

Well Rounded Plan

By Victor Waite

20-07-30

A Patreon Request

Dack sets her sights on a relic in the possession of a fertility order. Getting in the door requires a unique disguise however, one she might have worked too well

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Female Arctic Fox, Belly Stuffing, Fake Pregnancy, Revealing Garments, Exhibitionism, Body Painting, Hyper Growth, Breast and Hip Growth, Lactation, Weight Gain

The sounds of frenzied eating filled the modest kitchen and shamelessly resonated through the apartment. A light over the small table was the only source of illumination in the room, and it eagerly betrayed the source of the sounds. An arctic vixen hunched over a bowl of rice nearly as large as her, piling grains into her mouth by the fistful. The shadow of the table hid her swollen belly, but couldn't hope to muffle the popping and straining of threads. Her top rode up the gravid dome of her middle and bunched beneath her breasts, and her shorts struggled to wrap around her hips and thighs. Dack let out a gasp and interrupted her gorging when her breath finally thinned, and she took a moment to recover. She reached out and helped herself to a glass of water, then chugged it in a single swig. She wiped her muzzle and slammed it down, then leaned back in her seat to survey her figure.

The snowy vixen poked a finger to the surface of her belly, then pressed harder and harder until she winced. The tight dome hardly gave at all, a sign that drained the apprehension from her mind. Dack idly rubbed its curve with one hand while the other pushed the rice bowl away, and she thanked the gods under her breath. She'd maintained her stuffing routine for weeks, and the pay off was upon her. The vixen planted her hands on her thighs and gathered her strength, then scooted her chair back and propelled herself to her feet. Her balance wavered as the momentum of her belly dragged her forward, though she managed to maintain her balance. Her gaze fell back to the table, and after a moment of consideration, she let out a sigh and took it to the refrigerator. With a week's worth of lunches secured, she waddled to her bedroom to prepare.

She stared into her reflection after flipping her lights on, and a gambit of emotions washed over her muzzle. Every curve on her short stature drew attention to the globe resting on her hips, and that realization resolved her inner conflict in a shrug. The more people fixated on her belly instead of her face, the better. Dack's frown returned as she made her way to her dresser, however, forced to adjust her gait and compensate for her rounded weight. It persisted as she fished out a stolen ceremonial outfit, little more than thin golden chains and fabric too thin for modesty. Dack pulled her shirt over her head and tossed it to the floor, then wiggled from her shorts and dropped them to the carpet. The ritual garb struck her as a puzzle, too lacking to dictate a specific fitting, and after moments of experimentation, she found an orientation that probably fit.

Dack shifted and posed before her mirror, ensuring everything was secure. A pair of tiny golden disks were all that held her chest in check, smithed and decorated to resemble full moons. A cascade of glittering chains linked them to a loop around her neck, and even more traced sparkling links the curve of her swollen middle. A jeweled crescent moon swung from her belly button, and a band of sheer fabric clung to her hips. A blush tinted her cheeks when she lifted her belly and found her nethers not concealed in the slightest, then promptly let it go. Fortunately, the rounded curve of its underside blocked any prying eyes. Still, she could only dread what her backside looked like. Before that thought wormed its way deeper into her head, she plucked a set of robes from the same box. The garment was only slightly too big for her and concealed her figure in a midnight shroud, only broken by a moon stitched on her chest. Dack tied it as tight as her middle allowed, took in a deep breath, and questioned the worth of the job.

She thought of the relic's bounty, and her resolve was restored. Before it could falter again, made her way to the organization's lodge.

Something between apprehension and dread welled in Dack's chest as she pulled up the building. It looked exactly as her research implied, though no photo properly captured its atmosphere. It was perfectly in place in its or any suburb, devoid of any identifying marks, implying the idea such a group could take root anywhere. As strange as they were, they seemed mostly harmless and Dack reigned in her errant thoughts. What kind of damage could an order of fertility possibly cause? She claimed her parking space before her imagination could fill in those blanks, then began her waddle to the building's front. Appreciative gazes and confident nods followed her across the parking lot. Despite her concealing robes, her belly protruded beyond its reach. More over, she discovered she may have prepared for her role a little too well. No one present could pretend to rival her in size, and that only grew more apparent when she made her way inside.

A robbed doorman bowed and granted her entry, and she beheld their lobby for the first time. Documentation of the order was scarce, though nothing she imagined could have lived up to the reality. Shining, golden moons decorated every available surface, and the spaces between were filled with ornate paintings and tapestries. The order's story was told in full by jewels and murals, leaving Dack to regret not bringing a camera. Even if the sparkling fortune proved beyond her reach, the information it showed would surely fetch a fine price. A touch to her back drew her from her thieving revelry and kindled a deep heat in her cheeks. She looked back to find the doorman locking the entry and ushering her deeper inside. She ran through her mental notes and identified exit points as he led her on, silently rehearsing her plan until they reached the main chamber.

Ornate bowls of flame lit the long room from its sides, casting the shadows of congregation across its central path. Dack excused herself and found a place among the bashful of the order's members, nestled in the back away from wandering eyes. Some of them marveled at her approach while others let out signs of relief, all of them fixated on the size of her middle. The vixen's breath caught in her throat when they reached out and rubbed the tight, snowy globe, and her pulse eased as they fell for her disguise. The slightly-less-gravid women complimented her on her litter to be and her devotion to the order, bringing a warmth to Dack's muzzle. Even if she wasn't undercover, she doubt she had the heart to correct them. Conversations across the hall fell silent as a figure stepped up the main alter, over-endowed even for a high priest of fertility.

The lynx situated himself at the head of the sanctuary, tucking his figure-defining cock and balls out of sight, then addressed his congregation. "Good evening everyone," he began in a surprisingly soft voice. "I'd like to thank you all for finding time for us this evening. We have some new members, and I know they appreciate your support."

Dack's hear skipped a beat. There weren't supposed to be any initiations.

"So many new members in fact, I suggest we devote the whole night to welcoming them to the fold. I'm sure His Fertility will understand the diversion."

Murmurs of approval echoed across the room.

The lynx smiled bright enough to be seen from the back rows. "Excellent. I'm glad we're all in agreement. To get started, I would like to invite our initiates to the front of the hall."

While Dack frantically searched for an exit, the women around her stood and filed into the center walkway. When they realized she didn't follow them, some turned to encourage her. The arctic vixen murmured and stammered excuse after excuse, but none of her objections were taken. They showered her with praise over her modesty and went on and on about how she was the most worthy. Between their earnest affections and ceaseless belly rubs, they stirred Dack to motion without her realizing it. The vixen shrank into her robes as they walked her to the waiting lynx, who grinned broadly at her approach. A glint in his eye stopped her racing thoughts, however, a hint of mischievousness that cut through her disguise and filled her with dread. Still, she took a deep breath and let herself be brought forward. Blowing her cover in front of the whole congregation would be worse than anything the lynx could do.

Dack expected the worst as they lined up before the altar, but the priest's expression only softened. "I believe this is our best turn out," the lynx chuckled. "Who would like to take their rites first?"

The vixen attempted to will herself invisible as she felt the eyes of the crowd fall on her, though one of her peers stepped forward before she could be called.

"I'll do it!"

"Wonderful," the lynx smiled. "Please disrobe and lay on the altar."

The woman did as instructed, exposing a set of ornate jewelery and chains similar to Dack's set. In that moment, she made a mental note to herself to have several strong words with her informant.

The husky sprawled out across the stone slab as instructed, baring her monochrome fur to the crowd. A blush tinted her muzzle and her hips rolled with anticipation, a gesture the priest didn't acknowledge. Instead, he reached into the altar and produced a bowl of fluid and a brush. Curiosity distracted Dack long enough to draw her gaze toward the container, and a trill of anticipation ran through her form. A thick scent filled the air when the priest popped its lid off, and her thoughts clouded over in its presence. In her research, Dack learned it was symbolic of the seed of their deity, and she felt his presence as the lynx gathered the goop onto the tip of his brush. The canine groaned in delight when the first bristles made contact with her exposed figure, sending trembles of bliss up and down her frame. The lynx grinned and murmured reminders of encouragement, bidding her to lay

still while he did his work. His brush moved with a confidence earned with decades of experience, and watching him work was stimulating in its own way.

The other women onstage shifted and squirmed while they watched their friend bask in pleasure, elevated closer to a divine climax with every stroke. The priest brushed intricate symbols and designs into her fur, tailored to follow and enhance her curves. He circled the peaks of her breasts with growing spirals intersected with bold lines, marking her with the blessings of their deity. The lynx formed intricate arcane circles and sigils onto her belly, following the flow of the husky's fertile energies. Her moans rose to fill the vaulted chamber as his brush drifted across her hips, decorating them with delicate care until he reached her inner thighs. The canine's thighs flexed in anticipation as he laid out the final details, drawing a somewhat lewd symbol in the shadow of her belly. He stepped away with his work complete, and a charged moment of anticipation filled the air.

Just when it seemed the build up was for nothing, magic struck.

The husky writhed and moaned in bliss as the lines across her body blazed with warm light, suffusing through her form and enhancing her fertility. Soft pops and cracks filled the air as her hips swelled and expanding, testing the limits of her ritual garb. Her rear swelled and softened enough to lift her from the slab, and her thighs thickened with the strength to carry her growing brood. The peak of her belly rose high above the rest of her form, capped by a belly button long popped outward. Her breasts climbed the curve of her belly until gravity reset its grasp, bringing them flopping down on her face. Her enhanced cleavage buried her muzzle and muffled her moans of delight as she came, but her trembling muscles betrayed the electric bliss surging through her. Streamers of milk flowed across the ritual altar as her growth tapered off, and her chest heaved with delight as she caught her breath. One of the group's attendants stepped into the hall and helped her to her feet, then ushered her into the back rooms to recover and acclimate to her gift.

Dack had seen several supernatural feats in her time, though none filled her with such a mix of emotions.

After witnessing such a display and beholding the lynx's power firsthand, Dack's peers could hardly keep themselves off the altar. Still, the priest reigned them in and restored order, then went down the line and initiated the gravid women. To Dack's surprise and interest, the magic didn't influence them in exactly the same way. Some favored hip growth over all else, transforming into brood-mothers powerful enough to destroy any door-frame. One of the felines found herself with a several extra pairs of breasts, endowing her with the capacity to feed several litters at once. Still others swelled with enough life to render them immobile, requiring the assistance of several attendants to make their way off the stone slab. It was a show to be sure, one distracting enough to jam Dack's attempts to find a route of escape that would let her come back later. She only realized her mistake when the lynx met her gaze, smiled, and invited her onto the altar.

"Looks like it's your turn miss..."

Dack gulped and stalled for an instant. "Jane."

"Miss Jane," he nodded. As he guided her to the table, he leaned in and whispered only to her. "I don't believe I've seen you here before, Jane. Might I ask what brings you here tonight?"

"I was just curious about what goes on here."

"You know, I might believe that if you didn't walk in with our ritual garb. I'm not sure how you got a hold of it, but I know it took more than idle curiosity to find it."

"A friend of mine gave it to me and told me to come here."

The lynx took her hand and laid her out on the stone. "Because you were curious," he grinned slyly.

A sigh tumbled from Dack's muzzle. "Alright, I know when I'm beat. I came here because I have a client very interested in what goes on here."

The lynx dipped his brush in the ritual ink once more. "I think they're more interested in what we *have*. I think this, in particular." The feline reached into his robe and produced an amulet the size of his fist and encrusted with jewels.

Dack had never felt more naked, metaphorically or literally, and that fact played across her face.

The lynx only grinned. "Tell you what. I have a feeling you'll like it here. Go through the initiation, and I'll give you my amulet."

Dack stammered.

"Our god is as generous as they are endowed. Will you give us a chance?"

The vixen swallowed and reclaimed her nerves. "Sure, but there's an issue."

"Oh, I know you're not actually pregnant." He pressed a finger to her belly, which sank into her softening middle with the resistance of her bloat. "Convincing from a distance, but there's no fooling someone with my credentials," he chuckled. "I appreciate the effort though."

"Well, if it won't cause any issues I suppose it can't hurt."

The lynx nodded. "Please lay back and relax."

Dack splayed out across the slab and did as instructed to the best of her abilities. Despite her efforts, her muscles trembled with lingering adrenaline. She poured over the memories of her research and scoured for loose ends, baffled by the priest's apparent clairvoyance. The vixen couldn't linger on those thoughts long, however. Tingling sparks raced through her pelt the instant his brush touched her fur, draining the tension from her form. She fully relaxed as he began his intricate work, starting with the peaks of her breasts. She visualized the brush's fibers mingling with her pelt and imagined its path across her curves, forming a mental image of his patterns. Distinct runes took shape in her mind, influencing her thoughts as well. Daydreams of vitality and fertility leaked into her mind, swirling and culminating into a new inner vision of herself.

She rolled her hips and squeezed her thighs as she watched her inner self's breasts swell with milk, dominating her chest until they defined her figure. Her belly swelled and grew in their shadow, pushing her cleavage to her chin. Her rounded belly spilled over her thickening thighs and concealed her sex, which smoldered with a deep-seeded lust. She bit her lip and stifled the urge to pleasure herself as the lynx traced the curve of her thighs and circled around to her growing rear. Heat warmed her muzzle when he lifted her belly and painted its underside, tickling her with a complex pattern. It took every ounce of her willpower to keep still, though the effort was well worth it. Bliss lanced through her form when the lynx sealed the design, closing numerous magic circles and setting his deity's will in motion. Blinding light eclipsed her vision, and her imagined form became physical.

The transformation took only an instant, but the sensations of change lingered on Dack's nerves long after. She writhed and moaned in rapture as the changes finalized, eagerly exploring her new curves. Her breasts spilled from her palms and leaked milk through her fingers, which trickled down her mountains and into the valley of her cleavage. Her belly rose high above the rest of her figure, dwarfing even the most fertile of her peers. Still, it retained its half-bloated softness. Dack sank her fingers into the firm dome, only just maintaining the illusion of pregnancy. The only downside to her endowments revealed itself when she reached for her thighs, unable to contort herself around her massive middle. A huff of frustration puffed from her muzzle, a gesture the lynx answered with a warm smile.

He reached down and helped her to her feet, then pressed his amulet into the palm of her hand. On reflex, Dack stowed the treasure in the depths of her cleavage.

"Thank you for humoring me." The priest murmured. "You're free to go if you wish, but I know several of our members would love to help you explore the details of your figure, if you're so inclined."

To her surprise and shock, the vixen almost considered his offer.

"You would be very popular here, as someone 'perpetually pregnant' but the choice is yours. And you're always welcome to return, if you'd just like some time to think about it."

Dack's lust flared and she shivered at the thought, but her self-restraint won that internal battle. "Thank you, I think. Your hospitality is surprising, but not unwelcome."

The lynx nodded. "We welcome all in our order, and I do genuinely hope you return. In the meantime however, I hope you have a pleasant evening."

An assistant emerged from the back of the hall and granted Dack a robe better suited for her figure, and with the priest's gesture, the crowd parted and cleared a path to the exit. The vixen hid herself in the wide garment, then made her leave. Dack wedged herself through the entry way and waddled across the parking lot, idly touching the medallion in her cleavage. She traced a claw over its gems and followed its gilded contours, and a sense of satisfaction welled in her chest. While her plan had gone off the rails almost immediately, her mission was ultimately a success. Her contentment faded when she reached her car, however. There was no hope of squeezing her belly behind the steering wheel, and her breasts would block her vision anyway. She attempted to contort herself into the driver's seat only once, then moved on to a different approach. She popped her trunk and fetched her burner phone, then called in a favor.

"Hey, I got the thing, but I've hit a bit a snag. No, I don't need help getting out. I'm in the parking lot. Yeah. And make sure you bring the van. And remind me to get a gym membership in the morning."