to study the calendar pinned up and flipped to August of the previous year.

“Ms. Von Schleuse. I clearly saw you”, she said, rounding the corner with her arms crossed. “What *exactly* are you doing ogling the buffet?”

Emmie chuckled, and straightened her sweater to give her nervous hands something to do. “I was just waiting for the company holiday meeting to start, so that I could, well, go and then after, attend the party!” she said, barely able to get the stammered sentence out.

“Right. The company holiday address. The one I’m running and the one you’ll *definitely* be attending.” Clara glared.

“Yes! That one!”

“You will be there, Emelia. Or there will be hell to pay. We do *not* need a repeat of the refrigerator fiasco. In fact, I don’t want you going anywhere near that buffet table until every other person has had their chance to eat their fill. The company isn’t paying to enable your gluttony.”

Emmie tucked her chin to her chest and looked up at Clara with the grumpiest of expressions.

“Don’t give me that look! You emptied the whole break room of food into that bottomless pit you call a stomach!” Clara said, jabbing her manicured finger into Emmie’s flat abdomen.

“It wasn’t that much food,” Emmie replied meekly.

“It was somewhere in excess of fifty lunches, Emmie! You can’t just eat *everyone’s* food. I don’t care how much you enjoyed it. I don’t want to ruin the holiday for you, but you are a ravenous beast. And if I don’t deprive you of opportunity, I’d be ruining the holiday for everyone else.”

Emmie continued her frown.

“Now,” Clara said, pointing down the hall to the large meeting room, “the meeting is starting soon. I want you there. Now.”

“Okay...”

Resigned to disappointment, Emmie trudged out of the cubical and down the hall, muttering about the indignity of the situation.

Clara stormed past, through the tide of her coworkers, and entered the room first.

Before Emmie could queue up to enter the meeting room, her good friend, Esse Ter Vigilia, pulled her into a vacant side office and shut the door.

Esse, with her burgundy dyed hair and long mauve dress, pressed Emmie against the wall by her shoulders. "Tell me you're not letting her discourage you so easily."

Still feeling guilty, Emmie turtled her head down into her shoulders. "What am I supposed to do?"

"You just don't go to the meeting. Stay out and sneak some of your own treats, like Clara did. We both saw her."

At the mention of food, Emmie's stomach rumbled. She blushed. "You always get me to do bad things Esse... I'll get in trouble. Clara told me I have to be there!"

"Emmie, there will be so many people there that she'll never notice you missing. They're going to be projecting a boring slide show so it will be dark, and Clara will be standing in the light. She won't be able to see *anyone* in the crowd. Besides that, it's going to be raucous and loud too. She's counting on you being afraid to motivate you into acting how she wants."

"She's a big fat meanie..."

"She's a big fat meanie who wants to deprive you of what she already gets to have. That bitch," Esse said with a devil-like grin.

Emmie chuckled in agreement.

"Look, it's clear how hungry you are. Listen..."

A moment of silence.

Thunderous rumbling escaped into the empty office.

"See?" Esse said with her lips curled mischievously. "And we both know how much you like to indulge, don't we?"

Unconsciously, Emmie stretched her mouth into an embarrassed and pained grin. "Why do people keep bringing that up?"

"Because you ate *everyone's* food, Emmie. How could they not comment on the results of your insane stomach?"

Emmie groaned with guilt. Her stomach growled again.

Esse took her hands off Emmie's shoulders and shrugged defensively. "I'm not criticizing. You know me. I'm not bothered. Actually, I'm almost constantly impressed. And I can't even imagine how hard it is to restrain that ravenous tummy."

Emmie giggled nervously. "Yeah. It *is* really hard. And people never understand."

"I understand, Emmie." Esse sighed and grabbed Emmie's hand, sandwiching it between hers. "A girl needs to eat. She needs to eat what she wants. I think taking your fill from that buffet table is exactly the kind of holiday treat you need. It's been a rough year, hasn't it?"

Emmie peered out the door at the quickly thinning procession of her co-workers. Soon, everyone would be in the holiday meeting behind shut doors.

"No one will know you're gone. You'll have *at least* a half an hour to take your share. Just a little, of course," she added with a wink.

"I can't take just a little. A little will quickly turn into a lot, Esse! People were so mad last time. I don't want to get in trouble again. Last time I only got away with it because it wasn't Clara's chocolate that I ate. And this time—"

Esse interrupted, "This time *I'm* looking out for you. I will make sure no one knows you were even gone. I will cover for you. I'll hide you if need be."

"How?"

"Don't worry about it my hungry friend," Esse said, ushering Emmie out of the side office, into the hall, and towards the buffet. "I will take care of you. Think of me as your guardian angel."

A moment later, Emmie's friend went into the holiday meeting, shutting the door behind her and leaving Emmie alone in the office with all the food.

Emmie stood paralyzed, waiting for something terrible to happen. Even as the crowded meeting room rumbled behind the door with unintelligible cheerful banter, nothing came. She shuffled forward a little bit. Then a little more.

As if to avoid waking a sleeping dragon, Emmie tip-toed towards the Christmas buffet. With each step, and with each growl of her stomach, her reluctance faded.

The craggy surface of a chocolate chip cookie crumbled under the glancing touch of her finger. "Well, one wouldn't hurt..."

She sheared the sweet biscuit in half with a chomp. Immediately, the electric shock of sweetness wound its way deep into the corners of her starving mouth, eliciting a pleased groan. She finished that cookie, then downed a few more for good measure.



Next on her tour of samples, she playfully popped some fruit-filled chocolates past her lips. The acidic sourness of the sugar-preserved berries coated the insides of her cheeks, leaving her with a craving for fresher prey - the sliced strawberries below the chocolate fountain.

Emmie skewered several of the pitted red berries, drowned them with liquid decadence, then downed them just as fast as the other snacks she'd devoured. The crispy texture and subtle sweetness of the red fruit lightened the heaviness of the chocolate elegantly.

Art by UrgUrgUrg: <https://sta.sh/0r5jcxvbtvg>

Emmie tapped her feet in bliss as she chewed through the mouthful. The cascade of flavors evaporated any semblance of self control she might have otherwise had.

She tossed snacks into her mouth, emptying the charcuterie tray, and eliminating the whole display of personal-sized pudding-filled pastries. After that, she went back and finished several trays of cookies before drowning the contents of her stomach with the whole supply of eggnog to sate her thirst.

Already her tummy was visible behind her buttoned shirt and comfy sweater. The waistband on her skirt dug painfully into her middle roundness. Despite that, she wasn't close to full. It was happening again. Just like so many times before. Exactly like the refrigerator incident. Her stomach tensed, then churned, before gurgling and growling for more. Hunger. Insatiable hunger.

She gripped her belly and tried to will herself to stop but all the food was so delicious. How could her guilt possibly compete? All the remaining food positively *needed* to be eaten. By her. Immediately and without hesitation. With a guilty but mischievous smile, she slid the waistband of her skirt down, accepting the gorging to come.

There was no one around to stop her.

One after another, she tossed the fruit- and liqueur-filled chocolates into her mouth till none remained. She returned to the fountain, but decided against using the strawberries to collect the flowing candy. Instead, she treated the sliced fruit like the chocolates that came before, throwing them into her mouth one after the other, nearly swallowing them whole.

There were no more fruits. Hundreds of strawberries: gone in a flash.

Emmie moved on to more substantial treats. Cheesecake. Brownies. Regular cake. There was so much food, but the daunting volume made her more determined. She eschewed cutlery and devoured the cakes by hand. Row by row, slice by slice, she emptied the pans, and finished off by swallowing whole pieces of cheesecake with little more than single gulps.

Panting for breath after monopolizing her throat with food for minutes at a time, she wobbled over to the fountain again. She nibbled her lip as she pondered how to attack the cascading chocolate. A few of her attempts failed. Using a spoon was too slow. Trying to lap the chocolate from the falling curtain was too potentially messy. So, after badly reasoned and greedy thoughts, she climbed up on the table, rolled up her sleeves, and put her lips against the very top of the fountain. With her hands completely caked in confection, she held on for dear life as the ostentatious centerpiece pumped all of the chocolate right into her ravenous stomach.

Groaning all the while, the immense volume of chocolate inflated her belly. Emmie's button-up shirt was already full to bursting with gut, and so immediately gave way. Her brown sweater lasted a little longer. The hefty buttons and woolen buttonholes resisted bravely. But as her stomach swelled downward, they too popped, allowing her orb of a gut to plop out downward against her thighs.

She emptied the display completely, save for some sticky residue. As the last of the liquid chocolate vacated the plumbing, the fountain's pump ground to a halt.

Emmie licked her hands clean while admiring just how big the feast had made her. She smirked. With the help of gravity, her sloshing midsection hung almost to the table as she knelt. She had to run her hand under the heavy curve to confirm that she wasn't dreaming. Her belly was bigger than ever before.

Again, her gut churned, then growled. There was still food left. Food that she needed to eat.

One hand on her belly, Emmie slid off the table. The surface had held her weight fine. But, with all the weight of the food distributed to her belly, dismantling the table proved dangerous. The surface tipped and toppled to the ground, sending the empty food trays, a ceramic nativity scene, and the large fountain onto the office carpet.

The Three Wise Men and the animals shattered. So did the large glass bowls of the chocolate fountains. The trays provided by the catering company didn't break, but with how long their metal clanging was, it sure sounded like they did.

Emmie froze. She was uninjured. The fear that the commotion would call forth an angry Clara glued her in place.

She waited.

Nothing.



Art by Grimimic: <https://sta.sh/02bkpli8izrn>

Despite her belly-induced limited mobility, she finished the vast majority of the remaining feast. Chips and dip. Gone. A gingerbread house. Demolished and devoured. Pretzels and soda? Inhaled. Last up, with her belly propped up on the table, she slurped down the gallons of sour punch.

Emmie giggled to relieve the nervous tension and held her pale, exposed belly with one hand. "Whoops..."

Without care for the precarious carnage her stomach growled again, repeating its demand for food.

"More?" She asked the churning orb of her abdomen and blushed. "Oh who am I kidding? Who am I to deny you even more food?"

After several moments of creative movements, and with a lot of grunting, she hobbled to her feet.

The only food that remained was an assortment of hard candies she deigned to ignore, and a whole bundle of black licorice that was knocked under one of the tables when she toppled the fountain.

Emmie stepped back, hardly able to breathe with how much food she'd packed into her stomach. Even while just standing, the weight and size of her beachball-sized belly threatened to pull her to the ground. She groaned with regretful fullness while gripping her gut with both hands. Then, as she jostled herself, she hiccuped, then burped. The release of gaseous pressure shifted her belly and made her stomach churn from the movement. Inside, the ocean of fluid swirled audibly.

Pressure built up again from the agitation. Not a moment later, a second earth-shaking burp escaped her mouth.

As if on cue, the door to the conference room down the hall opened, releasing the sounds of her high-spirited co-workers.

Oh no. Oh no! Emmie thought in sheer panic. One step. Sloshing. A second step. Wobbles and churning. She fled at grandparent-like speed down a row of cubicles so at least she wouldn't be spotted immediately.

Emmie gripped her sweater and yanked its scratchy fabric forward to rebutton it, but there was no way her food-stretched gut was going to lose to a puny, recently-undersized garment of mortal wool.

Help help help. Anyone... she begged the universe.

A chuckle came from behind her.

With her hands on her hips, and a pleased smile, Esse stood admiring the rotund form of her friend. "Bravo! You've done excellently, Emmie!"

Emmie stood up as straight as she could, given the huge shifting weight hanging off her. All she could do is frown with quivering worry.

"Well, what are you waiting for? This way. With me." Esse took Emmie's arm over her shoulder to bear some of her weight and dragged her away from the scene of the feast. "We just need to get you into the stairwell."

Inside the steel and concrete fire escape, Emmie leaned against the wall with both hands, breathing heavily and admiring the immensity of her belly.

Similarly, Esse stood and ran her hand along her jaw line. "Looking good, Emmie. So big and full of so much chocolate."

Emmie scoffed, then she chuckled and looked back at her friend. "I think I overdid it... Again," she said with a squeamish expression.

"Nooo. Emmie, you did exactly what I hoped you would," Esse said. She strutted over and gave a hefty slap to the side of Emmie's hanging belly. "You've made my Christmas. No, you've made the *whole office's* Christmas."

"But... Well, I kind of ruined it. No, I feel awful about it now! And now I'm going to be in so much trouble! Why did I do this?" she asked, her eyes watering.

"Oh no no no. No one will ever know it's you. Not after I get my say. No, you did exactly what you're best at - you filled that bottomless tummy up. Like you deserve."

In an instant the praise flipped Emmie's mood. Walking her hands up the wall for support, she stood up straight and cradled her gut. "Yeah. You're right. I'm good at this..." She grinned. "But how can you be so sure that I won't get in trouble?"

"Because, who would want so much chocolate so much so badly? Why, it's our dear old boss, Ms. Clara Van Damm: The inquisitor of office paperwork herself. All it will take is one anonymous report of a mysterious truck and unauthorized moving crews and no one will doubt that she had all the chocolate stolen for herself while everyone was distracted in the holiday meeting."

Emmie chuckled and gave a proud pat to her stomach. She hiccuped and burped again. "Well, I guess part of that is true. Someone did steal all the food..."

They both laughed.

"Exactly. And the more she protests her innocence, the more she cries to the CEO, Mr. Taggart, the more clear it will be that she used the whole party as an excuse to fuel her habits on company dime."

Emmie grimaced. "But... What about my... My reputation? And no one will be able to say I was at the party."

"Maybe," Esse agreed, "But the people I need to convince are already suspicious of Clara's sweet tooth. And I've already worked hard to get her bosses to trust me. Soon she'll be

gone, Emmie. I promise. I'll take her job. And everyone will rejoice as the big fat meany is ejected. And so, Merry Christmas Emmie!"

Emmie looked up at her friend with a grin. "This really is the best Christmas."

Esse gestured down the stairs with a serious expression. "It will be, once you get this gut of yours home. You'll want to call in sick until you've shrunk a little..."

Emmie looked down at her churning belly with an embarrassed smile, then began the slow and careful descent to the parking garage.

Merry Christmas Clinko!