

Mochi finished wiping down the glass display cases, rendering them so clean they seemed invisible, all the better to show off her fine confectionaries. In her unbiased and modest opinion, her sweets were without peer. Before her eyes lay a myriad of colors and shapes, the fullest spectrum of sugary, tart, or spiced delights. In one case there was a range of flaky pastries, balanced to be light and buttery. In another there were candies from lollipops with mesmerizing spirals and patterns to a rainbow of rock candy flavors. In a chilled case sat creamy treats like pie and cheesecake and other baked goods with rich textures that would entice the most disciplined wills. All of her stock had been picked through rather thoroughly in the wake of the holiday rush with little time yet to replenish it. All of it, though, aside from one of her recent experiments.

The panda frowned through the glass at the untouched racks of her Death by Chocolate Doughnuts. She'd only been able to sell a few of them, mostly to people who seemed to view it as food challenge rather than a treat to be enjoyed. Were they too big? Perhaps they were a little larger than what one would find at a typical grocery store or coffee chain drive through, but it wasn't by much. Maybe an inch bigger. Two at the most. Perhaps they looked intimidating, a chocolate base, filled with chocolate cream, a bed of chocolate icing onto which was perched a delicately piped mound of chocolate mousse and decorated with chocolate shavings. It was edible art to her. Oh, that had to be it! It was too pretty to eat! But that thought, too, didn't last long. She had many things for sale that were all works of art in their own right, but that never stopped anyone from eating them. Did they think she just overloaded it? What kind of inept baker would she be just lumping chocolate atop chocolate? Surely people had to give her better credit than that. Why, the flavors were perfectly balanced by—

The clock on the wall chirped cheerfully at her. Closing time! She let out a puff of breath. *Finally, and my day off now, too.* Now that the holidays were over, she had very little traffic coming through and the day was starting to drag on. She bounded to the door and locked it, flipped the sign to Closed, and hopped back to the counter with a swish of her fluffy tail. Cleanup had already been done, she just needed to do a little bookkeeping and empty the register into the safe. Mochi started turning off lights when she stopped and eyed her experimental doughnuts once more. They weren't going to be any good much longer, and it would be such a waste to simply throw them away. She walked back to the kitchen, tail swaying, while she removed her apron. She'd done all she could to encourage people to buy them, trying to use BOGO sales and other discounts. She hated throwing away good food. Her stomach grumbled. Late dinners on workdays were normal for her, but she was tired, and there they were just waiting for her...

After finishing her routine to shut down and secure her store, she carefully walked up the back stairs from the store to her home above the shop. Regrettably common to buildings that old, the stairs were only just wide enough for someone of her girth to comfortably ascend them. As such, carrying anything made the journey perilous, or it would to someone less nimble and familiar with the challenge than her. After skipping up the stairs, Mochi was in her own kitchen

and set down the large, stacked racks. She made a quick trip to her bedroom to change into more comfortable clothing, abandoning the khaki pants and flowery blouse. Her bra joined them, eliciting a sigh of relief as she vigorously scratched her back where the band had been. The bliss of an itch relieved stretched on as her claws dug through her thick, fluffy coat, creating a mindless haze of contentedness that was only interrupted by another audible pang of hunger. She picked up a pair of shimmering black Capri leggings and stuffed herself into them, the elastic material clinging to every curvy contour of her fat thighs and butt. Her paw stretched out to a shirt tossed onto a chair with flowing pink script and blue stars declaring her to be a “Fancy Bitch” and tossed the loose garment over her head.

Mochi walked briskly back to the kitchen, eyes widening with anticipation at the feast waiting for her. She snatched up the first of dozens in her deft fingers and brought it up to her eagerly salivating mouth. The burst of flavors was to die for, as their name implied. The dough was rich with cocoa, a standard affair to serve as the vehicle for everything else, yet offsetting the intensity of the sweetness to come with notes of sea salt and cinnamon. The cream within was smooth and delectable, taken from what would be a blunt taste of chocolate in the hands of an amateur and given a full body with added espresso. The mousse atop it was just as light and fluffy as she’d hoped, a foil to the cream within. Where the filling was rich and heavy, the topping was a beautiful touch to finish the experience. She swallowed her bite and hummed with pleasure.

“Oh, wait...” She opened her eyes. “Damn it, the icing, that’s what’s too much.” She shook her head and sighed. “Oh well, next time I’ll skip it, see if that helps. And maybe sprinkle a little more salt on top instead of using chocolate shavings.”

Her stomach reminded her that she was not done yet. She took an enormous second bite, enjoying the textures of the creams playing off the dough, helping it to easily glide away as she swallowed. With a third bite the whole thing was gone, leaving only the slightest mess on her mouth to be licked off.

“Hrm, I *guess* I could see why people might think it’s a little too sweet.” Mochi picked up a second doughnut. “But they’re really missing out.” She leaned back against the counter and pulled out her phone, browsing through social media to see what she missed throughout the day. While she scrolled and swiped with one hand, the other provided a continuous stream of chocolatey treats to her mouth. She went on like that for several minutes, *chomp chomp gulp*, before she put down her phone and decided to go stream some bad TV. Mochi looked at the racks and stopped. Two gone already, two dozen down. She wondered if her appetite might get the best of her again tonight. Her tongue wiped down her lips and fingers while considering that. It searched for any stray bits of chocolate she had missed, eager to enjoy more of it. She didn’t have to open the next day, her one day off a week, and all this needed to be eaten regardless. The panda rubbed her belly, soft and pudgy from a life of good food. Already she noticed some

firmness as her stomach filled, but it felt so satisfying. *Eh, to hell with it.* The remaining six trays joined her out in the living room, carefully placed onto the coffee table. She flopped down onto the couch and put her legs up, tail curling over her feet. A minute later, she had opening credits rolling and another doughnut was back in her paws.

She bit into it, feeling the light, fluffy dough come apart under her sharp teeth. The way it separated with each bite, delicate yet with enough substance to provide some small resistance, made her slow down and savor the experience, relishing the sensuality of it all as the filling gushed around the mouthful of sugary pastry. Mochi swallowed, feeling the sweet morsel slide down her throat before losing track of it in her swelling stomach. More, she wanted more. The matcha-hued panda did what she could to maintain the pace of the experience and give it its proper appreciation, but that kind of patience just wasn't like her, not when perfectly delicious food was ready and waiting right in front of her. She plucked up one after another. The first few went the same way, focusing on the feel of them in her mouth, but soon the flavor and the sensation of her satisfied fullness seized her attention. She ate faster, taking larger bites, chewing fewer times, and gulping them down. Each new bite revealed another layer of the subtle differences of the chocolates she used, and she didn't want the experience to stop. Out of simple daring she tried stacking two together and eating them at once. Her cheeks puffed out as she stuffed them into her mouth, swallowing hard to swiftly make way for more. It was only after she'd downed them that she realized the cost of her hubris: a nose covered in frosting. She noticed the mess she'd been making of herself and licked up the worst of it off her snout.

Mochi didn't have time to waste with her fingers. Besides, they were likely about to get another coating of sweet cocoa in just a moment anyway. She discarded the tray and resumed her decadent pleasure. It lasted less than half as long as the last tray, and once empty it joined the first on the floor. The third went even less time. She leaned forward to get another tray and winced as her waistband dug into her gut. She blinked a couple times, just now noticing how far gone she was. Her stomach had swollen so greatly it bulged around the elastic, above and below the band. She dug a thumb in and pulled her leggings down to her hips. Her belly, now freed of the tyranny of pants, pushed forward and made her shirt roll up. The vanilla white fur shined in the half light of the television and the lone table lamp, soft and rounded. She could see the heart shape that extended down to her navel stretching with the size of her meal. She spared time only for a single caress of her stomach, feeling its warmth. It still had room to spare. It would be a waste to stop now.

Before she continued, Mochi pondered the three trays left. It was getting increasingly difficult to keep leaning forward for them. She wistfully fantasized about what it would be like to have some here to dote on her, to feed her themselves so she could just lie back and relax, to get down on their knees and massage and hug and caress her stuffed, round belly. With a sigh the fantasy ended and she picked them all up together, an audible complaint coming from her midsection as it was squeezed between her chest and thighs. Mochi leaned back against the

armrest of the couch, perching the racks upon her swelling gut. Now the remaining three dozen were perfectly within reach. Her appetite was insatiable, and she worked with a speed and dedication to put competitive eaters to shame. Within minutes she was down to the final stretch. Only now did she notice the protests her body had been making, suggesting perhaps she'd gone too far. It was true, she hadn't eaten quite this much in a while, but this was hardly the end for her. Mochi took a moment to gently rub her stomach. It spilled out onto her lap, trying to knead away the glut of treats she'd packed into it. Once or twice she thought she could see it contract as it tried to digest her meal. She grinned impishly.

"Don't get too comfortable, I'm not done yet!"

Her belly groaned in response, resigned to take her abuse. She had only three left. Her eyes narrowed, and her smile broadened. She picked up the first one and examined it, licking her lips as she prepared herself. She dropped open her mouth with a sound and stuck out her tongue. Very slowly she pushed the doughnut into her open maw, forcing more and more of it in until the whole thing was in place. She began chewing a bit and picked up the second. No rest, not yet. She opened her mouth a second time and added the next one to the first. It was work getting her lips to close around it all. Her jaws exerted themselves to fight through all the food. Mochi picked up the last doughnut, looking at it with equal parts resolve to finish this and worry if she could actually fit the whole thing. She tilted her head back and gave a muffled "Aah!" as her maw stretched open again. She stuffed the doughnut in with the others, actively having to push with her fingers to make everything fit. She slowly closed her mouth around it. The muscles in her face ached as they struggled to contain and work the huge ball of dough and cream and sugar compacted so tightly. She swallowed hard, her face contorted as she tried to force it all into her stomach. The enormous bulk pushed down her throat with considerable effort. She could acutely feel the knot as it slid all the way into her awaiting gut.

At last she gasped and sighed with relief. Mochi casually pushed the empty rack onto the floor. She was too tired to care about it at the moment. As she caught her breath, feeling so very full, the glow of satiation and exhaustion reminded her of postcoital bliss. Her tongue gracefully went to work cleaning off her face and hands, making sure not a crumb was wasted on the floor and instead delivering every last bit into her mouth where it belonged. Her paws quickly began to test and explore her newfound prodigious girth. Beneath the fine, plush cushion of fat her stomach had become so very taut, a dense ball of tension underneath the soft padding she carried on her body. Her swollen belly was heavy against her legs and back, practically pinning her to the couch, its weight like a medicine ball in her lap. She tentatively lifted it in her hands but between its bulk, her fatigue, and the gurgling complaint it elicited she gave up shortly after. Mochi tried to reach around it but her arms just weren't long enough while lying back like this. Try as she might, her fingertips just couldn't find each other, or her navel. She traced the red lines of the distended heart patch up her belly to her chest, shivering as her sharp claws gently ran against the sensitive, stretched skin beneath her coat. Her hefty, fluffy tail flopped against the

couch and she patted her belly for good measure. It jiggled from the shock but stopped quickly. She huffed, impressed. Her normally pillowy, plump pot was crammed so tightly that her repeated pokes and slaps made it only shake for a moment before settling again. Mochi basked her replete glory. She felt so stuffed, engorged as she was with almost a hundred of the most chocolatey delights she'd ever crafted. The panda hummed contentedly and relaxed on the couch, eyes dully looking at the screen. Once more she wished she had someone here with her. She could imagine them playing with that creamy, heart-covered ball, their hands running along every inch of its tender form, kissing it, hugging it, teasingly prodding and groping it, and when they were done just leaning back and using her immense belly as a pillow. Perhaps someday she'd get to experience that, and maybe more. Another episode started up on its own, the swell of the score snapping her out of her reverie. That was probably for the best. The last thing she wanted was to get all worked up when she wasn't particularly able to reach anything to give her release. She settled in, idly fondling her stomach as she watched. Just one more, she thought, until she passed out and slept it off.