

Today was a special day. Pom was pacing through his cupboard of an apartment, trying to figure out what to do with the extra money he had gotten from work. He'd apparently been really good last month so they gave the pumpkin a bonus! He scratched at his orange belly with his stubby green fingers. Maybe he could get a whole *bunch* of burgers! A smile lit up his face, he hadn't been eating too well lately since he was always a bit strapped for cash. The thought never crossed his mind to spread it out as to actually make sure he ate well for longer than the moment. What was important was that he was hungry *now*. He wanted *BURGS*. Nothing could stop him now! His tail swished around excitedly, almost knocking over some of his pet plants. The pumpkin, unable to hold in his joy, rushed out of his apartment to the nearest burger joint.

Pom clutched his giant paper bag to his chest. It was filled with 3 triple patty bacon burgers along with 2 helpings of large fries. Getting home would be a challenge, he was so tempted to plop down on the sidewalk and just stuff his face. He'd wait til he was home, though. Instead he just hummed a merry tune, a little skip in his step.

Just as he turned a corner, he bumped into something large and soft and fell over on his butt. He threw his bag of burg up in the air accidentally, and all he could do was watch as it came falling to the ground. The large shadowy figure, however, had different ideas. A single appendage shot out from the shadowy form, catching the bag in an upturned palm. The form brought its appendage closer to itself, cradling the bag and bent towards the fallen pumpkin. "Hey, this yours?"

Pom rubbed at his eyes. The shadowy form appeared to be a crow, and a large one at that. His belly reached down halfway to his knees, covering up half of his thick thighs. His meaty calves hovered just above his ankles, gravity almost making them fold over the joints. Pom looked up to the crows swollen face, sky blue eyes perched above such fatty cheeks he looked like a chipmunk holding food in its mouth, and two extra chins under his beak. Pom could not believe his own eyes, this crow was so fat! He felt a lump in his throat and couldn't talk for a few moments. "Th-thank you fer catchin' that. I dunno what I woulda done if it'd fallen!"

"Oh, no problem really. I should be more careful turning corners, anyway. I've already gotten into enough trouble with this thing around!" He smacked his ample belly, sending jiggling waves through it and gave a hearty laugh while running his feathered fingers through his mint green mohawk. This. This is what Pom wanted to be like! It was as though he was being visited by some god of fatness!

"A-actually, did you want ta have those? I think you deserve them more 'n I do."

“What?” The crow was baffled. Who just gave burgers to some random stranger they bumped into? “I can’t do that, these are yours!”

“No, I insist! Let me do that for you!” Without even waiting for another answer, Pom ran off as fast as his stubby legs could take him, his long green hair flowing out behind him, leaving a very confused crow behind. Even though he didn’t get to eat his burgers, he still felt happy. What a fatty that crow was! He deserved those burgers! Pom giggled to himself in satisfaction at his strange logic. At least he still had some money left over, maybe he’d stop and get some doughnuts? Yeah, that sounded like a good plan! And so, Pom happily bounced off to his favourite local bakery.

The bakery, named The Sweetest Thing, wasn’t busy at this time of the day. Pom wandered by the front windows, looking to see all the sweets on display. They still had a good selection out! He rushed to the door, opening it with a little tinkle of the bell above it. The front looked empty, he wondered where his friend was. He heard some soft, quick footsteps and a few moments later the door from the kitchen opened up. Pom could only see the fluffy tips of ears from his low point of view. “Was that just the wind?” A surprisingly low voice wondered aloud.

“Ah, no! Ah’m down here!” Pom squeaked out. The ear tips came closer to the counter, then the head they were attached to became visible. He finally saw his friend’s catty face, grey/amber eyes hiding behind glasses and wavy blue hair. The pumpkin waved up as they noticed him. He greeted the short cat, “Hiya Terry!”

“Oh, Pom! I haven’t seen you in a while! You look...” the caracal narrowed their eyes, “well? How have you been?”

“Oh, ah’ve been busy with mah job! It’s hard workin’ for a home improovmint store so I’ve been reeeeeeally busy! I just haven’t had the time to come by!” Pom whined, recounted his troubles.

“Oh, that’s too bad. Did you want a doughnut? I can give you a freebie, since you haven’t been doing too well.”

“Aw shucks, I couldn’t do that! I have money this time! I can buy a whole buncha them!” He proudly declared to Terry his intentions.

“Well, that’s good to hear!” Terry paused to think a moment, “Oh, hold on, I want you to meet someone! Wait here a sec!” The caracal rushed back into the kitchen.

Pom waited patiently for the cat to return, staring at all the baked goods on display. He wondered what he should get for himself. The double doors leading into the kitchen squeaked open, drawing the pumpkin out of his contemplation. “Pom, this is Toby! I hired him not too long after we met and I think you’d get along pretty well!” The caracal shoved a very familiar looking crow into Pom’s view.

Pom let out a gasp, "Ah, yer-!"

Toby made a similar noise, "You're-!"

Terryl looked between the two, confused. "You've met?"

"Yer friends with this amazing crow?!" Pom gushed, his eyes star-filled.

"You're friends with this little guy?" Toby asked the caracal, seeming very surprised.

"Well, you know the story," Terryl addressed the crow, "that's him."

"Huh, well! It's nice to actually meet the pumpkin that blew up the business! Without you, I wouldn't have started working here!" He smiled down at Pom and extended a feathery hand. "I'm Toby, since we didn't exactly have the time for proper introductions earlier."

Pom reached up onto his toes and shook hands with the crow. "So, how *did* you two meet?" Terryl interjected.

"Right!" Toby blushed, realizing that he never explained it. "Ya see, we bumped into each other earlier and Pom here dropped his burgers. I managed to catch it and, uh, he kinda gave them to me before running off." He chuckled and rubbed the back of his head, a little embarrassed.

"But I had to! Yer so big! And fat! You deserved it more 'n I did! And here I was goin' ta get mahself some doughnuts, and yer here too! Can I buy you some!?" Pom was practically jumping out of his skin from excitement at the possibility of giving Toby another fattening present!

Toby's face registered delight, then fluster, then finally surprise. He shook his head, wobbling his big jowls, "No no no no, you don't have to! I get enough of the day's leftovers enough anyway! You should worry about your *own* things!" Toby thought a moment, "How about this. You can have double your order and I'll cover the extra AND I can treat you to something *real* nice after work! What do you say to that?" He winked at the pumpkin.

Tears started to well up in Pom's eyes, but he quickly held them back. "Yer so kind! I cudn't do that! I dun wanna take yer money away from ya!" The pumpkin was basically pleading to Toby to reconsider, but he wouldn't take no for an answer here.

"Nuh-uh. You're gonna take these fattening treats, go home and eat them, then meet me here once the store closes. I'm gonna give you a BIG surprise!"

Pom sniffled a bit, but finally conceded. "Ok, I will."

Toby gave the pumpkin a thumbs up and grabbed a box to fill with doughnuts. Terry, meanwhile, stood to the side completely baffled by this exchange. They just shook their head and smiled, *at least they're having a good time*, they thought to themselves and left the crow and pumpkin to their bonding.

Pom just couldn't believe how nice Toby was! He was sitting on his bed in his tiny apartment staring at all the doughnuts that he had gotten. They all looked so delicious! He had a few hours until he needed to meet back up with the crow, so he decided that it ought to be ok to have a few of them. He wiggled his stumpy fingers, trying to think of which one to take first. He settled on a boston cream. He grabbed the sugary pastry and tore a chunk off of it with a tooth. It settled on his tongue and ignited his taste buds with its sweet, decadent flavour. He shivered in pure delight at the spectacular delight, swallowing the chunk and taking another chunk, swallowing that and tossing the last piece into his mouth. "MMMMMM THISH ISH SHO GOOOOD!" He hardly even waited to finish this last piece before grabbing another doughnut and started to devour it, too.

Pom had gone through the first box in less than ten minutes, his belly round and taut from the pastries stuffed inside. He moaned as he tried to shift his weight, his tight belly proving to be troublesome to move about with. He was so stuffed it was a little painful, but he liked that feeling of fullness, and hadn't felt it in a long while. He started to grow tired, so he thought that taking a nap would be a good idea. The pumpkin eased himself into a comfortable position and, with the sound of his gurgling belly, fell asleep.

Light flooded the small apartment as the sun hugged the horizon, dyeing the sky a bright orange and illuminating the round form of the same colour on a makeshift bed. Pom shifted his weight as he regained consciousness, eyes fluttering open and squinting at the light spilling into his room. He rubbed at his still sleep addled eyes and looked to his alarm clock. 7:30? That couldn't be right. He hadn't slept *that* long, had he? The pumpkin sat up, his belly sloshing onto the top of his thighs, noticeably larger than it had been before his nap. He brought his paws to feel the new softness, squishing and playing with the new weight. Giggling excitedly, he wobbled to and fro, before catching a glimpse at the clock again. Didn't he have something he needed to do? He tapped his head like a certain honey loving bear, then realized, oh! He was meeting with Toby later! And later was actually in about half an hour! He jumped off his bed (as best he could) and wobbled around his bedroom trying to get whatever clothing he could to be more

presentable for his dinner date. He pulled up his much tighter shorts and struggled into a top that didn't cover much except his larger chest. He waddled out the door in anticipation for what was sure to be an unforgettable night!

As he finally made it to the bakery, Toby was waiting outside, casually tapping a single clawed foot. He looked up to see a larger Pom waddling towards him. "Hey! Got into those doughnuts, I see! Come here, let's see!" Pom blushed and smiled, moving towards the fat crow. Toby knelt down, inspecting Pom's larger belly, giving it rubs, pinches and squeezes. Pom giggled and blushed at the touch to his sensitive skin, feeling wholeheartedly like a true prize pumpkin!

"H'ok, that's a good belly right there! Now, the surprise I've got for you! Follow me, it's not too far!" Pom was blushing as he followed the crow down the street until they arrived at a new building. The signage was bright and flashing, displaying giant plates covered in food, and was apparently named '7th Serving All-you-can-eat!' "This," Toby motioned with a wing, "is the finest buffet the city has to offer! A huge selection and they don't care about how much you end up eating in a visit! Thought there's a time limit of 2 hours per visit, so we gotta get as much in us as quick as possible." Toby winked down at the excited pumpkin.

The pair entered the buffet, Toby paying for them both, then went to find a seat. He ruled out a booth, it was hard enough getting into one, and it'd be near impossible to get out after a couple of plates! He found a table with sturdy looking chairs - this place certainly knew what their clientele would be like - and left Pom to get some food for them both. Pom sat in his chair, fidgeting excitedly. He could barely believe that he was sitting here, his whole meal being covered by such a sweetie of a crow! He cradled his face and wiggled from side to side just thinking of what his friend would return with!

The first serving Toby returned with was large plates filled with rice, fried saucy chicken, beef and pork, thick noodles and wontons. "Here ya go, dig in!" Toby set one plate down in front of the pumpkin sitting down across from him. Pom squeed excitedly then began to dig in. The meat was juicy, perfectly fried and covered in different sauces. The rice was perfectly seasoned and fried as well, bits of egg and various veggies sprinkled throughout the dish. He slurped up the noodles with reckless abandon, droplets of sauce flying as the noodles flailed about. The wontons were absolutely divine, filled with pork and chives and perfectly fried. The pumpkin finished off his plate and let out a belch, echoed by the crow sitting across from him.

"Ooooh, that was tasty!" Pom exclaimed, patting his filling belly.

"And that's only the first course, I'll go grab us another plate!" Toby stood up, rubbing his belly as he walked off to the buffet line.

He returned with potatoes, sausages, roast beef and some schnitzel. The two of them shoveled their second helping into their mouths, groaning happily at the amazing flavours of all the food they've tried so far. Though that was only a portion of what they enjoyed during their time. They

had soups, pizza, pasta, sushi, jerk, spicy south asian foods, almost anything you could find under the sun! It was on their 7th massive helping that Toby piped up. "Ya know, this place has a neat little policy! If you can finish more than 7 helpings and dessert, your whole visit is free! What do you say? Up for the challenge?"

Pom's mouth was full, but he quickly swallowed and nodded, "Yeah! Let's do it!" His eyes lit up at the prospect of eating that much for free!

Toby crammed the last bit of food into his beak and swallowed, "That's the spirit! Now, finish that up and I'll grab our next helping!" Toby groaned as he lifted himself from his chair, using the table for extra stability. His own belly was showing some signs of fullness, but he wouldn't let that stop him. He'd eaten more before in a single sitting, though not very often. But he was determined to show his pumpkin friend a really good time!

The rest of their visit went by in a blur. 8th helping, 9th, 10th, 11th, and on were just completely stuffed into the awaiting pairs gullets. They didn't even to start slowing down until Toby noticed they were running out of time. "I think it might be time for dessert." He sat back from an empty plate and rubbed his taut belly. Pom, on the other hand, still seemed to be willing to stuff himself even more.

"I can still have more! I'm still hungry, honest!"

Toby looked at the pumpkin, then the clock and smirked. Two meals for one wasn't such a bad idea at all. Plus, if they did manage to double the food they've already had during that time it'd be a lot of free food. "Heh, yeah, let's try this! But let's get our dessert then start up again!" Toby struggled to his feet, waddled to the dessert bar and returned with cakes, pastries, pudding, pies and ice cream.

When the waiter, a thin-looking grey rat, arrived to inform them that they managed to get their free meals, Toby piped in that they'd like to start another bill. The rat balked at them, staring that both of their extremely distended bellies. While he took a few moments to consider the safety of it all, he shrugged. It wasn't really his concern at all if these two stuff themselves this much. He nodded to them, "Alright sirs, I'll get a new setting started. I'll get you some more water," his voice cracking a bit as if he was trying to make it sound lower pitched than it was.

"Urf, thanks, uh," Toby squinted at the rat's name tag, "Wallace. You're a good man."

Wallace the rat blushed slightly and walked off, leaving the two to prepare for their next onslaught of food.

The two, unfortunately didn't manage to beat the challenge a second time. They say at their table, massaging their horrendously distended bellies. They'd managed to get through to their 6th helping in this new batch, but it proved to be too much for the pair. They groaned while their

bellies gurgled loudly, trying to process the immense quantities of food they'd ingested over the past four hours. Wallace had wandered back to their table, carrying what seemed to be the bill. "Hey, you know how you managed to eat 14 helpings plus a monster dessert course? I talked to my manager and she said that what you had before plus what you just ate can qualify your second meal to be free..." He shuffled his feet, trying to hide a blush behind a stoic expression. "You're free to leave without paying whenever you can...."

Toby let out a loud belch, followed quickly behind by Pom's own. He shifted, wincing at the pain of his overstuffed belly, and smiled at the rat. "Oof, thanks, my dude. You really didn't have to so come over here. In my left side back pocket is my wallet. I have a bunch of cash in there, so take as much as you'd like for a tip." Pom groaned and let out another loud belch, rubbing their belly, trying to relieve any pressure.

Wallace was taken aback, blushing at the thought of having to reach into that tight pocket on the crow's broad backside. He cleared his expression, nodding with a straight face and walked behind the round corvid. He could see the bulge of the wallet against the fabric of his pants and reached a hand into it. It felt so tight, he had to wiggle his hand around to even get inside and around to get a firm grip of the wallet. A blush was quickly forming on his face, and though he tried his hardest to keep his composure, he had a hard time with it once he realized the pumpkin at the other side of the table was giggling at him. With a surprised pout, he shoved his hand around the wallet and yanked it out. He let out a small triumphant whoop, holding the wallet above his head. Everyone was staring at him. He quickly brought his composure back under control and cleared his throat. "I-I'll just take this 20..." And he handed the wallet back to Toby. "Thank you, come visit us again and have a good day. If you need any help leaving the restaurant we have a complimentary carrying service and we can call a cab, if necessary."

"Urf, uh, yeah... I think we'll need that, thanks." Toby winced again as he grabbed his wallet from the rat. Wallace walked off to make the call for the cab and left the two to their digestion. They let out small groans and belches for the next ten minutes until 4 big, burly furs sauntered over to their table and informed them that they were the carriers and that their cab had arrived. Without waiting for a response, the four hefted the hefty pair up and led them slowly out the front door and to the awaiting taxi. Luckily, since the cab company knew the restaurant, they had sent a large van to carry the overstuffed duo. "So, where can I take you?" The cab driver asked. Toby turned his head to Pom, and had an idea.

"Take us to this address," he told the driver, "we'll both get off there." He winked at Pom, the pumpkin confused to what he had planned. The cab drove off to Toby's apartment.

They arrived at Toby's apartment, paid the driver and left the van with great difficulty. They entered the building and stuffed themselves into the, luckily large enough, elevator up to the floor of Toby's place. The crow managed to snag his keys from his pocket - after a few minutes of trying to shove his hand into a very tight pocket - unlocked the door and brought Pom inside.

"So, here's my place!" He turned on the light and closed the door behind them. He waddled into the living room, Pom following behind. Toby eased himself onto his large, cushy couch and patted the seat next to him, "Come here, have a seat." Pom laboriously waddled to the couch, taking a seat was much harder than he expected though. He tried various methods unsuccessfully until Toby managed to find a way to help him up. Both of them were exhausted and breathing heavily from the ordeal.

"Huff, ok, so, let's just kinda... relax here, and allow ourselves to digest yeah? I'll even rub your *wheeze* belly to help you out."

Pom was over the moon, Toby had been so nice to him! The doughnuts were amazing, and even taking him to the buffet like that! He was so lucky, he could hardly believe it! Yet, here he was, stuffed past his limit next to one of the most wonderful people he'd ever met! His face lit up with the most brilliant smile as he shuffled into a better position next to the crow. Toby reached down and started to massage the pumpkin's belly as he fell into a peaceful, full sleep.