

# Rolls and Rolls

By Victor Waite

*Tabby visits her favorite restaurant to attempt her self-imposed food challenge once again. Her odds of finishing it don't look good until Victor lets her in on a secret, giving her a real chance to finally accomplish her goal.*

**Content Warning:** This story is intended for mature readers and contains a Female Cat, a Male Silver Fox, Assorted Fat Side Characters, Public Displays of Gluttony, Fat Lust, Overeating, Stuffing, Destruction of Clothing, and Implied Weight Gain. If this sounds like it's up your alley, I hope you enjoy~

A shiver ran the length of Tabby's spine as she stepped into the bustling restaurant, unprepared for the rush of chilled air from within. The cat rubbed and fluffed her arms as she approached the host, and a blush warmed her cheeks when the hefty dragon greeted her. Despite her many previous visits, the Rolls and Rolls uniform still succeeded in pushing her buttons. The overweight reptile grinned knowingly and stretched his arms over his head, pulling his form-fitting shirt upwards and unveiling the doughy roll of his lower belly. He winked and brought them back down to fill her in on their seating chart, but neglected to pull the taught garment back down. Tabby's tail swayed with obvious interest while she stared at his middle, managing to stammer out her request for a single table. The overworked podium creaked when the dragon leaned over it and marked her spot, gracing her with a teasing view of his free hanging belly before he turned and grabbed her menu. The orange shorts spread taught across his rear proved to be every bit as enticing as his stomach, enchanting the feline until he began to walk away.

Tabby fell in behind him and followed him through the restaurant's main floor, the finer details of which eluded her as she fixated on his gently swaying ass. The bottom of their uniform barely skirted public indecency laws and might as well have been painted on, but they were part of the standard outfit and a big part of the Rolls and Rolls brand. If the feline's reaction was anything to by, they did their job well. Her eyes didn't leave her guide's rippling and wobbling rump until he finally stopped, and she narrowly avoided accidentally splaying herself across the flabby expanse. The dragon chuckled with affection at the near miss, then pulled her seat out for her. It took Tabby a moment to collect herself again and sit down, prompting the dragon to push her closer to the table. The feline blushed fiercely when his belly squished around the back of her chair and cradled her head like a pillow, lasting just long enough to draw out a content purr. The dragon laughed again and returned to his post, leaving her to peruse the menu at her leisure.

She idly thumbed through the small booklet, already sure of what she'd be getting. Still, the feline flipped through until she found the specials page, and her stomach grumbled when she confirmed they still offered her favorite. The other component of Rolls and Rolls' gimmick was an absurd variety of bread rolls and other bread-based dishes. They served everything from pizza to sandwiches and everything in between, but their primary focus was calzone style monstrosities. The one that caught Tabby's eye was the house's trademark, The Seamstress. It was nothing less than a five-course meal in a bun, and in most other places it would be resigned to a food challenge, complete with its own wall of fame. At Rolls and Rolls, however, it was just another item on the menu. One of her paws drifted to her middle and idly rubbed her diminutive paunch. A pang of jealousy shot through her when a particularly rotund elephant waddled past her, and her "600 pound club" pin naturally drew her eye. Discouragement welled in her chest, but she dismissed it quickly. If she kept training her capacity and conquered The Seamstress, not even her speedy metabolism could stand in the way of her dream figure anymore.

Tabby leaned onto her table and steeled her resolve, but in the absence of anything to spend it on, it gradually evaporated. In the interest of preserving it, she allowed herself a moment to take in the eye candy and daydream about where she hoped her weight would

go. The well-fed waitstaff represented every gender across the spectrum, and many of the had a friendly relationship with the cat by this point. They waved as they spotted her among the lunchtime crowd, and a few went farther and struck a showy pose for her. The flabby displays heated her cheeks and made her feel at home despite her size, which coincidentally distracted her from an abnormally long wait. She only noticed the lapse of service when she absently reached for her drink, which was nowhere to be found. Tabby checked her watch and wondered if there had been a breakdown of communication, but her server arrived before she could finish the thought.

The silver fox cast a wide and wobbling shadow over her while he caught his breath, sending ripples across his plush chest that carried through the rest of his figure. Bits of crumbs and spots of sauce stained his shirt in the shadow of his muzzle, hinting at the reasons behind his tardiness. His breathing soon evened out, and he broke the silence with a handbook-mandated introduction. Tabby tore her attention away from his heaving belly in time to give her drink order and request a basket of unlimited rolls. Victor wrote it into his notepad and excused himself to fetch it, leaving her to admire his backside as he waddled away. His wide hips and generous love handles jiggled in time with his heavy footfalls, instilling her with an unexpected pang of envy. The feline found herself hoping her weight built up in a similarly feminine way, if she could ever get it to stick.

Tabby slipped into idle fantasies of showing off her massively fattened figure in a mirror, only breaking free to occasionally check her phone. When her imagination ran dry she returned to the waiters and waitresses running the floor, curious about how much work it'd be to haul around that much flab all day. The feline considered asking one of them if the strength to carry themselves came naturally, but abandoned the notion when she thought about how personal of a question it was. She shrugged and made a mental note to ask one of her friends when it next came up, then glanced down to her phone. She opened her calorie tracker and began calculating how far off she was from her daily goal, but Victor's return curtailed her analysis. He dropped off her appetizer and waited for her to look up before taking her next order, and his professionalism lapsed when she ordered The Seamstress. The silver fox wiped the shock as fast as he could from his face when he realized she was serious, then jotted it down and rushed off to let the chefs know.

The feline pinched the bottom roll of her belly and sighed. While she had yet to finish The Seamstress in a single sitting, she could put a bigger dent in it than most people her size. Tabby completed her previous attempt in three sittings, though she needed someone to help her to her car and carry her leftovers after the first. Since then, she'd trained her stomach capacity up with water, but her confidence wavered when she saw one emerge from the kitchen. The elephant carrying it used both hands, and the other waiters and waitresses cut a wide path around her. The feline followed it across the room until it landed in front of an obese bear, who resembled the waitstaff in all but attire. The colossal ursine wasted no time digging into his equally proportioned meal, cutting away fist-sized chunks and stuffing them into his maw. The feline's eyes widened as he filled his cheeks to the brim, and her heart practically skipped a beat when he swallowed the mass whole. She tracked the obvious bulge as it crawled down his neck and disappeared behind his chest,

and she could have sworn she heard it land in his empty belly.

Tabby watched with rapt attention as he repeated the process over and over again, steadily working through the platter-dominating assembly of food. It felt like ten minutes had passed before he made a visible mark on the legendary dish, but his progress became more apparent as he went. The hefty ursine maintained his momentum through the first quarter and carried it through to the front half, only slowing when he reached the back half. The third quarter lingered on his plate as long as everything up to that point, and the meal lived up to its namesake on the fourth. The bear's stomach groaned and gurgled ominously as he pushed through the final stretch, until his belt gave way with a sharp snap. A groan of relief tumbled from his overfilled muzzle as his middle avalanched into his lap, and the button of his pants shot off in a chain reaction. The soft clatter of falling shirt buttons followed, finally drawing his attention away from his own gluttony. The greedy bear paused to survey the damage, then resumed his stuffing like nothing had happened. Without his clothes restricting him, he fell back into an energetic pace and cleaned the rest of the platter in a matter of minutes.

His performance earned him a round of applause from those who witnessed the feat, though it filled Tabby with a mixture of emotions. True, she aspired to such gluttony, but she couldn't help but feel discouraged. An impossible task for her was simply an average meal for him, leading her to wonder how long it'd take her to earn a figure like his, or if it was even possible. She buried her face in her paws and lamented her comparatively petite figure, until a soft clack in from on her drew her attention. The silver fox straightened his back and stretched out after the workout of delivering the dish, inadvertently pushing his stomach out at her. A light blush tinted his cheeks when he realized what he was doing, but he was slow to correct himself. The gleam of envy in the cat's eyes didn't escape him, and he correctly surmised she wanted to be big too.

"There's no shame in taking home some leftovers," he began, "but I can give you some advice if you really want to eat the whole thing now."

His presumption caught Tabby off guard, but she recovered and went with it.

The heavysset fox looked around the room to ensure his manager wouldn't see him, then crammed himself into the seat across from her. His belly engulfed the edge of the table while he squeezed into place, but he settled in after nearly knocking over a cluster of condiments. "I'm gonna teach you a trick that'll help you eat pretty much anything you want."

The feline was skeptical that he could, but intrigued that he may. In either case, she had nothing to lose. She leaned in over the table as he did, as if he were about to share some grand secret.

"You probably know this already, but you need to relax if you really want to stretch your belly out. It's not gonna have anywhere to go if your core's all tight. Once you're at your

limit there, there a special way you can rub your belly to keep going. It speeds your digestion up and lets you keep going.”

Tabby listened intently while he explained the details of the technique, taking careful mental notes and walking through the steps on her own. To her surprise, it worked exactly as Victor said. A few seconds of practice was enough to free the space taken by her appetizer, bringing a knowing smirk to the fox’s muzzle. The table quaked as he shuffled from his seat and left the starving feline to her own devices, and she threw herself at the monstrous calzone with reckless abandon. Unlike her ursine counterpart, Tabby made no attempt to pace herself. Instead, she planned to power through as much of it as she could before her body’s limits caught up to her. The approach had served her well in her previous encounters, and this one wouldn’t break the trend. It wasn’t long before the scale of her meal began to show itself, however.

The feline’s midriff peeked from under her shirt and crept into her lap before she had done any visible damage to The Seamstress, and her rhythm began to slow before she reached that milestone. Tabby reached below the table and blindly massaged her growing belly, soothing just a fraction of the growing discomfort. Her next bites undid what little progress she’d made however, and she found herself in a familiar uphill battle. The feline’s chewing grew slow and laborious while she battled against her limits, and each swallow grew more difficult than the last. She finally relented when nausea welled up in her chest, forcing her to drop her fork and cover her mouth. She squeezed her eyes shut and clutched her gravid middle while she recovered, narrowly avoiding an embarrassing scene.

After collecting herself, Tabby resorted to the fox’s massage technique. She lifted her shirt and exposed her middle, then set her paws on its upper curve. A wave of queasiness washed over her at the initial contact, but gave way to welcome relief seconds later. The cat fumbled through its first steps and searched for the landmarks Victor had pointed out, but its effectiveness returned when she found where her swollen stomach had pushed them. Her tight belly gradually softened under her touch, filling the air with a low chorus of grumbles and gurgles. The ambient sounds of the restaurant drowned out the bubbly song of her gluttony, but for a moment, it was the center of Tabby’s universe. She slumped back in her seat and relished the uncanny sensation of accelerated weight gain, and occasionally pinched her rolling paunch to make sure she wasn’t simply dreaming.

Tabby woke from her self-induced trance once the contents of her stomach sunk lower, freeing her up to continue. Well more than half of the dish stared back at her as she retrieved her fork, and she attacked it with as much gusto as her first strike. The feasting feline gradually drew the attention of the other patrons as she cast her manners aside, unabashedly chewing and smacking her lips before swallowing. More and more of her midriff bulged free as she outgrew her shirt, rolling it upwards and bunching it beneath her breasts. Drops of sauce and flecks of crumbs rained down on the collar of her shirt, staining it with the colors of her caloric conquest. Her belt tightened against her waistline beneath the growing roll of her belly, but she pressed on regardless. She had yet to snap or tear any of her clothes while eating, and the thought of doing so lit a fire in her heart and loins.

She met her first major goal as she crossed the halfway point, and The Seamstress claimed her shorts as its first victim. A distinct pop interrupted adjacent conversations when their button gave way, earing a surprised and muffled meow from the ambitious cat. Her flabby roll absorbed the shot, and the button harmlessly dropped to the floor when she jiggled it free. Tabby looked down as an intense blush blazed across her muzzle, and a rush of gluttonous pride soon followed. Her victory restored her motivation and pushed her farther yet, inspiring her to attack the remainder of the dish with near-feral ferocity. The taught dome of her stomach dug into the edge of the table and pushed its rounded edges as she continued, until her belly overpowered friction and shoved her chair back. The feline sighed with the relief as the worst of the tension dissipated, though she took the opportunity to rest and massage her middle

Most of the waitstaff had taken notice of her progress by the time she started again. Those on familiar terms with her were delighted by her progress and tenacity, and they took regular detours to her table to cheer her on. Even the dragon host found time waddle from his post and give her stomach an encouraging pat. She accepted their kindness with varying degrees of blushes, and her resolve to make them proud strengthened. Tabby took a major step towards doing so when The Seamstress struck again. A loud rip halted everyone in earshot as her shirt yielded, splitting up to her armpits and revealing the sides of her bulging middle. Without tension to hold it in place, the fabric unrolled from the shadow of her breasts and spilled over her stomach, barely reaching halfway to her belt line.

Her stomach rolled and sloshed with every little movement while she feasted, wobbling and concealing the tears developing in her shorts. A small crowd of friends gathered around her to watch her complete the dish for the first time, and their delight brought a heated blush to her muzzle. Tabby squeezed her thighs together and wiggled in her seat as they unknowingly fulfilled one of fantasies, but she pushed her lurid thoughts aside in favor of the goal before her. The feline tore into the final quarter as vigorously as the first, but the burst of momentum faded in seconds. Even with Victor's technique, her body's limitations began to win out. Her chewing slowed as her jaw burned with exhaustion, and her breathing grew shallow as her stomach battled with her lungs for space, but she persisted regardless. The finish line was within reach, and letting the crowd down now would be worse than letting herself down.

The surrounding servers saw through her state and reminded her there was no shame in taking home a doggie bag, but Tabby turned them down. She channeled all of her remaining strength into lifting her fork and bringing it to the nearly empty plate and succeeded against increasing odds again and again. After the longest twenty minutes of her life, she only a single remained. A hush fell over the entire restaurant as patrons and staff alike watched, astounded someone her size could eat that much. The feline's arm moved with the speed of continental drift as she staved off an encroaching food coma, and her arm shook with the limits of her endurance as the last of The Seamstress met her muzzle. A small torrent of sauce flowed over her lip as she carelessly chewed the morsel over, far

more interested in finishing up than actually tasting it. Finally she swallowed it down with an audible gulp, and the room erupted with cheers and applause.

Unfortunately, exhaustion cut Tabby's celebration short. Her food coma seized her seconds afterward, sapping what little energy she had left and flinging her into the realm of dreams. Victor noticed the signs and grabbed her shoulder before she face-planted into the empty platter, saving her from further ruining her shirt. Others rushed in to make sure she was alright, and once sure the feline was simply sleeping, a pair of waitresses carefully lifted her from her seat and carried her back to the break area. Normalcy returned to the restaurant floor as they left, and they gently laid her out across the employee couch. It was hardly a substitute for a good bed, but it'd do in a pinch. Tabby certainly didn't mind as she dreamily splayed out across its length, carefully settling her middle into the dip of one of the cushions.

Victor dropped off a spare uniform shortly after, saving her the embarrassment of trying to leave in the tatters of what she wore in. It was multiple sizes larger than her original outfit, but chances were good it'd fit by the time she woke up.