

Caloric Comeuppance

By Victor Waite

A Patreon Vignette for Shukko

After a long and storied career of thieving, one of Dack's many enemies finally catches up with her. What will the corporate fat cat do with the thorn in her side? Soften her up until she's no longer a problem, of course.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and contains A Female Arctic Fox, Bondage, Force Feeding, Food Addiction, Rapid Weight Gain, Immobilization, and Lactation

A soft groan tumbled from Dack's muzzle as her consciousness gracelessly returned. Her head throbbed as she stirred from an unwelcome sleep, and she raised a paw to rub the pounding from her temples. A metallic clang stopped her cold and clattered against her skull, giving her pause before she tried again with other arm. The arctic vixen winced when her second attempt produced the same result, scattering her groggy thoughts. She dug through hazy memories of the previous night for any clues about her situation, then reluctantly opened her eyes when she found nothing. Harsh light slapped her in the face and inspired instant regret, and she tested her chains once again as she reflexively shielded them. The same unforgiving noise rang out for a third time, sapping what little energy she gathered with a lance through her forehead. Dack turned her eyes to the ground and waited for them to adjust, taking in the details of the concrete floor and formulating an escape plan. With next to no information to work with however, she made next to no progress. Spurred by necessity, she finally looked up, only to meet the glare of one of her many enemies.

The well-dressed fat cat sneered while Dack blinked and calibrated her senses, waiting for the arctic fox to mumble something so she could cut her off. "You didn't *really* think you'd get away with it, did you," she spat. "You were a pain in the ass to track down, I'll give you that, but your career ends here."

The corners of Dack's muzzle turned up in a grin. "What did I steal from you again? A jeweled tomato? Or maybe just your self control."

The corpulent feline let out a feral hiss. "It was a golden apple, you rogue! You broke into *my* office, and stole it right off my desk! Where is it!?"

The vixen laughed. "I did you a favor. That thing would have just kept making you fatter."

Her eyes crossed with rage and she nearly missed the remote in her hand. At her furious command, lights flickered on all around them, revealing the inner workings of a derelict cake factory beyond the spotlight focused on Dack. "You get one more chance. Tell me what you did with it."

"Why? We both know you're taking your revenge regardless of what I say."

The CEO grinned with malicious intent. "You're right, but part of me hoped you had the decency to not rob me of satisfaction too. Good thing that's harder to get away with."

The feline mashed the remote again and nearly crushed it, bringing the surrounding machinery to life. A conveyor belt lowered from the ceiling and leveled at Dack's muzzle, filling her with adrenaline and driving her attempts to escape. The shackles around her wrists and ankles held firmly, however, and from her seated position, she couldn't get the leverage to break them. A furnace at her back roared to life as blobs of dough traveled into its mouth, unseen but easily felt. Concern played across Dack's face as she struggled to remain calm and shifted her focus to finding a weakness in her links. The corporate feline

cackled as she urgently scanned the titanium irons, finding little more than her own reflection in their polished loops. The bolts connecting them to floor proved equally sturdy, and panic welled in her chest while she tested her chair. While not fixed to the ground, the slight motions it allowed proved useless, marking the end of her conventional options. Out of orthodox ideas, Dack plumbed her mind for more mystic possibilities, struggling to recall anything resembling a useful curse. The impressions of a corrosion-inducing chant bubbled to the front of her mind, and relief washed over her as she hastily recanted its beginning under her breath.

She opened her mouth to complete it, only for a donut to plow into her muzzle and derail her train of thought.

Dack's half-remembered spell fizzled, and her mind melted in the presence of almost supernaturally vivid flavors. Without a second thought, or any thought at all, she chomped into the calorie-loaded pastry and gulped it down with all the speed she could muster. Her belly rumbled in satisfaction, which faded instantly in favor of demands for more. Notions of escaping faded as her blossoming appetite seized control of her body, spurring her lean forward and snatch the treats from the belt the instant they came in range. She snapped up muffins and donuts and danishes like they were nothing, stuffing her cheeks full and swallowing them down with reckless gluttony. Her middle spilled into her lap as she metabolized the treats as quickly as she ate, robbing her of nimbleness right beneath her nose. Dack's eyes glossed over as the cat waddled closer to check her progress, and when the vixen failed to acknowledge her presence, she started the second phase of her revenge. At the feline's order, a vat of experimental enhancers mixed into the dough of the fox's pastries, tainting her sweets with a heavy dose of mad super science. Pounds piled onto the former thief's frame as the new batch marched down the bakery line, reaching her lips several minutes later. Once they did, however, the effect was immediate.

What once was a slow advance of flab accelerated into a full avalanche, shredding her clothing and revealing her rolling hills and deep valleys. Dack's chair let out a pitiful groan before her triple-wide ass crushed it, dropping her to the ground with a thunderous boom. Her rippling flab shattered her shackles, though her token freedom went unnoticed until the fattening cakes and pies began to bounced off her flabby cheeks, spurring her to reach out and funnel them into her muzzle. The plump curtains of flab hanging from her arms proved exceptionally useful, though the shifting weight sent her sprawling onto her vast, pillowy gut. The height of her lardy perch ensured the flow of treats never left her mouth's range, however, and keeping herself in position grew even easier as her breasts swelled beneath her notice. Puddles of milk pooled at their peaks as the experimental desserts further warped her figure, earning another round of laughter from the corporate feline. The cat gingerly drug her claws around Dack's fattened side as she took in her team's handiwork, then victoriously opened a second tank of batter into the pastry line. The vixen hardly noticed the redoubling of her feeding, completely lost in her gluttonous trance even as the CEO approached and whispered into her ear.

"Since you won't return what you stole, I'll have you work its value off in my dessert line.

With interest, of course~"