

It took some time for Lyle to swallow his pride. It had been a few months since his restaurant went the way of the Titanic, after he managed to run off all of his employees. He had tried to keep it running for the longest time, sinking some of his money into it in a desperate attempt to still be in charge, but it just wasn't meant to be.

Worse than that, he still had a rather big pot-belly from the last day his employees worked for him. He grunted, sighing in shame whenever he remembered the feeling of all of the food being forcibly stuffed past his lips. He could still feel sometimes, how close his belly had come to bursting. He had been truly obese after that moment for the longest time, looking more like a hippo than a lion. And even then, after months of hard work in the gym, he was able to get to a ,somewhat, respectable weight. But his muscles were still no closer to coming back. Fat flabs hung off where he used to have biceps. He had a chubby double chin that he felt rub against his neck whenever he looked down. He also had some soft moobs, rubbing against the inside of his shorts whenever he ran at the gym.

Although he wished he could, he couldn't just spend the rest of his time at the gym, trying to work off what his past employees had done to him. Money was starting to get tight and, now without a business, he was going to have to get a job to float by. Which was how Lyle found himself driving up to a rather infamous restaurant, known for its gluttonous clientele.

He sighed, seeing the 'Help Wanted' Sign taped up right next to the window. He looked down to see the side of his fat belly press against the bottom of his steering wheel. "It's for the gym." He moaned to himself as he stepped out of his car, and walked to the front doors. His fat tummy jiggled back and forth on his frame as he made it for the door.

"Hi, Hello, welcome to Snappy Sally's, May I take your order." A bright, chipper corgi girl said. The girl looked down to see the fat gut Lyle was carrying, she smiled, already figuring that the restaurant had a new loyal customer.

"Umm...no actually, I was here to ask about any openings that the place might have." He pointed back to the help wanted sign. "I saw the post the place made the other day asking for new help, and I noticed the sign you had hanging up." Lyle rubbed the back of his neck, somewhat nervous, apparently the effects of his last force feeding also took a toll on him mentally. He was no longer the fierce, jerkish lion he once was.

"Oh, yes sir," The corgi pointed to the door behind her, "Just step back there, my manager will go over it with ya'."

"Thanks." He muttered, right as he walked around the counter, and exited through the door.

He walked right into a sort of office room, the manager's area no doubt. There were several binders, filled with official looking papers. There were dirt mugs of coffee on the desk, still stained with brew that had been drunk not too long ago. And at the desk, sat the manager herself,

drinking down one of the coffee's as she scanned over the pay-slips for the week. The manager was a shorter, somewhat chubby goat gal.

Lyle stopped on a dime, looking down at the girl with a shocked face. It was Lizz, one of his past employees. One of the ones that had stuffed in silly in the final days of his restaurant. "I...umm." He grunted out, going a little red in the face from embarrassment.

Lizz looked up, after a moment of shock, she smiled at her previous boss. "Lyle, please, come sit down." She grinned, motioning towards the seat in front of her desk. The lion, not brave enough to do anything else, did as he was told. "What brings you here?" She asked, with a chipper tone.

"Th...I've been looking for a..ah job." Lyle said, slightly breaking down. Knowing that he wouldn't get the job. He remembered how bad he had treated her. He blushed in shame.

"Oh good, we usually do have new employees fill out an application," She quickly pulled one out, "But for you this'll be more of a formality. I like to work with past employees." She giggled.

Lyle looked down in confusion. "Y...you'll hire me?"

She smiled. "Of course, silly. Whatever happened is water under the bring." She smiled, waiting to see if Lyle would start filling out the paper. She had an eager grin on her face, clearly wanting to see Lyle sign on to work for her.

Lyle grinned. "Thanks, I know I was rude to you when we met last." He sighed, as he filled out all of the info. "I was an asshole to you." He grunted, as he finally sighed his name on the dotted line.

An almost devilish smile appeared on Lizz's face when she saw Lyle sign his name on the paper. She quickly took it back, and rolled it up before Lyle had the chance to read any of the duties he would be tasked with. "Good you're an employee here now. Please, come with me and I'll get ya started for the day." She said, quickly putting the signed papers in the filing cabinet, and walking over to another door in the back of her office.

Lyle followed right behind her. "Umm...what's my job going to be exactly?" He spat out. "Not like I'm picky though. I'm good with anything."

Lizz chuckled, looking back down to the big pot belly that Lyle carried on him now. "That's good to hear." She walked through the door, which led down to a small basement. Inside, there was only a small light hanging from one of the rafters. Making it hard to see inside.

Lyle squinted. All he could see was what looked to be a large hose hanging from the ceiling, and a large drainage drain hole at the floor. The room smelled like the perfect mixture of all of the fries, burgers, and fried chicken he had ever had in his life. It was terribly greasy, so bad that the air actually seemed heavy inside of the room. He lightly gagged, the smell reminding him of the last time he had met Lizz.

He walked down the stairs. Lizz, once at the bottom, quickly made her way over to a set of lockers in the corner. She pulled out a blue, rubber suit with deep stitching in its sides. She looked over to Lyle. "Before you can start, you're gonna have to take off your clothes, and put this puppy on."

He blinked in surprise, blushing at the thought of going naked. "B..but."

"Sorry dude, it's necessary to work here." She paused for a moment. "It's just the standard uniform all of the back boys wear." She said quickly, almost as if she had thought it on the spot. She tossed it over for Lyle to catch.

He looked down at it. He sighed, knowing that he needed the job too much to refuse. He started to take off his shirt.

With all of his usual wear off, and the suit on, Lyle was now even more embarrassed. The thing clung to his body like an obsessed fan. Each of his fat folds were perfectly shown through the walls of the suit. His bubble butt was lightly squeezed by the tight suit, making him wince. With the suit on, there was no hiding how out of shape he was. Reminding Lyle yet again why he needed the job, to afford the gym.

"Good, you look great in it." Lizz said, obviously teasing him. She rounded the room, and pulled the big hose down from overhead. "Now with everything else out of the way, let's get ya' started for the day's work." And then, so fast Lyle couldn't react, she pushed the end of the hose down his maw, and then tightened a strap around his maw so that he couldn't take it back off.

"MffuuGh!" He grunted, looking down to the hose in his maw in complete surprise. Lizz quickly moved back to the stairs so that he couldn't reach her any more. Due to the short length of the hose, he could only walk about in a small portion of the room. He looked back up to Lizz, with a small look of betrayal in his eyes.

"You were an absolute asshole, you're right about that." Lizz said, dropping the playful act she had. Now talking to Lyle with all of her suppressed anger flowing out. Apparently the goat had only become less shy, and more confident in herself as a result of Lyle's past force feeding. Almost like their two personalities had swapped. "But you were right about one thing. The restaurant saves a lot of money when you don't throw any food out." She chuckled. "Which is where you come in."

Lyle felt his heart drop as the hose in his maw seemed to vibrate. He could feel something make its way down the hose.

She smiled, watching as Lyle tried to pull the hose out of his maw. "Don't bother with that. Hehehe, I'll leave ya to your duties. Will be back to release you after your six hour shift."

Lizz walked up the stairs, and locked the door behind her. Leaving Lyle behind, in a place where no one could hear his whines and muffles.

He pulled against the hose even harder, but nothing came of it. It was secured tightly. And, when the rush of food finally entered his mouth, there was literally nothing he could do to stop it from filling him up.

He gagged, feeling leftover food being pushed past his lips as the hose jiggled side to side overhead. He could taste the remains of burgers, fries, sandwiches, melted ice cream, sodas, all mixed into one dense slob that was being fed down his maw. Heck, he was sure there was some burnt grease in there too for good measure.

His belly swiftly and quickly ballooned out from his as the massive amounts of food worked its way down his stomach. He panicked, feeling his stomach easily grow out an inch a second, making him look like an inflating balloon.

The spike in pressure was almost instant. He grunted, feeling his stomach stretch out as all of the garbage food filled him up. He lightly pressed his belly, trying to give it a soft hug as it quickly grew bigger than a car tire out before him. His back started to arch inwards, now straining to hold his growing stomach.

“MMufuuFFf!” He tried to scream, but all of his pleads were drowned out by the sound of food rushing down the hose. He panted against the pipe, now truly scared for his life.

His belly was easily stood out from his figure by a solid two feet. The pain and pressure was building up at an almost ridiculous speed. His legs wobbled, and he strained to hold himself up. He went red in the face. And a few tears fell from his cheek as he remembered how close he had been to bursting the last time he was stuffed. And he knew he was nearing popping yet again.

‘Please...stop.’ He tried to beg, but these pleas were also cut off by the food rushing down the hose. Making his cries pointless. He shivered, feeling the pressure only grow inside of his rapidly expanding belly. He Tugged against the strap, but it was impossible to get off. More and more food waste pushed past his maw as he helplessly bloated up.

His legs buckled one more time, and then he fell to the ground. He grunted in pain, the sudden impact making his taut belly bounce slightly. His tummy was stretched out in front of him like a big blue balloon. He lightly pressed his paws into his tummy as he fully expected the worst.

But, the worst never happened. The pain was terrible, it felt like a thousand knives were stabbing him from the inside. Even though the blue suit hid his belly, he knew for a fact it was glowing red. He should be popping, he knew that. And while he thankfully was still in one piece, he still wondered why. And then, he looked down at the suit, realizing what kind of suit it was instantly.

The blue suit he wore was a compression suit. Made specifically for keeping bloated furs intact even long after they should have exploded. The more the food pushed against the walls of his stomach, the more the suit squeezed, compressing and holding his belly together. Meaning that Lyle's stuffing could go on for however long Lizz desired it to.

He whined again. His belly quickly outgrew the rest of his body. His tummy looked like a small blimp. Now probably about ten feet around in diameter, easily dwarfing the rest of his body. Lyle clung to the sides of his belly with his arms and legs. Caressing it, embracing it, hoping against hope that the feeding would end soon.

The mountain of food scraps only continued to flow into his maw though. More and more of it. All of it tasted disgusting, being mixed together with so many other rotten foods. He wondered if there was any moldy food in the mix. Heck, he started to wonder if all of it even was food. He pressed the side of his head onto his now mammoth belly. Trying to relieve the pressure.

A terrible tummy-ache ripped it way through his body. His stomach gurgled and churned as it quickly fell into rapid indigestion, being tasked with digesting so much rotten food at once. He cried some more as he felt his sharp pain attack his belly. Some of it from the growing pressure, but a lot of it also from the terrible tummy-ache. He went green in the face, now feeling positively nauseous as his stomach seemed to churn and bubble over.

The feeding only went on. He quickly lost sense of time as the only thing he could sense was the rush of food entering his maw. So much time had passed, that a good amount of fat had started to form on Lyle's body.

His ass ballooned out behind him. His two cheeks quickly filled out like a couple of blue yoga balls due to the compression suit. It didn't take long at all for his ass to grow bigger than he was before he had entered the restaurant. His two cheeks quickly fattened up to be at least fifteen feet around each, being about half the size his tummy was now.

His legs gained weight too. His two legs fattened up to the size of two tree trunks, partially buried by his still rapidly inflating belly. They look like two overfilled party balloons on his sides, with his feet uselessly hanging off the end of them. His arms fattened up right alongside his legs. Now pathetically hanging off of his fat sides. He twitched and wiggled his paws, in the only display of mobility he had left.

Of course, his face fattened up to match the rest of him. His cheeks fattened up, ballooning on the side of his face like two overinflated balloons. A series of double chins started to grow down his neck as the calories raged on. His cheeks were so fat now, that they partially buried part of his vision. He whined, feeling his body fattening up to absolutely absurd proportions.

His body now took up most of the room, very nearly covering up all of the floor. He could feel parts of him push against some of the little furniture the room had. His belly was easily the biggest part of him. Still swelling from the pounds worth of food, it must have been over thirty feet in diameter. Lyle looked up to see the top of his belly loom over him like a 'small' monument. He grunted, still feeling the growing pressure build inside of him, mixed alongside his terrible indigestion.

And then, and it happened so suddenly Lyle almost couldn't believe it at first, the feeding stopped. The Hose stood still as the rush of food drained to an end. He looked up to the ceiling, where the hose started, thankful that it was finally over. And then, almost as if to damper his spirits, the door to the room opened.

"Hello, garbage disposal. Are you liking your new job?" Lizz chuckled, enjoying it a bit too much. She stood on the middle step, so that she was somewhat at eye level with Lyle. The lion's body was so hopelessly massive it covered the floor completely.

"Muufghhh." Lyle muffled, some more tears coming from his eyes, rolling down his fat cheeks only to get caught in his multiple chins.

"Hehehe. Don't worry. The day is over now." Lizz pulled a remote out from her pocket. "You're free for the night." She pressed one of the buttons on the control.

Lyle's eyes shot open as he felt the suit compress his body even harder. Before it was like a reassuring embrace, letting him know he wouldn't explode no matter what. But now, it actively started to squeeze his body. He grunted, it felt very painful with all of the food still stuffed in his belly. But then, he blinked in surprise, seeing his body actually shrink down.

His belly was slowly compressed back into his midsection. His ass was pulled back to his rear. Even his arms and legs were squeezed together by the suit. It was like the thing was acting like a vacuum sealer on his body. The suit made a low humming sound as it did its thing.

Lyle stood back up, his body small enough again where mobility was an option. He felt stiff, all of his fat, bloated body being compressed so much. Even by the end of it, Lyle was still much bigger than he was before. His belly poked out before him, still standing a good foot out from him. His hips ballooned out from his side by a good few inches. His arms and legs still had a good amount of fat on them, leaving them much thicker than before. And his ass stuck out from him like two bowling balls. Thanks to the suit's tight hold on his body, none of his fat sagged, it all poked out from his body as if it was molded from clay.

Though, even with how much the suit pressed down on his body, his face looked fat as ever. His fat, bubble cheeks hung off the side of his face, sagging down all the way to his shoulders. His series of double chins still rolled all down his neck, some of them burying up the front of the suit. His head looked comically oversized now, due to how much the suit helped out the rest of him.

Lizz walked down, and removed the hose from Lyle's maw. "There ya are." She handed his clothes back to him. "How was your first day?" She asked, her question leaking with sarcasm.

Lyle looked at his clothes, and then looked at Lizz with a completely sadden look. "Hmughh." He moaned, still finding it hard to talk. His tummy-ache still ragged on, leaving him gently holding his fat belly as he let out a few exhausted belches.

“No need to thank me. So, do you still wanna work for us?”

Lyle blinked in surprise, amazed he would even have the choice. “Umm...no.”

She made a mocking surprised face. “Really! Huh. well that’s too bad.” She smiled again. “Well, if you don’t work wanna work here. I’m gonna have to take back the compression suit.”

It took Lyle a second to realize her meaning. His maw fell open in shock. He looked down at the suit. Even though he hated the feeling of how it pressed his body, squeezing him so tight that it was actually hard to breathe. He knew he had to wear the it now. It was either wear the suit and suffer, or be a fat, immobile blob for the rest of his life.

“And don’t think about trying to run away. We have a system in check to deactivate all suits that are not returned to us in forty-eight hours.” She smiled, adoring seeing her old boss squirm beneath her grasp. She had him by the balls, she knew it, and loved it.

He cried some more, all of his tears being caught in the fat folds of his chin. “Uhhh...okay.” He started to walk back up the steps.

“So you’ll be back tomorrow.” Lizz asked, looking down at Lyle like he was prey.

“Yes.” He muffled out, choking on his tears.

He waddled his way to his car. Even with the suit holding in all of his fat, he still weighed the same. He felt light headed, having to walk against what must have been a literal ton of weight clinging to all of his body. He didn’t even bother trying to put his clothes back on, knowing that they were too small for him now.

He panted, sweating, as he climbed into his car. He could feel the interior of the car push against his belly. He had to readjust his steering wheel to fit. He cranked his car, threw his clothes in the back, and then started to leave.

Right before going, he looked down to his compression suit, seeing his stiff belly fill up his entire lap as his stomach still digested the pounds worth of food slop inside of him. The terrible tummy-ache still raging on, making him slouch over in pain. He looked back up to the restaurant. Whining softly as he pulled out of the parking-lot. Knowing that he would have to be back tomorrow.