

Snack Slight

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A Patreon Vignette for Tach

Chelsea and Lori belong to Tach

Chelsea's workplace has decided to try a new bakery for their daily donut supply. Considering her friend is the bakery they switched from, she can't let this decision stand. To sway the business's opinion, she takes it upon herself to make it look like the order never made it into the building.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and the following tags apply: Female, Chipmunk, Office, Donuts, Overeating, Belly Stuffing, Belly Growth, Wardrobe Malfunction

Chelsea glanced at the clock on her desk, and a smile spread across her muzzle as she rose from her seat. The chubby chipmunk arched her back and stretched the stiffness from her legs, then made her way to the break room. Most of her coworkers were just arriving, settling into their spaces and offering their greetings as she passed. Chelsea returned their warmth, but didn't stop to make small talk. Her hand fell across her soft paunch as her stomach let out a demanding rumble, earning it an affectionate pat. Her belly looked forward to her morning treat as much as herself, and her pace quickened with her blooming appetite. The smell of fresh pastries further spurred her speed, until she power-walked into the that modest room. Little more than an aged refrigerator, a flimsy table, and a cluttered counter, the space was a paradise in an expanse of cubicles. Chelsea's ears perked when she spotted the box of donuts that waited for her and her coworkers every morning, and she rushed to claim the first of the dozen.

What she saw on the side of the box stopped her in her tracks, however.

The chipmunk stumbled to a stop at the counter, and after an instant of recovery, she scrutinized the box. The donuts within looked serviceable, delicious even, though the logo on the side stayed her hand. The brand of her friend's competitor marked the box as tainted, and Chelsea internally argued how best to take care of them. Leaving them out for her coworker's consumption was out of the question. Lori's lengthy rants of inferior ingredients and false advertising sprang to mind, along with several other acts Chelsea couldn't allow her company to support. Simply tossing them out would lead to too many questions, but making it look like they never arrived would do the trick. The chipmunk's belly offered its input with a grumble, and with it her mind was made up. She glanced to the left and right to ensure she was alone, then opened the box and crammed her muzzle with its contents.

She stuffed the first two between her lips with ease, swelling her cheeks to capacity until she chewed them down. While most of Lori's criticisms were well founded, Chelsea considered that some were exaggerated. She noted a few inconsistencies of course, too

much butter in one batch, perhaps a touch too little sugar in another, but they still tasted very nice. She reached for the third before she completely cleared her muzzle, adding another element to the blend of flavored frostings. The chipmunk admitted to herself that they may be good enough to be dangerous to Lori's bakery, an opinion that steeled her resolve to make the batch disappear. An audible gulp filled the room and she banished the bakery's work to her belly, making room for the next set of three. That following combination of flavors refreshed her respect for their chef, and it eased the task of swallowing them down. Crumbs littered her cheeks and sprinkled her top as she moved onto the third set, and by the fourth, the curve of her paunch peeked from beneath her top.

With another greedy gulp, Chelsea finished off the batch. One of her hands drifted to her middle and rubbed her exposed roll, easing the subtle stretch of her hide. Once her stomach relaxed, she turned her attention to the box. The chipmunk swiftly dismantled and folded the paper container, then stuffed it in her purse. After she disposed of it on her way home, there would be no evidence the donuts ever made it to the building. A satisfied, victorious grin graced her muzzle, only to fall the instant she turned around. Chelsea nearly leapt from her skin when she found the photo department head standing behind her, grinning ear to ear. The chipmunk recovered and preyed the portly fox didn't witness her gluttonous deed, though it was impossible to tell until she began to speak.

"Well, what do you think of the donuts Chelsea?"

Chelsea inwardly grinned and feigned ignorance. "What donuts? I haven't gotten a chance to order them yet."

The fox's expression fell, and she brushed by Chelsea's side to check the counter, the chipmunk wiped the crumbs from her lips and top. "Huh," the fox huffed. "I ordered a dozen donuts to be delivered, and I guess they got lost along the way."

"Huh indeed. Divine Donuts has never lost an order of mine."

"I went with someone else this time. Wanted to mix things up a little and try something new, plus, you're not the only one with the authority to order office snacks."

In the interest of not escalating things so early in the day, Chelsea let that slight slide. "Fair. Would you like to order a replacement batch from Divine Donuts this time?"

"Oh no," the fox literally waved. "I still have a bunch of coupons for Passionate Pastries."

Chelsea's heart only sank so far, before her bloated stomach cushioned its drop.

The chipmunk returned to her desk, disappointed but not defeated. Chelsea settled into her desk and chewed through her daily tasks, though she never fully dedicated herself to it. Instead, she split her attention between her monitor and the office's entrance, keeping a watchful eye out for any delivery drivers. Her attentiveness paid off not a half hour later, when a badger clad in red dashed to their door. Chelsea leapt from her desk and rushed to intercept the worker, who couldn't care less about who picked the order up. She signed off with the fox's name, then spirited the snacks away to her desk. The chipmunk swiftly stowed them in an unused drawer, then plucked one from the box and popped it into her muzzle. A soft groan of satisfaction resonated in her chest while she savored the treat, until the vulpine drifted to the front of the building. The voluptuous vulpine lingered for several minutes, occasionally checking her phone and huffing, until finally, she made a call.

A stream of profanity poured from her lips, the likes of which Chelsea hadn't heard since an intern accidentally dropped the fox's best camera down the stairs. Her appetite withered while the irate manager chewed out the unfortunate baker, and she shrank into her seat until the fox stomped off to the photo wing. Chelsea took a moment to recover and calm herself in the wake of that storm, and the events that set it off fell from her mind.

The spark that enabled those acts returned however, and a needy rumble reminded her of her friendly duties. She snacked on the donuts in her desk at a lazy pace, sating her appetite as it stirred. Her top gradually rode up the growing swell of her belly, though a gentle tug easily brought it back into place. Chelsea grazed through just over half the dozen, when a commotion at the front door stunned her.

The door-dashing badger bore a tower of boxes stacked five tall and threatening to tumble from his arms. Chelsea watched, stunned, while he navigated the door, leaning his back into it and reversing through. Only then did she realize the need to act, and she rushed to relieve him of his cargo. She whispered an apology to the future victim of her boss's wrath, then took the boxes back to her cubicle. The chipmunk struggled to find places for all of them, loading up every single unused drawer and then some, managing to conceal all but one. To the delight of her stomach, she finished off that first reorder, then slotted the final box in its place. A sigh of relief crossed her muzzle with the aversion of that immediate disaster, though it was short lived in the face of the rest of her day. Her attention drifted back to the quintet of boxes not yet eaten, and she gathered her resolve to make good on her favor.

For the rest of her day, very little work got done. When she wasn't watching for her boss or pretending to be busy, she chipped away at her hidden desserts, one bite at a time. The first few came easily, motivated by their myriad of flavors and deliciousness, but Chelsea quickly lost momentum. The hunger in her belly only carried her through half of her first box, leaving determination to take her to the finish. The chipmunk stifled a belch in her fist and steeled her nerve, then pushed her stomach to the limit. Fortunately, her desk concealed modesty as her stomach swelled and pushed her shirt into the shadow of her breasts. She took the time to pull the garment down, though that changed after it got stuck. The growing dome of her gluttony tested its buttons instead, pulling them apart and opening wide windows of fur. Chelsea continued regardless, even when her hips put her skirt through the same paces, until it came time to leave for the day.

As her coworkers filtered from the building, Chelsea eyed the last of donuts with dread. Her stomach grumbled and gurgled in submission, bested by her iron will. Still, that unfaltering desire had to falter eventually. Her clothing was stretched as tight as her stomach, and strained threads popped with every subtle movement. A sharp ping accompanied the last burst, relieving a fraction of the pressure on her belly, granting just enough space to finish off that last snack. She crammed the emptied container in her purse, eliminating any evidence Passionate Pastries ever entered the building. With her work for the day finished, she gathered her things and stood from her desk. Her chair clung to her hips and followed her up however, spurring her to wiggle her hips and shake it free. It fell to the floor with a plastic clatter, a noise answered by the click of her heels as she departed.

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://www.weasyl.com/~victorthemaker>

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

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