

“God, I hate my job.”

Drake sighed as he grabbed the next donut before him, eyeing it longingly before setting it in its assigned box. This was hell, absolute hell. He was surrounded by these wonderful, irresistible donuts all day; holding them, smelling them, squeezing them, and yet he wasn't allowed a single bite. Even through the latex gloves, he could feel just how perfectly supple the jelly-filled was in his paws, still warm and doughy from the oven.

The german shepherd had to swallow a mouthful of drool before moving on. Every day was a test of restraint for the chubby canine, an exercise of self-control, to not simply stuff himself whenever possible. At first, he had tried focusing on something else to get his mind off the sugary food, but there honestly wasn't much else to notice. The interior of the donut shop was all grey, with little posters and banners here and there that Drake had memorized months ago. The only sounds that actually played in the entire damn shop was either the machine's grinding and churning or the pop music being blasted through those crappy speakers. Drake wasn't sure which was more grating on his ears.

As such, the only thing Drake could do was continue his job, as painful as it was. He suppose he really couldn't complain; he had always wanted to work with food, after all, and he did get to bring home a dozen donuts every day, even if they never lasted the car ride back. It was something to look forward to, more than the abysmal paycheck he received bi-weekly, at least. With future donuts on his mind, Drake continued attending to the present donuts. The strawberry filled went into the pink box, the maple went into the brown box, the glazed into the white one, and this misshapen one went straight into his maw.

Drake couldn't help himself; it had been over a half hour since he had last eaten. Fortunately, the donut was still more dough than cooked, which made it easy to stuff down his fat maw. Licking his lips, the canine wasted no time in tossing off his old latex gloves and sliding on a pair of new ones, struggling a bit as they dug painfully tight into his fat wrists. And just like that, he was back to sorting donuts as if nothing had ever happened, all while finally subduing a portion of his immense appetite. Hopefully, no one would ever notice that-

The machine groaned as the conveyor belt slowly drew to a halt, causing the german shepherd's ears to fold back. “Shit...”

His heart pounded in his chest as he saw the draolf marching towards him, resisting the urge to growl at his boss. God, just looking at that pompous hybrid made Drake's vision go red with rage, the way he held his chin up and strutted over as if he was looking down on the canine, even if he hardly even reached the canine's chest. Standing at ten feet tall and roughly half as wide, the brown dog practically dwarfed his boss, although that didn't stop the dragonwolf from marching forward until he was practically belly to belly with the enormous canine, pointing a finger directly at the canine's muzzle. “What have I told you about eating the

products, Drake? We're quite literally one health code violation from closing down, and I do *not* want my business to end under your greedy hands!"

It took all of Drake's willpower not to smack the puny draolf upside the head, let alone bar his teeth at the annoying hybrid, yet he forced his expression to remain neutral. "Look, Den-" he paused, noting the fiery glare his boss just gave him. "I mean, Mr. Arany. I changed my gloves right after, and-"

"No butts!" Mr. Arany cried out, interrupting the silently-fuming shepherd once again. "I'm sick of hearing your excuses to stuff your face during work! Time and time again I've caught you doing this, and just look at what it's done to your figure!" He exclaimed, grabbing the shepherd's exposed overhang. "I can't keep ordering these custom uniforms just for you to tear out of them!"

Drake's cheeks flushed with anger, but even he couldn't deny that the draolf made a fair point. The canine found it next to impossible to keep a consistent uniform size, outgrowing the dark-red shirt and black pants almost every other week. Even now, with his boss hard on his ass about snacking on work, his 7XL uniform just kept riding up as the days went by until even his navel was exposed whenever the big dog lifted his chunky arms over his head, exposing a plethora of rolls for his coworkers to gawk at. While the growth was mostly situated around his middle, Drake couldn't help but notice how tight his pants dug into his ass, or even how much wrist pudge oozed out from his latex gloves like cookie dough. Hell, now that he thought about it, he could probably crush his boss beneath him like a grape should he so desire. Oh yeah, he was getting fat.

Still, he took a great big sigh, the buttons in his uniform creaking as his chest puffed up, before exhaling slowly and responding. "Mr. Arany, those donuts are just going to the trash, and-"

"And you can dumpster dive for snacks when your shift is over! Just remember that we don't have any sizes bigger than what you are, which means once you burst through that uniform, you're done! Maybe you should have applied at a Salad and Go, if you're so insistent on eating on the job, tubby." The hybrid smirked that damned smirk, knowing that he was practically untouchable, before turning around to leave. "One last thing, I'm having you stay late with Kirs to finish up another batch. And don't eat any of it this time, alright? I'll know you have when I see your shirt's missing a few buttons." And with that, the hybrid chuckled mischievously to himself as he left the building, slamming the great doors shut.

Drake didn't realize he was shaking until after his boss had left, using that pent up anger to slam his fist against one of the jelly filled, splattering raspberry goo everywhere. "Fucking asshole! I can't stand another goddamned day here!"

His voice echoed throughout the abandoned building, his breathing quick and ragged. The shepherd was so infuriated, he didn't notice his coworker pop out from the other end of the conveyor belt until he was standing right next to him, the smaller goat grimacing. "Hey, man, I know he's been a little, erh, strict lately, but he's not doing it out of spite. If I had to take a guess, he's probably frustrated because sales are tanking and stuff. For all we know, this is how he expresses his guilt in knowing he might have to let us go soon."

"But why me?" Drake turned to his coworker, almost knocking the caprine down with his hanging gut. "Seriously, all of us snack on the job, right? I'm not the only one here who's put on a few, obviously."

Kirs blushed a bit at that comment, scratching at his horns awkwardly. While Drake's growth had been centered around his gut, the goat had found much of his weight situated a little lower, sporting trunk-like legs and an impressive ass that left little to the imagination, even behind black jeans. "I-I mean..you're not wrong there."

"Of course I'm not!" Drake sighs as he leans against the conveyor belt, completely missing Kirs's grimace as the metal structure bent slightly beneath his weight. "Honestly, profits are going down because he keeps having us make donuts that no one's gonna eat. We have, like, hundreds of boxes of the stuff that's just gonna go bad in a week or two, and yet he's making us make another batch even after we're supposed to be closed! I mean, like, fuck man, just feed them all to me, at least make it worth my time to stay behind."

Kirs chortled at that response, his little tail wagging somewhere behind all that mass, yet his smile dropped as he looked at the shepherd's stern expression. "Wait...you're serious? You'd actually eat an entire batch in one sitting?"

Drake nodded, his cheeks wobbling. "Absolutely! I may hate our boss, but I can't deny how freaking delicious those donuts are. I could eat them all day and not get sick."

"Yeah, I get that, but an entire batch in one sitting? That's, like, almost a hundred donuts! Your fatass would pop before you ate half of them!"

Drake smirked. "Have you seen the size of this thing?" Before that question could be answered, he turned around from where he stood and hefted his doughy gut into his hands, kneading and squishing the pudge before setting it on top of the conveyor belt with a hearty slam and a wobble, smirking as the yoga ball-sized blob of brown fur and fat spread across the machine. "It's a tank in its own right!" He added proudly, giving his gut a hearty smack.

"Is that right?" Kirs responded, his eyes on that jiggling paunch. Drake could see a slight blush forming on the caprine's chubby cheeks, grinning triumphantly when his coworker finally looked up. "Fifty bucks says you can't eat the whole batch without going green in the face!"

“You’re on!”

Kirs ran back to his end of the machine as fast as his stumpy legs would allow him, no doubt to start pouring in the donut mix, yeast, water, and whatever magic he uses to make the donuts taste so damn good. Drake couldn’t help but rub his paws eagerly in anticipation, grateful to finally tear off those annoying gloves from his hands. He had been waiting for this moment his entire career now; a chance to finally unleash his gluttony. His stomach roared out in hunger, clearly just as excited for its upcoming feast as its owner was! A hundred donuts, all for one single, massive german shepherd. “Man, I’m so fired.”

When the first donut finally rolled on by, he snatched it quick enough to leave behind a trail of steam!

Drake moaned in delight, savoring the flavor by licking his fingers free of the frosting. It was still so warm, so fresh, so gooey! The dough and sugar practically melted in his mouth the moment he crammed it in! He had eaten dozens of reformed donuts that had a similar texture, but this taste was out of this world! Kirs must have added an extra serving of powder or something to these donuts to make them taste so good, either as a challenge or an incentive. Regardless, Drake made sure to repay the goat by devouring the next donut just like the first, as well as the next, and then the next.

To his delight, the donuts were coming down the belt faster than he had ever seen them before, his arms and maw constantly working. Drake was grateful for how soft and squishy the fresh pastries were, it made it easier for him to cram into his equally-doughy mouth. His jaws were actually starting to ache at the sheer quantity of food being stuffed inside, but he didn’t want to slow down in the slightest. Even though the bet said he had to eat the entire batch, Drake wanted to surprise Kirs even further by eating all the donuts before they dropped to the floor!

Pawful after pawful went into his maw, the whirring of the machine drowned out by his noisy smacking and snarfing. It wasn’t long before his shirt buttons really started to dig into him, the diamond-shaped holes in between them spreading out with very gulp, until finally-

*PIING!*

The first one rocketed off him with enough force to ricochet off the opposite wall, 30 feet away.

Drake smirked as he inhaled deeply through his nose, the next two buttons flying off in a similar manner. He had always wanted to finally burst through these irritating, cheaply-made uniforms; it seemed fitting he should do so with the very food he was ‘in charge’ of. Another button rocketing off him, this time with an accompanying *ziiiiiip* as his belly shifted lower a few inches, his pants suddenly feeling much looser. Man, he felt like he had just barely started, and

already he was starting to tear through his own uniform. These donuts were really potent stuff. "There's no shame in calling it quits, fatass! I don't want you waddling home in your underwear!" Kirs called out from his end of the belt, causing the shepherd to snort in between bites. He won't have to waddle home in his underwear if he bursts through that next!

Donut after donut passed by Drake's muzzle, his lips coated with frosting. The canine could see his belly swell noticeably further with every bite he took, rising up and out just like the very yeast he was consuming. Perhaps the donuts were still undercooked, and were still rising inside of his oven-like stomach? Regardless, the dog struggled to reach past his own gut to grab at the donuts at this point, and his shrinking shirt was not helping much. At first, he had assumed his swelling belly was just a food bloat, but a noisy tear, following by a fresh breeze blowing by his exposed rear told him that the food was going to other places as well. That would explain why his arms practically filled the sleeves of his shirt, or why his chins were starting to sag over the collar of his shirt. Needless to say, he had to get rid of his uniform and fast, and there was only one way to do that!

Gulping down yet another armful of donuts, Drake leaned back and flexed as hard as possible, even if all of his muscles were obscured by several layers of chub. He was rewarded with several noisy rips and tears, as well as the wonderful sensation of his body just surging out in all directions, scattering the shredded remains of his uniform across his expansive frame. All that remained was a pair of underwear, buried somewhere beneath all that blubber, which would surely meet a similar demise shortly.

Even after freeing himself of his own garments, Drake soon ran into another issue in the form of two squishy pecs and a tremendous gut. The canine couldn't reach past himself to get at the donuts, his stomach was simply too big. His great brown dome of a gut pressed heavily against the conveyor belt before he could even reach for the donuts, which were started to gather up into a small pile in front of his extended belly. Any other fur would have remarked on how quickly they seemingly doubled their own weight, but the shepherd just sighed and turned to the side, crouching over to scoop up the donuts in his fattened arm (which was conveniently wide enough to hold it all like a platter) before dumping them all into his maw.

And that was how he ate the rest of the donuts. Drake smiled and closed his eyes, soon falling into a very comfortable eating pattern. He didn't even need to see the donuts, content to feel them roll against his gut before scooping them into his maw by the armful. This was *far* more satisfying than just eating donuts one at a time, to stuff himself with several at a time, testing the limits of what his cheeks and throat could handle. It was worth feeling his belly start to rub against the floor, or his rear finally destroying the last few strands of his underwear, or his cheeks starting to encroach on his peripheral vision. All to satisfy his big hungry stomach; oh, and to prove a point, of course.

Sadly, all great things must come to an end as the gluttonous shep soon discovered. The machine slowly died down, and the feeling of donuts piling up against the side of his belly

faded altogether. The canine let out a small groan, which quickly turned into a large belch, shaking his cheeks and chins. What a shame, he thought. He could have kept going.

“Holy shit dude...you actually ate them all.”

Drake slowly turned towards the source of the voice, his belly sliding along the floor. Standing on the other end of the machine was Kirs, who’s jaw had dropped toward the ground. He was hesitant to approach his coworker, and for good reason too! Drake’s gut was literally a wall of brown lard that rose higher than the goat was tall, and just as wide! While never being particularly tall, Kirs felt absolutely diminutive as the spherical dog lumbered towards him, looming over the poor goat frighteningly. Still shaking, the small caprine gingerly poked and prodded the doughy surface with his hooves, as if trying to ascertain if that mound of pudge were real. Sure enough, Drake’s belly had plenty of give to it, even as it gurgled and rumbled digesting hundreds of donuts. “H-how are you feeling, dude?”

“Eh, alright. A little breezy.” Drake snorted, arching back in order to scratch at his exposed ass. Man, when did that get huge? It felt like squeezing a pair of beanbags!

Of course, arching his back like that just made Drake look even bigger to the goat, who was already struggling to see the dog’s head past that mountainous gut. “Well...fuck me, you win I guess, even though you’re totally fired. Can you even squeeze through the front doors anymore?”

“Prolly not,” the canine chuckled, his middle quivering. He could still feel his body swelling even after he had finished eating, his moobs in particular starting to resemble two overstuffed pillows resting on top of his belly bed. “Hey, tell you what. Start up that machine again and you don’t have to pay me the 50 bucks.”

“W-what!?” Kirs gasped. “Are you being serious right now, Drake? You’re, like, actually a whale! You shouldn’t even be able to walk right now! Any fatter and you’ll need to be rolled home!”

“That’s fine with me. My place is downhill from here anyways,” Drake shrugged, rolling his massive shoulders. He finally had a taste of what this donut shop had to offer, and he didn’t want it to end just because he was getting fat. Besides, it felt pretty good to be so big and heavy, especially since it made Kirs so blushy.

“Dude, for real, you’re like a boulder!” As if to emphasize his point, the goat wrapped his arms around as much belly as he could reach, not even coming halfway around the curvature of that gut alone. He tried hefting it up, and managed to displace a fair amount of belly chub before feeling it wash over him once again. “How are you gonna find work with all this?!”

But Drake was done arguing with the goat. With a single heavy step, the german shepherd managed to slam the small worker against the wall, completely burying Kirs up to his neck in warm blubber. The goat grunted and tried wrestling his way out, but the jiggly force pressing against his arms and legs were too strong; he was trapped! He wasn't even touching the ground, much to his shock; leaving him perfectly eye level with the german shepherd. Even with those soft cheeks and fluffy rolls adorning the canine's head, Drake suddenly looked far more menacing as he grinned at the goat.

"You're going to turn that machine back on, or this," Drake patted his middle. "This will be your new home."

Kirs didn't doubt that for a minute after witnessing the shep eat as much as he had.

Smirking at the horrified expression Kirs gave him, Drake stepped back and let the goat fall to the floor before trudging back to his spot in front of the conveyor belt. Taking into account his growth, the canine opted to plop onto his rear from now on, the resulting shockwave enough to rattle the windows. Even with his plump behind lifting him higher, his gut was still almost eyelevel with him, the dog struggling to shove the brown mass of fur and flab underneath the machine so he could situate his mouth right in front of the conveyor belt. Just as he found a comfy enough position, the machine hummed and whirred, producing yet another batch of delicious donuts.

And so, Drake ate. He ate and ate and ate. He ate glazed and maple and jelly-filled and chocolate and strawberry and custard-filled donuts. With every bite came another dozen pounds to the canine's body, every roll growing thicker and deeper, swallowing up the canine's once fairly-fat figure into a series of folds. He grew fatter, so much so that by the end of the second batch his belly could no longer fit beneath the conveyor belt, pushing him further back until the donuts started to land on top of his chest before reaching his maw. And yet he cried more.

By the end of the third batch, his tail was swallowed up by his own advancing ass and back fat, yet another distinguishing feature of his vanishing behind thousands of pounds of blubber. Thankfully, he could still reach his food as the conveyor belt still dropped the pastries right onto his chest, partially due to his belly lifting half the damned thing off the ground. And yet he cried for more.

By the end of the fourth batch, his ears had vanished as well, his entire body now just a series of spheres and folds. He was much taller sitting down now than he ever was standing up, his belly resembling a small mountain at this point. His arms had stopped working as well, now two blimped sausages that were completely incapable of bending. Donuts continued to pile onto his doughy chest, the canine using the vibrations of his gut to get them to topple over onto his maw. And yet he cried for-

“More?” Kris snickered. Watching that sheppy pig out until his weight went into the quintuple digits was quite the rush for the bottom-heavy goat, who showed no hesitation in strutting towards the puddle of dog before him. He clambered onto the lower belly helm, feeling himself sink into the soft fluff as he moved on all fours higher and higher. His species’s natural talent of traversing tall mountains made this quite the easy trek, even if he was a little winded by the time he reached the dog’s head. “Phew, do you have any idea how much you’ve eaten, tubs?”

“Not enough!” Drake growled, still staring at the mound of donuts just out of reach of his maw. He knew Kirs wasn’t intimidated by him anymore due to him being, well, a literal mountain of fat. In fact, the goat seemed quite pleased with being able to knead and squish at so much dog, the caprine’s tiny tail wagging as he nuzzled himself against the dog’s pillow-sized cheeks.

“You can’t even feed yourself anymore, why should I get you more? Are you really content on eating until you fill out this entire building?”

Drake didn’t respond, mostly because the answer to that question was obvious; that, and one of the donuts had rolled close enough for him to snatch up with his tongue. With a chuckle, Kirs shoved the entire mound closer to the dog’s head, letting him eat at will. “Fiiiiine, if you insist. I’m gonna stuff ya full of donuts until you can’t stand the taste of them. We still have hundreds, possibly thousands, of donuts still in storage, and I’m not gonna stop until you eat every last one of them, you greedy blob! You can beg all you want, but when I’m done with ya, you’ll be buried past your ears in your own stomach!”

Drake waited until he had finished scarfing the last of the donuts in front of him before smirking at the goat. “Do your worst.”

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“God, I hate my bed.”

Mr. Arany groaned as he hobbled his way to work, his back hunched over. He really needed to see a chiropractor, or just get a better mattress, both of which were too pricey for the stingy draolf’s liking. His business wasn’t doing so hot, after all, so for all he knew he might need his stored up cash in case they suddenly go bankrupt. It wasn’t a pleasant thought, but it was something he had to consider. “Maybe I can save a couple bucks by just firing Drake,” the draolf thought to himself as he sipped on his lukewarm coffee. Or, better yet, he could just make the fat dog pay for all the donuts he eats.

As he approached his store, Mr. Arany couldn’t help but notice that Drake and Kirs’s cars were still sitting in the parking lot. The draolf checked his watch, frowning. It was 7 AM; did they really stay overnight just to keep making donuts? “Whatever, I’m not paying them overtime,” the hybrid muttered as he went to open the front doors...and was nearly blown off his feet!



The doors normally swung inwards, but this time they blew out the moment he touched the handle, the hybrid yelping in shock. Pouring through the narrow opening was a strange gelatinous substance, covered in brown fur. Mr. Arany's eyes were as wide as saucers as he cautiously poked the flabby mixture. How weird, it looked and felt a lot like Dra-

"No..."

Rolling up his sleeves, the draolf climbed forward onto what he could only assume was one of hundreds of fleshy rolls, squeezing himself into the doorway. He climbed and climbed, the soft fat making great hand and foot holds, until his ears were almost brushing against the 30 foot high ceiling! Only then, did he finally get a good glimpse at Drake's head; at least what he assumed was Drake's head.

He was enormous! Mr. Arany could barely even make out the gleam of his deep blue eyes. His muzzle was practically nonexistent, sandwiched between two cheeks big enough to be used as beds. In fact, Mr. Arany could even spot Kirs sleeping on top of one of them! The dog reeked of donuts, with hundreds of pastries scattered along his cascading chins. "W-what the hell happened to you, Drake?"

Drake smiled as best as he could when he saw his boss approaching. "Consider *bwaaaarp* this my resignation, you annoying fuck!"

The draolf didn't know how to take this all in. His business; the counters, tables, storage rooms, machines; all buried beneath one of his employee's lard! It was a miracle the entire building hadn't collapsed from the sheer size of the german shepherd inside of it, although judging by the sound of creaking metal, that miracle wouldn't last much longer.

Drake, on the other hand, looked positively delighted at seeing his boss's horrified look. "Yeah, that's right, I fucking ate everything in here! My ass is crushing your office right now, in fact! I'd do it all over again too, your donuts are actually fucking amazing. Too bad everything's *bwurrrrp* buried beneath me now, huh?" The dog laughed.

He was right. Mr. Arany had been bested. The hybrid's ears folded as he realized his store was now buried beneath hundreds of tons of sheppy, who, despite eating enough food to feed a small country, was still trying to lick the crumbs off his muzzle.

A thought suddenly struck the hybrid, his ears perking right back up again. "Tell me, Drake. Are you still hungry?"

"I'm starving. Why don't you come a little closer so you can see for yourself," the dog grinned wickedly, licking his chops as his monolithic middle groaned in anticipation, clearly begging for more in spite of the colossal meal it already had to contend with.

“That won’t be necessary,” Denya returned the smirk, though some part of him knew well not to get too close to those eager-looking jaws. “How would like a promotion then, one that requires you to eat twice the amount of donuts you’ve just eaten now daily?”

Drake’s grin faltered at the unexpected bargain, his stomach rumbling beneath them again as if agreeing for him. “I’m listening...”