

Big Stake Out

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A Patreon Vignette for Shukko

Dack belongs to Victor

Dack finds herself on another stake out for a priceless relic after missing her lunch. Her skipped meal becomes a problem when her timetable moves up, forcing her to fetch the artifact then and there. Fortunately, a nearby hotdog cart spares her from working on an empty stomach

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and the following tags apply: Female, Fox, Unaware, Rapid Weight Gain

Dack sighed to herself and idly scrolled through her tablet. Her gaze left the screen periodically to check the store across the street, which harbored her mark. The simple pawn shop looked like every other one in the city, though a keen eye could cut through their smoke screen. The establishment harbored all manner of magical and mystical items, all of which sat tucked away in their back room. Neither Dack nor her contacts knew the full scope of their inventory, but they knew of the trinket that mattered most: a religious relic from a long-dead order, fabled to hold a mythical power. It was as valuable as it was sought-after, and everyone who knew of it had their sights on it.

It was even valuable enough to force Dack to stake out the cold streets. An impatient sigh tumbled from her muzzle as she glanced into the store's window and marked the movement of the visible employees. Most appeared ignorant of the great treasure, though the ones that knew, obviously knew. A faint veneer of nervousness marked their every move, betraying the presence of the treasure to those paying close attention. Dack set her sights on the employee behind the counter, who constantly shifted his weight from one foot to another. The dog's gaze shifted about the room as he continued the subtle shuffle, obviously on high alert. Dack buried her muzzle in her tablet and reevaluated her plan. Given the clerk's behavior, it was possible the relic was slated to change hands that night. Her thoughts raced as she mentally ran through the logistics of pilfering the treasure then and there, though a harsh grumble from her middle derailed her train of thought.

Her free hand drifted to her trim middle, where another demanding tremor resonated in her core. The arctic vixen recalled her skipped lunch and lamented. There was no time to leave for food, and a quick glance up and down the street revealed a lack of fast food. Her only option appeared to be a hotdog cart, which looked less appealing by the second. A portly fox in a grease-stained apron worked the cart, fishing greasy dogs from a ice box and plopping them down on his grill. Their scent filled the air as they sizzled over their fire, eventually seeping into Dack's senses. The relic fell to the back of her mind and her priorities shifted and her appetite roused. The vixen's mouth watered as the fox turned the cooking dogs, unleashing sights and scents that finally overcame her self-restraint. A small part of her loathed the thought of eating something so heavy before a critical mission, though going in starving was still a worse option. With a defeated sigh, she stowed her tablet and approached the cart.

Dack questioned her decision instantly. Her expression turned from defeated to disgusted when she beheld the "blobdogs" logo plastered across the side of the cart, both figuratively and literally dripping with grease. Her pace slowed as she seriously questioned her hunger, though she stepped too close to back out gracefully. The pudgy vulpine raised a flabby arm in greeting, inviting her to sample his delectable wares. Another glance up and down the street dispelled her hopes of a fast food restaurant sprouting up and sparing her, and another demanding groan from her middle restored her resolve. Dack kept her order simple, a basic blobdog, and the other fox granted her the single most unhealthy food item she'd ever seen in her life. While not particularly heavy, the hotdog's grease leaked through all five of its paper trays and demanded support from both of her hands. The serving fox gave a knowing nod and turned his attention back to his grill, granting Dack a mote of

privacy in which to eat.

Whether an intentional gesture of the fox or not, Dack found herself grateful for it. Lacking any sort of knife or fork, the arctic vixen struggled to find the least-messy way to enjoy her meal. Her rising hunger cut her planning time short however, spurring her to approach it the old fashioned way. She grimaced and plucked the soggy dog from its greasy holster, unleashing a tide of oils across her fingers. With it came a wave of delectable scents, powerful enough to overwhelm her apprehensions. Compelled to eat, she dropped her jaw and chomped into the hotdog, claiming a quarter of it in a single bite. Time slowed as potent flavor spilled across her tongue, and a deep groan of approval resonated in her chest. The presentation was lackluster, but the quality of the food more than made up for it. The full profile of the her meal revealed more of itself each time she chewed, until her hunger bested her patience and spurred her to swallow. The devoured dog landed heavily in her stomach and settled deeply into her core, though she paid it no mind and took another bite.

In retrospect, Dack would realize she should have asked why they were called blobdogs. Instead she learned by experience. An ominous rumble thundered from her middle while she ate, and flab swiftly gathered on her figure. The quarter-dog let loose a torrent of calories while her stomach churned and worked, filling her belly out inches by the second. Her shirt rode up the curve of her middle as her rear softened in counterbalance, stretching her waistband down those twin swells. Dack chewed and swallowed obliviously while threads popped and snapped just outside of her perception, unveiling growing expanses of snowy white fur. Her breasts avalanched down the flabby shelf of her belly, and a developing double chin cushioned her jaw while she chewed. The tatters of her clothes fluttered to the sidewalk as she popped the last bite of the hotdog into her muzzle, and the apron of her belly rolled over the scraps soon after. The vixen slapped her hands to her belly and relished her well-eaten meal and let out a shameless belch. Only slightly smaller than the car she drove to her stake-out, the vixen waddled back to her bench to plan the finer details of her heist.

If you've read this far, thank you <3

I hope you enjoyed what you saw, and if you'd like more, there are a few places to find it~

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<https://victorthemaker.sofurry.com/>

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