

Ice Cream Catastrophe

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A Patreon Poll Story

After a power surge knocks out an ice cream freezer, two waitresses take on the challenge of eating it all before it melts and makes a mess. Will they claim their boss's bonus, or just get stuffed in the process?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and contains a Female Dog and Cat, Fat Characters, Feeding, Force Feeding, Ice Cream Stuffing, Weight Gain,

The sun sank below the horizon and cast its long rays across the ocean, scattering them across the water and into the restaurant's windows. Rich orange hues drifted along the building's interior walls as the last of the evening's dinners finished their meals, offering cleaned plates and generous tips to the bustling waitstaff. Lightly-uniformed furs dashed between tables and collected silverware and checks alike, their pace hampered by a long and busy day. Luckily, their exhaustive efforts more than paid off. There hadn't been a single complaint the entire shift, and their tip jar overflowed with the bounty of their skillful service. Peaceful quiet rolled in across the floor as more and more tables emptied, though the following tranquility was unfortunately short-lived. The evening's only imperfection rattled against windows and resonated in walls as storm clouds marched across the sky, depriving the night of its stars and darkening the small beach town. The last of the place's patrons dashed out as the opening showers pelted the parking lot, followed by a few of the waitstaff. They took their share of the daily bonus and waved goodbye to their coworkers, eager to beat the inevitable downpour home. Before long, only the manager and a pair waitresses remained, who sped through their work and raced the ominous weather. Unfortunately, they wouldn't share the victory of their peers. A bolt of lightning split the air and shook the earth, briefly knocking out the power. Seconds of darkness followed, until florescent lights hummed and flickered back on.

The dog and cat shrugged it off and returned to stowing dishes, until their manager burst into the kitchen and circled the room. The pair glanced at one another and rolled their eyes while the pig surveyed the equipment, ensuring everything was properly powered off and checking for damage. They paused their conversation and worked in silence, waiting for the porcine suit leave and restore their privacy. The pause lingered in the air longer and longer, until curiosity finally got the better of them. They turned and found him standing before a refrigerated cabinet of ice cream, ineffectually pawing at its power switch. A mixture of confusion and embarrassment crossed their faces, which they dispelled the instant he met their gazes.

"I think the power surge fried the freezer," he admitted. "I can't get it to turn on."

"That's not good," the dog added.

"No it's not. I just restocked, and I know I'm not getting someone out here before it all melts."

"Quite the conundrum."

The waitresses put the last of the dishes away while the pig wracked his brain for a solution, then spoke up as they gathered their things to leave.

"I can take some of this home so it doesn't make a mess, but there's no way I'm fitting all of it in my car. Would either of you two like to take some home?"

The dog's ears perked and the cat's tail swayed with interest, and they approached the

broken appliance with obvious interest. Upon surveying its brimming contents, they reached the same conclusion as the pig.

"I only have a little room in my freezer," the dog murmured.

"Yeah, I can't take much either."

A pause hung in the air while the pig amended his solution.

"Well, I'll leave you two to figure something out. If you can avert this disaster, I'll give you the money I would have spent on cleaning it up."

"Can we throw it out?"

"Absolutely not. We can only throw out so much food, and that would put us over the limit," the pig explained. "Plus, I can't let you waste good food like this on principle."

"So what are we supposed to do? Eat it all?"

"If you're so inclined," the manager shrugged. "As long as it gets out of that freezer without getting thrown out, I don't care how you do it. And if you two can't figure something out. Don't worry about it. I'll just take care of it later."

"Fair enough"

"Great. I'm gonna head home before the weather gets any worse. Don't forget to lock up."

"Can do."

"Great. Have a good night, and I'll see you two later."

With that, the porcine manager waddled from the kitchen and left the, with their dilemma.

"So how do you want to do this? I can eat a lot of ice cream, but this is pushing the limits of my abilities," the cat half-boasted.

"Yeah, but there's two of us and a lot of money on the line."

"Did he say how much we'd get?"

"Not exactly, but I think the bill was over a grand the last time this happened."

The feline clapped her paws and rubbed them together. "That's all the motivation I need."

The dog grinned and patted her friend's belly. "As if you needed more. I've seen the way you

look at that thing."

The cat purred and pushed her middle into the dog's fingers. "Guilty as charged~ And now the gods are rewarding me for my patience."

The dog slipped her paws under her coworker's shirt and massaged her love handles. "I'm starting to wonder if you planned this now."

"No, but I'm starting to think I should next time."

"Let's see if you feel the same way once we're through with this one."

"Probably a good idea."

The dog's hand stayed on her friend's hip as they sauntered to the broken freezer and gazed at its contents. A pair of glass lids reflected their eager faces as they surveyed the frigid sweetness, silently deciding who would start where. They nodded in mutual agreement and each claimed half, with the feline taking the slightly larger portion. A soft pop announced their unsealing of the freezer, and a puff of chilly air followed. The frost-laced breeze cut through their fur and left shimmering trails of sparkling flakes, offering a brief respite from the tropical heat. The canine dipped her nose into the cold and savored it as her friend fished out her first serving, braking the tranquil moment with the tearing of cardboard. The dog followed suit and pulled out a plastic pouch with her teeth, then freed the dessert within with a quick turn of her head. The pair started on their first helping almost in unison, though that was the only similarity in their approaches. The pudgy cat tore her wrapper away with feral gusto and devoured her ice cream sandwich in a single bite, while the canine lapped at her treat with something resembling restraint. The lynx gulped down the last of her morsel in the time it took the dog to reach her halfway point, and she swiftly widened her lead with gluttonous delight. Another sandwich followed the first, and she groaned with hedonistic glee. Not to be so easily outdone, the canine coiled her tongue around her cone and slurped it into her muzzle, then cracked through its delicious shell with a satisfying crunch and gulped it down. The fluffy feline finished her third sandwich as the treat's subtle bulge slid down the canine's neck and vanished behind her shirt. The shorter of the pair chuckled to herself, then reached over and patted her friend's middle.

"Looks like I'm starting to rub off on you," the lynx teased.

"Hardly," the dog quipped. "I don't have to special order my shirts~"

The cat blushed and grinned. "That might change after tonight"

"Nah, I still have a long way to go before I reach that point. You, on the other hand~" The canine reached over and pinched her friend's plush love handle. "You're gonna be a few boxes deep before you even start to look full."

"You're really not great at this trash talking thing. That's the idea." The lynx lifted and plopped her belly down in her lap, sending a ripple through her figure.

"How can I insult something so beautiful?"

"I'm definitely rubbing off on you. You're starting to sound like I did when I decided to get big," the cat grinned.

"Between you and me, I'd be lying if I said I wasn't interested."

"Well then, let's explore that interest~"

Before the dog could protest, the cat reached into the freezer and produced another box of ice cream. Considerably larger than those before it, it brimmed with the restaurant's most expensive and highest calorie treat. A faint hint of hesitation flashed across the dog's eyes while the cat unpacked the sundaes, lining them up one by one in front of the canine's lap. Her gaze followed the trail as it stretched out a few feet, and mixed feelings swirled in her chest as she beheld its frigid glory. Her stomach demanded she dig in, though her brain was not as eager.

"There is absolutely no way I can eat all that."

"Not with that attitude," the cat laughed. "Besides, this isn't more than your share. You need to eat this much anyway."

The dog couldn't refute her point.

"Here, I'll do all the hard work. You just enjoy the ride."

The dog opened her muzzle to reject the offer, though her friend seized her chance with cat-like reflexes. A spoon full of chilly sweetness blocked her words and cooled her cheeks, and her muffled protests gave way to a muffled moan of delight. She savored the dessert for as long as her friend allowed before swallowing it down, and a second serving followed swiftly. She fell into a steady rhythm of slurping and gulping, fast enough to satisfy the feline but slow enough to avoid an unwelcome brain-freeze. A pleasant chill pooled in her belly and seeped into her form as her paunch swelled over her thighs, eclipsing her shorts at a glacial pace. One of her paws drifted to the fluffy dome and traced over its curve, pressing in occasionally to check her progress. A sense of fullness sluggishly crept into her perceptions, though a few exploratory squeezes proved she still had room for much more. She opened her eyes to check her progress and instantly lost her blooming confidence, however. The lynx had fed her only the first two sundaes, and six more remained. A drop of dread mixed in her chest and threatened to spoil the moment, though as if reading her mind, the cat salvaged the situation. A rumbling purr resonated in her plush chest and rumbled through the dog as she reached over and stroked her friend's middle, easing the

mounting tightness and settling her high-calorie meal. The canine relaxed under her vibrating touch and tension dissolved from her figure, bringing her herculean task into the realm of possibility. Her eyes fluttered in a gluttonous trance, and before long, she obediently ate without thought or concern.

The lynx's mouth curled in delight as she coaxed her friend deeper and deeper into a hedonistic haze, ushering her beyond the limits imposed by manners. She hardly noticed her shirt inching up the dome of her middle, which the cat casually helped along. She guided the migrating hem to the dog's chest and exposed her belly in all its budding glory, then explored its every inch with her free hand. The lynx paid particular attention to her navel, gingerly slipping her finger in and out of the sensitive center. Her friend's moaning approval spurred her on, and she increased her ministrations until the dog couldn't help but roll her hips. The cat grinned in triumph and patted the jiggling dome as they passed the halfway point of their feeding, marked by a building pile of empty containers. She added another to its peak as the dog finished her next course, then started the next without dropping a beat. While the lynx's pace remained constant, the canine gradually lagged behind, taking longer and longer to finish each bite as pressure built in her belly. The pair paused the first time when she failed to open her mouth for the spoon, and the cat took her paw off the dog's belly to address the situation. She murmured sweet nothings and encouragements as she lifted the dog's shirt away entirely, then unclasped her bra and unbuttoned her shorts. The canine sighed with relief as her flab flopped forth and released the pressure in her middle, and after a few minutes of indulgent rubbing, she was ready to finish out the lynx's challenge.

The feline gave her friend's middle an affectionate pat before she withdrew, then returned with a double serving of sundaes. The sight cracked the dog's gluttonous determination and gave her pause, until the cat pushed the treats together and poured them into her muzzle. A groan of hedonistic satisfaction rumbled in the dog's chest as she drank the sweet, half-melted slurry, gulping it down as fast as the cat cared to pour. Her feeder accelerated every time she adjusted, pushing her until she struggled to keep up. Trickles of ice cream escaped from the corners of her mouth and dribbled down her chest, following the natural valleys and gullies of her figure. The cat grinned to herself and licked up the tiny river running between the canine's breasts, then answered her groan of approval and returned for seconds. The pair of containers spilled freely as she sated her own appetites, gleefully drinking what the dog could not. The twin desserts quickly vanished between the two of them, spurring the cat to reach for the final dish of the bunch. An overbearing fullness muffled the dog's thoughts and made her stuffing increasingly difficult to enjoy, guiding her out of gastric bliss with a growing pain. Her wits gathered soon enough to seal her lips against the last sundae, bringing an arch of confusion to the cat's brow. She drew the treat away, then let her friend rest and recover until she could speak.

"As much as I'm enjoying this, I can't eat another bite," the dog admitted. "I think you're on your own for the rest of this, because I'm about to explode." Her stomach let out a pitiful gurgle, punctuating her point.

"No one said this would be easy," the cat teased. "But you can't give up now. You've only got one more left, then you'll be done with this box."

"Yeah, but what about the next one," she huffed. "Even after this, we're only gonna be halfway done."

"I'll tell you what. You finish this sundae, and I'll take the next two boxes so you can relax and make some room. Then we'll be even."

"I don't think I have it in me."

"Not with that attitude," the lynx grinned.

"I'm serious. I can't eat another bite. You're on you-"

Before the dog could finish, her friend lunged with shocking speed and pressed the final bowl of the set to her lips. A muffled grunt of protest broke against the plastic dish as the lynx tipped it upward, dumping its contents into her reluctant muzzle. A torrent of conflicted emotions swirled in the canine's chest, a mixture of irritation and anger, until the cat revised her tactics. She grabbed an empty bowl and placed it atop the first, fashioning a makeshift funnel that poked through her friend's defiance. A slurry of ice cream poured across her tongue and flooded her mouth, eventually forcing her swallow the soft delight. Her stomach gurgled as the latest serving battled for space in her crowded stomach, though gluttonous momentum made the next gulp impossible to resist. The lynx rested a paw on the firm swell of her friend's belly while she finished off the rest of the melt, expanding until her pelt was drum tight. A blush tinted her muzzle as she explored forming stretch marks and tranced her blunt claws along their sensitive lines, eliciting squirms of mixed discomfort and pleasure from her partner. She didn't let up until the final bowl was empty, and once it was, she let it fall to the floor with a hollow thump. The canine whined and rubbed her strained hide once free, desperate to ease even a fraction of the intense pressure. A perverse trill ran down her spine as she grew accustomed to her extreme fullness however, and her friend swiftly picked up on that shift. The dog jumped with surprise when the lynx gingerly planted both paws on her middle, then idly rubbed up and down the hard curvature. Resonating purrs added to the sensation, and within seconds, the canine's tail lashed against the freezer with embarrassed glee.

"See, you're a better fit for this than you thought."

"Don't even," the dog chided. "This won't make me forget the force feeding."

"I hope it doesn't," the cat teased. "You have my permission to think about it as often as you like." She reached down and grabbed the plush softness of the dog's inner thigh. "As. Often. As. You. Like."

The canine blushed fiercely and swatted the lynx's hand away, mortified by the implication.

"Trust me, I'm the last person you should be ashamed around. But, I'm not gonna force you into anything you don't like. If it's what you want, I'll never bring this up again."

"I'll admit, I enjoyed this more than I thought, but can we talk about this some other time, when I'm not too stuffed to think straight?"

"I'm shocked you'd ever want to think straight," the cat grinned.

The dog and her stomach groaned in unison. "You're lucky I'm too big to bap you right now," she laughed.

"I'm not hearing a denial~ But in any case, just rest and relax, and I'll show you how it's done."

The dog wiggled and wobbled until she sat upright, belly spilling atop and over her lap, then settled in to watch her friend work. She gathered what focus she had left and fought off an encroaching food coma, unwilling to miss the hedonistic show of the cat's gluttony. The feline's talents made her budding skill look like nothing, and as she tore into the remaining boxes of ice cream, her practice became evident. The lynx reached into a container of pre-filled cones and chomped into them without fear, then alternated bites with loose pint of rocky road. The dog watched with drowsy awe as she hit her stride and accelerated, rapidly filling her fluffy middle with thousands of chilly calories. Her plush paunch quickly claimed what space remained on her thighs and crept toward her knees like a pudgy avalanche, testing the limits of her clothing. The cat spared a moment to lift her shirt away and unclasp her bra before they grew too tight, a gesture that hinted at her experience. Her shorts followed suit, and despite dividing her attention to wiggle her hips free, her feasting never fully ceased. The lynx returned to her full speed as her love handles spilled over the sides of her panties, creating the illusion of complete nudity. The dog drank in her show and blushed fiercely, allowing her inner vision to run rampant with lewd fantasies. The lynx tuned into her friend's obvious day dreams effortlessly, slowing her feast to teasingly lick over every sultry mouthful. She tipped her gaze to the ceiling and showed off the bulge of her meals as they traveled down her neck, then unabashedly rubbed and patted her swelling middle. It wasn't long before the dog gave into the implied invitation and staggered to her side to assist.

Sweet murmurs of encouragement flowed between them while the dog rubbed and worshiped her friend's middle, lavishing her with a mixture of appreciation and envy. The cat grinned and wrapped an arm around the canine, gently holding her to her belly while it gurgled and churned over her grand meal. Despite the effective moral support, the lynx soon approached her limits as well, and her attention drifted back to her food-drunk friend. A mischievous grin crossed her muzzle, and she decided it was time to test the dog on her gluttonous lesson. She announced her intentions with a sultry purr and pressed the last set of treats to the dog's muzzle, inviting her to prove her worth as her sinful apprentice. The

dog paused only briefly to consider the tightness in her belly, then lethargically opened her mouth and claimed the treat in a single bite. The lynx purred and fawned with approval while the dog chewed and swallowed, then offered another once she was finished. The pause before it was much longer than the first, though she rediscovered her motivation before the cat's patience ran out. She attacked and devoured it with forced gusto, but the third returned her to the brink of her endurance. Under any other circumstances, the lynx would have ended the exam and taken the last treat for herself, but she recognized her friend's potential and strove to unlock it. She pressed her paw to the canine's muzzle and muffled her groans with a mouthful of dessert, keeping her palm in place until she swallowed. The dog overcame her limits and packed those last few calories into her bloated belly, passing the fat cat's test and claiming their manager's reward.

A long moment of victorious silence hung in the air between them while they recovered, and the lynx found the strength to speak first. "Congrats, you're an honorary glutton," she laughed. "I'd give you your prize, but we already ate it."

"Good," the dog huffed. "I'm so stuffed I can hardly breathe."

"Feels good, right?"

"Maybe? I can see why you like it, but I think this is too much."

"Probably. That was some pretty intense eating for a beginner."

"I could learn to like it with enough practice."

"That's the spirit." The lynx sighed and patted the dog's belly, earning a groan in the process.

"You're gonna have to roll me to your car. It's gonna be a little while before I can move on my own."

"Then I guess we're staying here for a little while. I'm not going anywhere any time soon either."

"That might be a good thing. It'll give the storm time to blow over."

"True," the cat commented. "I hope it doesn't take too long though. I might have to get a midnight snack if we're beached for more than a couple hours."

"How can you even think about food right now?"

"This is far from the first time I've done this," the lynx laughed. "And if you keep eating like this, you'll get to my level in no time."

"You better hope I don't, because then nothing will stop you from immobilizing yourself."

"Maybe that's been my plan all along~" the cat teased.

"Are you trying to tell me you actually planned this?"

The lynx grinned broadly. "Not this time, but I might know how to make this a regular occurrence if you're up for it~"

The dog thought for a moment. "Maybe. Probably yes, but maybe. I'll decide for sure once I've relaxed this off."

"I'm starting to wonder if I've created a monster."

"You know you love it"

"I do," the cat admitted.

"Great~ So when do you want to do this again?"