

# Best Served Cold

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## A Patreon Vignette for Shukko

*While lucrative, being a career thief comes with a special set of occupational hazards, both on and off the clock. An accidental run in with a previous victim makes Dack very aware of this fact.*

**Content Warning:** This story is intended for Mature readers and the following tags apply: Female, Fox, Public Setting, Magic, Weight Gain, Force Feeding, Rapid Weight Gain, Blob, Room-Filling

Dack took in a deep breath and let it out, allowing the scents of egg rolls and fried rice to linger on her nose. Lighter notes of sushi and noodles drifted under the more dominant notes, blending together in a symphony that made her stomach rumble. The arctic vixen placed a hand over her trim middle and shifted her weight, then glanced at her phone. Several minutes had passed since she arrived at the restaurant, and many patrons there before her had been seated. She knew her table would come up soon, though that did little to calm her appetite. She turned to a menu posted on the wall and browsed the selection, ensuring she would be ready to order as soon as she sat down. The hostess called her over before she made her choice however, though she went with her eagerly.

The taller dog escorted Dack through the crowded restaurant, navigating around occupied tables to one of the few remaining spaces. The dog pulled her chair out and invited Dack to sit, then provided her with a menu and stated her waiter would be there shortly. The arctic vixen's tail swayed with a mixture of anticipation and irritation in the meantime, more than ready to start her meal. She placed her elbows on the table and rested her chin in her palms, passing the time in idle thought. Her surroundings fell away while her mind drifted to her work, mulling over the security measures of her next job. She only faintly noticed the seat behind her fill, and her waiter had to tap her shoulder to bring her back to reality. A faint blush of embarrassment tinted her cheeks while she gave her order, and she chided herself after he left. A calming breath brought her back to center, allowing her to perceive a faint murmuring on the edge of her hearing.

Her tail slowed to a stop and her ears swiveled with attentive intent while she searched for the source of the sound, soon finding it behind her. Dack took a social risk and turned to face her neighbor, to find a vaguely familiar face staring back at her. A combination of confusion and dread crept through her while she tried to place the familiar feline, and her stomach dropped when she succeeded. Dack planted her hands on her table and moved to stand, but found herself locked in place by the cat's arcane gaze. Unsure of the depth of her situation, the vixen opted not to make a scene. Instead, she turned and sneered at the overweight relic collector.

"What do you want," Dack hissed.

"Satisfaction," the cat answered. "You've violated the sanctity of my office and stolen from me, little thief. I demand, satisfaction."

Dack tested her arcane bonds and found them even more unyielding. Unable to produce a quick escape, she relented to bide her time. "What exactly is it you want?"

The cat leaned back in her seat. "I'll have it soon enough, I can assure you. Just wait and let it come."

A pang of worry lanced through Dack's chest, followed by a deep, primal hunger.

Her stomach twisted and shrank in her chest, opening a ravenous hunger in the pit of

her core. A needy growl thundered forth, mighty enough to attract the attention of her other neighbors. Too preoccupied with the growing void within to care, she wrapped her arms around her middle and doubled over. A commotion in the kitchen tugged at her perception and raised the fur on her neck, though the feline's binds still held tight. Possibilities whirled in the arctic vixen's head while the chaos crescendoed, culminating in a tide of food that flooded into the room. Patrons panicked and fled at the supernatural sight, which tore through the restaurant and focused in on the fox. The gnawing hunger in her middle weakened her struggles and spurred her to open her mouth, an act the torrent of food eagerly exploited. The fat cat let loose a cackle as the caloric vortex converged, filling the fox with thousands of calories.

The magic woven by the cat worked swiftly and effectively. A maelstrom of dishes swirled around and funneled into Dack's muzzle, packing her muzzle with multiple morsels at once. Her cheeks swelled to capacity, but the arcane stuffing gave her no chance to chew. The pressure in her maw grew until it simply overpowered her throat, compelling her to swallow. A heavy gulp sounded out above the food storm, and her throat swelled well beyond its limits when she swallowed a wad of noodles whole. A muffled grunt of mixed feelings escaped from her chest when it landed in her stomach, followed by a distinctly satisfied groan. The tension in her muscles slackened after another mouthful, and by the third, Dack openly embraced it.

The vixen's tail swayed with gluttonous glee as her belly spilled into her lap, overpowering her top without effort. The thin fabric rode the swell of her middle into the shadow of her breasts, revealing the fluffy dome to the few who hadn't fled. Faint lumps showed through its tight curvature, which gradually softened as her stomach churned. Growing rolls softened the sphere and her metabolism sped, rising to the challenge presented by the vengeful cat. In the back of her mind, Dack knew she should be searching for a way to escape or minimize the damage to her figure, but the hedonistic pleasures presented proved too tempting. The vixen gave into empowered desires, leaning back in her seat and opening her jaws as wide as possible.

The cat capitalize on that capitulation, surging the spell with her remaining supply of magic. Boxes burst in the back of the building and refrigerator doors blew open, unleashing the full scale of the restaurant's reserve. Even the most persistent patrons fled at sight, unwilling to risk getting swept up the flood. A renewed vortex gathered around Dack's muzzle, and the cat let loose a malicious laugh as it collapsed in on her foe. The fox's clothes exploded into a fine mist of threads as hundreds of pounds piled into her figure by the second, crushing her seat and steamrolling her table. Her belly spilled out across the floor and shoved everything that wasn't nailed down out of the way, and her swelling rear destroyed everything behind her. Her flab only slowed its advance when it met the walls of the building, and even then it continued climbing. Her breasts rose on the hill of her belly and strove toward the ceiling, trapping her in an ocean of fat and rolls. The cracks and snaps of splintering wood scattered across the room, announcing the destruction of nearly every bit of furniture.

Dack's growth settled as the walls cracked against her flab, but they luckily held. Despite her own size, the cat climbed the mountain of the fox's figure, then wadded across the flabby expanse until she met her gaze. "Good luck sneaking around now, little thief," she cackled.

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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