

A young penguin scrubbed furiously at a small, yet annoyingly stubborn, grease stain, staining the entire counter with water. Pat grumbled noisily to himself and slammed the wash cloth against the table, somehow eradicating the stain much to his disbelief. It had been a long day for the bored and frustrated penguin as he looked around his empty restaurant. On most days, Pat would either have to waddle around from table to table, serving delicious delicacies, or cook and wash pots until his flippers were too sore to lift! While Pat is, indeed, grateful of the small break, he would much rather be in the kitchen where he belonged, cooking non-stop for his appreciative customers than stand around and waiting for the clock to slowly tick by. "Maybe it was a mistake to open today..." Pat thought gloomily as he walked over to the front of the restaurant, ready to flip the sign... until he saw a large figure in the distance!

Whether it was Pat's brain's fault for thinking about food, or the stranger's shape, no one could tell, but the penguin honestly thought a giant blueberry was walking towards his restaurant! Rubbing his eyes, however, he could clearly see the bright orange jacket, the dark blue jeans with a supporting black belt, and the mop of black hair that covered this 'blueberry'. Not wanting to look like a weirdo for staring at him for so long, Pat straightened up and opened the door for his round bellied guest. "Hello, and welcome to the *'Round the World!'* How may I help you, sir?" The jovial penguin asked politely as he sized up his guest.

The customer was a species unlike any other that Pat has ever seen before. He had dark blue fur all around his round body, giving anyone the impression that he really was a large blueberry. However, up close, one could make out the black fur patterns around his face, making it seem as if he were wearing a bandana over his eyes, similar to a raccoon's facial patterns. At first, he appeared to possess no tail, but looking at the customer from another angle, Pat noticed a bear-like stub of a tail protruding from the top of his jeans.

The customer smiled awkwardly and sat on a barstool, his corpulent rear spilling over the stool. "Heheh, you don't have to call me sir. Just Zane will be nice." Zane responded politely. Pat nodded approvingly and placed a menu on the counter in front of the round blue bear-like creature. "Ah, very well then. Pardon me for asking, but I must know what your species is! I've never seen someone like you before," The penguin chef asked, fiddling with his flippers awkwardly.

"I'm a bearcario, Pat," Zane responded, reading the nametag on the penguin's blue uniform to learn his name. "It's a bear-lucario hybrid. You don't need to feel embarrassed for asking me, I get asked that a lot." Pat nodded again, his curiosity quenched as he watched Zane read over his menu several times. After a few minutes, Zane looked up, a twinkle in his eyes. "Is the chef's salad under 200

calories?" Pat's brow furrowed, not expecting the 600-something pound bearcario to ask that question. He must be on a diet. "Erm, indeed it is. 180 calories to be exact." "Perfect, I'll order everything but that," Zane said, a wide smirk forming on his face.

Pat's eyes widen exponentially, definitely not expecting that! One look at the bearcario, however, told him that this was not someone you don't deny food too. "C-c-coming up, Z-Zane!" The penguin chef stuttered before waddling swiftly to towards the kitchen, pulling out several containers of fresh produce and meat. Within half a minute, the entire kitchen roars to life as Pat waddles around, boiling water here, slicing up meat patties there, etc. Zane couldn't resist but to sit up straighter in his chair, the tall bearcario watching with fascination at Pat's transformation from a bumbling penguin into a culinary artist. The penguin chef's eyes were focused intently on his work as he took a brief pause to properly don his apron, preparing the appetizers. Zane couldn't help but drool over the sight of so much food being prepared at one place, his large stomach gurgling eagerly. Noticing the chubby bearcario's obvious hunger, as well as imagine a way to use him to attract extra customers, Pat calls out from in the kitchen. "No one has ordered this much food before! I'll tell you what: if you manage to eat everything I bring out to you, then I'll let your food be free, as well as make a plaque outside my restaurant about your incredible stomach!"

This time, it was Zane's turn to widen his eyes. A free meal, plus a plaque dedicated just for him? How great does that sound? "You got yourself a deal, Pat!" The round-bellied bearcario responds, holding up a chubby thumbs-up. Chuckling at Zane's enthusiasm, the culinary penguin brings out the first four plates of greasy appetizers. Without hesitation, Zane quickly slices and dices up the various foods, using his fork to shovel as much into his maw as possible. An explosion of flavor immediately met Zane's taste buds while he devours the dishes. The chicken cooked to perfection, the bread crunchy on the outside and soft on the inside. Even the butter was creamy and flavorful... and oddly filling. He suppressed the urge to moan as he glugged down the various dishes, his belt starting to feel rather tight. In mere minutes, Zane polished off all four appetizers, resting a paw on his bloated tummy.

"Wow, impressive!" Pat calls from the kitchen, his voice barely audible behind the loud sizzling noises. abandoning his post, the eager penguin swiftly waddles back to the serving bar, placing an entire pitcher of chocolate milkshake on the table. "Here ya go. This should tide you over before the next serving." Nodding his thanks, Zane quickly swiped for the pitcher, greedily chugging its contents down his chubby maw. As Pat walked back into the busy kitchen, he snuck a quick glance back at Zane, noticing his bloated blue belly seemingly expand as he drinks! "That's right, keep drinking you fatty," Pat smiles to himself, preparing more food for his now 650 pound customer.

Zane soon finished up the milkshake, a booming belch erupting from his muzzle. "Phew, I could hear that from in here!" Pat chuckled as he brought out seven assorted fish and sea food, placing them on the counter in front of Zane. "Oh dear, it looks like your clothes are looking rather tight on you. Maybe you're too full to finish?" The penguin chef teased in a play-concerned voice, trying to use reverse psychology to trick the lardaceous bearcario to eat even more. Sure enough, he took the bait. "What are you talking about? I could eat a hundred more plates, bring it on!" Zane responded, grabbing a nearby smoked salmon with his bare paws and devouring it whole to emphasize his point. Right at that point, however, the rotund bearcario's belt buckle suddenly flew off, a surge of blue belly pouring out! Zane yelped in surprise, his fat stomach squishing against the table in front of him. Despite his earlier shock, however, he continued to grab and bring entire plates to his maw at a time, eating the contents before moving onto the next.

Pat knew the fish would be fattening, but he wasn't expecting Zane to fatten up on the spot! The greedy bearcario's arms started to thicken up heavily, now as wide as his legs were earlier, quivering every time Zane brings another morsel of food to his chubby maw. Speaking of legs, Zane's were starting to really thicken up, his pants starting to stretch to contain all that bearcario blubber. Even his rear started to put on some as well, spreading outwards around his over-burdened barstool. Giving it a playful poke, Pat quickly returns to the kitchen, noticing that Zane finishing up the last few pieces of sushi before bringing out the eight various salads, each with more dressing and toppings in it than actual salad! "Here ya go, big guy! Dig in!"

Using two forks now, Zane quickly scoops up as much "salad" as possible and flinging it towards his mouth, surprised to taste more chicken and fish instead of lettuce. Moaning in pleasant surprise, the hefty bearcario goes throw several bowls at a time, his extra padding and tight jacket restricting his movements slightly. "Man, this is the best salad I've ever had! You need to get me the recipe!" Zane exclaims as he licks the oily sauce from around his lips. "Oh! Sure thing, buddy!" Pat calls from the kitchen as he slowly shuffles back to the counter, placing two trays onto the table, each tray containing five different soups. "But don't slow down now, Zane. You've still got quite a bit to go."

Zane eventually finished the "salads" and belched again, his jacket feeling incredibly taunt. "I'm really starting to *urp* feel full now." The obese bearcario panted as he patted his massive belly, now resting on the counter. "You can't finish now!" Pat exclaims, looking absolutely horrified (which is adorable. Have you ever seen a penguin's face when he's afraid?) "There are still several more courses to eat! The challenge will continue!" Zane's tall ears erected slightly at the penguin chef's sudden outburst. Knowing he can't go back now, the overweight bearcario takes a deep breath before lifting one of the bowls to his maw and emptying it, noting how the bowls are the size of cooking pans.

With every different flavor of soup that flowed into Zane's maw, a new problem would arise. After finishing off a pot of chicken noodle, the stuffed bearcario's jacket tore along the back, revealing several rolls of back fat. While downing a heavy beef broth, his impossibly-fat ass started to brush against the sides of two nearby barstools. Slurping up a hearty tomato soup, his jeans split a seam, resulting in a long tear across his meaty thigh. Zane blushed as he continued to drink up the seemingly-endless platter of soups, his obese moobs making their way into his peripheral vision. "You're not having any trouble, are you?" Pat asks suspiciously, eyeing his lack of breath and restricting clothing.

"I *urp* am just fine.. just *hic* a little full," Zane mutters, taking a break to find his breath.

"Well, there's no rule that says I can't help with that," Pat responds with a grin, rubbing his flippers together. Before Zane could object, the eager penguin leans over the bar counter, rubbing the bearcario's massive blue stomach. Zane's eyes struggled to stay open as Pat massaged all around his drum tight stomach, slowly transforming it from a bloated food bag into a pile of lard and rolls. Smiling to himself, Pat easily slid his flippers into Zane's folds, squeezing and squishing at the insane amount of fat. "Boy, you must weigh over half a ton, big guy." Pat softly whispered to himself.

"What was that?"

"I said, it's time for the last course, big guy."

Zane heaved a relieved sigh at the sound of that, which ultimately led to the destruction of his clothes. The large intake of breath caused the flabby bearcario's clothing to quickly rip apart, turning his nice orange jacket and jeans into mere shreds. Unrestricted anymore, his flab quickly expanded to its full size, his puffy shoulders broader than a foot ball player's, his fluffy butt now seating three entire bar stools instead of one! "Oh dear, have I really put on that much?" Mumbles the blob of a bearcario, sinking his sausage-like fingers into his utterly massive belly, feeling it sink into it past his wrists.

"Nonsense!... well, a little perhaps, but we're almost done!" Pat exclaims excitedly, rushing off to the kitchen, finishing up the final dish.

"I sure hope I can do this," Zane mutters, not looking forward to having to pay for everything in case he loses. "Maybe it will just be a small cupcake, or a donut. I'm sure this will be a piece of cake." He

was half right. Pat soon returned from the kitchen, wheeling in not one, but two huge wedding cakes! "You've got to be kidding!" Zane exclaims, his jaw dropping, smooshing his three chins against each other. "There's no way in hell I can finish that!"

"Then maybe I'll help you" The penguin chef responds coolly. Just as the globular bearcario tried to speak again, Pat seized a handful of cake and quickly jammed it into his maw! Zane squealed and whimpered in fear as he swallows the chunk of cake, his obese belly creeping forward slowly. Chunk by chunk, Pat continued to cram into Zane's maw, smearing icing all around his puffy cheeks. Zane shut his eyes while he swallowed the never ending pieces of wedding cake, his stomach creeping forward along the table until it pressed against pat's own belly. His arms too swollen with fat to protect himself with. Zane's grunts and whimpers were soon replaced with dull moans as he grew too full to protest, simply allowing his chef to feed him the cake. "You're going to be so big you won't be able to move, but I know you'll love it!" Pat exclaims as he finishes stuffing the obese bearcario with the first cake, moving onto the final one.

Zane weakly grunted in response as he simply opened his maw, his fatter cheeks allowing him to handle larger and larger bites of cake. His bear tail is quickly consumed by his advancing back fat, his rear practically smothering three of the bar-stools he is sitting on, slowly creeping towards a fourth. His chins soon become littered with frosting and crumbs, turning them a milky white. Pat soon had to crawl onto Zane's humongous blue belly, sinking into the thick adipose as he hand fed the last of the cake into the mountainous bearcario's maw. "Theeeeeere we go, that wasn't hard was it?"

Zane mumbled incoherently and belched loudly, strong enough to ruffle Pat's hair. Without warning, the overfed bearcario fell from the stools onto his back with a thunderous *BOOM*, rattling the windows. "oops, I might have over done it..." Pat whispers to himself as he checks out his fattened guest. Zane's moobs rival the size of king sized pillows now, almost large enough to squish against his round muzzle, his obscenely large rear hidden underneath the trampoline-sized belly. "Well, good news is now you're as wide as you're tall," Pat chuckled and took a picture of the unconscious Zane, hastily scribbling onto it. With a smile on his face, the accomplished penguin walks outside and hangs it outside his door, so everyone will know that the "World's Largest Blueberry" is in this very restaurant.