

Sweet Beach Treat

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A Patreon Vignette for Shukko

Of all the ways to beat the late summer heat, ice cream is perhaps the most effective approach. The more you eat, the stronger the effect, but is there an upper limit to it?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and contains A Chubby Male Fox, a Semi Public Setting, Belly Stuffing, Hose Feeding, Weight Gain, Immobile Blob, Light Macro Growth

The sun beat down on the sandy beach, forcing its visitors to retreat under their shaded umbrellas. Those without the foresight to bring one sought shelter in the waves instead, diving beneath the surface for temporary relief from the heat. Brave or desperate vendors roamed the blazing spaces between, peddling their frozen wares as quickly as they could. Many sold out and swiftly and clocked out early for the day, while others capitalized on the heat and inflated their prices. Their supply inevitably outlasted their endurance however, encouraging them to lower their prices back down. The more savvy beach visitors awaited the moments the vendors were willing to sell at a loss, but the cleverest of them all waited by their supply stand. The fox's tail swished with anticipation while he waited for the weary salesfolk, eager to clean out their stock for a bargain and spare them the trouble of storing their excess.

The pudgy vulpine relaxed by the shack's entrance, adding to the growing mountain of wrappers at his feet. His cheeks bulged when he bit through half an ice cream sandwich, and he only flinched a little with a lance of brain freeze. The rhythm of his swaying tail faltered as he recovered, and fortunately, no one was close enough to notice. He popped the last of the treat into his mouth as the last salesperson of the day approached, exhausted and encumbered with far too many goods.

"Hey bud, want me to take that off your hands for you?"

"I don't care, I quit," the cat snapped. He plucked his badge from his chest and pulled his uniform shirt over his head, threw both to the ground, and stormed off.

The fox waited until he was out of sight, then helped himself to the abandoned offerings.

The cat's cooler sat on the sand, laden with frozen treats. The fox thanked his gluttonous gods and dug in without hesitation, tearing wrappers away and vaguely flinging them toward a near-by trash can. The greedy vulpine strengthened his resistance to brain freeze with every rushed bite, devouring the treats as swiftly as possible before he lost the opportunity to do so. His belly filled with slushed sweetness and sagged over the waistband of his swim trunks, eclipsing the tropical patterns with his plush pelt. The weight of his middle tugged them down and would have exposed his rear if not for his tail, but he paid the drifting garment no mind. The relief brought by the frozen calories filled his thoughts, narrowing his mind to a single track. The vulpine's tunnel vision only let up when his claws scrapped the bottom of the container, and his senses gradually reopened to the rest of the world. With his restored awareness came the realization of the key at his feet.

And with that realization came his best idea of the day.

The fox glanced up and down the beach, ensuring he was clear of prying eyes, then slipped on the discarded uniform shirt. It clung to his curves and hardly reached half-way down his stuffed belly, but it was better than nothing. The sneaky vulpine plucked the badge key from the sand and swiped it at the door, then helped himself inside the modest booth. Sealed heat rushed out to greet him when the door opened, adding a hesitation to

his step, though he reasoned the ice cream inside would be well worth the discomfort. The fox closed the door behind him and flipped the lights, revealing the entirety of the booth. It was little more than a bar and a couple cash registers, with a tiny freezer beneath. A cursory search revealed it to be empty, but what he found next to it proved far more interesting. The fox's ears perked up as he grabbed the dispenser from its holster and lifted it to the light. The device's handle sat heavily in his hand, and the thick hose connected to its base gathered frost on its surface. He puzzled over its nature, until he found a series of buttons across its top. It looked like a bartender's fountain, but instead of drinks, it featured flavors.

The fox's eyes sparkled with mischief, and without another thought wrapped his lips around its tip and mashed all the buttons he could. Somewhere in the booth, a pump whirled to life and the hose flexed with flowing fluid. Seconds passed before anything reached his mouth, but the payout was well worth it. Every flavor he'd sampled through the day and more flowed across his tongue, unleashing a delicious, frigid tide. He waited for his cheeks to bulge and fill before gulping down the mixture, and chilly relief swept over him. The heat of the day fled from his fur as his stomach gradually filled, stretching his already strained shirt. One of his hands left the dispenser and traced the curve of his swelling middle, savoring the smooth surface and chilling sensation. He raked his blunted nails through his pelt and massaged the hide beneath, further indulging himself as his belly grew tighter. His tail lashed as pressure and pleasure built, until an unexpected softness broke him from his trance.

Without removing the dispenser from his mouth, he looked down and grabbed the growing roll of his middle. His fingers sank much deeper into his flab than he remembered, breaking his fantasy with an inconvenient fact. His diet took an unmistakable toll on his figure, and more importantly, a part of him relished that fact. For the sake of practicality, he resolved to stop once he finished off that serving of ice cream. He tightened the seal of his lips around the dispenser's tip and sucked, only slightly speeding the cream's glacial pace. That changed as time passed however, and the flow increased considerably after the fox claimed the frozen section of the supply. He would later learn that the earlier section of the pipeline was not refrigerated and partially melted, but in the moment, he only experienced a massive influx of calories.

Flab coalesced on his figure at a frightening pace, shredding his shorts and rending his borrowed shirt. Tatters of fabric clung to his growing rolls and valleys as his figure swelled, though his own figure preserved his modesty much better. The apron of his belly concealed his lap and more as it strove for the floor, shifting his balance and dragging him with it. The fox slipped into a gluttonous trance as he splayed across his mattress-sized stomach, which continued to grow up and around him. His muzzle sank into his increasingly deep cleavage as his chest similarly swelled, cradling the hose neatly into his figure. The nozzle of the dispenser never left his lips however, and he continued to gorge himself as the pump roared to its max capacity. His appetite declared war with the direct line to the factory, and neither would give up. It wasn't long before his flab pressed against the walls of the booth, and the modest structure offered next to no resistance. The fox's flab burst into the sun and spilled

across the sand, though the chilled mixture in his core spared him the worst of the heat.

Still the pump hummed away, and still the fox advanced toward the shore as a lardy landslide. Most of his peers simply walked away from the flowing roll, but others welcomed its shade, and the bravest embraced its persistent chill.