

A gentle chime rang through the store, mustering Glaz from his barely conscious daydreaming. A customer? At this time? The hefty kitsune's diner had only opened shop a few days prior and uptake in the small, predominantly herbivorous townsfolk had been slow so far. Even then, none of his customers had opted to do their business so early in the morning. He didn't even have a breakfast menu to offer them yet.

He lifted himself softly from his rocking chair by the grill, shuffling over to front-of-house so he could serve this unusually opportune patron.

His waddle came to a stop as he passed through the door to the kitchen, having been struck in the face by the image of a sweaty, greasy, morbidly obese pony. The mare struggled to contain a belch as she spoke, uttering a singular word to the kitsune standing before her: "More burgers."

Glaz just stared at her, jaw hanging loose.

"Burgers!" she repeated, more insistently.

Glaz snapped. "Burgers! Burgers! Yea! I can... Err... which one?" He motioned expressively towards the sign above the counter which listed his extensive range of products.

"Don't care," the pony uttered, not caring to look up, "All of them,"

"Err, sorry ma'am, that'll take a li'l while tuh cook up..."

"I'll wait,"

The pony immediately dropped in front of the counter, sitting to lay atop her thick, messy gut; lifting her hooves from the floor and nestling them into her own folds. Glaz just raised an eyebrow before turning towards the grill, opening the first packet of burger patties onto it.

The next few minutes progressed in excruciating silence. The pig of a mare did nothing and said nothing, the only sounds being her failed attempts to stifle repeated belches and the occasional grumbling of her stomach, clearly audible over the sizzling of the grill. He snook a peak at her through the kitchen doorway whenever an opportunity arose, taking in more of his customer's visage.

She was fat, that much was obvious. How fat was a different matter. Half a ton maybe? Perhaps even more. She was also filthy. Sweat clung to her body, dripping from her matted black mane, never dissipating despite her barely moving; the sheer abundance of it had turned her light grey coat a decidedly darker shade. Multi-coloured stains streaked down her face and chest, presumably the remnants of ketchup, mustard and other sauces, glowing like dying neon against her monochrome coat. A persistent stream of drool glistened down her chins, being added to any time she opened her maw.

“Order up!” Glaz called as he fumbled back to front of house, half a dozen trays precariously balanced in his arms. He set them down on the counter, his customer’s eyes visibly lighting up. “Now this one is the Muenster burger, it comes with—“

She interrupted him. Slowly she reached towards the nearest tray, wrapping her hoof around it and pulling the burgers towards her. Nonchalantly she forced four of them in her mouth, chewing on them minimally before gulping them down; a noticeable bulge visible running down her neck despite how swaddled with lard it was.

Glaz stood still, aghast. The pony ignored him, repeating the same actions with the next four burgers. Sauces splattered from between her lips, crumbs and flecks of meat escaping as she chewed through the the reserves; a low, satisfied moan rumbling with each mouthful. He was paralysed, awestruck as she devoured his entire range in the space of a few minutes. A thick, wet belch exploded from the pony’s maw. This time unstifled, it sprayed flecks of spit and food across the countertop.

One of the plastic trays blew to the floor, the clattering bringing Glaz back to the world and the huge pony currently inhabiting it.

“That...” he stuttered, “that’ll be a’hundred-sixteen bits, please,”

The pony nodded (well, wobbled) affirmatively, digging into one of her abundant folds to unearth a felt pouch filled with coins. She gracefully placed the warm, sweat-soaked bag onto the wet countertop. Turning back towards the front door at an excruciatingly slow pace.

Glaz just watches as she departed. Her rump was huge too, her cutie mark stretched and distorted, her tail dwarfed by their sheer size. Her gut dragged along the floor leaving a trail of sweat in its wake, like he’d just been visited by a

grossly oversized slug. She was just squeezing herself through the doors when he thought he should probably be asking more questions.

“Wait!” he called out, “Who are ya? What’s yer name, ma’am?”

The swollen pony squirmed uncomfortably in the doorway, struggling to look backwards past her own girth. “It’s... It’s Kim!”

“Glaz!” he called back, smiling, “I’ll... see you around,”

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A few days passed and Glaz didn’t see her around. In fact, for someone as large as that pony was her lack of presence almost seemed out of place—he just *expected* to be able to see her when passing by a crowd or wandering to the market.

Glaz stared at the clock suspended above the front door. Fifteen minutes to go ’til closing time. The evening had been fairly quiet—just a handful of customers—nothing out of the ordinary for an unknown, small-town diner on a Tuesday night.

He only saw the shuffling movement through the door for a moment before it swung open, the sound of the chime almost drowned out by the thunderous, wet belch that emanated from the gluttonous pony’s maw.

Kim was back.

“Kim!” Glaz cheered! He jogged to the front of the restaurant to greet her, quite purposefully guiding the pony to the table nearest the door lest it take the remaining fifteen minutes just for her to get to the counter. He proffered her one of the laminated menus as she once more placed herself onto the floor. “What’ll yer be havin’ tonight?”

“Burgers,” she blurted out, predictably.

“Comin’ right up!” Glaz hollered back, plodding his way back to the kitchen. He cooked up the goods as quickly as he could, bringing them out and placing them on the table in front of her. He sidled into the seat opposite while she started her slow, methodical gorging process.

She had apparently graduated up to five burgers at a time since before; each of them pushed forcefully past her greasy lips, chewed and swallowed with a minimum of fuss. Glaz watched her intently—the bulging of her cheeks as she stuffed them with food, the slow confidence of her chewing, the jumping of the beads of sweat as she swallowed, and the way her whole body rippled as she belched—becoming engrossed in the gross mare.

She had gone through the cycles a few times before he remembered he should probably be asking more questions. He cleared his throat softly, catching the mote of attention Kim wasn't dedicating to eating, before asking.

“Why do yer eat so many burgers?”

The pony just looked at him, silent all but for the wet chewing of the burgers in her mouth. She gulped down the mouthful, before answering. “They’re delicious,” she stuffed another burger into her muzzle, “and they’re wonderful,” and another, “and I need more of them,” and a third.

“Do yer eat anythin’ that ISN’T burgers?”

“Nnnnope!” she grinned proudly before belching, splattering flecks of half-chewed burger meat across the table. She quickly topped herself up with burgers again to compensate.

Glaz watched her in amazement, “That’s kinda nuts...”

“I said,” burp, “I need them!”

Glaz submitted himself to watching her for a while longer, stopping only to flip the door sign to closed when the time came. He sat back down and watched Kim dust off the last of the burgers. “Can I, can I get a—” she belched again, “a few more for the road?”

“Oh, yea, sure. How many d’ya want?”

“Gimme half again, I think,” she smiled softly, her grin cut short by her thick cheeks pressing against her muzzle. Glaz returned the smile and headed back to the kitchen, returning swiftly with several bags of burgers. He paused when he wondered how she’d actually carry them home.

Noticing his confusion she nodded (well, kinda nodded) towards her side. “Just,” belch, “stuff ‘em in there,”

Glaz looked to where she had motioned, towards one of the many deep folds that graced this blubbery behemoth’s body. Hesitantly he reached towards out, pushing the first bag deep into the mare’s hot, sweaty flab; the vague increase in pressure to her oversized stomach causing her to belch thunderously. The same happened with every bag he shoved between her rolls until only one remained. Kim interrupted him then.

“Mouth,”

“Ah’m sorry?”

“In my mouth,” Kim opened her maw wide, or at least as wide as her plush facial features permitted. A fresh stream of slobber dribbled down her chins.

Glaz quietly submitted himself to this fate; removing a burger from the bag and unwrapping it, feeding the specimen between her lips. She accepted it happily, chewing and gulping it down in a couple of seconds. He deposited the rest of the bag into a fold and went to open the doors for her, the cool night’s breeze comfortably wafting over Kim’s stuffed, sweaty rolls.

She arduously squeezed herself out of the double doorway. Glaz helped all he could, sinking his paws deep into Kim’s bulging rump as she panted and groaned with the effort of movement. She was barely over the precipice before she removed a burger from her folds to snack upon.

“Thanks,” she mumbled between heavy breaths.

“See yer later, Kim,” Glaz responded cheerily, “Come back soon!” He watched her go on her way for a few minutes (during which she made little progress) before heading back inside to shut up shop.

It wasn’t until later that evening that he remembered he hadn’t even billed her.

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Glaz didn't have to wait so long this time to see Kim again. He arrived to open up in the morning and she was already there, laying at the front doors with a feedbag around her muzzle.

"Kim?" he queried.

"Hi," her muffled voice sounded back. "Burgers?"

He inched around her bulk, slotting his key into the door, "Jus' gimme a few to warm up t'grill and ah'll be right on it,"

He headed on back to the kitchen while Kim squeezed herself inside. He didn't know how, but she was visibly fatter than she was the night before. Goodness knows how much she ate when she wasn't here but it was doing wonders to her waistline. Maybe she was like this at every diner in town?

It was over half an hour until he could get the first round of burgers out to her. She smiled and dived right into them as they were placed before her, engorging herself like she loved to do, splattering grease across herself like the pig she ultimately was. Glaz tended to his other duties while she ate, though he was sure to always keep an eye on her food supply...

The second round of burgers came and went, as did a third. Usually by now someone else would've at least popped in for a coffee, but it seemed the chances of any other business today was slim with such a gluttonous slob parked right beside the door. At least she was buying stuff.

She was part way through ordering a forth course when Glaz plopped down on a seat with her.

"Yer know, yer drummin' up quite a big bill 'ere. Yer sure yer've got th' bits for all'a this?"

Kim nodded vigorously, the shaking rippling through her body. "Yuuuuup! Grey gives me all the money I want if it means getting out the house!"

"Who's Grey? Yer father?"

"My brother! We're twins! We look juuuuuuuuuust alike!"

Glaz briefly imagined having a second blob of pony invading his shop before pushing it out of his mind. “An’ he knows yer spendin’ near a thousan’ bits on burgers a day?”

Kim just shrugged, her mouth too full of burgers to give any more detail. She quickly splattered a few bits worth of burgers over Glaz as a monstrous, greasy belch exploded from her mouth. “Sorry,” she mumbled semi-apologetically, refilling her greedy maw.

The rotund kitsune huffed and went back to the kitchen to wipe himself down. He made a point of not getting too close to the increasingly gassy mare for the rest of the day as she downed more and more of his less-than-healthy stock. She didn’t leave until it was almost time to close, at which point she had probably eaten hundreds of burgers and was practically incapable of leaving anyway. It took an awful lot of pushing and a liberal application of butter to squeeze her through the double doors today. The lubrication of her own sweating, greasy rolls ultimately did more to shift her weight than her legs did.

Glaz saw her off with a refreshed feedbag. She vowed to return the next morning. He vowed that she wouldn’t be able to leave here again.

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The next day Kim wasn’t there for opening, actually surprising given the last two days. Maybe she was running late? Maybe, more ominously, the world had resolved his vow for him.

Glaz pondered on it for a moment before his eye caught the streak of stained flooring that remained from Kim’s disgusting hide the night before. He sighed and went to the backroom to fetch a mop.

The morning played out like every other sans-Kim day. A handful of patrons came, ate, paid and left. The slow pace of work and relatively meagre sales almost made Glaz lament her absence; his wandering thoughts found respite in the lunch rush, but by the early afternoon he was starting to daydream about the huge pony and her bottomless appetite again. He—being a kitsune of not insignificant size in a town full of ponies—was vastly taller and wider than anyone in the town, that had been the case since his arrival, but now he suddenly had someone who challenged his excesses with her own, and he found it oddly charming.

His dreaming was interrupted by the chime of the bell as the front doors were thrown open. “Burgers!” screamed the pegasus, trotting at speed to the counter, “Burgers!”

“Ah’m sorry, sir?” Glaz looked at him curiously.

“Burgers!” spluttered the stallion, “All of them! Every type! To go!”

“Are yer sure ab—?”

He interrupted, “Yes I’m sure! Burgers! Please! Before she complains more!”

Glaz moved towards the grill and started preparing the vague order. He kept the stallion in view however... grey fur, black hair, pegasus... ““Ang on, yer not Grey, are ya?”

“Wuh?” he spluttered, “Oh, yes, yes I am. How do you know that?”

“Yer sister Kim’s been comin’ in ‘ere a lot lately. She ate most’ah my stock room jus’ yesterday! Gal can’t ‘alf pack it away, can she?”

Grey stood agape for a moment as he tried to comprehend this information.

“How... how much did she eat?” he muttered, suddenly quiet.

“Goodness knows,” Glaz answered, tending to the dozens of grilling burgers, “A couple dozen milkshakes and hundreds’ah burgers. *Literally* hundreds,”

He could hear Grey curse under his breath. The conversation fell silent for a while.

“Sorry, but after you’re done cooking... are you able to just... come with me, afterward?” The pegasus stuttered slightly, motioning towards the door. He hesitated more when he saw confusion grow on Glaz’s face. “I’ll pay you! For having to close, I mean! Not for anything weird! It’s just to see Kim! I am not going to do anything weird to you,”

“Ah... guess?”

“Cool,”

It took another half an hour for Glaz to cook enough burgers to ease Grey's worries about how much his sister would eat. He packed them into paper bags and closed up shop, joining Grey on the short journey back to his house.

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"Kim! I'm home!" Grey shouted as they passed over the threshold.

"Hey Gre-EEEEUUURRRRRPPPP!" came the response.

"She's been doing that all morning. *Apparently* something she ate," Grey muttered, hardly concealing his annoyance. Glaz barely acknowledged him, he was busy taking in his surroundings. For one, this place was *small*. A tiny, dingy flat above a nondescript shop didn't seem a likely home for a mare who could spend thousands of bits a day on stuffing her face. He could only wonder how Kim had managed to navigate in here, given the trouble he was having in the narrow entranceway. "C'mon," Grey mumbled to him, motioning forwards to an open doorway ahead of them.

As he rounded the corner, Glaz came face to face with his new best customer, "Oh..."

Kim was immense. He had seen her less than 24 hours ago and yet she seemed to have sprung out hundreds more pounds in the interim. Her hooves that had once only barely reached the floor were now kneading at her own blubber instead, her cellulite-pocked rolls were overflowing her makeshift bed by several inches, in this position even her back had gained significant leverage over her, rising higher than the tips of her ears. As she laid there, still splattered with the debris of hundreds of devoured burgers, she looked like even more of a disgusting blob than usual.

Grey stepped towards her with the burgers. Her size and lethargy did little to disguise her giddiness at the prospect of more burgers, still trying eagerly to push them into her little piggy mouth as her brother fed them to her.

Glaz watched from the doorway with fascination. She tried to move, no doubt about that, but every motion just led to the same ineffective jiggling. She practically sucked the burgers from her brother's grasp, drunkenly giggling as she regimentally added tens of thousands of calories to her hulking, slimy frame. He glanced around, every surface and much of the floor covered in burger wrappers.

She was addicted. Drunken with lust. Fuelled only by meat patties and the accouplements that came with them. It was a short few minutes before the supply was exhausted, Kim immediately calling for more with her mantra: "Burgers!"

Grey pulled back towards the doorway.

"She's bottomless, int she?" Glaz muttered to him.

Grey hummed in agreement, "That's why I brought you here. You helped get her this huge, least you could do is deal with the consequences," Glaz was about to retort when Grey cut him off, "I'll pay you five hundred bits a day to keep her fed. I'll pay for the food too, all you have to worry about is keeping her happy. Alright?"

Glaz struggled to formulate an answer. Grey turned to him.

"I have a job and a life. I used to just throw money at her to keep her out of my mane, but that isn't gonna work now. I don't intend to spend the rest of my life babysitting a beached whale; but I'll sure as hell hire someone else to do it for me. What'dya say?"

Glaz stuttered again, looking back to the very greasy, very whale-like pony whose calls for burgers were getting increasingly more insistent.

Grey was quickly losing heart at the silent treatment to his offer, "Six hundred a day?"

"Yeah," Glaz finally mustered, "Yeah, sure, ah'll do it. Ah'm so, so sorry ah did this to 'er. Ah'll look after 'er, don't worry about it,"

The stallion grinned, "Sorry for inflicting her upon your restaurant,"

Another cry for burgers rang out through the room.

"Ah guess ah'll get a start on it, then?"

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The next couple of days consisted of hourly home deliveries through the daylight hours. Glaz would cook up a hundred burgers and carry them over, quickly feeding them to the needy slob before he headed back to the diner kitchen for another batch. Quickly finding the situation untenable, he coaxed Grey into paying to have her relocated to the now-shuttered establishment, where he could effectively conveyer them to her straight from the grill.

Freed of mobility and with a near constant supply of food, Kim's weight exploded. The great unwashed lump engorged herself ever more freely. She ate from morning to night, her need for burgers insatiable. She became progressively shapeless as her torso swallowed up her limbs. Her health and hygiene declined to match, the diner permeated by the vicious odour of her gassy byproducts and ferocious meat sweat. The floor becoming coated in a layer of sticky residue; crumbs, sweat, slobber and spillages that were collecting around her for every minute she ate.

As she spread out to almost triple the width of the doorway Glaz realised he was no longer merely being challenged by her size, he was being significantly surpassed by it.

The months dragged on. Glaz found himself bored by the day-to-day monotony but unable to complain. He made more money now than he did with the diner open, and he got a front row seat to witness his best customer becoming his greatest customer—something he had to admit he enjoyed.

Over time he found himself becoming more like her. He spent his entire day (and most nights) in the restaurant. He started eating with her, piling burgers on the grill—the only foodstuff the fridges contained—laying against her gelatinous pudge as they gorged themselves, putting away dozens and eventually hundreds of burgers of his own. He got fatter, slower, lazier. He stopped washing, his fur becoming shaggy and slicked by the cooker's grease. His gut began to drag across the floor as he carried more burgers from the grill, viscous sweat dribbling onto the sticky floor, groaning from the exertion of moving. He couldn't fit through the doors anymore, trapped with Kim, the sweaty, greasy, morbidly obese pony.

Cooking took a back seat to feeding. Burgers were cooked in batches of four dozen, grilled for as little time as possible before being shoved into needy mouths and replaced with another four dozen. They ate with a burning obsession. Kim's bulk flooded the restaurant, so obscenely fat that her cheeks barely permitted her

sight. Glaz barely maintained mobility, forced into activity from waddling back and forth to feed the behemoth mare's appetite. His moobs alone weighed more than most ponies, but this one seemed intent on outsizing him forever.

He turned to the grill, barely visible past the kitsune's extensive gut, muttering the only mantra that mattered to them now: "More burgers..."