The success of any company is rooted in the desire of its team members to succeed. Just as it’s true that the weakest link can make or break a fellowship, the one most willing to make sacrifices in the name of pushing forward is much more likely to drive a company to success.

In this case, the success of the Yeng Corporation’s Daven’s Port Branch is rooted in its Branch Manager—one Doctor Fukuda Hinamizawa—and the lengths to which she would go to ensure that each product is thoroughly tested.

“Hey \*munch\* it’s… \*urp\*… Doc Hina!” Piper Black’s meaty face creased into a smile and two chins, “You’re \*chomp\* early today!”

“Good morning!” Dakota Johnson’s jowls creased as she chomped politely down on what constituted her breakfast, “Did you get my notes from yesterday? Sorry about all of the crumbs… and my bad handwriting…”

“Good morning, ladies. I hope that you’re both ready for a productive day.” Fukuda pressed a finger on the communications button, “And Dakota, there’s no need to worry about your notes—I would much rather have to decipher them than not get them at all.”

Piper and Dakota waved their fleshy little hands at their superior as she walked stiff-backed into the testing area, motions that reverberated throughout their bloated sacks of shape as they leaned back into their respective couches. The great pieces of furniture had begun to creak and sag under their copious amounts of flesh as each of them began to test the limits of what their reinforcement was capable of. Weighing in at eight hundred and twenty pounds and seven hundred and eighty six pounds respectively, it was little wonder why.

They were the DP branch’s golden geese—ready, willing, and able to test just about anything in the name of getting a paycheck for it. Having started in the Food Production team, they’d steadily climbed their way into testing furniture, electronics… *everything.* And since they were the biggest assets that Fukuda had to play around with, it was directly because of them that she had been given the “Big & Tall” line to play around with as well.

It wasn’t an exaggeration to say that the only reason that they could get around or keep themselves fed was due to the intervention of the Yeng Corporation. They were like two prized pigs, being fattened up for one of their American fairs.

But Fukuda was the only one taking home a ribbon.

“Are you girls ready to begin testing for the day?”

“Oh yeah.” Piper’s puddling face squished against itself as she readjusted her humongous bulk on the bowing sofa, “I’ve been waiting for Breakfast Food Friday all week.”

“Same tho.” Dakota’s high-pitched giggle had slowed and dulled into a heavy chuckle as she drummed her great sack of stomach, “Highlight of the week, ten out of ten.”

“Happy to hear it.” Dr. Hinamizawa smiled mirthlessly into the microphone, “Your helpings will be ready in just about fifteen minutes. Just make sure to give as clear and concise notes as possible when evaluating the products.”

“Are we doing furniture today too?” Piper threw a wide, wobbling arm behind the back of the couch as she tried to heft one elephantine leg up along its length, “Because…*oof*… sometimes I get distracted and forget to take notes for the Y-Chairs and shit.”

“Just do your best, Miss Black.” Fukuda said concisely into the microphone before plopping down in her own seat, “I’m sure that a woman of your experience in judging these sorts of things will be able to pick up on the minutiae of it all.”

“Yeah, when the sofa starts to crack beneath you, write that down.”

“Shuff \*chomp\* up, Dee.”

Fukuda leaned back in her chair, hand placed precariously on her own palmable pudge. As much as she had tried to avoid the scale given her recent expansion, it was beginning to seem inevitable that spending this much time around her two prized porkers was going to come back and bite her in one way or the other. She just never would have expected that it would have targeted her waistline.

Of course, given that her job was to essentially sit behind a one-way mirror and watch these two stuff themselves until they could hardly move, was it any wonder that she had basically no idea of what constituted a “normal” sized meal anymore?

“I’m spending entirely too much time around these two heifers.” Doctor Hinamizawa folded her thick arms over her swollen belly as it peeked out from underneath her top, “They are rubbing off on me in the worst possible ways.”

Fukuda’s round face bunched along the chin as she glowered at the fatties smacking their lips in anticipation of their latest meal. Huge folds of fat hung off of them, rolls and bulges swathing them in jiggling excess. They were both so big that they could hardly move around on their own now—surely their example alone should have been enough to curb Fukuda’s growing sweet tooth?

Pressing her fingers lightly into the fluffy dome of fat that rose and fell with her gentle breaths, she found herself repulsed by the amount of squish and give that her midsection had. Years of being naturally thin, never having to worry about her diet, never being more than a few pounds overweight at her heaviest… all gone.

“If I’m not careful, I’ll wind up like the two of them.” Fukuda remarked, oddly flush as she crossed her legs, watching the two parodies of the female form begin to dig into their meal with gusto, “Some bloated, gluttonous beast driven entirely by my own base desires.”

The crease of chins and jowls entranced her. The wobbling and quaking slabs of fat hypnotized her. The struggle of being so large, panting shallow breaths as they tried to move under their own power, it send chills down her spine. The look of a hungry, wanting lust in their glimmering, piggish eyes—

“I-I will be grabbing some breakfast for myself.” Dr. Hinamizawa said into the microphone, “P-Please excuse me!”