

Owl-You-Can-Eat

Vermillion and violet streaked lazily across the horizon, weaving between the distant hills as a handful of cars glided noiselessly about the little city. The early morning sun scantily lit the parking lot of the 24-hour IHOP. A single car pulled in. Separated from the employee vehicles, it stood out in the nigh-empty pavement lot. Two figures hopped out and headed to the entrance, their quiet chatter the only audible noise outside in the five-AM quiet.

"You excited? I'm excited." The chubby-buff, black and brown dog nudged his shorter owl partner. "Yes. I was also excited the other eight-thousand times you probably asked me on the way over here." The burnt orange and coffee-hued bird gave Brutus a sportive look. "You of all people should *know* how excited I am. Babe, I just *gotta* get my mitts on those deliciously fluffy *and* all-you-can-eat short-stacks of IHOP pancakes." The dog giggled as Jasper held the door for him. "Of course! Yeah..." He was silent for a moment until they entered. "...So, you excited?" Brutus grinned. "Jesus christ. Get in here already." They smiled and shook their head.

No one was waiting at the front podium to greet the pair. It was just too early to expect regular customers, so the few employees present simply checked the front door on occasion. Having a bit of time to themselves, the duo took the opportunity to survey the restaurant. While scoping out the best place to sit, they noticed they stood out quite a bit from the scant few customers who were present. Both of them were clad in plaid and shorts. Jasper sported a yellow and grey with a black tank top underneath and jean-shorts, while Brutus wore a turquoise and black button-up, pink tank beneath, and a pair of black cargo shorts. The other patrons included a group of grey-furred older folk, likely to be heading to church shortly after, and a calico cat passed out in a booth with a hat over their eyes. "Well, it's *close* to dead, at least. Doesn't even look like that other group is *having* pancakes," Jasper commented. "Monsters," Brutus quietly replied. The owl turned to find the dog focused on all the colorful animals in the claw machine game.

Before they could grab his attention back, a shark greeted them. "Just two?" Brutus swiveled and stomped over, ready to get to a table. "Yup! Can we get a booth in the back? Like, waaay in the back?" She eyed the two of them incredulously. Jasper was quick to defend. "We just uh... really like pancakes." The shark's look didn't change. A tired "Mmhm," was all she gave as she grabbed two menus and headed around the corner. The two exchanged nonchalant shrugs and followed. The

server took them to a back corner of the restaurant where only a handful of booths sat near a covered window. She seated them in the middle booth, the couple choosing to scoot in across from each other. The shark set the menus down in front of them.

“And what’ll you be having for dr--” “Pancakes,” Brutus interrupted. Jasper added quickly: “The uh... all-you-can-eat ones, please.” She blinked slowly, eyes half-lidded. Clearing her throat, she repeated herself. “*Drinks?*” “Oh! Yup! Yeah. Totally wasn’t jumping the gun. Uh, I’ll have orange juice and Brutus probably wants milk.” The dog nodded matter-of-factly. She retrieved the unopened menus. “I’ll have ‘em out shortly.”

Soon, she had left the two completely alone in their little corner of the restaurant. Brutus barely registered that she’d gone before speaking. “So, how many stacks are you gonna eat? Thirty or so? It’d be good to see you softer! I think the look would suit you. You’ve got such a good tum already, though.” A warm smile brewed on his face, just a hint of tease peeking through. Jasper smiled back, unphased. “You say that as if you won’t pig out yourself. You’re already the bigger one. Think you’ll even be able to get up after this? Cause I dunno how four-hundred pancakes crammed into a single dog could possibly be mobile.” Brutus shrugged. “Eh, probably not. Neither will you, though! I know how much you can’t resist these things.” The owl tilted their head. “True. But I have *some* self-control, y’know. I usually stop at four stacks. Five at most. No more.” Brutus grinned and leaned in. “Guess we’ll see! But I’m betting my owl’s got a muuuch bigger appetite than just *five* stacks’ll fix.” “Don’t be on it. That’s a bet you would not win. We’ll see who ends up too big to get back in the car. And I *know* it won’t be... me.” Jasper cleared their throat awkwardly as the server returned and set their beverages down. Along with them came their inaugural stacks of fresh, fluffy pancakes. She quickly left, leaving the two to dig in.

Jasper took in the smell, savoring the delectable warmth of the hotcakes. Truly, this was food in its purest form. They drizzled hot syrup across the surface, watching the butter melt and spread naturally across them. They licked their beak. Unable to keep from it any longer, they dug their fork and knife into all three at once. A sizeable chunk was pulled off and stuffed home. Brutus, meanwhile, was almost done. The dog had barely taken the time to put syrup on before picking the entire stack up at once with his fork and chomping away at it. In seconds, both stacks were gone. Only traces of syrup remained on the plates. The server entered

the room for barely a moment. As soon as she took in the two of them looking back at her with empty plates, she swiveled and headed back out to get more.

"Hmmm the possibility of you making it back to the car without a forklift or other heavy machinery is looking less likely with you inhaling the whole plate in half a second, hun." He shrugged, patting his modest tummy. "Woah, nice. Sounds fun to me." Jasper opened their beak to reply, but two more plates of pancakes were plopped down. Brutus caught the server before she scampered off. "Oh, hey! We uh... we're probably gonna eat a whole lot of these. Like, an incredible amount of these. More than you've seen in a whole day before. So you can just keep throwing in orders for 'em to make it easier on you. Go ahead and put in uh... ten or so? Maybe twenty. Yeah, definitely twenty." She gave him a baffled look. "I don't think we're allowed to--" She took a breath. "If it'll make things easier, then fine. But if you can't eat 'em all you're paying for every wasted stack, okay? Cause I'm not supposed to do this." His face lit up. "Cool! Deal." She left, Jasper looking at him in awe.

"TWEN-ty?! Brutus, I love these but there's no way--" "Oh no! Guess you'll have to pay for what you can't eat, then. I'm eating my ten stacks. Hope you can, too!" "No, I *can* eat that many, I just-- that seems like a bad uh..." Seeing the dog grin at them, they rolled their eyes. "Oh my god... alright. Fine. You're on. Not a big deal at all. Just ten stacks."

And out the imposing pile of pancakes came. The server was having trouble carrying the whole tray, and it took a good minute to set the numerous amount of plates on the table, but she managed. She left them with ample supply of syrup and headed back out. Brutus wasted no time in vacuuming them up; the bottomless pit having no qualms with stuffing himself. Jasper, on the other hand, knew they couldn't bare to let a single hotcake go to waste, despite knowing it probably wasn't the best idea. "Dammit..." They started to eat, picking up speed.

Though both were in too much of a food frenzy to notice, they were starting to pack on mass and weight. Bru's gut was swelling outwards underneath the table, starting to fill the entirety of the room in his shirt. Black, padded fur started to seep through the gaps between buttons. As he neared the end of his ten stacks, they finally started to snap off. With his tank top riding up the expanse of his middle, his bloating belly was left to sag in his lap, having ample room to grow now. Jasper's middle had fattened up in tandem, though since Brutus finished first their shirt was still intact currently. Hearing the clang of one of the buttons hitting a table leg, the owl stopped binging with a single stack left. "What was... that... Oh." The ten total stacks showed in the bird's middle, leaving them with an overblown paunch which

churned as it rested on their thighs, gurgling noisily. “Uhhhh... well. Huh.” Bending sideways to glance under the table, they saw the missing buttons on their partner’s shirt. “Crap, I better just...” They reached down with their talons to grasp at their overburdened buttons, but at the roundest peak of their belly it was just too tight to take them out at this point. Straining and grunting, they fought at it until the dog across from them spoke up. “Here, here, hang on! I got you.”

He scooted out from his booth and stood, belly hanging out in full view for the bird, jiggling lightly as it was still taut from being overfull with pancakes. “Thanks, I--” A rolled up cake was gently placed in their beak, making Jasper instinctively chew and swallow it. “Wait, that’s not help--” And another. The avian was unable to help themselves do anything but down every pancake shoved their way. They were too good. When the last one was shoved home by their loving partner, the offending buttons finally popped off in tandem.

Taking his seat again, Brutus waited for Jasper’s inevitable retort. Strangely, it never came. The owl simply removed their partially ruined shirt and set it to the side of them in the booth, clearing their throat. “So, wow! Those were real tasty, but time to be moving on don’t ya think?” Brutus shrugged. “I’m still hungry! I bet you could use more, too! I *know* you can *always* go for more pancakes, right?” They fell silent once more. Before they could respond, the server abruptly returned. She looked on in awe and horror, seeing the pile of empty plates and their rounded stomachs. The server returned the already-written check to her waist apron and cleared the table of all the syrupy plates. “You two really... ate all that.” She shook her head in disbelief. “Alright, well... more coming up, then.” Jasper hadn’t managed to react in time when they heard that, speaking up just a little too late. “Wait, more...?” They looked across the table. “She had the check, though, I saw it... and... oh god you *did* say to keep them coming. Oh, I forgot. Ohhh-kay. Well. Huh.” The owl swallowed, afraid to look down at their middle, though they could feel it pushing up their tank as it muffin-topped their jorts.

“Oooh, getting a little nervous, huh? Maybe just the teensiest bit embarrassed at how big you’re getting?” “I’m barely bigger at all. Maybe not any at all. Stomach’s just full. We ate a lot. It goes away. ...Shut up.” They took a long drink of their orange juice to end that line of conversation. “Y’know juice is also fattening. Probably will just make your belly all sloshy, too, Jasp,” Brutus said matter-of-factly. Jasper choked on their drink. They quickly recovered, trying to keep their cool demeanor as they wiped off their beak with a napkin. “A glass of orange juice won’t do anything, I’ll be *fine*.” “Fine, yeah! Just bigger. Which is fine.”

In little time, the server arrived with a numerous amount of pancake stacks. It was too many to even keep track of, and she had to make two trips just to carry all of them. Every stack was piled as high as it could be without falling. The cooks had even gotten creative and made the bottom pancakes larger to hold more atop them, resulting in an absolutely massive feast of plain, butter and syrup pancakes. It was clear the server was finding the current spectacle of the two the most interesting thing happening in her job at that moment, as she'd turned it almost into a sort of game. "Same thing goes. Any you don't eat, you pay for, and I'm gonna keep 'em coming until you say to stop or we run out of batter. ...Good luck." She stepped off before either could react once again.

Brutus shrugged and dug in. Jasper stared. "Oh no. That's... too many pancakes. There's no way..." "No way you can what? Eat all those?" Brutus spoke between bites. "...I bet you can. And I bet you will! More like there's no way you can eat them without getting really, *really* dang *fat*. That's a much more accurate way of putting it, hun." "Wh-- uh." They cut themselves off, focusing on resisting the perfectly cooked treats. But there wasn't any chance of that. No, they were *too* perfect. Reluctantly, they ate. And ate. And ate. And *ate*. The bird got sloppier, seeming *more* ravenous the more they consumed. No longer was each stack lovingly spread with butter, doused with syrup and cut apart piecemeal for each bite. In their greed, Jasper had adopted Brutus's method of simply pouring a gob of syrup on and grabbing whole pancakes, sometimes entire *stacks*, and downing them in a single gulp. And as the two tore through their supply at lightning-speed, it was replenished just as fast; the plates never even seemed to diminish.

With no sort of control to the flow to mark an endpoint and their increased voracity, their weights began to skyrocket. Brutus had a slightly faster pace than his partner, sucking in food like the black hole of a dog he truly was. He thickened up at an alarming rate as buttery, fluffy dog lard began to pad his already chunky frame. His broadening butt, hips and thighs started to tear apart his shorts, the garment clinging for dear life. His shirt, which was not removed after the buttons popped, quickly became buttonless and was demolished by his widening waist and sides. His gut was unrivaled, however, expanding in all directions like rising bread dough. It began to fill out his booth, sagging off of his lap to the sides. The brown-black swell of dog bulk pressed so much into the table it began to encroach upon it, rolling up over it and spreading across its surface. Jasper was experiencing the same thing to a slightly lesser degree. Their jean-shorts popped their own button as they struggled to hold so much bird mass, just beginning to show the telltale signs of

ripping across the back. There, their butt and thighs seemed to be taking a bigger hit, their cheeks amassing a girthiness that rivaled beach balls. Though, as with their boyfriend, their belly was biggest. The squishy volume of feathery lard had taken to be about two feet in diameter now, just undersized by Brutus's three-foot monster of a paunch, though still incredibly big. As that balloon-like sphere fattened and spread over the table, it nudged their empty glass of orange juice. A sudden intake of an entire stack of pancakes at once bwoomphed it out, causing cup to clatter against the table.

Both of them looked up, taking their sizes in. Jasper's eyes widened slightly while Brutus just grinned. "I-I uh... Meant to do that." "You meant to get so fat you start pushing all the dishes out of the way? Hmmmmmm that seems just a *little* inaccurate." "I'm not fat, I just. Uh. It's... full. ...*Very* full." "I'm sure it is! But that doesn't explain the rest of you. You're plumping up all over, Jasp! Really packin' on the pounds!" They felt their cheeks grow hot and panicked, stuffing more pancakes into their beak so they'd have time to come up with a good retort. They swallowed them down, still drawing a blank. "Uh... you're... Just! Shut up. I'm not. You're the one getting big, just look at you! You're tremendous. Massive. You can barely see over yourself!" "I am! Yours is almost as big, 'cause you ate about as much as I did. So if I'm massive, and you're baaarely smaller than me, what's that make you? Big? Grand? Hefty? Really *fat*?" Jasper sweat audibly. "You-- ...I'm *not*-- This is just... orange... juice... Hey! Hey, uh--" More fresh stacks of pancakes were placed on the table. "Hey, more pancakes! Cool, right? I'm gonna... eat those and not uh... talk. Just a few more, and I'm gonna stop and we'll leave and this uh... fullness! Will wear off. Yup." Brutus smiled knowingly. "Uh-huh."

Jasper attempted to keep eating, but their belly was in the way a bit. Brutus honed in on the opportunity immediately. "Oh! Looks like you got too big to reach past your belly very well." "Wh-- No! No, I didn't! I'm fine! I just--" "Aw, poor bloated Jasp. Here, lemme help." Brutus pushed the table away, turning it to its side so the pair could still reach its contents while not having it obstructed by their growth. However, with nothing impeding against their middles, the pair's guts flopped outward and downward suddenly, making them jiggle plentifully as they flopped into their laps. Brutus simply patted his own as it did so, unphased. Jasper had not been prepared. In the heat of the moment, they attempted to futilely hide it with their talons, but it was *far* too large; they could hardly reach around it at all. In doing so, they also sent it wobbling anew with every movement. In the end, they had to steady their belly by squeezing it, though this backfired as well as the sensation of

squishing their talons into their own flab felt much nicer than anticipated. They were left blushing for a moment, but Brutus caught it. "Pink looks nice on your cheeks. It really brings out the red-orange of your big, jiggly belly, blubberbird." Jasper stammered incoherently as they reached for an excuse. Finding none, they dove back into the pancakes as a last resort. The dog snickered before joining them.

It didn't take long before their growing guts finally bumped into each other, causing them to break from their seemingly-infinite feast once more. "Oh! O-Oh uh... UHH..." Jasper did all they could to pull their belly back, but it had grown another foot or so in the short amount of time. They just barely managed to get a grip on all of it and heft it backwards enough to stop the contact, but in turn, Brutus simply leaned forward and closed the gap. "Hey! You can't just do that!" "Sure I can! It feels really nice; two fat bellies bumpin' together." "No it does *not*. This doesn't... I don't feel anything." Brutus gave them puppy-dog eyes. "Aw... Jasp doesn't like to touch our big tums together... I'm gonna cry." "That is *cheap* and you know it." He grinned. "So is this."

He stood and made his way over to Jasper's side, scooching them into the corner and sitting between them and the food. He squished the edge of his gut against them in the booth, slyly smiling over at them. "Oh hey, just so you know, you're blushing again." "I am n-mpf..." The mischievous dog had taken the opportunity to shove another stack in when Jasper opened their mouth, renewing the pink color on the bird's cheeks. He followed up with an affectionate peck of a kiss to their beak. "Now you are!" They grumbled, but allowed Brutus to feed them while making sure his own muzzle stayed properly full.

This carried on for a while longer, Brutus making sure to give plenty of attention to the bird's middle as it grew and grew. He teased and grabbed at it, sometimes giving it a big squeeze or giving it a playful slap to watch as it reverberated lethargically against his own. Any retorts from the bird became an opportunity to feed them more, which they minded much less than they let on. If that blush ever faded, he would sneak in a quick smooch to their beak, bringing it back in full force.

The results of their nigh-endless feast were readily apparent. Brutus had just about doubled in size from earlier, sporting a veritably mountainous paunch. Spare tire didn't do it justice without 'monster truck' added in as an adjective. It was big enough to droop to the floor, almost reaching the booth across from them on its own; nearly five feet wide at its thickest point. His shorts had long since burst from his bodaciously big bottom half, and his tank top didn't even manage to cling to his

chest; no part of him was thin enough for it to stay intact. Jasper had grown much, *much* fatter. Their thigh gap was nonexistent, replaced by doughy tree-trunks and two over-inflated beach balls of rump large enough to infringe upon Brutus's own, fighting for space. In their lap, however, rested something far larger. Now an irrevocable, undeniable testament of their inherent gluttony, Jasper's belly was *far* too vast to simply excuse away anymore. It rivaled the average recliner in width, nearly four-feet of girth all around. Brutus couldn't be more giggly if he tried, keeping up his teases the entire time. "Look at *all* of this bird! Now, I'm just saying that is a *lot of owl* right there." He pressed a chunky paw into their expanse of tum. "So much... I can even *feel* that your butt got bigger, too. Don't even have to see it. That's how big you are. Huge." "...W-Whatever..." was all they could think of as they let themselves be stuffed.

Being against the wall, the puffed-up owl had nearly pushed Brutus out of the booth by the time the hotcakes stopped flowing and their check finally arrived. In the end, the restaurant ran out of batter well before either of them showed signs of stopping. Brutus only noticed when his syrup-sticky paw no longer touched pancake when it reached for it. Seeing the check, he lamented. "Aww... guess that's all they got. ...Where's my wallet?" He dug into his rolls of lard, eventually loosing what was left of his shorts, retrieving them along with his wallet. The over-plumped dog rested it on his fat chest as he counted out the cash and laid it down, along with a generous tip. He nudged Jasper's side. "C'mon, hun, time to head out. Or do I have to roll you out, wideload?" They simply swallowed, beyond embarrassed, and replied with "...not... quite that big yet. ...I think." He chuckled.

After some effort, the two rose from the table, hauling their cumbersome guts single-file, encountering a lot more people filling most of the tables, most of which watched as the quarter-ton couple dodged and squeezed around them all before maneuvering their way out both the double doors simultaneously. Clear, blue skies awaited them outside, hours having passed since they arrived. Brutus put an arm around his blubberbird of a partner, patting their newly-made monster of a belly with their other paw. "Well, now we're really big. That's pretty neat, huh?" They were silent for a moment as they waddled with their over-blown blimp-dog of a boyfriend. "...Maybe... Just a little bit." He laughed, pulling out his keys and unlocking the doors to his car. "I knew you'd come around! Don't worry, you'll get used to it, I'm sure. Hopefully we can find clothes that fit. We're huge, and we like it, and we're..." A realization dawned on him. "...We're *not* going to fit in the car."

