

Heavy pants and whimpers of strained effort filled the stairwell. Stairs groaned under the weight of heavy labored footsteps. David hefted his gut in his palms trying to rub and sooth the large heavy sphere as it gurgled and churned. The canine's legs pressed up into the ponderous gut's sagging underside causing it to shift and sway side to side with every awkward waddling step upward. The fat dog let out a rumbling belch that reverberated and echoed off the walls in an attempt to ease the pressure in his tightly overstuffed gut. He had done it this time..

David had always been a bit of glutton, his mind almost always preoccupied with food. Lately though his self control had been nonexistent, always grabbing 'just one more' doughnut till the whole dozen had disappeared down his gullet. More and more he had begun sneaking snacks to his desk. His lunch breaks getting longer and longer.

Eventually, the growing hunger and greed emboldened the him enough to pilfer the entire fridge, plus the few dozen boxes of doughnuts set aside for the big company wide staff meeting! The mutt had simply crammed everything into his now grossly over stuffed, groaning stomach.

Every labored step caused the gluttonous canine to belch and whimper pathetically. It was but a single floor from the kitchen and break room to his office, and yet it felt like the longest distance he'd ever had to waddle. Finally he reached the top of the flight, his stubby legs wavering and trembling under his ponderous mass. Winded, David slumped to the wall to catch his breath. With one paw cradling his gut, he looked from his wide ponderous middle to the stairwell door, and back again. In his current state it was difficult to believe he had just walked through that door no problem a mere hour ago. His waistline had at least doubled in that intervening time.

He stared at the doorway, ears folded back as he hesitated and contemplated how he was going to wedge himself though such a narrow space. He waddled forward and turned to his side. The over fed canine took a deep breath and held it while pulling his gut in and holding it back with his arms best he could. He shuffled awkwardly, waddling sideways to squeeze his bulk though. Slowly he pushed through the door, grunting and huffing with effort as even sucked in his bloated belly squished and bulged around the frame. The pushing and squeezing on his bulk made him belch between grunts of effort. As he struggled his gut gurgled and groaned, an ominous pressure building in his lower gut as it was shifted and sloshed around.

The canine whimpered and clenched as his stomach noisily rumbled. Gas building up painfully, seeking exit though a more embarrassing channel. Finally he pulled free of the tight frame but not before a loud "crack!" echoed through the air. David stumbled forward from the sudden lack of resistance groaning in pain as he clumsily flopped to the ground. He looked up at the door to survey the damage and sure enough, there were quite visible cracks running along its border. The wide canine cursed under his breath and face his face flush a deep burning red, remembering how long it took for the jokes to die down last time something like this had happened. He hastily clambered to his feet lumbering off before anyone came to investigate the noise. That one lax moment was all the pent up gas needed. In his haste to move the bloated canine relaxed just a little too much, allowing a loud reverberating fart to force its way out.

The shameful sound echoed off the walls, filling his ears as they lay flat on his head. The canines face burned beet red as he quickly waddled away, avoiding the gazes of those who now came to investigate the earlier cracking sounds and floor shaking thud. In his haste to escape the snickering

and now no doubt judgmental glares -he didn't dare meet any to confirm- he felt on his jiggling bulk. The bloated dog clumsily bumped and knocked into some of the onlookers bowling them over. If he could just get back to his desk maybe it would all blow over if he kept out of sight and pretended nothing happened.

Cubicles shifted and scraped across the floor as David's bulk bumped and squeezed through them. The bloated mutt gave a sigh of relief as he slumped down into his chair. The massive canine's rump overflowed the seat as his side rolls pressed and formed against the armrest, nearly obscuring them with flab. Below all that settling bulk, his chair groaned and creaked. Its pneumatic mechanism hissed and cracked, giving out under the weight, causing the chair to drop suddenly. That sudden shift of weight was the last straw for David's poor chair. Its legs and support crumbled and snapped, dumping the gluttonous dog onto the floor with a massive tremor. He just lay sprawled belly up on the floor, groaning and rubbing his hill of a gut. It just wasn't his day today...

A sudden ringing snapped David out of his stupor of self pity. Part of him wanted to just lay there and let it ring, but he knew all too well that would only make things worse. With a grunt of effort he pulled himself to a sitting position and blindly reached up to the desk to fumble for the phone. Fat fingers clumsily groped and felt for the receiver knocking over most everything in his haste, causing pens and stray paperclips to rain down over him. Finally the large paw found the receiver, picking it up and slowly bringing it to ear. Even as he brought it up David could already hear the loud shouts of his boss, demanding to see the glutton in his office ASAP. The canine gave a meek acknowledgment before wincing at the audible slam of the receiver on the other end of the line.

It took a good five more minutes for the overstuffed canine to heft himself up and waddle down the hall to the office. He hesitated at the door, a chubby paw on the knob. The fat canine took a deep breath and sucked in his gut best he could, bracing himself as he opened the door to meet the cold glare of his boss.

The fennec fox stood glaring up at David. He was little more than half the mutts height, staring daggers at the round gut before him as he stood tapping his foot impatiently. The boss' tail flicked with agitation. He jabbed a finger in his underlings mass, making it quiver as he spat a mocking remark about keeping 'well fed'. The fennec then continued, inquiring about the missing doughnuts and damage, firmly demanding an explanation.

David simply looked to the floor, grunting in discomfort from the jabs at his groaning middle. He muttered excuses about being hungry and unable to control himself. This only angered his boss, who's temper was near short as his stature. The fennec went off yelling about the costs of the repairs, the disrespect of personal property and all the wasted time. The boss going so far as to toss a few well used weight related insults that David was by now all too used to. The berated canine whimpered, gripping his gut as it quivered and sloshed, groaning from repeated sharp prods. He barely heard anything being said, too distracted by his agitated gut, feeling his hunger begin to spike.

David's thoughts drifted as his belly rumbled loudly now. The greedy canine drooled as he stared off, only picking up a single word of his bosses rant "doughnuts". A sharp slap to his gut made the hungry canine yelp out, drawing his attention down to its source. He looked down and saw... a doughnut? Quite a large one too! It seemed rather agitated, continuing to smack and abuse the heavily sagging gut before it. The ravenous canine soon came to the most obvious conclusion: It simply wanted

to be in his gut! Wasting no time he picked up the feisty pastry, which now squirmed in excitement.

The boss squeaked out in surprise demanding what David was doing. The fatso's grip was surprisingly strong, holding the fennec tight despite his frantic flailing and pushing. The small fox's eyes went wide as the gluttonous canine opened his drooling maw. Impossible! This fat idiot surely wasn't going to eat him, right?! A frantic scream for help was quickly muffled as he was forced past those drool dripping jaws. His vision was dominated by the glutton's maw before all light was blocked out. A firm gulp sent the small fox sliding down the dog's throat. He thrashed and kicked to no avail, now not much more than a bulge traveling down David's neck. Another swallow pulled him deeper, forcing him to curl in the damp humid confines of the greedy belly surrounded with chunks of half eaten food. The fennec growled and gave a sharp kick at the wall. He hoped he would give that mindless fat ass indigestion.

The sudden kick in his belly made David double over and groan, belching out. He looked around in confusion. Where did his boss go? Wasn't he just being chewed out? Another jolt from in his belly made him grip and rub it. A muffled shout came from his middle, causing his face to go pale as the realization dawned on him. He was definitely fired now. Now what was he gonna do to pay for food...