

It was the best donut he had ever eaten.

Jake sat in his chair frozen, his eyes staring off into the distance. Despite his rather thin frame, the dog-cat hybrid had sampled quite a few donuts in his lifetime. He had eaten some with the perfect doughy texture, others with the exact amount of icing or filling, or some that went down his throat just right.

But this donut, this singular donut, trumped all of those by far!

There was no reason for this donut to taste this good! It looked so ordinary, a simple fried ring with a light glazed garnish, yet it tasted better than the nectar of the gods. The whole world seemed to stop for Jake; his vision, hearing, and even his sense of smell fading just to better help him comprehend the incredible sensation he was feeling on his tongue. It felt like Jake's whole life had been leading up to this single moment, the canine-feline having vivid flashbacks of key areas of his life: years ago when he decided to let his brown hair grow out to his shoulders, months ago when he picked out the purple T-shirt and dull-grey jorts he was currently wearing today, and minutes ago when his sensitive canine snout picked up the delectable scent of a brand new bakery on his daily commute home from work.

All of this transpired within the hybrid's mind and more before his donut had time to drop from his frozen paw onto his lap.

The gentle thud was enough to jolt Jake back to reality, who looked in horror as a few specs of frosting fell off his perfect donut. He wasted no time in cramming the rest of the fried ring into his maw, devouring it in a single bite, along with any remaining crumbs or specs. Jake moaned; it was *sooooooo* good! But like all good things, it ended way too quickly, prompting a dejected whine from the half-canine when he realized the only remnants of his snack were the crumbs on his muzzle.

“Good, huh?”

Jake turned to the source of the voice: a somewhat curvy sergal waitress casually leaning against another booth. The sergal, whose name tag read Fantine, blinked when she saw how quickly the hybrid turned towards her. “Erh, sorry if I brought you out of your Post-Donut Ecstasy there. You were kinda staring off into space for a moment, just wanted to make sure you were alright.”

“O-oh, I'm alright, thanks. Sorry for being, uh, weird,” Jake mumbled, his pointed ears folding with embarrassment. It just occurred to him that he had been sitting there wideyed for at

least a whole minute - he should be grateful Fantine didn't call an ambulance on him thinking he had a stroke! To think that a single donut held so much power over himself. And yet, by simply muttering those few words, he was letting the precious taste leave his mouth like warm air escaping out the window into a cold night! It really was that good!

The sergal smiled. "You're fine, bud. Just let me know if there's anything else you need. It's not like I'm occupied with anything else, at the moment." Fantine spread her arms and gestered throughout the empty establishment, sighing. "Stupid Budweiser virus, making people too afraid to leave their houses."

"Y-yeah," Jake nodded along. It was hard for him to even pay attention to what was being said; his mind was still on donuts, unsurprisingly. Everything was about donuts for the puppycat, at least for the time being. When Fantine gestured to the empty store, Jake thought it was a damn shame how the bakery didn't have more people to enjoy those wonderful fried rings. In fact, why was he sitting there, donutless, talking to someone who could bring him donuts about something that wasn't about donuts?! Why had he only gotten the free donut sample instead of an entire serving? "Um...would it be alright if I ordered a half- no, a full dozen more donuts to go?"

"Hmm?" Fantine perked up, before chuckling. "Oh, right! Sorry about monologuing just now. Yeah, another dozen glazed will be \$55.47."

Oh, that's why. Even on Cloud 9, Jake was still grounded enough to know that fifty bucks for a dozen donuts was beyond absurd, even for their divine taste! His pointy ears folded in disappointment, more so in himself than at the price. Was he seriously considering paying that much for a box of donuts just now? Judging by how his right paw kept twitching its way towards the wallet in his shorts, he would say yes!

Perhaps the dog's hesitation was evident on his face, for the sergal spoke up again. "Heh, yeah, I'm sorry about that. They're somewhat hard to make perfect, after all. I can tell you really want that dozen, though."

"Yeah," Jake nodded dreamily.

"Heck, you could probably go for two dozen, huh?"

"Oh yeah."

"You could eat them all day and not get tired, huh?"

“Mhm.” It never registered to Jake how strange those questions were - everything Fantine said was perfectly accurate, after all. Maybe it was the way she asked those questions, but the hybrid’s stomach let out another growl as his mind filled with images of dozens of donuts, all in arms reach. It also never registered to the dog-cat how much wider the sergal’s toothy grin grew, to the point where she almost looked like a shark.

When Jake turned to properly look at the waitress, he only saw a casual smile from that pointed muzzle. “Well, Unfortunately I can’t offer you a discount right now, but we *do* have an app! If you download it now, I can give you a code that will get you enough points for a free donut.”

Well, that was better than nothing, he figured. The canine-feline dug through his shorts and pulled out his phone, quickly punching the name of the bakery into the app shop. He was still marginally disappointed that he wouldn’t be able to enjoy a full dozen of the delectable donuts without breaking the bank, but one more free donut was really all he needed. Jake was going to be smart about this one. He would savor every last crumb, slowly nibble away at each and every perfect flake, even if it took hours to finish off a single donut. Maybe he’d even take pictures first, just so he can stare at the donut while eating it, imprinting the taste to his tastebud’s memory. Perhaps-

“WINNER!!”

That alarm blaring out of his phone was enough to make the fur on Jake’s neck stand on end. Normally, he would have yelped and threw the phone out of his hand out of shock - he was part cat, after all. Instead, the hybrid looked mildly annoyed at his phone, glaring at the flashing screen, trying to tap out of the “winner” notification. He didn’t care about what he won, assuming it was for something useless like a TV or a sports call. He just wanted his free donut, dammit!

He would have continued tapping mindlessly on his phone for while were it not for Fantine’s intervention. The sergal snatched the phone out from Jake’s paws, grinning wide. “Look, you won! You don’t need to keep pressing the button!”

Jake blinked and looked up at the sergal. “O-oh, sorry,” he muttered bashfully, ears folded. Even he could see the annoyance behind Fantine’s smile. Had the sergal been trying to talk to him this whole time? “W-what did I win?”

“I’m glad you asked,” Fantine’s faux smiled eased into a more genuine one. “Why don’t we head back so we can talk about it some more. I’d tell what it is right now, but, you’re looking a little out of it.”

Jake didn’t even hear the end of what the sergal was talking about. The minute he saw he was being led towards the backroom, where all those glorious donuts were being created, a part of his mind simply shut off. His fluffy tail wagged a mile a minute as he stared at those doors with wide green eyes, as if he were being led through the gates of heaven. His keen canine nose could smell the fresh dough and sugar just past those swinging doors. Had he won a tour of the donut shop? Was he about to see first hand how those delectable, wonderful baked rings were crafted first hand? A shiver of anticipation ran down the hybrid’s spine. He couldn’t wait to see!

They walked through those doors. Jake expended to find an army of angels practically raising the fresh ingredients from a farm. Instead, he was surprised to find everything looked oddly...typical. The backroom was basically an oversized storage room, where dozens of boxes lined the very tall shelves, all of which were labeled with various ingredients. There really wasn’t much else in the room, at least nothing that would seemingly answer his curiosity on how those heavenly donuts were made.

The hybrid’s ears drooped back. Now that he thought about it, he did see an oven behind the counter; perhaps Fantine and the others at work made everything right there. If that was the case, then what was he doing back here?

“Now then, would you like to take a seat? This won’t take long.”

Jake looked up towards the seat Fantine was gesturing to, and immediately felt the hairs on the back of his neck prick up. That chair looked like something an inmate on death row would sit in: a large wooden seat with cuffs located by the armrests and chair legs. Suddenly, the canine-feline was starting to feel a little uneasy about being led to a big dark room all by himself. “I...I dunno.”

“I’ll give you a donut if you sit.”

“Okay!”

The feline in Jake was screaming at the canine in him for following orders so obediently. A part of him wanted to run away while he could, but Jake ignored that part of him and went with his gut feeling. Fantine said he’d get a donut, so he was gonna sit and get a donut! It was

completely justified in the hybrid's mind, even if there was a chance that Fantine was just lying to him. At least he took that chance.

He sat in the strange chair, and said nothing as the sergal bounded his wrists into the cuffs on the armrests, his ankles following suit. The dog-cat couldn't help but notice just how loose the restraints were; if he tried hard enough, he could pull his wrists right out. Rather than consider his possibilities of escape, Jake decided not to even bother trying; after all, it might upset the wonderful sergal who promised him another donut.

"Aaaand there we go," the emerald green sergal popped back up after fastening the last clamp, grinning. "What a good boy you are, doing as you're told. You ready for your do-"

"YES!" Jake was practically drooling. This promise of a donut had been dangling right in front of his nose for what felt like forever now!

Fantine blinked at the sudden outburst, before chuckling. "My my, I kept you waiting, huh? Better get to it, then."

To Jake's confusion, the sergal didn't walk towards one of those countless boxes to fetch him a donut. Instead, Fantine reached into her black jeans and produced what looked like a tiny remote from her pocket. A press of a button, and a mechanical whirr suddenly echoed throughout the entire room, like the sound of several drones revving up their engines.

Jake looked up, and gasped loudly. An enormous mechanism that had been hiding itself within the dark confines of the ceiling suddenly sprang to life, and was moving about. It was a strange machine, looking like a gigantic, chubby crocodile of sorts. Four "arms" extended towards the dozens of shelves, sliding into the various boxes and vats, producing a loud suction sound like a dozen vacuums put together. Jake couldn't see it, but he could imagine the machine's middle filling with pound after pound of various ingredients, before the noise suddenly stopped. From his perspective, the machine's barrel-shaped middle started to glow a dull orange.

"Cool, huh?" Fantine smirked, leaning casually against the chair as the two of them watched the machine at work. "Right now it's baking your very special donut. After that, it has to let the dough rise, cover it in frosting, and voila! Fresh donuts in under a minute! Now, do me a favor and lean back into your chair for me, will ya?"

As she spoke, the machine's glow slowly died away, a long ramp extending outwards from the torso, lowering itself towards Jake. The dog-cat flinched, reflexively trying to bring up

his paw before remembering it was bound to the chair, as the ramp stopped just inches before his muzzle. Looking back up, he watched a peach-colored object slide rapidly towards him. Jake barely managed to make out that object as a donut, fresh from the oven. As soon as he could smell that heavenly aroma, the hybrid opened his maw and let the fried ring fly straight into it, murring and purring. It was even better than the first one!

“Machine made, but still delicious!” Fantine exclaimed, but Jake was lost in his own world yet again. It was so delectable, so wonderful! He wanted to savor this moment until the end of time, but alas his greed got to the better of him. He gulped down the entire donut a mere five seconds after it had passed through his lips, staring at the chubby metallic crocodile in the ceiling longingly. He needed more.

He didn’t even know Fantine was leaning against him until her pointed face was right beside his. “You want more, don’t you?” She purred in a soft voice, her words digging straight through the fog that surrounded the hybrid’s mind.

“Mhm...” He moaned, drooling.

“Then don’t let me stop you.” The sergal’s shark-like grin returned as she pressed the button, the machine whirring once again. “On one condition.”

The same process was repeated again, only instead of a single donut, a whole line of them were sent tumbling down towards the drooling mutt. “Don’t *ever* stop eating.”

Jake didn’t need to be told twice! He greedily scarfed down the next donut that bounced against his snout, gulping it down in record time before opening wide for the next, and the next. Seeing so many delectable donuts queued up right before him, the hybrid didn’t have to restrain or portion himself anymore; he was free to eat as quickly and ravenously as he wanted! Because of this, he gobbled them up as soon as they came, his cheeks constantly stuffed to the brim with delicious fried dough and frosting. Even with how quickly he ate, the queue of donuts waiting to be eaten continued to rise before him. If he wasn’t so busy eating, he would have cried tears of joy!

One dozen donuts became two, two dozen became three, three dozen became four. Jake didn’t question how he wasn’t stuffed to the brim yet with those wonderful pastries. Instead, he was grateful his ravenous hunger never left him as he ate untold amounts of calories, blissfully unaware of the consequences.

His shirt started to ride up over the potbelly the cat-dog was sporting, revealing the swirling mix of white, grey, and black fur on his hide. At first glance, one would think that Jake's stomach was simply swelling to accommodate the mass of donuts crammed inside it, but that wasn't fully the case. The bloated sphere didn't stick out from his torso; instead, that very same torso also started widening out, that round belly resting comfortably on his plumper thighs. For further proof, Fantine pressed her paws deep into the hybrid's middle, and was met with practically no resistance, squeezing the squishy sphere beneath her fingers. The sergal grinned. Jake was fattening out real well.

The hybrid was too busy focusing on the onslaught of calories to notice their effects. He had no need to move his body to eat anyways; otherwise, he would have noticed how heavy his arms were growing as thick lard hung from the undersides, squishing against the arm rests. He could have seen how his thick thighs had started rubbing against each other, tearing through his jorts, the sound muffled slightly by the very plump belly covering his lap. He would have found resistance around his plump neck if he looked anywhere other than straight ahead, or felt a fresh new pair of chins press against his muzzle if he looked down. Hell, if he had even shifted his attention just slightly, he probably would have notice a pair of round fuzzy cheeks started to encroach his peripheral vision.

Alas, the dog-cat was stuck in his own little heaven. The whirring of the machine was like the choir of angels, his wooden chair was his personal throne. He had truly ascended into a divine state of being, all thanks to those wondrous, glorious, heavenly donuts! He felt as if he were an angel being given their wings, even if the only wings he was growing were the waterwings on his arms.

In the real world, Jake stared blankly ahead and ate away as if in a trance, all without moving a muscle. Fantine was all too happy with the arrangement and pressed her arms deeper into that swelling belly. She watched firsthand as that navel grew deeper and thicker, before finally spreading around the dog-cat's broad belly, separating that gut into two thick rolls of blubber. Jake already looked somewhat soft when he first entered the bakery, but now he looked like a true bona fide fatass. That immense gut hung over the edge of those sunken knees, spilling out further with every greedy gulp. Those doughy pecs finally burst through his shirt, showering him in purple confetti as those moobs rested against that heavy shelf of a gut. Even the hybrid's wrists and ankles were starting to dig into his restraints, smothering them in fluffy white and black lard despite those same restraints being too loose not too long ago.

And he was only going to grow bigger.

“Goodness, look at that adorable dimply smile! You sure love to eat, dontcha big boy?” Fantine cooed, playfully pinching the hybrid’s plump cheek, her claws vanishing into the chub.

“Mmmmhm,” Jake lazily responded.

“And you love getting fatter too, huh?” the sergal teased, tracing her paws along the curvature of the dog-cat’s cheek, burying her fingers into those thick neck rolls. “Because you know that Fantine likes her good boys extra wide. The bigger they are, the more they get to eat.”

“Mmmm,” the hybrid murmured, his eyelids slowly growing heavier. Despite being in his own little world, Fantine’s sugar-coated words seeped straight into his head, reverberating again and again, until he couldn’t tell which thoughts were his anymore.

“You just want to sit on that growing rear of yours and just eat all day. Eat, and grow fatter, and fatter, and fatter. Is that right?”

“Mmmmh.” Another contented sigh. It was, admittedly, hard to speak with your maw full of food.

Which was why Fantine placed her arm in front of the tube leading to the hybrid’s maw, cutting off his supply of donuts. “Say it, then.”

Jake yelped at the horrible sight, his heart plummeting as he saw those donuts spilled over the sides of the chute, falling onto the floor. He tried stopping her, but his wrists dug too heavily into their binds, swaddling them in his blubber. He wanted to lean forward, but his stomach was just too big and heavy! He had eaten far more today than any family could in a month, yet his maw drooled for more. “Y-yes! I wanna eat and grow fat! I-I’ll be as fat as an elephant- no, a whale! I’ll be the s-size of a building, just let me eat more!”

“That’s a good pup,” Fantine smirked. Satisfied, she lifted her arm, and chuckled as a small hill of donuts fell into the dog-cat’s face.

The lack of donuts, even for just a few seconds, spurred Jake’s greed to new heights. He had to grow fatter, faster, just so he could enjoy even more donuts! Most furs would have been horrified to find the chair they were sitting on suddenly shatter beneath their weight, but Jake was actually thrilled to feel himself plop onto the ground. It meant he was on the right track to earning more food! Fortunately, it wasn’t much of a fall, seeing as how there wasn’t much space between the floor and Jake’s enormous rump anyways, yet it was enough to rattle quite a few boxes in the large storage room.

“Goodness, what an eager little tub of lard you are!” Fantine purred, pressing a few buttons on the remote. Soon, the blob of a mutt was found himself assaulted with even more baked goods, something he attributed his growing waistline to. He must be doing great! The donuts weren’t even fully cooked, plopping out of the machine as misshapen rings of warm dough. Jake didn’t care in the slightest; that just meant they were easier to eat!

The next few hours were a blur to the food-crazed hybrid, finding himself consuming everything brought to his muzzle without a single care in the world. He couldn’t move any part of his body if he wanted to, and even if he could, why would he even bother trying? There wasn’t anyplace else he wanted to be then facing down a chute of delicious donuts! Every inch of flab gained was meant with praise and affection from the sergal, who was always ready to dish out plenty of hugs and squeezes. While Jake explored the depths of his gluttony, Fantine explored the depths of the hybrid’s thick rolls of flab, eventually climbing onto that sprawling bed of a gut.

Alas, all good things must come to an end. The machine’s whirring died down, and Jake soon found himself devouring donuts that didn’t exist, opening and closing his maw like a fish out of water. Gradually, the reality of the situation bore down on him like a ton of bricks; or rather, a ton of puppy cat.

Jake was a blob, his limbs indistinguishable from the rest of his shapeless body. His moobs alone were almost as big as his belly was back when it fit onto his lap, hanging atop of his overflowing middle like two massive pillows. Looking down at himself was an impossibility, thanks to those cascading chins bunching into his muzzle. Even if he couldn’t see it, Jake could feel his incredible rear rising behind him, two shapely lumps of rump that at least held a more spherical shape compared to the sprawling mass of belly fat before him. Wiggling his tail proved that all but the very tip of it was buried beneath a cavern deeper than the mariana trench.

But that belly; oh, what a belly it was! Jake saw the fur patterns of his middle stretched out to an incredible degree, like some sort of car-sized blanket! It was massive, big enough for Fantine to lay on and make angels out of his fur.

Which, coincidentally, was exactly what she was doing. “Good job, big boy, you ate all the way until closing!”

“But...b-but...” Jake whined. He wanted- *needed* more food, ASAP! He *had* to keep eating, no matter what! How else could keep growing fatter? This was nothing! He wanted to fill the entire storage room with his belly alone!

“Yeah, sorry, buddy. We close at 9 PM sharp.” Fantine rolled onto her middle, sinking past her ears in canine tum. She propped her head onto her paws, giving that shark-like grin of hers yet again. “Don’t worry, I don’t mind rolling you back to my place with the other lucky winners for the night. Hell, if you thought those donuts were good, wait till you try my cooking!”