

Ally stood there unblinking, licking the top of her mouth, as it felt like sand coated the inside of her gullet. Her heart thumped in her chest, leaping and sinking for the loss in front of her.

“W-what was that again?” The tigress asked, hoping that maybe...just maybe she had misheard.

Mike gulped, feeling some slight fear as he looked up to his boss. “T-they’re all out of date, Ally.” The goat replied, knowing what he did was right, but the weird look in the tigress’s eyes told him he had just made an error.

The goat, standing just under five feet tall, was pushing a cart into the backrooms of the grocery store. On the cart, loaded up in five milk-crates, was what must have been over eighty cartons of eggnog in total. Every single one of them containing half a gallon of one of the richest, creamiest, sweetest drinks known to the animal kingdom. Mike had just spent the better part of fifteen-minutes, loading all of them from the coolers to carry back to their warehouse, so that he could chunk them all in the store's trash. He was only a few more steps away from the back door, when his boss, Ally, had stopped him.

“Out of date?” Ally asked, getting some of her nerves back. The tigress, standing at six foot six inches towered over all of her employees. Giving her great imposing presence even at her calmest moments. Her lips twitched back, as a small fire seemed to grow in her eyes. “Y-you must be wrong.” She grunted, yanking the cart out of the goat’s paws.

Ally started picking the cartons out of the crates one by one, closely inspecting the sell-by date on each of them. Every one of them had gone out of date yesterday or the day before.

Mike stood close by, feeling his own gullet go dry as he watched the tigress closely examine his work. The time just seemed to tick by like watching paint dry, as his boss checked all of the cartons. Her small grimace seemed to grow slightly frantic with a smidgen of sadness. As she reached the last crate, her brows drooped down over her eyes, almost frantic as she pulled them all out.

“T-They-they are all out of date!” She gasped out, putting her paws to the side of her face, seeming to fall into total panic at the idea. She looked down to the ground, mouthing a few silent words to herself.

Mike’s eyes darted from right to left. He gulped, now feeling a new, strange sensation of fear, seeing his boss act in a way he had never seen before. “W-was it not right for me to pull them?”

Ally looked up from the eggnog to Mike. She blinked once or twice, seeming to be surprised that the goat was there. She cleared her throat, standing up as she tried her best to act casual. “Uh-oh, no you did the right thing.” She said, trying to nod her head, biting her lip. “I-I don’t suppose we have more eggnog to put out do we?”

“Urm-well no. I mean, Christmas was over a week ago.” He said, somewhat hesitant to try to explain it.

Ally raised her paw. “No-no, I get it.” She mumbled, closing her eyes. “Sorry for acting like that.” She moaned, rubbing her forehead. “Go face one of the aisles or something. I’ll take care of all the eggnog.” She said, reaching down to grab the handle on the cart, pulling it behind her.

Mike started to walk back, letting out a small sigh of relief. Glad she had calmed down just as easily as she had been riled up. He turned to the double doors which lead to the shopping part of the store. The goat looked back just in time to see the tigress wheel the cart of eggnog right into her office. With a sigh and a shrug, he walked the rest of the way through the doors.

“H-HOW!” Ally gasped out, gritting her teeth. The tigress, using her natural strength, picked the cart up so it didn’t snag on the carpet in her office. She carried it over to her desk to set it down. She then sat down in her chair, frantically wiping her paws through her hair. “How, how did it go out of date?!”

The tigress scraped her claws along her desk, making thin slices of wood circle round and round her fingers. “Doesn't make sense. What? Does no one in this good for nothing town know how good eggnog is?” She licked her lips. She looked over at all of the crates worth of the stuff. Her eyes seemed to gloss over just looking at their packages. She moaned, almost seeming to taste the thick, creamy, sweet liquid run right down her throat.

“How could these stupid customers let it go bad it-its eggnog, should sell itself. YES! You deserved...all of you deserved to be bought and greedily guzzled up.” Ally gasped, her head now resting right on the top of her desk. Drool dripped down her chin, and her stomach started to growl.

She then groaned, closed her eyes and rubbed her paws against her forehead. “Your company doesn't take reclaims.” She talked right to the drink as if it was a dear friend. “We-huff-we have to...” She couldn’t even find the strength to say it. There’s only one thing in store for the eggnog now, the dumpster. They would have to chunk every single last one of the jugs into the store’s back trash-tank, and they would rot in the sun for a day or two before the garbage-truck would come to take them away.

Ally grimaced, seeing it all play out before her closed eyes. With one heartfelt punch to her desk, “NO!” She gasped out, as she looked back over to all of the crates. “No, you’re better than the dump. I-I won't let you go to waste.”

The tigress grabbed the closest jug, the date flashed before her eyes again. “Ehhh-I won't really be able to take it home. A day or so after the expiration won't be too bad, but much more than that.” She said, as she opened the lid.

Almost instantly the sweet smell exploded out from the jug, practically eager to escape containment, and wafted right to Ally’s nose. The tigress's mouth started to water tenfold. Closing her eyes, and guided by pure lust and instinct, she pulled the lip of the carton to her maw and started to take heavy gulps.

The off-white liquid rushed down her throat like liquid gold. She purred, leaned against her desk to steady herself as she gulped it all down in only a matter of seconds.

She quickly grabbed for the next two, cutting a thin opening across their top with her sharp claws. She squeezed the two cartons together, flipped them up, and started to gulp and suckle as all of the eggnog washed out from them. These two seemed to go down even quicker than the last, leading to Ally grabbing at the next bunch far faster.

The tigress continued to guzzle down carton after carton after that. Time seemed to flow just as easily as the drink as she lost herself completely in the delicious eggnog. A collection of empty jugs soon started to gather round her feet. Another one quickly was added to the lot, making a dull thumping sound as the paperboard banged against itself.

Her neck bulged out in rhythmic gulps, as quart after quart, liter after liter, gallon after gallon of the liquid washed down her throat. She sat down on the edge of her desk, drinking four cartons at a time as she gulped it all down. Not caring, not noticing how much she had already drank, and how much more there was still on the cart.

Slowly but surely, the tigress started to fill up with eggnog. The liquid sloshed and settled into her tummy, filling it out entirely after her tenth carton or so. But, with Ally only continuing to drink more and more, her belly soon started to softly expand outwards as her stomach stretched out to make room for all of the excess drink. Her shirt bulged out in the middle, a dull bubble and gurgling sounded out from her rounding midsection.

“Sooooooooo good!” She squeaked out, licking up some eggnog from the corner of her lips. She was done with the two crates on top of the cart, leaving the three on bottom for her to finish. A small sea of empty eggnog cartons engulfed her up to her shins now, not like she cared. “How could those stupid, idi-UUUURRRRPPPH-otic shoppers let you go out of date.” She moaned to the drink, practically giving it bedroom-eyes.

Not hesitating for a moment, she slung the two empty crates off of the cart, and lifted the other three on top, grunting slightly as her belly sloshed greatly with her movements. She poked her bloated tummy, giggling to herself. “Full of H-BBBbUuurrRrOOoUUuUBbBBBoOORRBBB-oliday cheer.” She rubbed her paws along her belly a few more times, making her tummy shake and move about in her paws like a water balloon. She drew the hem of her shirt up to the base of her bra to let all of her bloated belly hang free in her lap.

“I don't wanna go overboard with it.” She said to herself, blushing slightly from embarrassment. “Not like eggnog is-UUUUurrrPHHHHuuUURUUuUUhHHH-known for its lack of calories.” She then looked back up to the other three filled crates. Her stomach groaned for the rest of it, and her maw watered yet again. Her love for the drink took her captive again, and this time it would see her through to the end of the supply.

She started drinking all of the eggnog down yet again, squeezing and pressing the sides of the cartons to make it blast into her maw. Her stomach started to stretch and bow out in all directions as all of the drink filled it over and over its limit. The front of her belly inched out before her. Her natural tiger stripes being pulled out on her hips, perfectly showing off just how bloated she was getting. Deep stress lines started to etch their way into her sides, as her tummy grew bigger and bigger yet.

Her tummy was now roughly two feet wide all across. Her belly was nice and perky from how tightly filled it was with eggnog. Ally looked like she was pregnant with a whole litter full of cubs. Her midsection now ballooned out to fill her entire lap, forcing her to spread her legs a good bit apart to sit comfortably.

Ally's back started to arch inwards, she was forced to lean backwards as her belly grew to be bigger than a novelty beach ball. Gallons and gallons of eggnog rested inside of her mammoth stomach now. Her lungs were pressed back against her ribcage just to make room for just how stuffed she was now. Her belly softly waved and jiggled back and forth, making her tiger-stripes dance about on her sides. She groaned as she guzzled down the last carton, and then let it drop down to the rest below.

“UUUURRRRRrrrrPPPPPRPrppPRPRPHHHHUURUURUHHhHHH! Ugghh...so stuffed.” She gasped out, her big belly now so large it was difficult for her to speak. The tigress got up from the corner of her desk. Her legs wobbled and buckled underneath her from all of the eggnog weighing her down. She gently held her paws on the sides of her tummy, trying to keep it steady as it wobbled back and forth like one titanic bowl of gelatin.

Some sweat poured down her brow as she struggled back out of her office.

“G-gonne..UUUURRRRRHHHHHPPP! Take the rest of the day off.” She gulped, some eggnog splashing from her lips as she loudly belched.

She opened her office doors, and stopped right on the spot when she was greeted with yet another one of her employees. This one being one of the female zebras she had working for her.

“AHH! M-Ms. Ally?” Tasha gasped out, blinking in surprise from how gigantic the tigress's belly was now. She backed away from the cart, which happened to be loaded down with seven full milk crates, all filled to the brim with plastic jugs of custard.

Ally looked down at Tasha's cart. Even despite all of the eggnog in her stomach, her mouth watered just looking at all of the custard. “T-tell me w-UUURrUUUuuuuRRRrrPppHHHH! What's wrong with these?” She asked, almost excited from what she thought the answer was.

Tasha paused for a moment, looking up and down from Ally's eyes and belly. “Urm...Well all of these had gone out of date. I was about to toss them in the dumpster.”

With a smile, the tigress grabbed onto the front of the cart, and started to pull it with her as she walked backwards. “No need to do that,

I’ll-UUUUrrprpHHRhruURUUUUUUURRRRPpPHHHruuUUUURurURUuHHHH- take care of them from here.” Ally practically moaned, as she motioned for Tasha to go back to work.

The zebra walked back to the main shopping center, turning around just in time to watch Ally lug the cart of custard backwards into her office. And, as the door closed, Tasha caught a quick glimpse at all of the empty cartons of eggnog already inside.