

Billy sighed as he scrubbed the counter for what felt like the tenth time that day with a wet rag, the brown weasel barely putting any effort in it as he rubbed in circles over the same spot. "This is pointless, pa! No one's ever gonna come in 'ere anymore ever since we wrote down how many calories is in our meals," Billy complained, his thick southern drawl echoing throughout the mostly vacant restaurant.

"Nonsense, Billy! Don't let those gosh darn Yankees get you down," Earl shouted from the kitchen, the potbellied grey ferret busy flipping burgers in the not-so-likely event of a lunch rush flooding their restaurant. "Our business is doing just fine, boy. Just because some critic said '3500 calories in our burgers is abnormal' or that 'soaking our burgers in grease for 10 minutes is unethical.' Just because some pansy can't handle quality food don't mean our establishment is gonna go down, boy." Earl said as he dropped his fried patties into separate buckets of warm grease, letting them absorb the fluids while he took a break and stepped out of the kitchen.

"But pa, I haven't seen any fur come in 'ere for weeks! What if we go bankrupt?" Billy worriedly asked as he finished washing the counter, the brown grease stains refusing to come out.

"Don't worry, son. We just need a clever marketing strategy like those fancy big-wigs always come up with. Something to rake us in a lot of money," Earl muttered to himself as he leaned against the still-wet counter thinking, unaware his grease stained apron was getting damp. "I've got it! The next fellow to walk through that door will be rewarded with a life time supply of our finest burgers! Every day we'll send him more and more food until he's eating our stuff all day! People will notice how happy he looks chowing down on our delicious food that they'll want to try it for themselves as well! We'll be rich!" The chubby ferret clapped his hands and laughed, pleased with himself for coming up with such an ingenious idea. His son, however, didn't look too convinced.

"I dunno, pa. No one has even stepped foot in 'ere in weeks! What if everybody doesn't wanna come in here anymore? What if-"

Without warning, the door suddenly swung wide open, interrupting the young weasel as the two mustelids turned to see their guest. Where they came from, Earl and Billy were used to seeing big bellied furs walking around, but none of that prepared them for the sight before them. This wolf was *fat*, with a bulging grey stomach that sagged nearly halfway to his knees, the bottom half of his gut exposed beneath his XXL T-shirt. His not-so-short shorts were almost stretched to the seams, the sides of the shorts faded out slightly due to years of brushing against narrow doorways. The wolf's turkey-leg thighs

scrapped against each other heavily with every step he took, his whole body jiggling as he walked over to the counter.

Billy gawked at the obese wolf in front of him, still baffled by the sheer obesity of the lupine standing before him. Staring the wolf up and down, the young weasel quickly imagined how many feasts it took him to earn that titanic tummy and thunder thighs. The awkward silence was quickly broken when Earl suddenly spoke up. "Congratulations! You're the 100th fur to enter our fine eating establishment! What's yer name, sir?"

The round wolf's eyes widened briefly in shock, not expecting a surprise celebration for only being the 100th customer. "Uh... my name's Trinity, sir." He hesitantly answered as he waddled up the counter, his stomach pressing against the side of the table.

"Well, Trinity, for bein' lucky 'nuff to enter here when you did, you have earned yerself a lifetime supply of our finest meals!" Earl exclaimed loudly, waving his arms around in a cartoonish manner for emphasis.

Trinity's jaw instantly dropped once Earl finished speaking, the obese lupine's chins squishing against each other, forming U shaped sausage-sized rolls. "A-are you serious? Free food..."

"For as long as you live, yes sir." Earl smiled as he beckoned the fat wolf forward while motioning to his son. "What do you think you're doing, boy? Hurry up and grill this feller some burgers pronto!" Trinity's face was frozen in a combination of extreme bliss and disbelief as he slowly lumbered forward to the table, his large stomach pressing heavily against the counter. It took quite a bit of effort for the rotund canine to heave his stomach onto the counter to avoid it getting squished between his thunder thighs. Grunting with effort, Trinity managed to haul his fatass onto the stools, one for each of his bulbous cheeks.

"Heheh, eager beaver aren't ya?" Earl said with a grin as Billy returned from the kitchen, burdened with heavy trays filled with burgers, fries, and sodas. The thin weasel awkwardly unloaded the trays next to the rotund lupine's stomach, careful to not accidentally spill any grease onto the large belly. Such a courteous feat inevitably proved futile as Trinity instantly lunged for the fattening delicacies, his round tummy bumping into a container of Cola, spilling the sticky brown liquid onto his grey fur.

Pretending not to notice, or simply not caring, Trinity grabbed two burgers in each paw and began ramming them down his throat, staining his muzzle with various colors.

Earl smiled as he watched his guest devour his food with gusto, clearly enjoying the sight of someone stuffing themselves on his cooking. "Heheh, glad you like the chow, bud. Our burgers are soaked in grease for several minutes after getting fried, giving them that delicious juicy texture. We also like to sugarcoat our fries to make sure they get that golden-brown color. We even dump pure Mexican sugar into our sodas to give ya somethin' sweet to wash down your grub with. We make sure to bring out the kind of customer satisfaction not found in chain restaurants like McDonalds," the chubby grey ferret announced proudly, glad to state those words with strong conviction.

Despite Earl's ardent speech, Trinity found it more important to stuff his face with food rather than listening to the cook explain to him what the food he's stuffing himself with is made out of. With true greed only a glutton such as himself could master, the large grey wolf found himself chewing through a burger in 15 seconds, a large fries in 10 seconds (without ketchup) and a Coke in 30. Of course, it was a bit difficult to consider whether or not Trinity actually ate the *entire* burger, due to entire spoonfuls of grease washing onto his yellow shirt whenever he took a bite, staining it with dark brown splotches. Due to countless years of ignoring formalities, the rotund wolf barely gave the growing mess on his stomach a sideward glance as he continued his relentless binging, practically sliding an entire burger whole into his gullet now before cramming fries and coke in to wash it all down. It was an amazing experience for weasel and ferret alike to witness such a prime example of gluttony. Both restaurant managers were left to stare in shock as the tremendously greedy wolf in front of them not only washed down over a hundred thousand calories in five minutes, but also began putting on weight in front of them!

Indeed, Trinity had to readjust his globular gut once it began digging too deep into the counter, forcing it on the table instead. With every bite he took, the massive mutt could feel his already-stretched pants start to dig into his thickening thighs and rump, his muffin top squishing around his pants by nearly an inch. Every lunge he took for a burger started to grow more sluggish, his added padding around his broad shoulders restricting his arm movements quite a bit. It was over all too soon for the gluttonous wolf as he made another grab for a burger and found nothing but soft grey flab. Furrowing his fatty, wrinkly brow, Trinity looked down at his stomach and pushed at it, unconsciously stirring up the gasses stored in his stomach. The result was a belch powerful enough to give Earl and Billy a new hairstyle, the weasel and ferret looking like they stuck their hair out of a moving car.

"Well, that was a good appetizer," Trinity said with a smirk as he wiped the drool off of his fatty muzzle, his jowls jiggling as he brushed his face with his chubby paw. "So, where's the main course?"

"Um... well," Billy mumbled, looking down and fumbling his paws. Even if the 19 year old weasel had the education of a fifth grader, he knew that getting in the way of a hungry wolf with a stomach the size of a bean bag chair was not a wise idea. Before he could respond, however, Earl quickly rushed off into the kitchen and returned with a large, heavy box labeled 'supplies.' "Uh, listen pal. We ain't done cooking your meals yet... and we can't finish due to, erm, grill issues," the pot-bellied ferret quickly stammered, avoiding eye contact with the spherical wolf. "Instead, how about we give you some frozen burgers for you to take 'ome and heat up? When ya run out, just come back here and we'll have another batch ready for ya." He said as he pushed the crate onto Trinity's enormous belly, noticing for the first time that it now reached over the counter.

"Oof... well, it's still free food," Trinity said with a smirk as he grabbed the box on top of his stomach, finding it difficult to properly grasp it due to his puffy moobs and tube-shaped arms. With a smile and a wave, the lumbering wolf slowly waddled to the front door, temporarily getting stuck at the doorway due to his thickened thighs and rear before managing to pop out, a massive wave of fat rippling all across Trinity multiple times. Billy continued to stare at the front entrance after the walking ball of wolf lard left, still trying to wrap his head around how it's possible an already obese fur suddenly gaining fifty pounds right before his eyes. He didn't have time to contemplate it much before Earl quickly tossed him a spatula and winked. "Better get cooking, boy. He's gonna be back tomorrow hungrier than ever!"

In an incredibly rare occurrence, Earl was right. As soon as the restaurant opened the next day, Trinity barged his way to the counter, looking fatter than ever, and asked for part of his lifetime supply of fast food. Once his small feast was presented to him, the gluttonous canine would suck up his food like a vacuum, his mind completely devoted to stuffing his face and nothing else. After finishing up his large meal, Trinity would produce the same belch he always made, thank the chefs, and waddle home a little wider, carrying another crate of frozen fast food to eat when he got home. Despite having to sink in hundreds of dollars' worth of meals just to give the widening wolf his free food, Earl found a major increase in profits! Word of mouth quickly spread when multiple furs noticed Trinity waddling around stuffing his face with burgers covered in wrappers that advertised the pot-bellied weasel's restaurant. Because of the gain in sales, Earl was always glad to see more of the corpulent canine... and more of him did he see!

Trinity had always been quite pear-shaped, even when he was only a pup, yet this new diet consisting of burgers, fries, sodas, and occasionally a shake was really taking a toll on his body. Every morning he would wake up to a towering tummy bulging in front of him, reducing his vision of the wall on the opposite side of the room. With each passing day, the fattening lupine could feel his stomach's weight more and more every morning, forcing a crater-sized dent into his bed. Gripping his bulbous belly, Trinity would then rock himself back and forth, his sloshing stomach remind him of a sailboat rocking back and forth on an endless ocean. With one final push, the rotund wolf would heave himself up into a sitting position. From then on, Trinity could finally get out of bed and start shuffling to his new favorite restaurant, imagining the freight loads of food he would stuff into his greedy fatty mouth.

Earl smiled at the long line of customers standing before him, all of them chatting with each other on what they were going to try today, even with such a limited selection of food. From inside the kitchen, Earl could hear his ferret son quickly cooking away, dexterously flipping burgers with one paw and frying up french fries with another. "Even if he is a pawful, that boy is useful in the kitchen," the pot-bellied mustelid thought to himself as he took the next customer's order, a bright pink fox asking for two burgers and a- "He's coming!!"

Almost immediately, the line of furs in front of the cash register dispersed and quickly congregated near the entrance, their snouts pressed up against the glass while they waited for the mascot. "See? He's almost here!" The same fur who shouted earlier barked excitedly as a large, lumpy vehicle slowly drove through the parking lot. Upon closer inspection, it was discovered that the large, lumpy vehicle was, in fact, Trinity riding a forklift!

All of the chatting inside of the restaurant ground to a halt as everyone got a better look at Trinity, and for a good reason! No one knew what to say when they saw quite possibly the world's fattest canine sitting right in front of them! Trinity's massive body nearly quadrupled in size, bulging out with enough fat to last an Eskimo an entire lifetime! His humongous stomach swollen up six feet in diameter, covered with more rolls than a Swedish bakery. His ample hips were wider than most cars, his rear covering the most space with yoga ball-sized cheeks. His thick, luscious man-boobs were perky enough for all of the women in Earl's restaurant to blush with silent envy, large enough to require a specialized bra made just for him. His thick thighs shared the same diameter as most palm trees, his right thigh currently wedged between the forklift's two prongs while his left one rested against the left prong, smothering the entire metal wedge with light grey flab. On top of that monstrosity of a body was the obese lupine's head, sporting two flabby cheeks that sagged down to his shoulders and multiple chins congealed with each other, forming a large single roll of flab. Even his ears looked plumper than usual!

With a downwards flick of a switch with his right thumb (the only movement the blob of a wolf could perform now-a-days), Trinity slowly lowered himself onto the ground, feeling his flab spread out in all directions as more of his weight was laid down on the cold concrete floor. Inhaling deeply through his nose, the morbidly obese canine panted quickly as he smelled another feast finishing up for him, his tail wiggling furious as if it were trying to unbury itself from underneath his massive butt. "Smells like someone's hungry," Earl said with a toothy grin as he strolled out of the entrance with two large trays filled to the brim with edibles, hearing Trinity's overburdened lungs breathe heavily a mile away.

"You *pant pant* know it," Trinity said in between gasps as he stared at the food laying on the silver platter, an emotion stirring up inside of him he could only describe as true love. Still struggling to control his breathing, the obese wolf leaned his head back and opened his maw as wide as he could, his back fat bunching up even more. Knowing better than to waste time, Earl quickly grabbed a burger and held it to Trinity's maw... only to discover he couldn't reach! The wolf was just too fat! The chubby weasel quickly circled the lardaceous canine in front of him, looking for a way to access his mouth without having to crawl on his body, only to discover no other alternative. Either his stomach was just too large or his hips just too wide. With a deep sigh, Earl rested the trays onto Trinity's chest, one tray per moob, and slowly crawled onto his massive stomach. It took all of the weasel's self control to not vomit on the spot. His arms and legs were imbedded deep into the corpulent wolf's stomach rolls, feeling sweat and old food stains. Despite the repulsive situation, however, Earl found it to be surprisingly comfortable! It was hard to believe he was laying on another fur's body; it felt more like laying on an enormous waterbed covered in soft fur... and sweat, and food stains. Come to think of it, nose plugs would be a wise investment right about now.

"Ya feedin' me or what?" Trinity grumbled, his mouth drying up after holding it open for so long.

"Oh, right, sorry." Earl stammered before he began feeding, sliding entire burgers whole into his morbidly obese customer's mouth. With a smug smile, Trinity began gulping down burger after greasy burger, chewing becoming too much of a hassle for the grey blimp. Deep down, he could feel his stomach quickly digest his incoming binge, swiftly pumping lard throughout his entire body. He could feel his stomach swell out even further, giving Earl more space to lay on. He could feel his useless arms and legs bloat further with flab, losing all feeling in them as blood flow began to cease. He could feel his humongous ass growing from underneath him, slowly rising him up. He could feel his forklift began to lean forward as its cargo exceeds the maximum weight limit. He could even feel his forehead getting a little fatter as well, dipping into his field of vision. Oh yes, he could feel himself grow fatter and fatter, his mobility grinding to a halt even with the help of vehicles. Soon, he would be completely reliant of others just to feed his bottomless stomach, furthering his expansion. It felt great...

Zooming off in the distance, a large yellow vehicle could be seen speeding towards Trinity, distracting both him and Earl from the feeding. Skidding to a halt next to them, a pudgy dragon-wolf hybrid stepped out of the car wheezing, holding a clipboard and pen. "Sir, my name is Denya and I'm a spoken representative from McDonalds. We've heard about how your indulging eating habits have turned this smalltime restaurant into a booming business. For the sake of everyone working under the golden arches, will you accept our life time supply of food in the hopes it will boost our own profits?"

Trinity's eyes shot wide open as he looked at Denya as if he were an angel. "M-m-more f-free f-food?" As those words escaped the stuttering behemoth's mouth, a dozen other cars of all shapes and sizes quickly crammed into the small parking lot, representatives from Wendy's, Burger King, Jack-in-the-box, Arby's, and more running over to beg Trinity to accept their food. Some even brought samples from their own restaurants and began crawling onto the wolf's bed-like belly, pushing each other out of the way as they practically force-fed him their cooking.

Trinity didn't know what to think anymore, his mind completely numb from the excitement. He couldn't fathom the idea that anything he ate made the restaurant it came from popular. With the remaining brainwaves he could muster, the blob of a wolf imagined himself in the not-so-far future, a colossal, shapeless canine that needed a team of firefighters just to wash a single fold of fat!

Life is amazing, don't ever forget it.