

Cat and the Pack

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A Commission for Microwave

After besting food challenge after food challenge, a gluttonous cat has made a name for herself. She's achieved enough fame as a food streamer to attract the attention of a restaurant owner who thinks he can best her undefeated stomach. Will he measure up, or simply become another notch on her ever-growing belt?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and the following tags apply: Female, Cat, Feline, Fat, Overeating, Weight Gain, Food Challenge, Public, Belly Stuffing,

The cat looked down at her phone, took in a deep breath, and let it out in a languid sigh. She skimmed the email once again, questioning if the offer was too good to be true. Sure, her reputation had grown as fast as her stomach, and of course her audience was as ravenous for content as she was, but neither of those facts dispelled the malaise that crept into the feline's thoughts. Squeaks and creaks of protest filled her car when she leaned back into her seat and let her hand fall to her chest. Dozens of food challenges popped up in her in-box a week, and she struggled to find what made this one different. Her free hand found its way to the curve of her exposed belly while she pondered the predicament. The restaurant was nothing special in itself. Doug's Dogs was little more than a beach-side snack shack, though the ratings spoke highly of the food. She couldn't find a single picture of their dishes online however, and the unified voice of her fans was the only reason she considered the place. The fattened feline took in another breath and let it out. Apathy swept over her, but laziness beat it out. She had already taken the time to drive to the place, and leaving with an empty stomach was the least appealing option of all.

Her van's suspension creaked and groaned as she threw her door open and spilled out into the summer air. Oppressive heat and sun slammed into her, but with it came the delectable scents of a kitchen in full swing. Her stomach rumbled with need and gave its blessing, bolstering her confidence in her choice. Even if the challenge proved to be a push-over like the others, at least she'd get a quality meal. The feline's belly spilled over her waist and bounced against her thighs as she lumbered to the back of her van, where she threw its doors open and gathered her mobile setup. She fetched her backpack and double checked its contents, confirming the presence of a small tripod and spare set of clothes. She retrieved a small camera next, and then a well-used wristband. The cat snapped it around her arm, slid her phone into its slot, then made a mental note to find a larger one before her flab overpowered it. She expanded that note to the rest of her wardrobe as she stepped back and locked up.

The cat slung the pack over her back and waddled toward the restaurant, increasingly desperate to escape the heat and fill her belly. The shuffle of fabric against fabric announced each of her ponderous steps, generated by her thighs squishing passed each other. The lower curve of her belly peeked from beneath the hem of her shirt, and the rest of the garment struggled to contain her canyonous cleavage. Every one of her footfalls sent a subtle wave rippling across her figure, a moving tribute to her gluttonous prowess. Her appetite bloomed in the short distance to the front door, and she idly wondered how many victories it would take to sate her hunger. Her train of thought briefly derailed when a wall of delightfully chilled air washed over her and stopped her in her tracks. A grin spread across her face as she took in a deep breath, and she took a moment to survey the arena of her next feat.

Despite the alleged quality of the food, the place was an obvious tourist trap. Scenes of tropical beaches and palm trees covered the walls, populated by hot dogs in assorted beachwear. Some played in the waves while others lounged in the sun, but the cat couldn't deny they all looked delicious. A needy groan from her bottomless belly sent a tremor through her soft figure, demanding she either take her seat or find someone to bring her to

it. Floorboards creaked as she lumbered to the hostess station, and she switched her camera on along the way. While it connected to her stream platform, she pulled up her channel's chat on her wrist. There were furs already waiting for the show, and the sight of some regular names brought a smile to her face. She began to type out a greeting, but service arrived before she could finish. A shout rang out from across the restaurant, and a portly wolf rushed to meet her.

"Well look who it is," the wolf beamed. "I'm so glad you've accepted my invitation. You will not regret it."

The friendly approach caught her off guard, though it only took her an instant to recover. "I just hope you can put your food where your mouth is," she offered with an antagonistic grin. "Everyone talks up their challenges, but I can't remember the last time someone delivered."

"Oh I'm well aware," the wolf chuckled. "Your reputation precedes you here."

"You're a fan?"

The wolf patted his belly. "Maybe your biggest fan. And I've been learning from the mistakes of my peers."

The cat looked genuinely pleased. "Huh. Usually the owners who recognize me aren't that happy to see me."

"That is because they are as weak as their food," Doug laughed. "But come with me. We'll get you situated and familiar with the gauntlet you're about to run."

The wolf directed her to follow, and the cat happily obliged. Customers turned and stared as they parted a path through the crowded floor, weaving between chairs and tables until they reached a sectioned-off area. Wood creaked and groaned under their combined weight as they stepped a few stairs down, arriving at an area that resembled a dance floor. The sides of the arena were packed with pushed-aside chairs and tables, creating an open space where only one placement sat. The remaining chair was double wide and quadruple reinforced, a proper throne for the internet's reigning food champion. The table could have seated an entire family and more, though it was reserved for the star's feast alone. The cat's eyes widened as she imaged the spread that would sprawl across its surface, but her imagination took a back seat as she sat down. Despite its might, the chair bowed under her weight, and a faint, prideful blush tinted her muzzle.

"Comfortable~?"

The cat nodded.

"Gooooood," Doug grinned. "Now then, your challenge, should you choose to accept it, is to

take on the Big Dog Pack."

"That doesn't sound too hard."

"Let's see if you feel the same way after you see what you're getting into."

"Before that, do you mind if I get my stream set up?"

"Not at all. Just don't forget to mention where you're eating," Doug chuckled.

The cat nodded and returned his grin, then reached into her pack and spilled her gear onto the table. It wasn't much, just a pair of cameras, a microphone, and a couple tripods. She constructed her mobile studio with ease, then lined up her shots. The camera sitting on the table caught her face and the restaurant's logo on the wall behind her, while she placed the second on the floor. It served as a combination chair and belly cam, and it was by far her most popular addition since achieving a mote of fame. She nodded to Doug after she launched the stream, and the wolf dove into his explanation.

"Now then, this is a challenge that comes in stages," Doug began. "If you want to become the alpha, you gotta take the alpha down. If you wanna take the alpha down, you gotta get through the pack first."

He paused for effect.

"The pack is thirty regular dogs with all the fixin's," Doug grinned. "More than a match for any ordinary foodie, but I know that's exactly what you're not."

The cat leaned back in her seat and rubbed the crescent of her exposed belly. "You got that right."

"Once you've finished off the last of the pack, you'll face the alpha's seconds in command, The Twins."

"Just two?"

"Just two, but there's a reason they're the seconds in command. Two foot long double dogs, and you'll have to take care of them just like the pack."

"And then?"

"Then you meet the Alpha." Doug nodded, satisfied.

"Is that all?"

"The Alpha speaks for himself, and does not waste his time on the unworthy."

The cat gave a toothy smile. "The Alpha's never met anyone like me."

"You're more right than you know." Doug motioned to a nearby wall, devoid of decoration. "That there's the Wall of Pack Leaders. See anyone on it?"

"Nope. Nothing but wood panels."

"Exactly. Gonna be the first to claim a spot on it?"

"You know it~"

"Atta girl." Doug turned his attention back toward the kitchen, where every cook on the clock darted about in preparation. "Looks like my boys are about ready to unleash the hounds. You can still back out if you want, you know. No shame in bein' a chicken."

The cat grinned and turned to her camera. "What do you think chat? Sounds like this challenge might actually have some teeth."

A wall of text and emotes flew up her screen, and the ones she could discern were mostly positive. Her stomach also gurgled and growled in affirmation.

"I think we have our answer then," Doug boomed. "I had the boys get started as soon as you walked in, so it shouldn't be long before the pack is ready to pounce."

"You're quickly becoming my favorite fan," the cat chuckled.

"Fine by me if it makes you a regular. I've been thinking about hosting some food duals, and I'd love to have you for that. But that's a conversation for another day, provided you're out of your food coma by then."

The cat leaned back and rubbed her middle. "I think we can be convinced, but yeah, let's tackle this challenge first."

The air of the restaurant thickened with the scent of cooking meats, and the accompanying din drew the attention of everyone there. It was more than obvious a feast was in the works, but the degree to which they were right didn't become clear until it was ready. A procession of servers and staff members emerged from the kitchen at the conclusion of the excitement, carrying with them a sight not quite like anything else. A group of five waiters lead the train, each bearing a covered platter. Behind them strode another pair of servers with yet larger dishes. Finally, a part-time body builder carried the largest dish of them all, holding it over his head as if it were a holy relic. The feast-bearers snaked their way across the floor on their way to the streamer's seat, ensuring everyone present caught a glimpse of the show. The parade ended at the cat's table, and she turned her camera to the servers as they weighed her table down with their work.

The furniture bore the weight of the pack without complaint, but it began to creak and groan when the twins were placed. It visibly bowed under the weight of the alpha dog however, a display that would have intimidated any lesser challenger. Her chat cheered and flooded her feed when her belly cam caught her hands drift under the table, where they preemptively loosened her pants. Her hips shimmied as she settled in, and her stomach gurgled and groaned in anticipation. It let out a demanding roar when the team uncovered the platters, revealing the feast in all its greasy glory. The scents of meats and toppings hit her all at once, and her eyes glazed over with a hedonistic haze, Her tail lashed in anticipation and a strand of drool escaped the corner of her muzzle, and the only thing that stopped her from throwing herself into the multi-stage meal was another word from Doug.

"I know it looks like a lot, and it is, but you only have an hour to finish everything off. Think you can do it?"

She only gave a hypnotized nod.

"That's the spirit." Doug fished a stop-watch from his pocket. "Time starts... Now!"

For a brief moment, the cat simply stared at the feast and its collective deliciousness. Every possible topping in several combinations was represented in the pack, and her brain shorted out when finding where to start. Fortunately, her belly was there to step in, and she simply reached for the nearest hot dog. The morsel fit neatly in her hand and dripped with decadence as she brought it to her mouth, which opened wide for both her virtual and physical audiences. A single, comfortable bite claimed half the dog, and a groan of delight resonated in her chest while she chewed. A combination of quality meat and powerful toppings unleashed an explosion of flavor, fully rousing her appetite. A rumble of approval from her belly drew one of her hands to it, while the other stuffed the rest of the dog into her maw. A subtle bulge swelled her neck when she gulped, and it swiftly disappeared behind her chest. The belly cam caught the gentle bounce of the morsel landing in her belly, and the her stream's chat exploded when one of her hands crept beneath the table's surface. The cat idly rubbed and massaged her belly with one hand, while the other reached out for the next member of the pack.

"I see you liked the Chicago Special," Doug chuckled. "Might I suggest the New Yorker or Big Island next?"

If the cat heard him, she didn't acknowledge the suggestion.

Despite feeding herself at half capacity, her gorging accelerated. She devoured her second and third dogs in two bites each as well, though her bottomless middle spurred her on. The cat looked into the camera and waggled her eyebrows, then opened her maw wide and stuffed a whole hot dog, bun included, into her cheeks. A hedonistic groan rumbled in her chest while she chewed, followed by a sigh of delight when she sent it to her stomach. She patted her belly with glee as it subtly swelled with her latest conquest, and she

repeated the gesture again and again. Her manners deteriorated with progress, and her clothes joined the list of casualties. Ketchup and mustard and every other condiment fell onto her cleavage while she ate, granting her the markings of a true glutton. The crumbs and sauces setting into her top went ignored as she moved from patter to platter, determined to outdo herself at each successive stage. Her thighs spread as the curve of her belly sank into her lap, and its firming roundness sent the hem of her shirt rising. Her muffin top inched over the top of her waist band and obscured her belt, and the air beneath the table filled with the sound of straining fabric. Much to the dismay of her clothing and the excitement of her fans however, she continued stuffing herself.

Doug fell into silent appreciation as she tore through the back half of the pack, surpassing herself once more by claiming them two at a time. She balanced the unfortunate dogs in her free hand with practiced ease and opened her jaws wide, then unceremoniously stuffed them in. Her cheeks bulged and she struggled to bring her teeth together around the considerable meal, though her experience swiftly won out. A triumphant grin curled the corners of her lips while she made a show of laboriously chewing the delectable mass, then tipped her head back and swallowed it down. Her hand left her belly to trace the meal's bulge as it sank below her double chin, and she let out a shameless sigh when it joined the curves of her figure. A wobble rippled across her figure when she gave her exposed middle an affectionate slap, which shook loose a hedonistic belch. The outburst stunned her physical audience, though her digital one was more than accustomed to the flourish. The cat took a moment to let the sound resonate throughout the building, and once her feast had a moment to settle, she grabbed the last of the pack's plates. She lifted it to her lips and tipped its rim to the ceiling, then funneled the morsels into her insatiable maw. Crumbs rained onto her chest while she chomped and gulped and swallowed with no regard for manners, then slammed the dish down the table in victory.

"Impressive," Doug admitted. "But I hope you're not getting full already~ Only got three dogs left, but you're at the half way mark by weight."

The cat's stomach let out a slightly muffled but challenging grumble. "And here I thought you were a fan," she chided. "You should know I'm not even close to being full." She wiggled her hips and spread her thighs, giving her stuffed belly more room to settle.

"That's the glutton we know and love."

The wolf motioned to a pair of servers near by, who rushed to collect the emptied plates. They each filled their arms, and once the table was partially cleared, a third rushed to the cat's side. Her belly shifted and spread across the table as she started to stand, though Doug invited her to sit back down before she could. Instead, one of his servers dragged another pair of plates into her reach, each twice the size of the pack's platters. With a flourish, the staff member pulled their protective shrouds away, revealing The Twins in all their glory. True to Doug's word, the dogs were doubled up and twice as long, weighed down with enough toppings and fixings to equal at least five ordinary hot dogs. The mixed scents of gourmet meats and high-end garnishing wafted into the cat's nose, spurring her to

take in a deep breath. Her chest puffed out and exposed the straining threads of her top, and her belly churned and groaned in anticipation of the next course, driving her from the appreciative trance.

"The clock is still running, by the way."

That was more than enough to spur the cat back into action. She lunged with both hands for one of the twins, supporting it between her paws as she considered her plan of attack. Instinct demanded she bite into the middle of the double dog and chomp outward toward each end, though even her commanding gluttony couldn't so thoroughly suppress basic decency. Instead, she spun the morsel in her palms and opened her jaw wide, rolling her tongue out as a slick red carpet. Her hips wiggled in anticipation as she ushered the lengthy hot dog between her lips, feeding it to the back of her throat. The feline looked into the camera and chomped off roughly a third of the treat, then forced more and more of it into her maw. Her cheeks swelled to fullness, though she didn't stop until she crammed the full course into her mouth. Something between a purr and a moan rumbled from her chest as she pushed in the final inch, then sealed her lips around the conquered meat. She struggled to chew for just a moment, until she gathered herself and swallowed the mass. The obvious swell caught in her gullet for an instant, just long enough to instill the fear of failure in her audience, though she recovered with ease.

An audible gulp rolled through the restaurant, and she packed the first of The Twins into her swollen belly. The tight curve of her middle bounced subtly with its arrival, and a chorus of groans and gurgles filled the space beneath the table as her meals settled. The feline reached down and rubbed the roll of her belly to help the process along, unleashing another verse of squishes and squelches. An indulgent groan tumbled from her lips as she rolled her head back and basked in her hedonism, relishing the sensation of approaching true fullness. Her palms sank deep into the soft swell of her middle as she rubbed, though it swiftly became apparent there was more work to be done. In a few short seconds, her gluttonous second wind arrived, and a deep, resonating rumble in her core drove her to action. Her chat feed flooded with encouragements as she stirred from her stupor, and a confident grin spread across her muzzle. The cat's seat creaked and groaned as she shifted and leaned forward, parting her legs with the lower curve of her flabby middle. Ripples rolled across her figure as her meal sloshed around her belly, only slowing to a halt after she stanced up in her seat. She eyed the other Twin the same way she might a mouse, then resumed her feast.

The gluttonous feline reached out and snatched the Twin from it splatter with both hands, spread her grip, then aligned it with her muzzle. She turned to her camera and give the lens a somewhat sultry look, then dropped her jaw and relaxed her throat. She guided the lengthy hot dog over her lips much as she had the first, though she never stopped to bite down. Instead, she tipped her head back and pushed it over the threshold of her gullet. At first, the twin produced only a modest bulge, almost indistinguishable from her chins, though it swiftly grows more distinct. Every inch swallowed above was reflected below, until the tip of the hot dog disappeared behind her chest. The cat's endurance dissolved just

as quickly however, and it wasn't long before she brushed the limits of her hedonism. Her eyes watered as the strain in her gullet grew, though it was nothing she wasn't already familiar with. The cat's stomach grumbled and churned as she steeled her nerve, and before the Twin could defeat her, she defeated it. She placed both palms on its end and shoved the remaining length into her mouth, imparting enough force to send it careening down her throat. She coughed and sputtered as her belly bounced with its landing, and after she recovered, her audiences erupted in praise and cheers.

"Well butter my biscuit," Doug remarked. "You had us worried there for a second, but you pulled it off."

The cat rested both hands on her belly and let out a tooth-rattling belch. When the gesture brought next to no relief, she reached under the swell of her middle and blindly searched for her belt. A sigh tumbled from her muzzle when she finally found its clasp, and her belly spilled further into her lap with its release. Its lowest curve sagged over the edge of her seat and spread her knees wide, and its upper roll threatened to push her breasts into her chins. The released pressure soothed her lethargy to a degree, though it still crept into her voice. "That wasn't so bad," she boasted. "Is that all you got?"

"Not by a long shot. You made it to the last leg, but by the gods is it a thick leg. Think you can still finish it off?"

For the first time in her career, the feline didn't have a definite answer. That didn't stop her stomach from speaking in her place, however. A rumbling, groaning gurgle shook the table and rattled the dishes upon it, more than answering Doug's question.

"That's all I need to hear~" With that, the wolf walked around the table and dragged the platter to her with noticeable effort. Once in place, he lifted the dome from the plate, revealing the king of all hot dogs.

A plume of steam rose from the dish with its unveiling, suffusing the feline's senses with its presence. Despite the family-sized feast stewing in her stomach, her appetite surged forth once more. Her eyes glazed over with hedonistic gluttony, and her depleting resolve gave way to a deep, primal need. Her brain questioned if she had the capacity left to finish out the challenge, but her stomach demanded she try regardless. She couldn't argue against such an effective speaker, and after a moment of introspection, she reached out and grabbed The Alpha with both hands and dragged it onto the shelf of her belly. The feline struggled to wrap her fingers around the colossal dog and lifted it to her muzzle with visible effort. The cat slipped into a trance as she dropped her jaw and let her tongue lull out, which only deepened when she tried to wrap her jaw around the dog. To both Doug's and her audiences' relief, she failed to stuff its diameter to the back of her throat. A few repeated attempts yielded the same result, forcing her to rethink her plan. Another growl from her stomach cut her plotting short, and she simply bit off the biggest chunk she could. Her cheeks bulged with sausage and sauces as she battled to bring her jaws back together, and after a moment of anticipation, she succeeded. Still, her stomach spurred her onward,

and she immediately gulped the mouthful down. Her clothing protested with muffled pops in the next instant, but her gluttony wouldn't be stopped so easily.

The cat's second bite came with equal ease, as did her third, but The Alpha took its toll on her stamina by the fourth. Her shirt climbed the crest of her belly, snapping threads along the way, and her growing muffin top forced her waistband down passed her hips. Her pace slowed as the growing fullness in her core sapped her strength, spreading the time between her monstrous bites and swallows. The feline acted more on instinct than reason as her stretching stomach pushed her higher thoughts out, allowing her cultivated greed to fully take over. The clock ticked onward as she lost steam however, and her time limit became a looming issue as she repeatedly stuffed her cheeks. Her attentive audience leaned forward in their seats when she relented and put down the final bites of The Alpha, taking a moment to gather and regroup herself. The feline huffed and panted as she rubbed the tight curve of her middle, gingerly raking her nails over new and old stretch marks. Pleasure sparked across her hide each time she strummed across one, breaking up her heavy breaths with muffled and strained moans. The temptation to surrender and indulge in her half-finished achievement tugged at her lethargic thoughts, though her stomach grumbled at the notion. It would accept nothing less than total victory, and it made that fact abundantly clear as it gurgled and churned. Perhaps against her better judgment, the cat returned her attention to her improvised table.

Though she had already eaten most of The Alpha, what remained was still intimidating. At her ravenous best, it was perhaps four or five more bites, though it was still more than a meal for anyone of lesser stature. The cat squeezed her eyes shut and pushed that thinking aside, switched her brain off, and let her belly take over. Her chest spilled across the table and tipped it toward her as she reached out and gathered the titanic dog in her palms, cradling it like a divine offering as she brought it to her tired jaws. The cat steeled her resolve and stuffed as much of the dog into her face as possible, devouring a considerable chunk of it. A greedy idea sparked in the back of her mind before she bit down, and before she could attempt to control herself, she attempted to repeat her feat with the second twin. With practiced ease, she relaxed her neck and opened her throat, then squished and squeezed and funneled the meal down. Her body rebelled, but her hedonistic determination prevailed. She drew on her remaining strength and brought her hands to her lips, sealing the Alpha away from her audience. Audible gulps rolled across the restaurant as she swallowed again and again, pushing her overworked gullet to the limit. Luckily, her experience with the previous course loosened her up, bringing the task into the realm of possibility. It became reality a few, eternally long seconds later, and she announced her victory with an exhausted sigh.

The buzzer sounded in that instant, followed by the crash of her collapsing chair. A low thud echoed through the building when she fell onto her widened rear, and the momentum of her tumble rolled her onto her back. She offered only a token effort to get up before her adrenaline faded, allowing her building food coma to sweep over her. Soft snores filled the quiet spaces between her stomach's churning, and after a moment of consideration. Doug and his staff opted to let her rest right there. He had neither the desire nor manpower to

move her anyway.

The wolf stepped into her camera's view. "Well folks, there were a few bumps in the roads and some close calls, but she managed to do it. Not that I ever had any doubt, of course," he laughed.

Doug motioned off camera, and a server delivered what appeared to be a polished wrestler's championship belt. "Now, this definitely needs to be resized, but you've earned it, champ." Doug placed the belt on the peak of her belly, and its straps unfolded just short of the floor.

He turned to the camera once again and flashed a victory sign. "Looks like this is the end of the stream yall. Thanks for joining us at Doug's Dogs, and next time we'll see if we can stump the champ for real."

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~

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/victorthemaker/>
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