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"The name for this place sure is strange," remarked Russ as he glanced up at the dimly-lit neon sign above the door. The German Shepherd was somewhat wary of the dive that he was being led into, but Hyphy had assured him time and time again that the place was reputable; his friends went in there all the time. Russ was a little concerned though... The restaurant had no reviews on the internet, and could only seem to be found by walking around the back of a building and down into its basement. This was odd, to say the least, but something about Hyphy's insistence that it was good forced the canine onwards. Following along behind the bushy, wagging tail of the tan husky in front him, Russ shook his head in an attempt to dispel any doubts about walking through the threshold.

"And w-" Hyphy managed to get out before he was struck in the head by a wooden beam. Falling right to the ground before Russ, the husky was knocked out right away. Russ's eyes went wide, and a loud yelp came from the canine as shock for the sudden assault filled him. He didn't have a moment to react though, for he hadn't even gotten a change to turn and flee before he too was struck by another plank on the back of the head. Crumbling down to the floor just like Hyphy, he just groaned as he could feel his consciousness leaving him. Whimpering as black began to swirl in front of his vision, the canine tried to resist, but that was in vain; another set of paws came down and gripped his to keep him still.

"Goodnight."

It was hours later before Russ came to, the canine stirring with a snort as he awoke. He couldn't see anything, but he could feel something over his head that was blocking his vision; a bag, he had to guess. He could also hear the light whimpering of Hyphy beside him, the husky's scent confirming to Russ that his friend was indeed right there. Russ joined in on that whimpering right away as well, feeling the bag jostle slightly as his ears pinned back against his head. The canine was becoming more aware of his surroundings as well, as he gave a light tug to move his arms, only to find that they were bound tightly to the arms of whatever chair he was sitting on. His legs were bound as well, stuck fast to the legs of the chair and keeping him from doing so much as a light kick. Only his tail and head were free, which was enough for him to thrash around lightly in the chair to try and get free. He could just hear Hyphy's whines beside him, though from the sound alone it was clear that the husky had tried to break free as well. Just what on earth was going on with the two was beyond Russ; no one would want to hurt him, and certainly not farnap him... No, this was something else entirely, and he wanted to get away from whatever it was. Trusting Hyphy to let him go down t-

"So you're both awake now," A deep, gravely voice called, making both Hyphy and Russ fall silent nigh instantly. The two turned immediately in the direction of that voice, straining to see something, anything through the bags that covered their heads. Neither needed to do that though, for just a moment later the bags were removed from their heads and tossed aside, the bright light of the room flooding into both of their eyes. Screwing their eyes shut and whimpering from the sudden shock of the bright room, both canines recoiled back into their seats as they just struggled in vain against their bonds. Still to no avail though, neither was able to budge as their 'captor' of sorts stepped into the light. Through slits of eyes that they were barely able to muster up, Hyphy and Russ were able to make out the shape of a paunchy rhino... And little else. He looked to be wearing some robe of sorts, though neither really cared about that as they both looked right up at the swirling, red eyes which rested atop a pair of cherubic cheeks. The rhino seemed to be smiling, stepping another lumbering pace closer to the both of them before he stopped and took a broad, grandiose bow. Both canines growled at that point, their muzzles curling into snarls as they began to struggle anew against their leather bands to try and get away. Some give, anything... Both hoped for it, but were given none as they just waited to see what was going to become of them.

"Well, well... Don't bother struggling you two; I tied you down myself, and you aren't going anywhere unless I say so. First, let me say welcome to 'The Swirling Bonds Buffet', and I hope you

two are going to enjoy your meals here. It looks like your friends haven't really explained this place to you, so allow me to do so before we get the feasting underway. Well, not that you two have much of a choice..." Before either could object, which Hyphy was raring to do with a loud bark, the pair felt their muzzles clamp shut and be held there by a set of invisible paws. Struggling against those was useless, as neither could even budge their heads now thanks to being held in place. Instead, they were forced to look straight at their 'host' in silence, a task which neither one particularly wanted while they were tied up in an unfamiliar room. "Now then, allow me to explain. This... Restaurant, I suppose it could be called, caters to those that are truly gluttonous. No doubt each one of the friends who recommend this place to you was at least fat, if not moreso, right? Well... We're here to make sure that you really get to be fat, and full. Buffets always say that they serve you all that you can eat, well here we serve you all that you will eat. You eat until you don't want to anymore, and well... Looking at you both, that might be a little while." The rhino paused at those words, looking over the svelte frames of both Hyphy and Russ with a slight glimmer in his eye. He didn't continue on right away either, instead walking forward and placing one of his thick paws on each of their respective stomachs. Both were flat, but both grumbled with hunger just from the mention of all of that food; a good sign apparently to their host.

"Now then... I won't bother explaining how all of this works for you both, but suffice it to say... Those chairs won't be necessary for long. Sorry as well for knocking you both out at the door by the way; this isn't a furnapping or hostage thing or anything like that. We found that sometimes we get a little... Resistance to our methods, so a bit of force is necessary for those willing to come here. You knew what you were coming to though, and you're going to get a meal out of it as well, so just look at this whole unfortunate bit of events as the show before dinner... Or foreplay, if that happens to suit your tastes." Another bit of squirming came from Hyphy at that comment, his eyes doing all of the talking as they burned with anger up at his host. The rhino just smiled back down at the husky, giving that flat stomach of his a soft pat before doing the same to Russ, the German Shepherd also staring daggers at him. Both of the canines felt that pat, then felt an odd warmth come from their stomachs, almost an unnatural heat running through their torsos. Neither could say a word about it though, so instead they just pulled back what little they could from those rhino paws in a vain attempt to escape their host's grasp. The rhino just gave a light shake of his head before pulling back, his recession seeming to be a signal of sorts as a low, bassy hum began to fill the room that the pair were in. Neither could see anything beyond the circle of light which illuminated the part of the room that they were in, but the scents of food began to flood their muzzles as that hum grew louder and more pronounced. As the hum began to sound somewhat like an engine, another light projected from the ceiling, though this one went right against a screen that had somehow descended into the room without either canid noticing. A swirling, undulating sphere appeared on that screen from the projector above them, a large portion of it obscured by their host for a moment before he stepped aside. He said nothing as he did that, but the words that he left seemed to be nearly as haunting as their whole situation.

"Enjoy your meal."

With that, the rhino seemed to vanish entirely from the room, though somehow his scent lingered for both Hyphy and Russ; he was clearly still somewhere for them. The two couldn't focus on that though, as the sphere filled their vision with its colors, rotations, and patterns. Neither one of them had any opportunity to look away as the invisible paws held their faces still, and any attempt to shut their eyes seemed to be subconsciously blocked. Looking on, both began to feel some part of their conscious mind slipping away, almost as if they had both been knocked unconscious yet again. This was far more pleasant though, almost as if a gentle blanket was wrapping itself around their very essence and carrying them off to somewhere far more comforting than their current situation. Neither one could resist it either, their body falling limp as their minds were just carried off

somewhere else entirely, somewhere better and happier... And filled with food. They both heard a voice coming from both nowhere and everywhere at once as they really let loose of reality, and it seemed to be speaking gibberish at first. However that sphere seemed to face from their vision, blurry colors now beginning to fill their sight as that voice became clearer by the moment. It was saying something important, very important in fact, and both Hyphy and Russ struggled to hear it in spite of their superior hearing. It was as if the colors and voice were slowly being brought into focus though, with each moment that passed bringing more clarity to both.

"...Eat. You know you want to eat as much as you can, so why not? Eat with reckless abandon, eat like you will never eat again, but just eat. Stuff yourself to your heart's content here, there will always be more food. Eat, eat, and eat. Feed yourself until you feel finally, truly full, and then eat some more. You know you want to eat until you can feel like your true, gluttonous self... So do it. Eat, and eat, and eat..." The voice trailed off after those words, repeating 'Eat' several more times before it was truly silent. The colors that swirled before the pair came into focus soon after that, and it was then that the pair saw that those colors weren't at all colors, but instead a land of whatever foods the two could want. Lakes of soda, trees made of toffee with leaves of pizza, rolling hills of chocolate-coated doughnuts, flowers that looked like burgers with hot-dog stems... It was all there for the two of them, spread out as far as the eye could see. In reality, both canines were still tied down to their chairs, but neither one noticed that; they were off in the land of food in their own minds, and that was a far better alternative as far as either was concerned. In fact, neither knew just what was happening in reality, so when a burger bumped into Hyphy's muzzle, the canine did nothing but instinctively bite down on it. A rolled-up pizza brushed Russ's muzzle, and the canine took the same action of chowing down as the husky beside him. In their minds, their controlled and hypnotized minds, it was as if the food in their mental worlds had come alive and was determined to feed them. Neither had anything to complain about with that and instead just opened right on up to let the world do just that to them.

With that submission, both were pulled into 'seats' of marshmallows in their food-laden worlds as pies, lasagna, hot dogs, custard, and a myriad of other foods began to float towards them. Succumbing to the suggestion to eat until they burst, the pair paid little mind to the fact that food was floating up to them to be eaten. Instead, they both just focused intently on getting as much of that food down into themselves that they could. Opening and closing their jaws as if they were machines, the pair of canines chowed down on their respective meals without so much as a second thought. Both welcomed that food into them as though the entire situation was normal, putting up no fight and not even trying to move around unless it was to position their muzzle to get more of the food down into it. The pace of the food floating up to them was steady as well, each piece followed by another right away, but not at all forceful. It was constant though, with the muzzles of Russ and Hyphy finding nary a moment to be empty. Both canines were quite alright with that, as both of their tails wagged in a blurry wave of tan or brown fur respectively. Their stomachs were also very content with the flow of food, with contented gurgles and rumbles coming from their bellies as they filled with more and more food; fullness not even being a factor for the pair even as they ate well past what would have sated even the hungriest of dogs.

All of that food wasn't without its toll on the two canines, as their bellies both began to round out ever so lightly. All of that food needed a place to go after all, and stretching out the pelts and stomachs of both canines was about the only place it had to go. Each one of the two no longer had the svelte, toned look to their frames after just minutes of eating at the pace they were. Instead, the two dogs were looking far more well-fed, with cheeks that hadn't stopped bulging from the moment they had begun eating, and stomachs that protruded out noticeably from their torsos. Their shirts were already starting to strain slightly to hold in the bulging guts beneath them, fabric straining and beginning to ride up to expose a thin band of fur beneath the bottom. Both of their pants were

straining as well, the button on Russ's being the first to give as it shot off across the field of tarts that rolled off into the distance before him. Hyphy's wasn't far behind, ricocheting off a toffee tree and into a lake of cola. Neither canine stopped their consumption though, opening right on up for more and even letting out sighs of contentment now that they both had gained a good amount more room to just eat.

Eat they did, the food becoming little more than a train of varying tastes and delectable treats for Hyphy and Russ. The pair kept on eating, and eating, and eating as though they lived for nothing else, and it was becoming a true fact. Their pants were giving at the seams as their legs gained some weight, the food in their middles digesting at a lightning pace just to make some room, any room for more of the heavy meals to reside. Their shirts fared little better, riding fully up the bulging mass of belly which both dogs had eaten themselves into before starting to tear over the swelling chest that was forming atop those grandiose table muscles. Exposing all of that belly to the world though was an obvious thing, as each of them was looking more and more like a balloon of little more than food; their stomachs were fast becoming the main attraction both in their hypnotized world of food and the room in which they were both 'trapped'. Their binds had been undone shortly after the start of their feasts, allowing both beasts to help that food get into their muzzles even faster by stuffing it in themselves, as well as to rub at the overblown mounds of gut which were fast filling the space of their laps. Massaging and kneading at the taut food balloons that were their torsos, both Hyphy and Russ saw no need to stop their feasting, as their truly gluttonous side had come out to play.

More food, more chomping, more food... It was a cycle that the pair were stuck in for hours. Their bellies bloated out with food to the point that they spilled over their knees, round balls of food and a thin layer of fat that had worked its way into all of that furred flesh. The pair both had moobs now, though Hyphy looked to be getting a lot more heft there as his chest jostled and quaked with every lazy chew that his muzzle made. Russ's heft seemed to be building up around his rump and thighs, as they pressed heavily into the sides of his marshmallow chair, making the whole seat creak slightly as it tried to hold both his weight and girth. Neither of their chairs could hold much more weight, and soon the pair would burst out of them just as they had their clothing several minutes prior. Nude and still eating, it was just from how much they had consumed that they were decent; and yet neither cared as yet another round of pizza leaves began to float towards them at the same pace as the rest of their inordinately large feast. Both had stopped trying to help food fall into their muzzles though, trusting whatever magical force was feeding them to bring them their meals while their paws rubbed over the surface of their guts with lazy, slow arcs to try and soothe that encroaching feeling of fullness. This wasn't to say either of them wanted to stop eating though... No, they were both greedy and hungry gluttons, and planned on eating until they couldn't fit another bite down their muzzles, a fact that was shown by Hyphy leaning forward to snap a rather large burrito from the air as it had taken just a moment too long to get to his gluttonous muzzle. Russ took no such action, instead just savoring his stomach as his paws pressed and rubbed along the taut fur which spilled out full feet in front of him.

The motion of Hyphy had been enough to snap the chair beneath his bulk, the wooden chair, in reality, collapsing beneath his bulging posterior while the marshmallow one in his 'reality' just seemed to melt down into the ground. That resounding *SMACK* of flab on concrete was enough to break Russ's chair as well, sending the German Shepherd down onto his well-padded rump right beside Hyphy. Neither canine had the strength nor concern to try and stay upright, instead letting the tumble lay them both out on their well-padded backs with their overblown stomachs expanding high into the air above them. The little fat on their frames that wasn't stretched to its limits jiggling profusely from the impact, both Hyphy and Russ seemed to stop their feasting for just a moment to drink in just what had happened... And yet neither cared. They just wanted more food; that voice had told them to eat after all, and eat they were going to. Thusly, the flow of food to their muzzles

resumed, those pizza leaves finally reaching the front of the line and pressing their greasy, cheesy goodness against both of their muzzles. Opening wide, the two canines just gave a light rumble of contentment from their new prone position as it let them feel just how much they had eaten... One look around them was enough to see just how much was left to eat too. The line of floating food was waiting though, pressing into both of their mechanical muzzles, second chin of fat that had once been their necks, and the moobs which both had sprouted above the ball of food that filled the rest of their torsos. Looking down that line, both the husky and the German Shepherd knew what they had to do...

They had to start somewhere.