

Management had changed at the local restaurant. The old boss, who had treated her employees with kindness and respect, was replaced by a triple A asshole. The new boss was a lion named Lyle. He was handsome enough, standing at 6'3 with a lovely mane curling around his chiseled face. Even through the uniform he wore at the restaurant, his mussels could be seen, practically bulging through the fabric. Though his looks didn't make up for the fact that he was running the place into the ground, making everyone miserable in the process.

The local restaurant was small, so there were only three employees beneath him. A horse named Chris worked the frying station. A tigress named Clara worked the grilling station. And a goat named Lizz worked the front desk. Lizz was shorter than her coworkers by a good little bit. And, with a goat's habit of eating anything, she had a good bit of a gut on her as well. She carried the pounds well, and Chris and Clara would never dream of making fun of her weight, but Lyle had no such qualms.

On one particularly slow day, where there were only a handful of patrons in the sitting area, Lyle walked back to the kitchen to scold the employees again. Little did he know it would be the last time he ever raised his voice at them.

"I have the perfect idea to raise profits." Lyle said enthusiastically.

The three didn't say anything, they could care less about whatever crack-pot idea the dude had. The lion grew aggravated at their ignoring him. "Well, doesn't anyone want to hear it?" He snarled at them.

"Go head sir, I'm sure it'll be as good as your last." Chris said with enough sarcasm to make a British comedian blush.

"Let me guess, we will make the portions even bigger this time. Resulting in even more food going to waste." Clara sighed, not even bothering to hide her criticism in joke interest.

Lyle rolled his eyes at them. "Really, you three should all be a bit nicer to me. If you knew how to act as team players, then our shop may not be in the red right now."

“Go ahead Mr. Lyle, I’m sure It’ll be a good idea.” Lizz said, trying to stay on his good side.

Lyle looked down to the goat, his tall figure easily looming over Lizz’s plumb body. “Enough backtalk wise ass. I think we’ve all heard enough from you today.”

Clara and Chris slowly stopped their cooking to snarl at the lion. They looked down to their friend. Lizz seemed unfazed by his comment, but the idea of this asshole insulting their friend filled them with rage. They held their tongues though, not wanting to do anything yet.

“So, what’s your big idea?” Clara asked.

“Well, we all know that this place has a waste problem. I figure if we stopped throwing away so much food, our shop would see bigger profits.”

“So we’re gonna cut the portion sizes?” Chris suggested, but he knew that Lyle was too stubborn to go back on his last major change.

“What? No. I’ve decided that I’ll have Lizz here eat all of the leftover food that’s left on the tables.”

Everyone blinked in surprise at the idea. Lizz stared up at her boss in shock.

“Excuse me, but why do...”

“Oh shut up. I know you’re the perfect pic to become the restaurant's waste disposal. Goats are known for the ability to eat anything, and you’re already used to eating a ton in a day so what a few pounds extra.”

Chris and Clara stared daggers at the lion. Looking down to their friend again, and it was clear from the look on her face that she was hurt. Lizz looked down to the floor, and pressed her right hoof into the side of her belly, subconsciously feeling for how big it really was.

Chris took a step towards Lyle. “Hey now,” He said with some spite, “There’s no need to say those things about Lizz. That’s pretty mean.”

Lyle scoffed at him. “Oh please, what do you have a thing for her or something? Besides, it ain’t nothing but the truth. She may be a goat, but the

first time I saw her I honestly thought she was a beached whale.” He laughed as if he fully expected the rest to laugh with him.

Clara started to walk around behind Lyle, the lion too busy with his laughing to notice her walk behind him. She looked down again, and Lizz was obviously holding back tears now. Her breath had become strained, and she quivered as she felt the lion’s words stab at her like a thousand knives. Chris had noticed Lizz’s near crying too.

“I suggest you apologize Immediately to Elizabeth.” Chris said, his eyes filled with rage. His body slightly shaking with fury. He was using every ounce of will power he had to not deck the lion right then.

“HA. That’s rich. What am I the only one who isn’t blind here. She’s a fucking cow. If she had one of our burgers it would be a form of cannibalism no doubt. Besides, what’s your sorry ass gonna do if I don’t apologize to her?”

Lizz was now fully crying. Tears streamed down her face and her mouth contorted into an ugly frown. She bit her lip as she tried to cry in silence, but some heaving still came from her.

“I’m going to implement your new policy right now. On you.” Chris cried out, already grabbing a tray full of fries from the counter-top.

“What-MUUUFF.” Lyle said as a fist full of fries was shoved into his mouth all at once. He immediately tried to fight back, Clara was behind him to stop any attempts at resisting. She grabbed ahold of his paws, and held them tightly behind his back so that there was nothing he could do. She quickly grabbed some zip-ties used for take out, and tied them around his wrists before he could react.

Lyle backed away from the handful of food. He tried to spit it out, but Chris made sure that it went down his throat. The horse forced the fries down the lion’s mouth, Lyle choking all the way.

“URRPPPGH-What the Hell was that a-MMUUUFFFF.” Lyle was cut off again as Chris shoved a full burger into the lion’s maw. Forcing the patty down the lion’s gullet before he could pull back.

Lyle backed away again from the horse, but this time he fell over his own feet. Without his paws to hold him up, he simply fell over backwards. Landing in a sit up position, resting against the back of the service counter. With his feet on the ground now, Carla took the opportunity to tie his ankles with a second set of zip-ties.

Lyle tried to push the food back up, but Chris was there with another handful of food to push it even further down his throat. He had grabbed a few plates worth of entrees and set them on the ground next to him. He would grab another random handful of food, and forcefully shove it down Lyle's throat. All the while glaring into the lion's eyes.

Clara laughed, grateful that she was finally seeing her boss get his just desserts. She rushed over to the other stations in the restaurant. She filled up plates and trays with all of the food in the stations. Pounds of fries, burger patties, chicken strips, ham, salami, bread, macaroni, and other items were all placed on the plates. She did, however, leave out any of the vegetables and fruits that the restaurant had, she felt that the more fattening the food, the better the revenge. She placed her plates by Chris so that he wouldn't run out of stuff to force feed Lyle while she kept on gathering more food.

Lizz was still beside herself in the corner. Still trying to keep herself together from what Lyle said to her. She didn't notice what was happening at first. It was only after she had enough of herself composed that she realized what Chris and Clara were doing.

"What are you two doing?" She asked, slightly freaking out.

Chris sent another mass of calorie filled food down Lyle's gullet. Lyle was forced to swallow it all. He groaned in protest, but there was little he could do. Already he could feel his stomach fill up with all of the restaurant's inventory. His tummy softly grew into the front of his shirt, giving the lion a small pot-belly.

Clara took a break from her harvesting to kneel beside Lizz. "We're giving him a piece of his own medicine, Lizz. He has no right to talk to ya' like he did." Clara rested her paw on Lizz's shoulder to give her comfort.

“But...B...But we could get in trouble for this. Serious trouble.” The goat trembled.

Clara nodded her head after some thought. “True, look, if you want to leave that’s fine, but I think me and Chris have our minds set on this.”

Lizz looked over to Lyle and Chris. The lion’s tummy was now noticeably bigger than before. Ballooning out from his body by a good few inches. His belly pressing hard into his tight white t-shirt. She couldn’t help but smile at the lion’s predicament.

“I think I’ll stay and watch.” She said, grinning at her boss getting his proper filling.

Clara smiled with her. “Good. Ya’ don’t have to do anything. Chris and I got this jerk covered.” The tigress then walked back over to the other station, grabbing even more junk food for her boss to choke on. She collected the rest of the food in the shop in no time. There were ten trays, overloaded with food waiting to be stuffed down Lyle’s throat. Carla kneeled down beside Chris, and they alternated between stuffing the calories down the lion’s gullet.

The food piled on inside of Lyle’s stomach. The lion grunted as his stomach filled up with all of the platters. His mouth was forced open as Chris and Clara continued their stream of food straight down his gullet. He tried to pull against the restraints, but that was no good. His belly continued to grow. His shirt now starting to ride up on his now big belly.

His white T-shirt slowly rode up his ever growing belly. Revealing more and more of his taut tummy to the three workers. His tan belly fur puffed from underneath his shirt, only making it ride up more. Soon he had a bona-fide beer belly sticking out in the open. Making his shirt look more like a tank-top. His belly now stuck out a good five inches from his torso. His sides bulged out as more and more food was forced into his body.

His stomach let out soft creaks and moans as it stretched to make room for all of the food. His insides gurgled as his body tried to digest it all. He tried to scream, but all that came out was a pathetic moan. He blushed in fear as Chris and Clara continued to stuff him. He started to quiver, wondering if his

body would be able to take all of the abuse. He looked down to the plates. Already his belly was growing to its limit, and he still had seven full trays to go.

Clara and Chris laughed as they stuffed their boss. All the months of verbal abuse they suffered from him were totally worth it to see him suffer like this. Even Lizz, who was still hunkered down in the back, couldn't help but smirk watching Lyle being force fed.

His belly was now sticking out by a good eight inches, it looked like he had a basketball tucked away under his hide. His stomach was overfilled, creaking and groaning as his abdomen strained against all of the food. Lyle could feel his hide painfully grow out now, he hoped it wouldn't be long before it was over.

Chris and Clara laughed and giggled to themselves as they fed their helpless boss. Lyle was exhausted from his stuffing, barely able to hold his head up now as they stuffed some cheese down his gullet. Crumbs of food traveled down his neck as he ate, coloring the front of his stomach with grease and fried breading. Lyle continued to moan as he felt his sides nearly burst with all of the food. His stomach was stuffed so much now that it was painful.

Minutes passed by as Lyle's belly uncontrollably grew bigger. Pounds of calorie filled food was stored away inside of his ever-filling stomach. Tears started to roll down the lion's face as he whined, it now felt like knives were poking him from inside his body. He could feel his hide grow past its limit, if they didn't stop soon, they would have to mop his remains off of the floor.

More minutes ticked by as the food supply dwindled. Lyle's belly was now a solid three feet wide in diameter. The top of his belly became level with his chin. The bottom of his belly pressed against his crotch, painfully squeezing his member. The front of his belly now stuck out past his knees, burying nearly all of his legs underneath his gigantic gut. His sides were sticking a good foot out as well, deep lines of fat ran from his back to his belly as his body struggled to hold all of his tummy in place. It looked like he had an overinflated weather balloon for a belly.

Lyle's face was glowing red in pain. Stretch marks had lined all across his sides and belly. They were now several hundred deep red, some even purple,

stretch marks lining his sides and belly. His belly too now had a deep red hue to it with all of the pressure built up inside of his body. Lyle just continued to cry as they stuffed him. He could feel his body ready to give. His belly was so taut now it was practically glowing purple. His lungs were squished up in his body due to his massive stomach. He could feel some of his other organs become compressed too. His body made awful creaking and moaning sounds now, sounding like rusty hinges on a door, it wouldn't be long at all before he would explode.

Sadly though, or thankfully for Lyle, The food supply was now spent. Chris and Clara reached back only to feel about on some empty trays. They thought for a moment to look for some more food, but one look at Lyle's ready-to-pop-body told them that they better stop.

They walked back over to Lizz, who was back to her cheerful self. The goat smiled and giggled, watching in glee at her boss creaking, groaning, and moaning on the ground. "You two are the best friends a girl could have." She said blissfully, hugging Chris and Clara's sides.

Lyle had his head tilted back to the side of the countertop. His belly hurt badly, he was nearly suffocating. Every time he took in a breath of air he felt his lungs compress against his ribs and his boulder of a stomach. It was an effort to just breathe now. He only barely had enough strength to watch Clara, Chris, and Lizz walk out of the restaurant.

Before they left, Chris turned back to say one last thing. "Oh by the way there's three people left in the sitting area, but I know you got that covered. There's a bit of a food shortage now, all thanks to you. Oh and you ate roughly a gazillion calories today, so I can't wait to see how fat you are the next time we meet. Now let me think, there's one last thing...oh yeah, we all quit." The horse snickered as he left with the rest of his friends.

Lyle watched in a daze as all of his workers left. He moaned and sighed in defeat. Humiliated, defeated. Now suffering in isolation with a belly that threatened to burst at any given moment.