

Sweet Fixings

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A Patreon Vignette for Tach

Tiffany belongs to Tach

After waking up to learn that every milkshake machine in her service region has broken, Tiffany spends the day traveling and fixing them, and of course, resting them afterward

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and the following tags apply: Female, Shark, Milkshakes, Overeating, Belly Expansion, Wardrobe Malfunction

Tiffany yawned and rolled to her side, turning away from the morning sun as it filtered through her bedroom window. Her mattress softly creaked and groaned with the motion, accompanied by the gentle rustling of her sheets. The shark teetered on the edge of sleep after regaining her comfort, though it wasn't long before she fell on its unfavorable side. The gathering of birds and their song outside spurred her to crack an eye open, though an alarm from her tablet truly pushed her over the edge. A low groan rumbled in her chest and she hauled herself from the comfort of her bed, begrudgingly preparing to face the day. Tiffany rubbed the dreams from her eyes and plucked the device from her nightstand, then let loose a low groan. Service orders flashed across its screen with extreme urgency, and a glance at the details let her know why. Over the weekend, literally every milkshake in her service region had broken. Tiffany steeled herself for the day ahead, then got dressed and set out.

The shark parked her van and finished off her coffee with a deep swig. Her chest swelled with a nerve-gathering breath, and she reached into the back for her tool kit. She hauled the bag into her lap with a grunt of effort, then stepped into the parking lot. The hot summer morning instantly heated her scales, spurring her to rush for the air-conditioned sanctuary before her. The staff greeted her with relief as she marched her way to the kitchen, where she flopped her bag down before her mechanical adversary. Tiffany peeked around its sides and back before unscrewing its access panel and peering inside. At a glance, there was no catastrophic damage, a finding that brought great relief. The shark released a breath and surveyed its gages, then swiftly spotted the problem. A lack of refrigerant proved to be the issue, a problem easily remedied by a refill. She fetched a can from her back and topped it off, then tested the fix.

It took a moment for the machine to reach temperature, and once it did, the milkshake flowed. Tiffany grabbed the largest cup they had and filled it to the brim, then slurped just slow enough to avoid a brain freeze. A groan of approval resonated in her chest while her belly filled, signaling the completion of her repair. The shark kept the shake at her lips and let the manager know she was finished, then ventured back into the

heat of the day. That sweltering haze swiftly stripped away the comfort of the conditioned air, and she raced to the relative comfort of her van. Her seat creaked and squeaked as she settled in, where she finished her shake in the time it took to cool the interior. She dropped the emptied cup in her passenger seat, then rested her hands across her stomach. Its soft swell comfortably filled her overalls and rested nicely on her hips, suffusing her with a pleasant fullness. If the rest of the day was that easy, she'd be done and home in no time.

Tiffany arrived at her second stop of the day to find the same issue. A tiny hole in the refrigerant line deprived the machine of that much-needed resource, and all the shark had to do was patch the line and top the reservoir off. The repair itself took less than five minutes, and she spent more time collecting her reward than working. While sluggish, the machine produced a thick, quality milkshake, and it met her standards with ease. She signed off on the fix while she slurped her frigid treat, adding to the pleasant chill pooling in her belly. The curve of her middle filled tight against her denim overalls, rounding out as a plush curve. It softly jostled with her footfalls, and she couldn't resist tracing over its surface while she exited. In the back of her mind, she reasoned that it would be best to test the following machines with a smaller serving, though she easily waved that notion from her thoughts. A bigger serving size meant a more thorough test, which reflected on her integrity as a technician.

With this thought in mind, Tiffany maintained her rigorous methods throughout the day. Due to the nature of her repairs, she had ample opportunity to do so as well. Her tried and true solution of replacing refrigerant fixed the machines at her third, fourth, and fifth stops, making for a relatively swift day. Her pace slowed on her way to her sixth call, weighed down by the test samples taken along the way. Still, she carried through until her final call, where the toll on her figure became impossible to ignore. The shark's stomach bumped against and squished around her steering wheel by then, complicating the task of getting in and out of her van. Threads popped and snapped as her belly wobbled and bounced against its denim confines, testing her garment with every step. The cold

gathered in her stomach warded off the worst of the summer heat, though the effort of carrying it nearly canceled that benefit out. Her swollen sides brushed against the door frame of her tenth and final stop, hitching her step before squishing through.

The workers watched with stunned confusion while she waddled to the kitchen and toward the machine, only introducing herself after stepping behind the counter. Tiffany's belly pressed against the broken device a step before she reached it, and without checking it, she reached into her bag and produced a can of refrigerant. The shark reached around her stuffed middle and fumbled with the service plate until it fell free, then injected fluid into the system. It hummed to life the instant she topped it off, and a grin spread across her snout when it came time to test her repair. The shark grabbed the largest cup on hand without hesitation and filled it to the brim. Tiffany waved to the manager and let them know her work was done while she chugged, determining that the treat was cold and consistent. The container tipped higher and higher while she drank, coaxing a tight rumble from her overfilled middle. She kept drinking regardless, claiming her reward and asserting her integrity. The sharp cracks of popping threads accompanied every swallow, until finally, her overalls met their limit.

The buttons at the top of her chest shot across the room, propelled by the dropping weight of her stomach. Workers and customers alike dove for cover while the plastic disks pinged around the building until they harmlessly skittered across the floor. The sides of her overalls bulged with her doughy love handles and the front flap fell forward, revealing her white undershirt. That garment fared only marginally better, bunched beneath her chest by the swell of her middle. An empty moment hung in the air while everyone processed the sight, until Tiffany broke the silence with a long slurp of her milkshake. She made her exit with the drink at her lips, caring little for the looks in her wake.

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

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