The slender cat slipped through the alleyway on his way to a nearby pizza place. It was a path he took often enough, although a bit narrow, but got him to the restaurant faster which was good enough for him. The street that Robin emerged onto was actually lined with fast food and restaurants, but right now, he had his mind set only on the cheesy, savory meal he was about to order.

A bell jingled as he pushed open the door, prompting someone from the back of the pizzeria to come out front and take his order. A couple of other bakers were visible in the back spinning pies and sliding them into the oven, and Robin’s stomach growled in hunger at the sight. Lately, he hadn’t found much time for eating, due to a myriad of other things taking up time in his life, but today he decided to treat himself for the first time in a while.

“What can I get ya’?” asked a friendly-looking fox behind the counter.

Robin put a paw on his furry chin as he inspected the menu, but he was pretty sure he already knew what he wanted. “Can I get a large pepperoni?” It was hard to go wrong with pepperoni, and the scent of the meat appealed to his voracious feline instincts. He struggled not to drool at the thought of sinking his teeth into the first slice.

“Sure thing.” The fox shuffled to the back to get one that was fresh out of the oven.

Robin waited excitedly as he prepared to pay, his eyes following the greasy disk on its way into a box to-go. He shook his head as the baker tried presenting it to him. “Oh, it’s okay, can I have some plates instead? I’m going to eat it right now.”

“Sure thing. Don’t you want to keep the box to bring the rest home, though?”

Robin grinned, his hungry fangs showing. “That won’t be necessary.” He pulled the box out of the fox’s surprised paws and left the payment on the counter as he carried the box to one of the small tables inside of the shop. It had been a while since he’d allowed himself to do this, and he was excited. He barely waited for the fox to helpfully offer a paper plate before he dug in.

The hot cheese dripped over the edges of the first slice, the grease pooling on top, each circle of pepperoni striking his tongue with flavor as he bit down. As expected, the meat made him drool as it passed through his mouth, awakening his hunger more. He audibly moaned. He’d missed this so much.

The slices disappeared one after another, the grease running down his chin until it stained his fur, which he tried to wipe off with a paw but mostly ended up massaging it against his swelling belly. The skinny cat’s stomach had plenty of room to stretch as he packed it with food, expanding readily to allow him to force the pizza inside. Suddenly, all of it was gone. He was done. He’d been so caught up in the delicious binge that it almost took him by surprise.

“Wow.” He heard a voice at the other end of the restaurant.

Robin turned to see some of the bakers gaping at his gluttonous display, but they quickly turned and minded their business as he met their stares. The fox who had uttered the word blushed as he quickly switched to placing olives on a pizza nearby. As Robin eyed him, he decided on one thing:

It was time for round two. His stomach roared in agreement.

The bloated cat hopped up to his feet, although he swayed slightly as his distended tum pulled him off balance somewhat, the food inside sloshing with the motion. He made his way carefully to the counter where he proceeded to order the olive pizza they were currently working on, too.

Several of the employees visibly balked at the realization that their new customer might eat up entire pies waiting to be ordered, but hey, he was a paying customer. He slipped more money across the counter as the same fox as before handed him his next box with the expected paper plate. Robin winked and slid him a tip, making his furry cheeks blush.

As the engorged cat sat back down to dive into his second pizza pie, he decided that he might have to visit more often.

It turned out that his decision came true; as his life shifted around him, so did his job, putting Robin at a desk in a cubicle all day that finally allowed him the opportunity to eat as much as he wanted. He got to pack the drawers with snacks, munching all day long on chips, pretzels, candy, and whatever monstrosity he ordered for lunch. On his way home, he also always made sure to stop by the pizza place, of course. Overall, he was rather enjoying himself.

It wasn’t long before one day, as Robin tried to ease himself out of the chair at his desk, he noticed the way the armrests tugged at his sides. He frowned down at them, recalling that lately it had been mildly more difficult to haul himself up to his feet at the end of every day. After a more massive helping of burgers and fries today, he was more bloated than usual and finally took the time to notice. A rather chubby gut had formed on the feline, and it was the jiggling sides of his spare tire pressing into the armrests that was causing the slight delay on his way to his feet.

He shrugged, then rolled his shoulders, his fat gut stretching as he arched his back. He yawned a bit and scratched absently at his belly, impressed by the way his fingers pushed their way through the dense fur into the soft ball of fat below. Amazing, how quickly his eating could spiral out of control, falling back into old habits. This wasn’t the first time that a daily feeding frenzy had earned him some extra lard. He pinched the sides of it, the chubby love handles filling his paws, and took the time to appreciate how soft it was.

On his way home that night, he decided to order one pizza more than his usual binge. By now, he’d tried basically all of the toppings that the place had to offer, and had started ordering loaded combinations of toppings on each pizza to mix things up, but tonight he made the extra one simply smothered in an obscene amount of cheese. The bakers happily obliged, used to his impressive appetite by now. He had quickly become one of their familiar repeat customers.

Pizza slices covered in cheese, pepperoni, olives, sausage, mushrooms, peppers, and even more went one after another down his throat. The hungry cat was far from picky, and the mix of flavors kept things interesting. Grease dribbled down his chin as the doughy crust slipped into his mouth at the tail end of each massive triangle, making him rub his soft fur, although his paw mostly fell to his growing gut. His chubby thighs were fully filling the chair by now, whereas they had previously parted wide and freely on the seat. Now, they were constrained by the pudge wrapped around them, pressed together as his ass filled the rest of the seat behind him. He flicked his tail happily as he pushed down another cheesy mouthful, chasing it with a liter of soda. He finished with a roaring belch. Three pizzas had disappeared into his gut. The packed, swollen stomach that sat heavily on his lap gurgled with contentment at the feeling of the dense, heavy food stuffed inside.

The feline heaved himself from the chair, finding that his bloated belly was pressing into the edge of the table, bumping it slightly as he rose. Its impressive girth rounded out in front of him, pushed larger by the food he’d just finished stuffing himself with, on top of the plethora of snacks he shoved down at work all day. His chunky thighs jiggled as he took several steps towards the door, his plump ass sweeping his tail from side to side, and the potbelly hanging off the front of his midsection bouncing with each motion. He could feel the eyes of everyone else in the room on him as he left; they knew from experience that he’d be back for more.

As Robin plodded home, he slipped through the alleyway again like usual, taking note of the way his furry sides now brushed along the walls. If he kept this up, he wasn’t sure that he’d fit through here at all. He lamented the thought of being forced to get more exercise as he took the much longer, more main road to the pizzeria, but it was a small price for the chance to stuff himself every day.

He instead tried to think of what type of food to order for dinner when he got home. The pizza was just his afternoon snack, of course—He had another whole meal to look forward to. Before he could come to a decision, however, he was already at his front door.

Pushing it open revealed his comfy living room, where he immediately plopped down on the couch, his soft sides jiggling as he settled. The flab flopped around him as he leaned back. Anyone else would have just heated up some leftovers. Of course, Robin never let a single scrap of food go uneaten, so there were never leftovers.

Coming to a decision, the feline reached for his phone, typing in an order with his pudgy fingers. He was getting Chinese tonight.

He continued to rub his swollen belly until the food arrived, flinging himself off the couch in excitement fast enough that his whole paunch bounced with the motion, the fat sloshing heavily as it swung in front of him. The wolf at the door didn’t seem all that surprised by the massive pile of boxes, although he looked past the cat and his eyes widened when he saw that the cat was alone. There was no reason to explain, of course, so Robin merely thanked him before shutting the door and hauling his feast to the nearest table.

The noodles were the first to disappear, the hungry feline slurping them into his jaws with vigor. He ate as though he were starving, although that clearly wasn’t the case as his chubby belly already covered the top of his thighs, although it still managed to swell with the force of more food being put away. Next he tackled the rice, the light brown flecks dotting his muzzle where they stuck, and then the chicken, beef, and teriyaki dishes were the next items to fall victim to his greed. His eyes rolled back in bliss with each new taste as he gorged. Even the veggies were good, swimming in flavorful sauces that he downed eagerly.

He pawed at the hefty belly sprawling over his lap, enjoying the feeling of it squishing beneath his kneading fingers. He carefully explored the thickening overhang, the soft fur puffing up on his curves and rolls. If he kept eating like this, there would soon be even more to pinch, and he purred at the thought. He would get bigger and softer. And enjoying delicious food was the path to such a fate? It seemed too good to be true.

It didn’t seem like all that much later that Robin was sitting at work one day, downing bag after bag of potato chips, that he heard his chair creak and crack beneath him. He sighed. It was the third chair this week. The office was too cheap to buy them in a higher quality.

At least his office had been kind enough to supply him with a larger cubicle—well, the space of multiple cubicles—as his ballooning weight had caused him to frequently knock into the walls whenever he tried to move. He’d become so cramped in his original cubicle that he had practically burst out of it. The company had dismantled several of the ones around his to widen his working area. He was one of their best employees, so they were more than happy to accommodate him.

Now, he leaned back on his plush ass, the chair nothing but a fading memory swallowed up beneath. He finished his last bag of potato chips, but it was alright, because the company had begun hiring interns to make sure he could be well fed all day to keep working. The obese house cat had a constant string of employees ready to serve him. He’d become completely familiar with every type of food on the street by now, able to give quick orders for whatever he wanted. He moaned in pleasure whenever he slurped up a giant milkshake, or chomped down on a burger with fries, or downed a banquet’s worth of fettuccine alfredo; practically anything he wanted, his stomach gurgling happily as the food settled inside the massive store of fat that covered his body.

At the current moment, a bear was presenting him with a massive tray of tacos, quesadillas, and burritos that Robin quickly devoured, his belly grumbling for more. He followed those up with a giant portion of nachos, accidentally smearing some stray cheese and salsa over his fur while trying to wipe his mouth. It was getting harder to reach a paw to his muzzle as the fat bulged on his pudgy arms and shoulders, encasing his neck in a thick ring of blubber that threatened to consume it entirely. His fingers were rounded out too as they groped around the tray for more. He tried to lean closer to the tray, but found that the layers upon layers of padding that coated his furry legs no longer allowed them to move freely, and his gut resting heavily on the floor made it hard to bend forward.

Fortunately, just then, an employee from his favorite pizza place arrived with a whole stack of pizzas that he was immediately drooling over. He’d gone from his regular few pies to now entire piles of them, and instead of bothering to try using his paws, he was able to dip his head directly into each box and snarf up his delicious dinner, cheese hanging from between his teeth. He purred and clutched at the soft fur of his flabby belly as it continued to swell more and more, soon pushing its way through several more cubicles around him. As his capacity to stretch his stomach had grown, he was always incredibly hungry, allowing him to eat even more with each meal. The speed at which his body was forced to digest the food made it quickly turn into fat that jiggled and quivered with every slight movement.

His belly squished beneath his paws as he rubbed it, the fat cat still licking pizza sauce off his lips. By the time he’d made his way through the entire stack, he realized that his pudge practically filled the office by now, much to the amazement of his coworkers, most of whom had been forced to move out of his way. Robin quickly realized that he wouldn’t be leaving the office tonight, having just finished his largest meal yet.

Or rather, just ‘started’ his largest meal yet.

“Can someone bring me something with a straw?” he asked to no one in particular.

A friendly-looking tiger intern smiled at him. “What would you like?”

“A straw long enough to reach my mouth. I don’t care what the food is,” he grinned, his overflowing gut gurgling for emphasis. He wasn’t picky, he just needed to be filled, and reaching for food was quickly becoming more difficult than he wanted to deal with.

The tiger quickly obliged, coming back with an entire soda machine on a wheeled cart and a tube for his mouth, which he readily sucked on as the machine was plugged into a nearby wall and an influx of sugar began to travel down his throat.

He moaned in pleasure as his stomach bloated even more, the drink sloshing over the food packed into his fat round middle, which finally began to crack the actual walls of the building as it grew. Several concerned employees ran, but the gluttonous feline continued to hungrily slurp on the hose as the cool beverages deposited more calories directly into his expanding body. Several interns began rushing in with more syrup for the machine as they realized that it would quickly run out if they didn’t act fast. In the meantime, another employee rolled in with a slushie machine, which Robin gladly switched to in order to finish quenching his thirst.

His stomach puffed out farther, the bloated mass taut and quivering slightly with the drinks settling, the sugar rapidly turning into layers upon layers of soft blubber to make room for more. He rubbed his paws into it, realizing at this point that he really couldn’t reach his mouth, his arms pushed out so far by the fat that swaddled them that he could barely even move his fingers and toes. His legs no longer reached the ground as his belly enlarged beneath him. This was definitely the most he’d ever eaten, and he was enjoying it immensely. At the thought, his belly gurgled in agreement again, which prompted the other employees to scramble around for even more food to dump into his waiting maw.

Someone appeared with a massive, family-sized bucket of fried chicken, which they put down directly in front of Robin’s face so that he could dip his head down and sink his fangs into the delicious, greasy poultry. He wiggled his tail happily as he devoured one bucket and then another, although the pudgy tail was basically swallowed by the rest of his expanding ass by now. More employees were leaving buckets of chicken for him to crunch into, seeing that it was easy enough to keep a whole bucket within reach of his mouth so he didn’t have to use his paws. Unable to wipe the crumbs away, fried batter from the chicken soon speckled his expansive, fatty layer of fur, his paws squeezing at it happily as it grew.

Robin suddenly felt warmth on his fur and looked up to see the sunlight; a wall of the building had collapsed during his feeding frenzy, and he was jiggling and bouncing too much to even notice or hear his gut slapping it that hard. When he’d turned to look, however, he’d accidentally pulled himself off-balance and found himself rolling outside into the street, the entire mountain of fat that made up his body driven by its own momentum. As he rolled, the food swished heavily in his belly, the layers of blubber bouncing and squelching around him, buffering him with softness. After tumbling a few times, he looked around to see that the plush padding of lard all over his body had spread even farther without the confining walls of his office building pressing against them, and it was actually quite comfortable to lean back and sink into his own encompassing fat. Ripples traveled over his doughy body as he purred and pinched at his folds of fat with what little movement his fingers had left.

Now that he was outside, and in the fast food street where he’d been many times before, everyone could actually bring him the food faster without having to navigate his office. A bakery down the street finally arrived with his order, boxes upon boxes of pastries, from muffins, to donuts, to chocolate eclairs, they presented it all. After the rush of sugar, Robin followed it up with flaky croissants and rolls to cleanse his palate and be ready for the next course, which came from another shop that shoveled warm mac and cheese into his waiting jaws, followed by fluffy mashed potatoes and a bucket of gravy. His many chins quivered as he reached to lap it up.

As he dipped his head, he was startled to see the pavement beginning to crack beneath him with his weight, and he blushed a bit to notice that cars were having to detour through other streets. Still, his coworkers helped feed him, and the shop owners nearby continued to assist, since many were familiar with him as a popular customer by now.

It wasn’t long before Robin realized that his expanding rump had begun to crumple the rest of his office building behind him, quickly turning the sturdy walls to dust. He wriggled shyly, the movement only serving to send huge ripples across the surface of his ballooning dome of a belly that continued to pool in every direction. He pinched his own mass as his paws were finally enveloped by the encroaching adipose, feeling only the soft lard and soft fur flow through his fingers. He purred, more ripples flowing through his sea of fat. He’d have to apologize to his employers later for the damages.

At least for now, the stream of food kept coming, causing him to keep growing. A couple of other businesses eventually feared for their own shops, and blockades had to be placed around the area to make sure no more unfortunate infrastructure was destroyed by Robin’s growing mass. Some of the employees patted his belly in awe, jiggling the giant swell of lard and sinking their own paws through his puffy fur to the , doughy body beneath, so squishy and malleable that they could plunge a whole arm into it. Robin had lost track of his own limbs long ago, only aware of the feeling that they were surrounded by his own monumental bulk.

Eventually completely unable to move, Robin moaned at the feeling of his softness, allowing the others to feed him or offer him tubes to help him eat, and he continued to swell until the end of the work day, when the other employees finally began to head home. Robin ended his workday meal with a massive belch, shaking his entire, mountainous body, and he finally sighed with contentment. He didn’t relax for long, however, as the end of the workday signaled the same thing that it did every single other day:

It was time to order some pizza.