

Sweet Secrets

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A Patreon Prompt

Determined to beat her previous year's sales record, a vixen baker scours her library of cook books for a dessert sure to sell. A lost diary of a great cook provides exactly what she needs, but not without consequence

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and contains a Female Fox, Magical Food, Belly Stuffing, Weight Gain, Immobilization

The vixen grunted and reached high up her shop's wall, hanging the last of her valentine's day decorations. The fruits of her labor surrounded her, hanging from the ceiling and sitting on every table, and the ensemble came together as she mounted the last strand of red and pink hearts. Her plush figure bounced as she landed on her heels, which persisted while she took a step back to admire her work. Exhaustion gave way to pride as she surveyed her shop, which swelled in her chest and bolstered her posture. A grin spread across her face as visions of satisfied customers filled her head, just as she hoped her chocolates filled their arms. She'd pulled out every stop possible, baking a variety of confections that covered every style of celebration to surpass last year's success. Chocolates were her main attraction, of course, through they failed to banish her most popular pastries and sweets. Her display cabinet brimmed with a swollen inventory, which only accentuated the shelf's lone bare spot. Despite her tireless preparations, she had yet to create a worthy centerpiece. The decision dwelt in the back of her mind followed her through the shop for weeks up to this moment, but despite her efforts, she came up with nothing. The vixen's tail lashed in thought as she retired to her office, mulling over her many options. Minutes passed and her indecision stubbornly remained, spurring her to consult her library of cook books. Their colorful spines decorated her space almost as extravagantly as the shop floor, and she perused the shelf's contents with confectionery intent.

The spark in her eyes faded as she looked over the same books for the hundredth time, and a familiar dread crept into her chest. The contents of each one spilled across her mind's eye, reminding her that nothing that met her standards lied within. Her shoulders sagged as her gaze rastered to the floor, where she took a final look across the bottom row. A heavy sigh crossed her lips as she neared the end of the shelf, but her breath caught in her throat at the last possible moment. Just a shade off the bookcase's hue, an overlooked tome blended in with the aged wood. The vixen's ears flickered as she struggled to recall its contents, and her tail wagged with returning enthusiasm when she couldn't. The chubby fox reached down and plucked the thin book from its place, freeing it with a surprising amount of effort. It's neighbors immediately lurched to fill its space, but the baker cared little about its surrendered placement. Her curiosity crescendoed when she searched its cover for a title and found nothing but blank leather, and it remained nameless even as she flipped through its inner cover and opening pages. Paragraphs and paragraphs of handwritten text greeted her as she delved into its folds, and her eyes soon widened with realization.

The tome had no title, because it was a long-lost diary.

The vixen couldn't place the book's handwriting, and she made a mental note to ask her relatives about it later. In that moment however, it was time to seek a solution in its passages. Thin-lined illustrations topped the pages where recipes began, offering glimpses of possibilities. The baker found them somewhat lacking without color, though many were detailed enough to overcome that limitation. She flipped passed strange and exotic dishes in her search for the perfect chocolate, and each tempted her to put her quest aside in favor of something wholly new. The vixen resisted the call of curiosity however, remaining on task until she found a treat that met her standards. An audible gasp announced her

discovery, and her pulse quickened as she skimmed the dish's details. Anticipation swelled in her chest as she blazed through the list of ingredients, mentally tracking them in her kitchen until she reached the less common requirements. Her excitement evaporated as she neared the end of the increasingly odd list, until it resembled a passage more fitting for a spell book than a cookbook. She was all but ready to abandon the endeavor by the time she reached its end, until a footnote caught her eye and saved her day. A single line directing her to the index rekindled the fires of hope, which rose to a blaze after she flipped to the back of the text. Aged plastic pouches replaced faded parchment in that chapter, divided into sealed pouches and loaded with rare reagents. The vixen swiftly selected those needed for her endless brownie and cut them away, then held them to the light. The powders within appeared fresh, and with a hint of hesitation, she carefully cut one open.

A puff of smoke billowed from the small packet and coated the vixen's finger, giving her pause. The dust glittered and sparkled with the brilliance of pulverized gems, calling out to her basest instincts. Before she could stop herself, the baker slurped the strange substance from her digit, ushering in a wave of conflicting regret and delight. A myriad of flavors arced across her tongue as she berated herself for eating such a curiosity, but her hungering urges rewarded her bravery well. The vixen lapped at her claw until she'd collected every speck of the delectable dust, and her thoughts cleared as she slurped up the last of it. It was dangerously good, and the baker simply had to share her discovery with her customers. She gathered the rest of her pouches and assembled them on her counter, then gathered the remaining ingredient from her cupboards. The bowls and basins came next, along with her mixing tools, and once everything was assembled, she stared right away. The vixen skimmed through the first several paragraphs of the recipe, taking in only the broadest details of the old chef's journeys and philosophies until she reached the first practical portion. She followed the instructions to the letter, unwilling to waste her limited supplies with unnecessary experimentation. She added and mixed the dish's components in the exact order prescribed, and she eagerly tasted the proto-chocolate at every step. Her brow furrowed with curiosity each time her sampling returned a different flavor, though they were each pleasant in their own way. Sometimes the chocolate nearly overwhelmed her with its sweet depth, and other tastes led to hints of strawberries and fruit dancing across her tongue.

She disregarded the treat's strange property however, electing to withhold judgment until it was fully prepared. That moment grew closer when she poured the completed mixture into a broad pan, oozing and spreading it across the metallic dish. The vixen referred to her notes once more, then slid the tray into her oven and adjusted its settings. The low heat and lower time didn't strike her as accurate, though nothing else about the dessert had been conventional either. The baker reaffirmed her trust in the recipe and set her timer. A faint ticking filled the air as she shifted gears and turned her attention to her workspace, then passed the time with cleaning. She returned her ingredients to their rightful places and placed her utensils in her sink, though she hesitated when she reached her mixing bowl. An impulsive instinct pulled at her thoughts as she eyed the chocolate-lined dish, and temptation drew her hand to its rim. She glanced about her kitchen and confirmed her unbroken solitude, then brought the bowl to her muzzle and licked it clean.

A rainbow of mixed but distinct flavors flooded her mouth, introducing her to a culinary world she couldn't bare to leave. She closed her eyes and lost herself in a realm of gastric delight, licking every inch of the bowl several times over. Her tongue hastened its swipes as the divine flavors grew thin, and a whine welled up in her chest as she conquered the last of the leftovers. After a thorough visual inspection, she surrendered the bowl to the sink, dropping it to clatter against her other dishes. The resulting commotion almost masked the ding of her clock, and her attention whipped to the oven.

The vixen wasted no time pulling her treat free, granting it no time to cool before placing it on the counter. She spun in place and turned her oven off and fetched a knife in the same gesture, twirling on her toe with surprising grace. The baker recollected herself and lined her edge up with the pan's wall, though an uncharacteristic gleam across the dessert's surface stopped her hand. She leaned in with a critical eye and examined the dish, until a subtle movement cast a glare over it once again. Its surface was shiny and semi-fluid, as if it hadn't cooked at all. The heat radiating from it confirmed she hadn't simply imagined baking it, however, and she folded her arms in thought. After a moment of fruitless figuring, the vixen shrugged to herself and referred back to the diary. The sweet and succulent scents of rich chocolate filled the air as skimmed the notes and passages once more, until she found the reasons for her strange observations. To her relief, she had not made a critical mistake, and in confirming that, she learned an important detail. The vixen's brow arched as she learned of the dish's self-replicating properties, designed to fill whatever container housed it. Skepticism flashed across her eyes, though a quick glance over the book confirmed the outlandish claim. In the short moments her attention drifted elsewhere, the mystical brownie had filled the pan to the brim. It threatened to spill over the edge, though despite its subtle, viscous motions, dared not spill over the pan's lip. Curiosity filled her head, and she rushed to test the sweet's most interesting quality.

Unfortunately, her haste brought with it a mistake. The vixen lifted the pan with more eagerness than care, sloshing the semi-solid chocolate just enough to send a wave over its edge. She swiftly corrected and rescued most of the dessert, though she failed to save a small dollop from spilling to her counter. The baker took a moment to thank her reflexes, though her thoughts quickly turned to the spot on her table. The separated sweet visibly shook and jiggled in the relatively open air, then oozed outward in a growing puddle. Unrestrained, its expansion was more than obvious, and it grew in proportion with the empty space of the kitchen. The vixen's eyes widened as it gained momentum and crept toward the tabletop's edge, excited to pour to the floor and eventually fill the room. Panic welled in the baker's chest as she set the pan down and searched for a pot to catch the treat, but her urgency overrode reason. She found nothing in arm's reach, spurring her to resort to her instincts. She swiped a finger across the counter and corralled the curious food away from its edge, gathering a generous portion on her finger. Without a second thought, she lapped it away and gulped it down, then helped herself a second and third time. The fluid brownie struggled to out-pace her containment, though only managed to delay the inevitable. Soon only a few droplets remained, too small to carry out the chocolate's regenerative mission. The vixen relaxed and let out a sigh with the averted disaster, resting a paw across her belly and slumping against a wall. Her serene grin faded

with a pressure in her middle, and her eyes snapped open when realization dawned on her.

To the brownie, she was simply another container.

As if waiting for that exact moment to strike, a distinct weight and pressure built in her middle. Its fluid warmth sloshed and swirled in the pit of her belly, gradually filling what space it could. The vixen's paunch peeked over her waistband and eclipsed her belt, pressing against the inside of her apron and tightening her clothes. The vixen searched for a solution as the discomfort in her core peaked, until a burst of air rushed up her throat. She stifled the belch into her fist and relished the release of pressure, but her relief proved short-lived. The unnatural dessert multiplied with accelerating speed, feeding off its own growth and testing the baker's capacity. The strings of her apron dug deeper and deeper into her love handles as her gut competed with the garment for space, forcing her to reach back and untie its strings. Her swelling bulk complicated the otherwise simple task, but after a few seconds of fruitless groping, she freed herself from the fabric prison. It fluttered to the floor and pooled at her feet as she reached for her belt, and she sucked in her breath and held it while she fumbled with the clasp. Subtle waves of pressure rippled through her inner workings with her efforts, sending faint flutters of pleasure through her form. A heat kindled in her cheeks and conflicting emotions clashed in her chest, until a tide of relief swept them away. Her belly bounced free over her loosened pants, and she let them fall to the floor as she turned her attention to her shirt. The swelling dome of her middle pushed it up beneath her breasts, though she still pulled it over her head with ease. Unwilling to risk being trapped by her remaining clothing, she shed her undergarments as well.

Her hasty striping bought a small amount of time, which dwindled away as the weight in her belly continued to grow. Its increasingly taught dome hid her feet and threatened her balance, tipping her forward and inviting her to the floor. The baker reclaimed her poise and dove back into her notes, hoping to find something of use. Her concentration faltered and her breath shortened, and her strength evaporated as she reached the limits of her capacity. Her knees trembled under her swelling mass and her arms shook with exertion, tugging at her already taxed mental limits. The sweet song of a well-earned food coma called out and tugged on her consciousness, enticing toward a sudden sleep. She stubbornly resisted however, and her unbending will eventually allowed her to find a solution. The vixen squeezed her eyes shut and called on the last of her strength, flipping to the back of the diary and tearing out a pouch of powder. She sliced through its plastic and dumped its contents onto her tongue, then beat back her body's limitations and gulped it down. A deep rumble sounded through the kitchen the instant it reached her stomach. Her pulse raced in an empty moment of inaction and anticipation, until the tightness in her middle slowly abated. It didn't provide much relief, her fur was still spread thin enough to hint at the hide and stretch-marks beneath, though she no longer worried about bursting. The vixen rested a hand on her chest and sighed with relief, relishing the sensation of being stuffed just before the threshold of pain. A grin spread across her muzzle as she rubbed and explored the roll of her middle, until she sensed a change in its curvature.

She cracked an eye open and watched her belly, first with curiosity and concern, then

with arousal and apprehension. A grope and squeeze confirmed her suspicions, forcing her to acknowledge her still-growing form. The slope of her belly softened with swelling rolls, and in their shadow her hips and thighs followed suit. She took a step away from the counter to get a better view of herself, sending a wobbling ripple through her figure. The shifting weight overtook her gluttony-weakened legs, and she gracelessly tumbled to the floor. An echoing boom sounded through the kitchen with her landing, though her softened ass spared her the worst of the drop. Rolls and folds on the edge of her perception wobbled and made themselves known, masking the quivers running through her belly. She ignored her fattening figure and reached over herself for support, bracing against a cabinet and recovering her balance. The vixen's breasts grew and swung until she rose to her full height, where they then parted over the tight upper roll of her belly. The thickening flab of her hips and thighs resisted her first step forward, reducing her swift gait to a ponderous waddle. A torrent of emotions swirled in her chest as she adjusted to her accumulating flab, only to have more pounds invalidate her adaptation. Even waddling slipped beyond her reach as her belly strove toward her feet, surpassing her knees and weighing against her every step. Her endurance collapsed with her posture, and she returned to the ground with a thunderous thud. The vixen slumped against her counter and rested her paws on her swollen middle with a degree of inner conflict, then resigned herself to her fate.

Fortunately, her unexpectedly powerful dessert had a limit. The baker relaxed and explored the finer points of her softened form while the sweet worked its magic, topping off her stomach as quickly as she digested. Hours passed before the tide turned in her favor, and by then, there was no mitigating the damage to her frame. The lower roll of her belly spilled beyond her ankles and spread against the opposite cabinet, squishing out and completely concealing her feet. Her calves struggled to stay out of her belly's shadow as well, though her thighs had no such problems. Her flabby tree trunks covered several floor tiles and rose high enough to compete with her doughy apron, funneling the plush mass into and over her lap. The vixen's door-frame destroying ass supported her wide love handles and hid her tail, more than large enough to be a worthy base for her figure. The baker's breasts parted over the peak of her middle and concealed her arms, which were buried in their own flabby folds. Several chins formed a stepped path to her rounded cheeks, which despite her state, failed to dim her satisfied, victorious smile. Given ample time to consider her position, she decided to relish and enjoy the completion of her culinary quest. Of course, the recipe wasn't ready for the market just yet, but the vixen was confident it would sell with some tweaking.

Plus, she'd never have to worry about being an untrustworthy, skinny chef again.