“No, no, no! This won’t do at all!”

“Bawk, bawk, buk buk?”

“Yes, I mean it! You’ve seen the quarterly reports- everyting’s behind! The tender shipment is late, pink goo production is down twenty two percent, the cake division isn’t even operational, and what the hell are we going to do if we don’t have enough tighs for the promotional buckets?”

“Cluck cluck bawk…”

“Don’t you make this about me, mister.” Kiara said with a sniff. She leaned back in her chair and steepled her fingers, glaring menacingly down at her employee. “My tighs are definitely not on the menu."

“Baaawk…?”

“And don’t give me that backsass! Get back to work and fix it! No excuses! Just keep in mind- it doesn’t matter if you’re the assistant manager, tere’s always room in the Usual Room.”

The threat served its purpose- the KFP employee straightened, all traces of attitude vanishing. With a business-like “bacawk”, he hopped off of the stool and saluted. Kiara waved him off and he backed out of the room, holding his clipboard up like a shield.

“Oh, before you go-” the chicken froze, icy sweat beading under his feathers- “make a note to send up anudder bucket for, er, quality assurance. We can’t disappoint our customers!”

The manager opened his beak to protest before thinking better of it. Kiara was half the reason for the ongoing shortage at headquarters- it seemed that, with the stress of the latest promotional event, she had insisted on personally taste testing everything. EV-ER-Ything. Cakes, tenders, nuggets, spicy wings, even pink goo hot off the assembly line- the Phoenix made sure she got a piece for “quality assurance purposes.”

Whether or not it was up to snuff, the testing showed. The chicken’s beady black eyes flicked over his ~~owner~~ boss’s figure as he shut his beak with an audible clack. Ensconced behind the fortress of her desk, her own meaty thighs were hidden from view, but he could still make out the strained buttons of her too-tight top from behind the emptied KFP buckets. Though her face had lost its sharp, angular form, it was still an emblem of terror for the staff, the nascent double chin and plump cheeks doing nothing to dull her fiery temper.

If anything, it only highlighted the implicit threats of her management style. After all, in order to make good on the shortfalls Kiara’s appetite was creating, sacrifices had to be made. His tongue flicked out, licking his non-existent lips, and he nodded his head and consulted his mental list of employees for the next culling.

“And don’t forget the dipping sauce this time!” Kiara cried out as he shut the door. Alone again, she slouched down in her chair. “Ingrate… after all I’ve done for him…”

Idly, she grabbed a bone from the nearest bucket and began to idly gnaw at the shreds of meat still on it. Muttering to herself, she leaned forward, consulting her plans and figures, never truly cognisant of the way her belly pooched against the hardwood desk…

“And that’s why, mmm, we are gatered here today- to congratu- congratulate you for all your hard work and training!” Kiara announced into the mic, surreptitiously stifling a belch. She gave the audience her award winning smile, only slightly marred by the grease still glistening on her full lips. “So con-congratulations to class, er…”

Kiara put a plump hand over the mic and leaned towards the assistant manager. The buttons on her top creaked like a ship underway.

“Which class is this again?”

“Bawk, bawk…” The manager glanced down at his clipboard before continuing. “Bawk.”

“Tanks.”

Kiara straightened up and smiled again at the auditorium filled with future KFP employees. “Congratulations to class 173 of the third quarter! May your shifts be full of produuuuUUURP!”

Magnified by the microphone, Kiara’s belch was literally window shattering. She flushed, her double chin shaking from the furious eructation, and the poults stared at her with their beaks agape. The seconds stretched. The assistant manager’s eyes flicked from crowd to boss furiously, noting how Kiara was starting to redden.

Making a snap decision, he slipped his clipboard under a wing and made a gesture to the “TotenEimer” guards standing at parade rest against the walls. Understanding his orders, they slipped into the crowd and began subtly “encouraging” the students with their- purely ceremonial, of course- bayonets.

The rising applause drowned out Kiara’s embarrassment and she smiled wide at her adoring audience.

“Tank you! Tank you! Long live KFP! A franchise to last a thousand quarters!”

Kiara waved as she waddled down the middle of the auditorium, guards following behind her. Her swinging hips inadvertently bowled over several poults as she passed, but the layer of blubber cushioned the blows. Once outside, she let out a long, low burp, thumping her chest as she did so.

“Whew… do you tink they noticed?” She asked.

The Assistant Manager looked up at her. On the one wing, Kiara had always stated that honesty was the best policy. On the other wing, there was such a thing as a survival instinct. He shook his head no.

“Gut! Now, take me back to my office!” Kiara said, waving a plump hand imperiously. Her arm fat wobbled as she did so. “Oh, but where are my snacking nuggies? I’m starving!”

The sergeant of the guard stepped forward, holding the box over his head with both hands. Greedily, Kiara ripped the top off and reached in. Drool trailed down her chins as she grabbed handfuls of golden nuggets.

Without so much as a thank you, she crammed the fistful into her mouth, chewing furiously. Crumbs fell from her mouth, landing on the exposed tops of her breasts and plunging into her cavernous cleavage. She leaned forward as she swallowed and grabbed another handful. Her belly sagged over her skirt, jiggling furiously with every motion, as she gorged herself on nuggets.

This took some time- the box was a promotional item, designed for viewing parties and endurance streams. One hundred nuggets slid down Kiara’s throat, one after another, lasting just long enough to reach her office again. The guard held up the box without complaint the entire time, keeping pace with his boss’s waddle the entire way.

Eyes glazed and with a taut, stuffed belly, Kiara could only stare dumbly at the door to her office when she arrived. Idly, she massaged the reddened orb hanging from her waist, wincing when she inadvertently jostled it. Her breathing was a harsh wheeze, as if she had run a marathon instead of having walked one hundred meters from the nearest auditorium.

“W-well?” She finally asked, struggling to focus her gaze on her assistant. She let out a burp before continuing. “Are you going to let me in or what?”

Mutely, the KFP employee squeezed against the Phoenix. With her bulk in the way, he was forced to press himself against her soft thighs to reach the door. Reaching a wing up, up, up, he brushed against her belly, eliciting a sudden moan that he carefully ignored. Sweat dripped down his beak as he groped blindly for the handle, unable to see around the orb blocking his vision.

Relief flooded his body as his feathertips gripped the door. He gave it a tug and it swung inwards. Kiara almost bowled him over, breathing even more heavily, as she passed. Her ass jiggled as her hips brushed against the doorway. Once over the threshold, she turned around, still panting. Her cheeks were red and there was a glint in her eye.

“Y-you…” She said, pointing at the guard. “Are dismissed. But…”

Her voice was low and husky as she turned back to her manager, not giving the rapidly fleeing guard another thought.

“As for… as for you…” She breathed. “I think we need to talk about employee morale.”

The manager’s bones froze as she leaned in and smiled. Her teeth flashed in between grease stained lips. One hand was idly groping a love handle and the other was pointing straight at him.

“Meet me in the usual room… and don’t forget the dipping sauce.”

“Gura! It’s been so long! Mwah! Mwah!” Kiara flung her arms wide at the diminutive shark girl, bingo wings wobbling furiously. The ground shook slightly as she waddled forward, blocking out all light as she approached. “Come here! Give us a hug!”

“U-uh… sure?” Gura replied, holding up her own arms limply and suddenly doubting the wisdom of coming to tour Kiara’s new factory.

The truth was, it had been months since any of the other Myth girls had seen the Phoenix and they had begun to… worry about her. The rumors that had filtered out through the KFP underground had not been promising and the reality was… well… somehow even worse.

Much worse, thought Gura, as Kiara’s massive arms engulfed her entirely.

The shark girl practically disappeared into the Phoenix’s bulk. Her scrawny form was no match for the pillowy belly rolls and matronly arms of her friend- let alone the grand canyon of her cleavage. Sagging down all the way to her knees, Kiara’s belly was probably taller than Gura was- and certainly weighed far more! It was astounding that Kiara could still find a uniform that (theoretically) fit, but the KFP staff were nothing if not hardworking.

Kiara kissed Gura twice in the European fashion, leaving behind a smear of grease on each of her cheeks (along with a single down feather), before relinquishing her from her pillowy prison. Gura gasped for breath, getting a lungful of Kiara’s new perfume of oil, breading, and ketchup.

Breathing hard from the exertion of standing up and giving her friend a hug, Kiara slowly waddled back to her desk and sank gratefully back into her high backed chair. It creaked ominously under her fat ass. Gura made do with the stool, her tail wagging uncertainly behind her.

“Can I get you anything?” Kiara asked, already eating again. Gura watched, wide eyed, as she picked up what appeared to be a whole chicken breaded and deep fried. Her mouth went dry as she watched Kiara strip it to bones in under a minute.

“W-water.”

“Mmph.” Kiara put the final drumstick down with a hearty belch before dabbing at her lips with a napkin. She gave Gura a quizzical look. “Are you feeling alright, Gura? You’re a, mmph, growing girl, you know! You really should eat- you’re all skin and bones!”

“Ah, well, you know how I am, ah ha ha ha! That’s the, er, Atlantis style!”

“If you say so…” Kiara replied, clearly not convinced, as she reached for a box of french fries. Cramming a handful of the salty potato into her mouth, she continued while chewing. “Sho, what bringsh yoo here?”

“Not to be too, er, blunt, the thing is, you know, you see…” Gura trailed off, almost mesmerized by the way Kiara’s cheeks wobbled as she chewed. The Phoenix’s face was so fat, she wasn't even certain she was still making eye contact. She took a deep breath and steeled herself. “We’re worried about you.”

Gura paused, scratching her head.

“Well, Ame, Ina, and I are. When we talked to Calli, she said you could drop dead for all she cared. But she’s a reaper and we think that’s code for ‘I actually really care about her and I hope she’s doing okay.’ At least…” Gura amended, crossing her arms. “That’s what Ina said it meant.”

“Aww… dat’sh sho shweet!” Kiara said before swallowing. She beamed at Gura, her face dimpling. “It’s so kind of you to worry! I know I’ve been crazy busy, but tings are going fine! We finally fixed all tose supply chain issues… even if I had to fry- er, fire my assistant to do so.”

“So, uh, does that mean you’re coming to the Hololive Olympics Event? If everything’s working out here, I mean.”

“Ah, hmm, well, uh…” Kiara suddenly looked away, unable to meet Gura’s eyes. “Not quite. Tings are still… busy, yes, very busy. It seems like I’m in the Usual Room solving… disciplinary issues almost every day! My Soßetruppen do their best, but without me, I tink tings would fall apart!”

“Oh…” Gura visibly wilted, her tail flopping against the back of the stool. “A-are you sure you don’t want to come? There’s going to be all sorts of crazy events- there’s a triathlon, an archery contest, a footrace, Mumei’s going to host a pie eatin-”

“Mumei’s making pies?” Kiara slammed her hands on her desk, sending empty containers flying. She leaned forward, her chest dangling down to brush against the hardwood with suddenly erect nipples. Gura swallowed hard and nodded her head, struggling to keep her eyes on Kiara’s round face.

“Ten that changes everything! Of course I’ll be tere! You know how much you guys mean to me!” Kiara settled back in her chair again with a crunch. She was sitting lower than before, the overworked furniture’s gears finally giving up the ghost.

“G-great! I’ll let everyone know!” Gura said, beaming. “But, uh, one thing before I go!”

“Yeah?”

“Why does ten change everything?”