A loud, deep rumbling filled the air around the O’Shane household like a thunderstorm, powerful enough to send light tremors through the ground. Passers-by rushed on and car tires screeched as drivers floored the gas pedal, worried an earthquake was about to erupt.

Inside the mansion in question, Riley O’Shane’s plump paws clutched her enormous belly as it growled enough for the copious layers of blubber on it to shake and jostle. She groaned in her seat at the dining room table, surrounded by stacks of plates that had been licked clean.

Riley was known in Sulford as the current head of the O’Shane Mob, taking the position after her mother. She owned quite a number of businesses in the city, mostly its eateries. The frequent amounts of ‘taste testing’ she did during her visits allowed the seven-foot-three lynx-saluki to balloon to a staggering eight-hundred-seventy pounds, some of it being muscle she kept hidden under layers of unassuming lard. Those who knew better kept comments about the link between her entrepreneurial activities and her notorious bulk to themselves.

“Urgh,” she growled, licking grease off her fangs. “Twelve plates of breakfast and I’m *still* feckin’ hungry!”

“It was all we had left, ma’am,” said a meek rabbit in a maid’s uniform. “Today is grocery day, after all.”

“Well I’m not waitin’ that long for lunch,” Riley decided, running her claws through her fiery red hair. She grabbed her phone from the table and opened her address book, a smirk squishing her chubby cheeks as she started sending a text.

*Coming down for lunch. Get my booth ready.*

With a grunt, she hauled herself to her plump feet and padded to the doorway. “Get me a few more hands, I’m headin’ out.”

“Yes, ma’am,” the rabbit said, rushing off.

The stairs creaked as Riley climbed step after step, her massive rump bouncing and wobbling behind her with each stomp of her fat feet. Finally reaching her expansive bedroom, she was pleased to see a small troop of maids waiting by her walk-in closet.

“Ah, lovely,” she purred. “Get me a nice suit, girls. Headin’ out for a bite of lunch.”

The girls nodded and got to work, picking out clothes for their boss. She was soon stuffed into a white shirt and red waistcoat, their buttons gaping badly so her navel was in plain sight, and an olive green jacket and trousers. The maids struggled to button up whatever they could, especially with Riley’s stomach gurgling and grumbling against them. The jacket had no hope of getting around that gut, and the seat of her trousers were tested by the pair of yoga balls known as her backside.

“Thanks, girls,” Riley sighed, idly scratching her immense gut as she lumbered back toward the hallway. “Now, someone bring the car around before I waste away.”

The girls silently exchanged looks before one of them went to fetch the driver.

“Alright, listen up y’all,” called Peggy Carter from her office. “The boss is comin’ down for lunch, so I want your absolute best as usual. Make sure her booth is ready, and get her usual orders on the grill. She’s gonna be *hungry* when she gets here.”

She watched as her employees got to work. Owner and head chef of *Hunter’s Bar & Grill* in the downtown area, she was once the head of her own crime gang who tried to neutralise Riley when they first met by fattening her up with a special additive to her food. It ended up with the Carter Gang being absorbed into the O’Shane Mob and Riley becoming her boss. Peggy was upset and rather beleaguered at first, but she came to accept Riley as a fair higher-up. Even if she tended to empty the whole kitchen during one of her frequent quality inspections, as she liked to call them.

Peggy was a lioness, and a rather plump one herself. Her own work shirt’s buttons spread so her own navel was showing. The seat of her pants was getting quite snug as of late, now that she thought about it. Her brown mane of hair was neatly brushed, almost contrasting the down-home look of her Southern-style restaurant. Her clothes used to fit a lot better, but while her food was always prepared at the highest quality, her new boss’s notoriously high standards required a lot of taste testing before it was brought out to her. And Peggy took it upon herself to make sure it was ready for her. Not the best position for someone watching their waistline, but it was a sacrifice she had to make.

Just after midday, Peggy looked out her office window to see a large, expensive car pull up in front of her restaurant. She recognised it all too well.

The small driver got out and opened the back-passenger door. She watched the finely dressed mound of blubber that was her new boss squeeze herself onto the sidewalk, the car’s suspension bouncing up now that it was spared her immense bulk. Peggy took a deep breath as she watched Riley slowly wobble to the door. As if the stomps shaking the building weren’t announcement enough that she had arrived, for a split-second Peggy thought a thunderstorm had broken out downstairs.

*Ain’t over till the fat lady sings, as they say. Well, time to make that fat lady pull out a full-on musical.*

The lioness began her trek down the stairs to the restaurant floor, and was relieved to see her waiters were already helping Riley to her booth. It was near the kitchen, naturally, with an extra wide, reinforced seat. The biggest table they could get her was the circumference of a tractor’s back tire, to which Riley first responded with an unimpressed “It’ll do.” Peggy’s ears flicked as she heard ominous creaking when Riley sat her massive rump down.

“Ah, there ye are,” Riley said, Peggy trying to ignore her double chin wobbling alluringly as she talked. “Hope ye got plenty in, cuz I’ve got plenty of room to fill.”

“We always keep fully-stocked, sugar,” Peggy assured her, “just in case you happen to show up.”

“Well, Pegs,” the lynxuki purred, “ye know the drill. Gimme all I can handle!”

“With pleasure,” purred Peggy, and she headed through the double-doors leading to the kitchen.

“Y’all know the drill,” she echoed her boss’s words. “Give Riley everything we can spare!”

A smirk crossed her face. “And then some.”

Ten minutes later, Riley was cleaning the bones off a particularly plump turkey, after licking gravy off her lips and fingers. She could still taste the huge sirloin she chewed through minutes before, and the huge hamburger was still waiting for her to lift it. The copious amounts of booze helped wash it all down quite nicely.

“How’s it going?” asked Peggy, walking up to her.

“Good as always so far,” Riley confirmed, stifling a belch. “Keep it comin’, and maybe bring another one of those steaks. Extra-large this time.”

“Absolutely,” Peggy said. “I’ll bring another keg with it. We’ve got a whole sty’s worth of deep-fried boars on the way as well.”

“Sounds good,” Riley purred, licking her fangs. “Can ye bring that *School of Tunas Special* as well? Actually, make it a double.”

“Absolutely, hon,” confirmed Peggy.

Riley chuckled greedily as she lifted the hamburger to her mouth, taking a hearty bite of the greasy patty. She was accustomed to receiving special treatment (she revelled in it, in fact), but something about this onslaught of meals felt different. A good different, though.

Peggy returned to the kitchen and relayed the orders to her chefs.

“Keep up the pace, y’all,” she called. “We gotta get this woman stuffed stupid!”

“We’re going as fast as we can,” one chef huffed.

“I know, and you’re doin’ great,” Peggy assured him, “but that ain’t hyperbole, hon. We’re gonna get that glutton stuffed to burstin’. Literally.”

“Literally, boss?”

“Literally. If that fatass wants to stuff her face so bad, we’re gonna make sure she goes past the limit. Think about it; our food’s so good it made the city’s most bottomless glutton explode! Our bank accounts will blow up as much as she does!”

The chefs looked at each other for a moment, and Peggy was pleased to see a newfound motivation and speed in their work.

“Got the tuna special ready for testing, boss,” one of them called to her.

Peggy sighed and put a paw to her stomach. Her buttons were gapping a little more from the taste testing she had to do.

“On my way, sugar.”

An hour had passed, every minute filled with an unending onslaught of food. Plates and bowls piled up around Riley as she ate and ate and *ate* as the food kept coming. Schools of fish, piles of roast boars, coops of fried chickens and turkeys, a whole cow’s worth of steaks and, she was almost certain, a whole roast elephant was crammed into her stomach during her feeding frenzy. A brewery’s worth of booze was poured into her to help wash it all down.

That was around the time when she was starting to get full, a feeling not wholly familiar to her, and her suit had finally gave up. Walls, windows and other patrons were assaulted by buttons shooting off her like bullets from the building pressure.

Of course, after that came dessert. A few wedding cakes oozing with chocolate and fudge and covered in frosting, a small mountain of ice cream, a pyramid of brownies and a stack of cookies were crammed into her gut, which had gotten a little more room opened up after being freed of its fabric prison. Naturally, that room was completely filled to the brim, and her stomach was a perfectly spherical orb larger than her whole body, pulsing red and aching from how much its owner had crammed into it. It groaned and gurgled, begging Riley not to eat anymore.

And for the first time in her life, she was happy to obey that request. The glutton had eaten her fill, and her gut was forced on top of the table, pinning her to the booth. She was too full to think straight, so she wasn’t sure what to do next. All she did know is it didn’t evolve eating or moving. Sleeping was definitely high up on the list.

“How’d you like that, sugar?” Peggy asked, walking up to her with a smile. “Enjoy it?”

“Oh, aye,” moaned Riley, wincing as her belly let out a loud gurgle. “Oof…I might explode if I even *taste* one more thing.”

“Is that so?” Peggy tried not to smirk too much. “That must be strange for you.”

“Well, you gave me so much to eat,” Riley pointed out, resting her paws on top of her drum-tight gut. “Never eaten this well in my life.”

“That’s wonderful to hear,” Peggy said, then looked at the table. “Oh look, you missed a little bit.”

“Uhh?” Riley looked up, and as dazed as she was, she could see Peggy was holding up one last double-chocolate-chip cookie that she’d somehow not eaten. “Oh…so I did…”

“No point in letting it go to waste, hm?” Peggy purred, holding it out to her. “Waste not want not, right?”

“Oh, I couldn’t,” mumbled Riley, letting out a burp. “Oof, I might *explode* if I do…”

“Aw, it’s just one cookie.”

“And I’m too full for it…”

“Aww, and here I taste tested everything for you,” Peggy giggled, “to make sure it was up to your high standards.”

*Ping*

“Mmf!” Riley grunted as a button popped off Peggy’s shirt and bounced off the side of her taut belly. The lioness’s navel now had a clear window for Riley to see it. “Oh…oh my…”

Peggy looked at her. “Hmm?”

“You *do* look full…oof,” Riley groaned, licking her chops.

“I did it for you,” Peggy purred, tracing a finger on her boss’s overstuffed dome. “You’re not the only one who needs a new shirt, hm?”

“A-aye,” Riley grunted, and for some reason, that cookie looked so much tastier. “Y’know, maybe I *do* have just enough room…”

“That’s the spirit,” Peggy said, putting the cookie in Riley’s paw. “Eat up, sugar.”

Riley licked her lips and held the cookie toward her mouth. Her face scrunched as her gut gurgled in alarm, imploring her not to do it. Everything was telling her to stop before she regretted it. But for some reason, she couldn’t resist. Peggy made it seem just too good.

“Ulp…”

Riley’s arms flopped to her side as she fell limp in the booth. “Guh…there, officially stuffed…”

Peggy went to say something, but was interrupted by some loud, ominous gurgles. Both women looked as Riley’s gut shuddered and jostled, the gurgling and bubbling growing louder and more intense as her middle started to swell up in surges.

“W-what the…?” Riley grunted, holding her hands against her belly as she felt it expanding through her fingers.

Patrons turned from their meals and looked in fear as they were overshadowed by a swelling, bloating dome, its gurgles growing deafening.

“Oh dear,” giggled Peggy. “Looks like someone *did* have a little too much to eat. Well, we all know what happens then.”

Riley opened her mouth to retort, but only a belch came out.

**BOOM**

Windows were shattered, tables and patrons were blown back against the walls and the whole restaurant floor was coated in booze and gravy. Including Peggy herself, whose hair was blown back by the explosion.

“Oh dear,” she muttered, shaking the fluid off her face. “Part of me wasn’t expecting her to actually explode.”

Inside the crater where the booth used to be, Riley was splayed out on her back. Instead of having a huge hole in her abdomen, her stomach was smaller and looked less ready to burst than it did a few seconds ago.

“Holy feck,” she grunted, sitting up and rubbing her head. “Did I just blow up?”

“Indeed you did, sugar,” Peggy said, looking down at her. “You look quite well, considering.”

“Aye,” Riley agreed, rolling into an upright sit. “Well, now I know what I’m gonna do.”

“And what’s that?”

Riley looked up at her, licking her lips. “Have myself another course! Got any left, Pegs?”

Peggy’s jaw dropped. She just ate so much she not only wanted to stop eating, but exploded from one cookie too many! And now she wanted even more?

*Think of the PR, Peggy. You made Riley O’Shane explode, and she wants to come back for more!*

“Oh, right away, hon,” purred Peggy, turning to head to the kitchen. She clutched her stomach, grunting. “All that taste testin’ left *me* feelin’ ready to burst myself.”

The inevitable stampede of customers when this got out would more than pay for the damages and restocking.

Maybe this *was* a great partnership.