

“Welcome, welcome everyone, to our very first public tour of Blue, Inc! My name is Felix, and I am very excited to be your host for this tour.”

Doghead fidgeted nervously, bouncing up and down on the balls of his feet. The rabbit couldn't take his eyes off of the pear-shaped dragon standing before him, looking up and down the yellow-bellied blue reptile as though he were part of the tour. Wait, were tour guides technically part of the tour? Were any and all employees part of the tour?

Gah, he was so excited, he couldn't even think straight!

Doghead shook his head to clear his thoughts, those floppy banana-colored ears of his bouncing. No, he couldn't get himself distracted now. This was *the* Blue, inc! An incredible start up company that revolutionized the use of modern technologies and cooking methods, allowing them to mass produce and package baked goods in a way that allowed them to stay fresh in their containers for months, even years! Anyone who opened one would be met with a powerful aroma as though their food had come straight out of the oven; heck, some packages even had a built-in thermal system to allow their food to stay warm. How couldn't he be excited? From a technical standpoint, this stuff was practically science fiction! He *had* to know their secrets-

“-yeah, getting John forklift certified *was* a challenge! Anyways, that includes our brief history.” The chubby dragon chuckled, his stomach bouncing with each breath. “Now, before we officially start, does anyone have any questions?”

Craaaaaap! Doghead smacked his forehead. Again, he'd gotten lost in his thoughts and completely missed vital information. No, he wasn't about to miss anymore! Bouncing up and down like an antsy child, the rabbit raised an arm and waved it around, desperate for attention. Alas, the bunny cursed his genetics, for being only a few feet tall, he was easily dwarfed by the much larger people crowding him.

And in one particular case, a much, *much* larger person was called on.

“Yes, you there!” Felix pointed in Doghead's direction, the rabbit's hopes

and dreams soaring sky high before crashing and burning at the drake's next words. "The black and white fox fellow, with the bright yellow hair."

"Do we get to eat any of the food?"

Doghead paused, turning to look at the fox who had been picked. Well, he meant to look up at the fox's face, but instead stared eye level at said fox's stomach. Sheesh, the rabbit should have known that people like *him* would be here, but good lord, there was a lot of *him*! That stomach alone looked like it could comfortably fit Doghead himself if he tucked into a tight enough ball, the way the heavy white mass of fur and flab hung over the fox's tight and straining shorts. Just looking at his black shirt only went down to his deep navel, reminded Doghead of looking at a halfmoon just last night.

Thankfully, this time Doghead managed to not find himself absorbed in the sheer size of the vulpine beside him long enough to listen to Felix's response.

"Oh, not to worry. By the end of this tour, everyone will be walking home with pockets *full* of delicious treats. Heck, I suspect even you may need an updated wardrobe after all the snacking we'll be doing, my pudgy pal!"

"Epic!" The pudgy pal clenched his fist and thrust his arm back; a classic sign of excitement that also sent his gelatinous body jiggling.

"And with that," Felix continued, motioning overhead for the others to follow. "Let's get this show on the road!"

The blue dragon waddled forward, and soon Doghead found himself swept up along with the crowd. As excited as he was to enter the massive double wide doors and see the factory, the rabbit soon came to a horrifying discovery.

He was the shortest of everyone present. AND he was in the direct middle of the pack!

Alarmingly, outside of the group of furs surrounding him, all Doghead could make out was the ceiling and high-up walkways. Oh, he wanted to see so, so much more than just the backside of other people! He wasn't even sure if

jumping was the correct choice; what if he headbutted someone's chin from behind? He could try squeezing his way out from the side, but he would most definitely get smushed into butter, especially with that fat fox fellow in the way...wait a minute.

Sheepishly, he patted the gelatinous side of the fox, watching that belly ripple. "E-excuse me, sir?"

"Mmm?" The tubby vulpine looked around confused, before glancing down. "Oh! What is it, mister..."

"Doghead."

"No, I have a fox head."

"What?" Doghead furrowed his brows. "N-no, my name is Doghead."

"Oh." The fox tilted his head. "But you're a-"

"Rabbit, yes I know." Doghead sighed. He has had this conversation *many* times when introducing himself. "I was wondering, sir-"

"It's Foxhead."

"What?"

"It's Denya. Call me Denya."

Doghead paused, staring vacantly ahead. He was starting to wonder if Foxhead...Denya, was messing with him. "L-look, I'd really like to look around, but I'm, uh, I can't see anything from down here. I'll give you whatever samples they give me in the end if you let me-"

"Ooooh!" The fox beamed. "I can help with that, sure!"

Without allowing Doghead to continue, Denya reaches down and grabs the little rabbit's sides. With seemingly no effort, the voluptuous vulpine hoists

Doghead up, setting him atop of those broad, soft shoulders. “There you are! That better?”

“I...” Doghead blinked. He’d intended on simply asking Denya to step back for Doghead to see better, or describe any items out of vision. But hey, this worked! “Actually, yes, thank you!” While not at all what he was about to ask, the rabbit was grateful to finally be able to look around. Heck, Denya made for a surprisingly cushy seat, even if Doghead felt a bit like a child sitting on an adult’s shoulders like this. Regardless, he finally got a good look around; he could see the workers in uniform bustling around from machine to machine. He could see all sorts of complicated equipment, from strange barrel-shape furnaces to the many chutes and treadmills connecting them to each other, like mechanical bugs trapped on a giant, metal spider web. And he could see-

BAM!!

-an overhead pipe, which Denya walked right beneath, smacking the poor rabbit’s forehead against.

“Woaaah,” Denya grunted, righting the bunny on his back. “Don’t fall off. I don’t want you to get hurt, lil guy!”

Doghead was too busy nursing the bruise on his head to curse him out.

Thankfully, there were no more overhanging pipes for Denya to bash Doghead’s head into, although their first stop was dangerously close to a chute. The rabbit prayed the fat fox beneath him didn’t take two steps to the right suddenly, or else it’d sprout a second large bump on his poor, poor forehead. Instead, both Denya and Doghead chose to focus on the dragon as he patted the machine the chute was connected to.

“Now, I’m sure many of you have heard of flash freezing before, right? It’s how many sweets, such as Dippin’ Dots, get their unique texture and taste. But have any of you heard of flash heating?”

Many of the guests, Denya included, shook their heads.

“The same principles apply, actually, although obviously it’s used for more than just frozen desserts. See, normally most chefs avoid cooking on too high of a temperature for long, otherwise the exterior gets burnt and crispy while the interior hardly cooks, but with our revolutionary technology, we can circumvent this issue by-”

bonk “Owch!”

Doghead winced as something bumped into his head, right on the bruise left behind. Dammit, did Denya move without him realizing? Wincing, the rabbit brought his hand to his head out of reflex, but on the way up, he accidentally caught a hold of the item that hit his head.

That item being a glazed bearclaw.

“Huh?” He frowned, bringing it closer for inspection. The frosted item was still warm and fresh to the touch, an obvious staple of any pastry from Blue, Inc. But where did it come from?

bonk “Yowch!”

Again, Doghead reached a free arm to grab his head, and again, he found himself gripping the bearclaw. Looking up, the rabbit’s eyes widened in horror.

The chute Denya was standing beneath was still active, with more bearclaws sliding towards him!

Looking around, the rabbit whimpered when he noticed the fat fox was standing directly in the way of a container for catching the shaped pastries. How oblivious was this fatty?! “Psst, Denya!” Doghead tried whispering, gently kicking his feet into the vulpine’s padded chest to get him to notice.

But Denya didn’t look up, seemingly unaware of the fidgeting rabbit on his shoulder. Which was a real shame, as Doghead was forced to snatch the next bearclaw with his elbows.

Cruuuuuud! What was he supposed to do?! The rabbit couldn't just toss the food into the container now; it'd been contaminated when it touched him! He couldn't shout for Felix's attention either; that'd make both him and Denya look guilty, snatching up factory food like this. But the more he thought it over, the less time he had to react, as a fourth bearclaw started sliding towards him.

Whimpering, the rabbit's ears fell back; he didn't have a choice, did he. Taking a deep breath, Doghead opened wide, and *crammed* two bearclaws into his mouth at once.

They were delicious, obviously. In any other circumstance, Doghead would have loved to take his time running the soft, doughy bearclaws over his tongue, savoring the various flavors. Alas, he didn't have much of a choice here if he didn't want himself and the tubby canid below him to get thrown out. Swallowing it all down in an exaggerated gulp, Doghead stuffed the bearclaw caught in his elbows next, followed by the approaching one in the chute.

Immediately, the rabbit could feel the combined weight of the treats forming in his stomach. Second to their incredible technologies, Blue, Inc was infamous for their calorie-dense pastries, after all. Five bearclaws in, Doghead could feel his middle bow outwards into a full on potbelly. He desperately wanted to nudge and shake at Denya, at least say something to get the fox's attention, yet he simply never had the chance to; too many bearclaws to eat, and not enough breathing space to do so.

Two more bearclaws in, and the rabbit's gray shirt had finally lifted up, revealing a noticeable gut that started pressing into the back of Denya's head. Doghead had hoped at least *that* would get the fox's attention, that the bunny he was carrying was growing noticeably heavier and softer, yet the vulpine remained shockingly oblivious. If anything, a smile had started forming on Denya's muzzle, the fox's head leaning further back into said belly, as though it were a pillow!

Doghead whimpered, but he ate, and ate, and ate. At this point, he *wanted* to put on weight, anything to get the fox's attention. He *wanted* his pants to start stretching and tearing along his thicker thighs and rounded rump, as the added noise could get Denya's attention. He *wanted* his calves and ankles to merge into

tubby cankles, soft enough for the fox's fingers to sink into while he carried the rabbit. He *wanted* his blubbery rear to continue stretching and swelling across the vulpine's broad shoulders, all so Denya would *finally* notice something was off.

Yet he never did.

"Alright, then. With no further questions, let's be on our way!" Felix once against gestured to the group to follow along, and Doghead was finally free of the onslaught of pastries. Grunting and panting, the tubby rabbit crammed the last one into his muzzle, chubby cheeks rubbing against his muzzle as he did so.

Goodness, he felt fat. Only ten minutes beneath that chute, and the little rabbit felt as though he'd nearly doubled in weight! Stomach churning and grumbling, that belly was now big enough to comfortably be used as a pillow for the fox below; an impressive feat, given how short the bunny was. His arms were now as thick as his thighs were earlier; round tubes that squished around the sides of Denya's head as he held onto the fox.

Ironically, Denya actually noticed something was wrong when those chubby mits dropped a few crumbs onto his chest, looking up to see the rabbit's noticeably chubbier face looking down at him.

Then, he scowled. "I thought you said you'd share!"

Doghead rolled his eyes.

Thankfully, Doghead was able to put aside his sudden weight gain to focus on the rest of the tour. Yes, he'd put on a shocking amount of weight, enough for him to almost look like a smaller version of the fox he was riding on, but he knew a quick diet and exercise plan would slim him back to normal. Even Denya appeared to be in on that plan, as the fox intentionally stepped as far away from anything edible as possible, as if making sure Doghead didn't steal any more pastries that were rightfully his, or whatever.

Which, naturally, was just fine with Doghead.

The tour was reaching its conclusion as the group sauntered over to yet another absurd piece of modern tech; an enormous see-through mixing bowl. It honestly wasn't too special, just a massive bowl-shaped vat with roughly the same dimensions of a concrete mixer completely full of cookie dough, stirred around by a proportionally-large mixer. Yet, it was the simplicity of a mixer, combined with its sheer size that made it so strange and eye-catching.

"I wasn't kidding when I said our goal was to make our factory feel like a home kitchen!" Felix laughed, tapping the side of the see-through mixer. "We're well aware that there are cheaper, more practical methods to achieve similar results when it comes to mass baking, but we are also completely devoted to making our food taste as though they came right from your kitchen. And what better way to achieve that goal than with oversized, common kitchen utensils!"

Denya scoffed silently. "The only thing oversized here is currently sitting on my shoulders." The fox shifted in place, jostling Doghead atop of him.

Doghead grunted, feeling his pudgy self wobble. Yeah, he didn't necessarily disagree there. Feeling his stomach pressing into the back of the vulpine's head was pretty strange. He just wished the freaking fox would admit it was *his* fault he was currently so lardy. "If I'm so oversized, why are you still carrying me, then?"

"Cuz your legs are soft," Denya snickered, flicking his tail. "They feel nice against my head. But you *are* getting heavy. You sure you're not eating?"

"I'm *not!*" Doghead huffed, blushing. Yes, he could feel Denya swaying a bit beneath him, as he would expect anyone would after carrying his tubby self for as long as he has. Hopefully, the fox wouldn't give out and drop the pudgy rabbit, although with how bloated and round he was, Doghead believed he'd simply bounce right back up like a beach ball. Maybe he should try and hop off now? Short or not, maybe a little exercise would help work off his fatter self.

Alas, he never quite got the opportunity to ask for that, as Denya whirled the two of them over to look at Felix presenting some other piece of oversized

kitchen utensil. While turning rapidly may have been easier for the fat fox back when the rabbit on his shoulders was a mere 100 pounds, the additional poundage on the lagomorph meant that the added inertia almost threw him off balance. Fortunately, the mixing bowl was positioned in a way that Denya could lean against it and regain his footing; unfortunately, the size of the mixing bowl didn't extend quite all the way up, so while Denya had a sturdy object to lean into, Doghead did not.

And as a result, Doghead found himself flung into the vat!

The pudgy rabbit didn't even have time to scream as he dove headfirst into the sea of unbaked cookies. Instead of a yell escaping his maw, a flurry of dough entered his maw! While simply closing his mouth would have been a viable option, the sheer force of the whirling mass of cookie dough made it all but impossible.

Thus, Doghead found himself spinning through the whirlpool of cookie dough, around and around and around, while growing rounder and rounder and rounder!

The rabbit flailed in a pathetic attempt to swim through the viscous sea of sugary dough, yet with his body tumbling around through the mixer, it was impossible to tell which way was up. Occasionally, his pudgy face would press against the glass walls, giving him a very brief glance of the outside world and the tour group's startled expressions of his dilemma, before being whirled around yet again.

Overtime, however, Doghead found it increasingly difficult to move his arms, and not just due to exhaustion. Rather, his arms were bulking up to the point where bending them to move was proving to be quite a chore! The same could be said for his legs, those tree trunk thighs of his now permanently pressing against each other. Eventually, Doghead found himself unable to resist the whirlwind of cookie dough anymore, and as such went with the flow.

A sugary, filling, and surprisingly delicious flow.

In no time at all, Doghead found himself completely spherical, a total orb of rabbit who bounced between the bowl's edge and the mixer's blades like a pinball. His blubbery belly and bouncy booty cushioned the impact on both occasions, leaving him surprisingly unharmed, albeit very, very stuffed.

How much longer he was within the vat, Doghead couldn't discern. Time rushed by just as the cookie dough did, with the only measurement the rabbit had to discern himself was how freaking full he was! Occasionally, there were moments where he was pinched between the edge of the bowl *and* the blades of the mixer; a rather alarming realization, given the sheer size of the vat! Even more alarming was just how much more frequently this happened, until Doghead found himself perpetually wedged between the side and the mixer.

Only the mixer didn't stop moving, nor did Doghead stop eating.

Instead, the rabbit felt his backside fully pressed against the glass side, his pudgy face a crimson red at the thought of everyone seeing his bare exposed bun buns spread out on view to the public. Gosh, each of those orbs already must have been the same distance around as Doghead was tall, *before* falling into the vat.

And with his back stuck against the wall, the lagomorph felt the mixer knead into his stomach, squishing and digging into the literal feet of pure yellow blubber. To say the sudden mechanical massage on his rotund middle felt great would have been an understatement. Despite the embarrassment, Doghead couldn't help but sigh out of his nose in comfort; having his stuffed stomach kneaded and squeezed was *wonderful*, as strange as that sounded. The squeezing did wonders on the strained middle, helping to churn and digest the literal bakery's worth of food crammed inside of there into even more fat.

Which was perfect, because the flow of cookie dough didn't yield, not even for a second. Even as he swelled further out, to the point where his belly started to eclipse the mixer entirely. Even as he heard the creaks and cracks of the glass wall behind him. Even as his facial cheeks began to press further into his face, scrunching his eyes tighter and tighter shut. Even as-

FWUUUUUMP!

For the first time in what felt like millenia, Doghead finally found fresh air entering his mouth instead of cookie dough, the rabbit letting out a big sigh, and an even bigger belch. With the glass vat shattered, the enormous mound of bunny flopped out, practically flowing out of the broken container much like a giant lump of cookie dough himself.

A perfect analogy really, for he really was an enormous doughball. Doghead couldn't even lift his arms anymore, the forearms thicker than his head used to be, with his pudgy paws and wrists sunken into the sleeves of chub. Resting on those broad shoulders were his enormous cheeks, resembling partially deflated soccer balls that continued to jiggle whenever Doghead so much as took a breath.

And speaking of continuously jiggling.

While his whole body molded out of the vat like dough, Doghead's figure rippled and robed like Jell-O! His creamy stomach *billowed* out before him like an expansive blanket, spilling out several feet before him, big enough for the old Doghead to easily walk up and down like a small mountain, or for a larger fur such as Denya could use as a bed. That wasn't to say his rump was also easily impressive, having completely swallowed up his nubby bunny tail along with the majority of his back, leading down to a pair of thighs swollen enough to keep the rabbit's oversized feet off the ground and digging into his own obesity.

In total, Doghead looked *and* felt enormous, yet fragile. In motion, yet immobile. A whole conundrum of emotions ran through that squishy blushy head of his, ranging from humiliation at being the center of attention, to frustration at Denya for being so careless. Yet none of that compared to the shame he felt for devouring yet another massive portion of food on his tour of Blue, inc.

And right in front of Felix too.

While the other tourists gawked and muttered amongst themselves at the overly plush bunny filling up the factory ground before them, the dragon silently stepped forward to examine the lump of lagomorph before him. Without uttering a word, Felix poked, prodded, and squeezed at that incredibly round belly,

squeezing his claws deep into that all encompassing gut, and finding next to no resistance even up to his elbows.

Whimpering, Doghead feared the worst. Was Felix trying to see if the rabbit could be removed via forklift, or if they'd have to bring in a crane to haul the two-ton titan out? Or was the drake simply estimating just how much food the gigantic bunny had eaten already, so he could charge accordingly?

Apparently, none of the above, as the dragon suddenly hopped onto that sprawling mass of chub as though it were some special beanbag, and beamed up at the bun's frightened eyes. "You're *perfect!*"

Doghead blinked. Did he hear that right, or was all the fat on his floppy ears messing with his hearing. "E-excuse me?"

"You're exactly what I've been looking for!" The dragon continued to awkwardly hobble his way across the rabbit's tum, flailing his arms as he did so as though traversing the world's largest waterbed. "Your softness, your texture, your...everything! The best bread I had even tasted had the exact same squishiness as you when it was simply raw dough. For *years* I've tried reproducing it on my own, but having you as a reference would make it so, so much easier for me!"

"I...thank you?" Doghead's head slunked back, the rabbit trying to hide behind his own sprawling mass of chins. Was he being scolded or complimented? Punished or rewarded? He would have thought the owner of the factory would have him rolled out, forced to exercise off every last pound of pudge in order for him to work tirelessly to pay off all that food he'd eaten.

But, apparently, the opposite was true, as the dragon instead chose to hold up a thick slice of banana bread to the rabbit's mouth. "Say, how would you like a job here at Blue, Inc?"