

Soft Cover

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A Patreon Request

Dack Belongs to Me

In the pursuit of a valuable relic, Dack agrees to join the feeding and serving squad of its wealthy owner. It's the only way for her to plan her heist, but can she resist the allures of gluttony and hedonism long enough to do so?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and the following tags apply: Female, Fox, Polar Bear, Fat, Size Difference, Feeding, Weight Gain, Mutual Gaining, Corruption

A warm autumn breeze blew across the open yard, flowing through Dack's snow white fur. The arctic fox's tail followed the wind for an instant before she drew it back in place, unimpeded by her lacking uniform. Golden chains and glittering jewels adorned the stout hourglass of her figure, bright accents against her her natural canvas. She crossed her arms beneath her chest, wrinkling the soft silks adorning her middle, then drew in a deep breath. In that instant, she weighed her priorities carefully. This was far from the first time she'd taken on a role to gain intel, and eventually riches, but none before required such... intimacy. Or persistence, for that matter. In her other hand, Dack weighed the worth of her quarry. It was a small relic of little interest to the layperson, shrouded in mysteries and legends of power. More importantly, the vixen already had a buyer lined up. A success would set her for life.

Dack made up her mind and stepped forward.

The vixen took several more, bringing her and her meager belongings to an ornate gate. Thick steel bars clad in golden coats guarded the entrance to the mansion. On any other day the thief would take great joy in compromising such opulent defense, but instead, she gazed into a small panel at the gate's side. Narrow lights beamed forth and scanned her face, and a brief pause followed while the computer compared the results to its records. A soft beep announced its conclusion, and the gate sluggishly slid open. An alarm sounded across the building's yard while Dack crossed the lush expanse, announcing her presence to the entire complex. A small armada of drones emerged and circled her before departing, confirming there was no issue. The arctic fox took note of their number and design, then committed that information to memory. By the time she finished, she stood at the mansion's front door.

Those two panels towered over the arctic fox, dwarfing her in both height and width. Each side sported intricate carvings and designs, which did nothing but accent the owner's wealth. Dack surveyed its surface and searched for the knocker, until it creaked open of its own accord. It swung slowly, laden with hundreds of pounds of weight, and

eventually revealed the servant behind it. The tubby cat wore the same uniform as Dack, and given her proportions, it concealed even less. The silks wrapped around the feline's midriff yielded to the rolls of her belly, disappearing into her deep, soft valleys. She beckoned her mistress's newest hire inside, then shut the door in her wake. A resounding boom thundered down the wide hallway as it latched shut, effectively sealing the pair within those decadent walls. The cat gestured toward Dack and offered to guide her to their boss, and unwilling to end up on her mark's bad side so quickly, the arctic fox followed.

Despite the cat's size, she moved at a brisk pace and Dack rushed to keep up. Whether a conscious measure or not, it gave the arctic vixen little time to observe her surroundings. The main hall they strode down seemed to run the length of the mansion, dividing it into two major wings. Elegant artwork and tapestries decorated the walls, stretching from their feet to the high ceilings above. Dack drank in the details of particular pieces and struggled to place their origins, though many were strange and unique enough to stump her. They seemed to defy every known style, a fact that caught the thief off guard. She thought to bring it up with the feline servant, though a delicious, potent scent derailed that notion before it crossed her lips. The cat's tail waved with notable excitement as they passed near what had to be the kitchen, and Dack's own stomach grumbled in sympathy. Something in her hoped for a quick detour before they reached her boss, but those hopes faded as they continued on.

The high vaulted ceilings of the central hallway gave way to a much more intimate chamber when they passed through the doorway at its end. The slight chill in the air gave way to a gentle warmth, and the fading scents of past feasts swelled to a fresh banquet. Streamers of silk hung from the domed ceiling and spanned the room's radius, and plush pillows adorned the soft floor beneath. Several tables were scattered across the floorspace, each laden with delectable meals and desserts. Servants and consorts alike lounged throughout the den of gluttony, and at the center of it all reclined the largest polar bear Dack had ever seen. She was decadence incarnated, and every inch of her

reflected that fact. The mistress of the mansion laid on her side and swallowed the snacks offered by her favorite servant, until she noticed the feline approach. Her eyes lit with delight when they drifted over to Dack, and she began the laborious task of sitting up.

Dack learned the reason behind the mansion's scale as she righted herself. The bear's nest of cushions and mattress creaked and groaned with her shifting weight, protesting the motion of her mass. The ursine's thighs squished outward as they squeezed under the swell of her belly, eclipsing her generous ass from Dack's perspective. The mistress's belly wobbled into the valley between them, large enough to outweigh the vixen twice over alone. Her generous breasts bounced down its curve, held together by an overworked, gilded and jeweled chain. Golden piercings and glittering gems adorned her figure at eye-catching points, the only things close to clothing she wore. As gorgeous as her figure was, it was her eyes that captivated Dack the most. They sparkled with a knowing mirth, a detail that dredged up mixed emotions in the vixen's chest. Those feelings deepened in intensity and complexity when the polar bear leaned over herself to address her newest servant, until the vixen had a view into her bottomless cleavage.

There was no mistaking it. Nestled deep between those snow-white mounds rested the relic, the target of her venture.

Dack's gaze lingered on it an uncomfortably long time, and when she finally found the sense to look up, she found the bear grinning a toothy grin. "See something you like, darling?"

The vixen blinked and turned her gaze up and away from the relic, into the bear's eyes. "I think I do, yes."

"You're off to a good start then," the bear chuckled. "You are Dack, correct?"

"I am," the vixen nodded. "Present and at your service."

"And serve you shall. The people beyond my grounds call me Lady Isbjorn, but you will call me mistress."

"Of course, Mistress."

"A fast learner, I like that," Isbjorn teased. "But willingness and eagerness are only some of the skills you'll need here. What will truly make or break your career here is your ability to feed and pamper. I won't mince words. These feedings will be intimate and explicit. If you don't think that's something you're comfortable with, say the word and you'll be on your way. You're also free to change your mind at any time, or refuse an act you're not comfortable with."

Dack considered the offer for a moment and weighed her intel on the mansion. A quick glance at the outdoor measures and a rough floor plan could be enough on a lucky day, but there was far too much on the line to leave her mission up to fate. She needed more information. "I'm ready and willing, Mistress."

The polar bear clapped her hands together and laughed. "Excellent! Mmm, it's been too long since I've had someone here with a figure like yours~ You're going to look exquisite in a few weeks."

Dack inwardly hoped her mission would not take that long, but outwardly raised no objection.

"Now then, lets see how you fare with feeding. No worries if you don't get it right away, there will be plenty of time to hone your skills."

With that the polar bear snapped her fingers, and a squad of servants surrounded her. Each bore a large platter laden with food, and every one of them appeared

significantly softer than the vixen. Dack took note of that trend while they laid out their feast, and with the banquet assembled, departed from their mistress's chamber. Another snap dismissed those lounging with her, leaving her in perfect privacy with her new arrival. A rumble of appreciation thundered in her chest while she looked her meals up and down, internally debating on where to start. After a moment, she simply laid back down on her side and opened her mouth. A glance to Dack signaled her to begin, and she faced the same problem as her Mistress. After a moment of indecision, she simply reached for the nearest dish and plucked it from the table. Dack raised the large plate of smoked fish above her head, then climbed onto Isbjorn's plush mattress.

The vixen's career in thievery proved useful while she navigated the bed's unsteady terrain, carefully walking to the bear's side. Her belly rose above Dack even while on her side, a detail that sent a flutter of excitement through her chest. The vixen fought back a blush as her palm sank into her Mistress's soft warmth, which offered support while she wadded her way to the polar bear's mouth. Lady Isbjorn hummed in greeting when she arrived without spilling a drop, and she tipped her head back to present her muzzle. If their differences in scale had not been made obvious to Dack already, they were in that moment. The arctic fox stared into jaws that could swallow her whole, framed by fangs worthy of a prehistoric creature. Her tongue lured out over her lip like a broad carpet, and the vixen obliged the invitation with one of the smoked fish. Saliva flowed from the walls of her mouth as that first morsel slid down to her gullet, where a simple gulp sent it on its way to her stomach. The serving wasn't even a mouthful, and the polar bear arched her brow in expectation.

Unwilling to test her patience, Dack brought the platter to her lips and gradually poured its contents into her maw.

The undercover thief tipped the dish with competing care and haste, hoping to sate her mistress's appetite without spilling anything. Fortunately, she succeeded. Dack peered around the plate as the last of the food's weight slipped off, just in time to watch Isbjorn

seal her lips around the course. Her cheeks bulged with its mass, though instead of chewing, the polar bear simply gulped it down. The vixen's eyes followed the bulge of Isbjorn's neck as it swelled out and sank toward her chest, only to disappear among the rolls of her gluttonous form. Her belly hardly moved with the fishs' additions, and a pleasant sigh spilled from her lips as they settled in place. One of her massive paws came down her rolls with a heavy plap, and her whole frame wobbled with the gentle impact. The mistress grinned when those motions caught Dack's eye, though in reality, the thief's gaze fell to the glittering relic in her cleavage.

"You're far from finished darling~ That was hardly an appetizer."

Dack took the hint and returned to the banquet, then gathered two platters from its bounty. She curled her tail under a third and balanced it in her wake, and Lady Isbjorn watched with interest while her servant returned. She made note of Dack's skill before opening her maw once more, silently demanding the feeding continue. The vixen obliged, and she dumped the triple set of courses into her waiting jaws. The polar bear simply relaxed her throat and let the food glide across her tongue, where it disappeared over the drop of her throat. Soft gulps and swallows filled the air while she effortlessly guzzled the mixed courses, subtly but surly swelling her stomach. The mistress's mattress creaked and bowed under her climbing weight, a noise sometimes overshadowed by her groans of pleasure. Isbjorn indulgently rubbed her middle until Dack finished that second mini-session. The vixen hesitated as she contemplated joining the polar bear at her middle, though a needy rumble from its core sent her back to the feast.

Platters piled up higher and higher around the pair as they chipped away at that grand feast, gathering in leaning towers around the gluttonous bear. Her belly grew and swelled with the influx of food, spilling across the plush mattress and complicating the trek across it. Dack increasingly leaned on that tightening swell as she passed back and forth, each caress driving the bear's hedonism home. Her stomach groaned and churned under that layer of plush flab, shuffling and grinding whole meals passed each other. A

blush warmed the vixen's cheeks when a firm lump of meat pressed her palm from her depths, and a knowing grin curled the mistress's lips. Still, they exchanged no words. Lady Isbjorn did nothing but gulp and swallow, allowing her gurgling middle to speak for her. It rumbled with a constant demand for more, continuing until she devoured the entire feast. Whether planned or not, that marled the limit of her capacity, and the bear slumped back into her cushioned nest once satisfied. Her hands roamed the snowy expanse of her stuffed middle, and with an arch of her brow, she invited Dack to join her.

The vixen hesitated for an instant, but remembered her place and did as invited. Her mistress's paws dwarfed her own, but if her rumbling groans were anything to go by, that fact did not diminish Isbjorn's pleasure. Dack's deft fingers sank into the bear's fluffy flab when she arched her back, pressing that groaning dome into her palms. The thief lost herself in the moment as that intimate massage went on, and before long, she swore she felt her mistress softening. The vixen squished and rubbed her rolls until the bear rolled over, nearly trapping Dack in an avalanche of flab, then snapped her fingers. The sharp sound echoed through the room and resonated down halls, and shortly after it faded, the march of footsteps took its place. Dack turned to the door as it swung open, and a small part of her trilled with anticipation as another feast poured in. Much smaller in scale than the first, it looked to be a dessert to Isbjorn's main course. Dack pushed herself from the bear's belly and reached toward the nearest platter, only for a colossal hand to pull her back in place.

The behemoth of a bear playfully tisked, then sat up and hugged Dack into her lap. Her soft boulder of flab nearly folded the vixen over herself, though her mistress ensured she remained upright. Dack's ears flickered against the underside of the bear's breasts when she leaned forward and fetched a platter, then plucked a morsel from its surface and brought it to her feeder's lips. Confusion flashed across Dack's face when the sweet pastry pressed to her mouth and she turned to face the bear, where she found her grinning back. She murmured something about not trusting skinny feeders, then moved to feed the vixen once more. Dack relented and dropped her jaw, allowing her mistress to fill

her cheeks with calories. The dessert's delectable flavor destroyed what reservations she might have had, and a groan of approval resonated in Dack's chest as she chewed. The bear slipped a finger under her chin and tipped her muzzle up, then rubbed the vixen's throat until she swallowed. The treat went down nearly whole, and Isbjorn swiftly replaced it with another.

In the back of her mind, Dack wondered if their role reversal was meant to be instructional or something more, though an influx of sweets soon derailed that train of thought. The polar bear's touch was electric in itself, and combined with the gentle feeding, it lulled the vixen into a deep submission. Dack's ears flattened and her tail flickered with each guided swallow, and before they finished off the first plate, her jaw dropped open in anticipation of each new treat. A new burst of enchanting flavors greeted the fox when her mistress moved to the next dish, resetting her appetite all over again. Dack's relatively trim middle gave way to a growing swell while she obediently ate, a growing paunch that gradually advanced over her thighs. She only noticed the mounting pressure in her stomach when the bear placed her palm on the tightening globe, drawing attention to her mounting fullness. A deep, muffled moan sounded in Dack's throat when Isbjorn gingerly kneaded her budding belly, signaling her slide into hedonism.

The vixen leaned back into her mistress's soft embrace and devoured everything offered, plowing through plate after plate. Her own modest stack of platters gathered amid her mistress's towers, a growing monument in her gluttonous landscape. The endless kneads and rubs of Isbjorn's palm kept the tightness of Dack's belly to a minimum, aiding and speeding her digestion to a visible degree. The vixen's figure slightly softened with each conquered course, tightening her uniform around swelling rolls. The vixen's plush hills buried her glittering chains in deepening valleys, and the silks adorning her thighs and chest pulled tight around her curves. Still, the garment held its own, hugging her form tighter and tighter until there was nothing left of dessert. Dack only realized her meal had concluded when her mistress reached down and stroked through her hair, bringing her from her gluttonous haze. The added weight on her frame and the persistent

fullness of her middle pulled her into the mattress alongside her mistress, who looked to her servant with delight.

"You'll do extremely well here if you can keep that up, darling~"

Her praise scratched an itch Dack never realized she had. The vixen melted against the warmth of her mistress's churning stomach, and just before gluttonous lethargy claimed her, she noted a sparkling between the polar bear's breasts and remembered her mission.

The rest of Dack's first day passed in a lazy, hedonistic haze, as did the day after and the day after that. The scents of feasts and snacks and desserts filled the mansion at all hours, which constantly kindled the vixen's smoldering appetite. Her co-servants made no effort to hide the portions taken from the kitchen, a habit the thief picked up within hours of arriving. More importantly, Lady Isbjorn encouraged snacking on the job. She rewarded every "stolen" treat with a toothy grin and affectionate pat, a method that ensured an entire service of plus-sized servants. Most were content to bask in their mistress's passing attention, happy to feed and be fed, though Dack was not so complacent. Determined to earn the highest of her mistress's favors, for the sake of the relic that rested deep in her chest, the undercover vixen devoted herself entirely to the role. The image of Lady Isbjorn's chest was rarely far from her thoughts, maintaining her determination.

For better or worse, that determination had a profound effect on their figures. The glow of working ovens warmed the mansion through shortening autumn days and lengthening winter nights, nearly keeping the mansion comfortable on their own. What they lacked in heating power, the mistress and her servants made up for in insulation. Lady Isbjorn packed on several pounds by the day, which turned to tens and hundreds over time. Her figure-defining belly crept down her thickening thighs and passed her

overworked knees, and its mass would have pulled her posture forward if not for her counterweight of an ass. The polar bear's hips spread wide to support the muscle required to lug such a frame around, bringing her to the limit of many double doorways. Her cleavage deepened as well, burying Dack's sought after relic deep in her warmth. The mistress of the mansion spent most of her time in her nest of pillows, though on the occasions she decided to move, the ground shook in her presence.

While she was no where near the same weight class as her mistress, it was not for lack of trying on Dack's part. Her gluttony blossomed to a truly impressive degree with the guidance and encouragement, and her figure only lagged behind Lady Isbjorn's due to her late start and smaller stature. The vixen lacked the raw capacity of her much-larger mentor, though over time, her metabolism raced to close the gap. Dack's stomach learned to love and anticipate her growing portions, eagerly churning and gurgling down whatever found its way into her depths. She packed on the pounds as if she was preparing to hibernate, and that trend only strengthened with her mistress's affectionate reinforcement. The newest servant quickly became Isbjorn's favorite pillow, a role she took regularly when food comas claimed them both. That closeness only drew them closer, cementing Dack's position as unofficial second-in-command. She regularly called upon that power with gluttonous authority.

A few short months after Dack's arrival at the mansion, the bear and fox feasted on a grand scale. The soft pillows and small tables that used to adorn Isbjorn's quarters had long been pushed toward the walls, allowing a single, massive slab to dominate the room. Delicious and exotic dishes covered every inch of its surface, filling the room with a myriad of appetizing scents. No one resisted its allure, but more importantly, no one tried. The servants that replenished the day-long meal shamelessly snacked from their carried trays, marking their mostly-bare fur with sauces and crumbs. Those sitting at the table fed them as they passed, and in turn they were fed as well. Lady Isbjorn sat at the center of it all, filling a deep, wide carving in the otherwise round furniture. Her customized seat placed her at the middle of the event, a centerpiece everyone present strove for. Dack sat

in the softness of her lap with her back to the bear's belly, where she mirrored her every reach and grab for food.

Between the two of them, they could have cleaned the table in minutes. The grandly-proportioned mistress hardly bothered to chew her meals, swallowing turkeys and hams and chickens whole. A deep, resonating gulp announced her gluttony every time she flexed that skill, inspiring Dack to hone the same ability. While the vixen struggled to wrap her jaws around anything larger than a heavily-stacked sandwich, anything smaller was fair game. She bit large chunks from what she could not swallow whole and sent them to her stomach, and the smaller fruits and vegetables the fox claimed as they were. The great snowy boulder of her stomach filled and overfilled her lap, and it inched closer and closer to her knees with every greedy swallow. Dack proved to be a show in herself as well, so much so she drew the eyes of a few of her peers. Some whispered of trying to surpass her, while others blushed at the thought of serving her instead. Dack's own muzzle warmed in turn, and a determined growl thundered through her belly.

The courses decorating the table diminished as the servers took seats at its sides, slowing the replenishing flow of calories. Those who had worked the longest rushed to grab anything to fill their starved bellies, while the folks who had been there all day topped off. The table's carved surface slowly revealed itself as cleaned plates slid under those still loaded with food, showing the intricate curves for the first time in hours. The effect accelerated as everyone present scrambled for the remaining scraps, but none dared reach for the same dish as their mistress or Dack. As a result, the gluttonous pair claimed the lion's share of what remained. While their gorging continued, some of the thinner in Isbjorn's harem left the table. The weight of their bellies bent their posture forward while they waddled back to their quarters, exhausted and ready to begin the cycle anew the next morning. The most dedicated of the polar bear's sect fell asleep at their plates instead, chewing and swallowing the last of their courses while slumbering. Lady Isbjorn and Dack powered on however, and in the span of a half hour, they were the only ones who remained conscious.

The remainder of the feast fell to the glutton and her apprentice, and it didn't last long against their greedy assault. The pair worked in tandem at first, Dack reaching out and passing extra portions to her mistress, but that cooperation quickly gave way to their bottomless appetites. While the vixen never mustered the nerve to snatch food from the polar bear's hand, she attempted to hoard it beyond her reach. She came to regret that choice, but only for an instant. The firm weight of Lady Isbjorn's belly squished into the curves of her back and pressed her against the table, adding to the pressure in Dack's middle until she reclined once again. The pudgy apprentice took in a deep gasp the instant she could, and that rush of air fueled the heat in her cheeks. The Lady's pressing interruptions grew less frequent as lethargy competed with gluttony, granting Dack the opportunity to feed her own greed. The dishes dwindled as before she found satisfaction, despite her mistress's loss of momentum.

As the fox reached for the final course, a deep, rhythmic rumble massaged her back. It took Dack a moment to realize that her mistress had fallen asleep, and once she did, pride welled in her chest. She finished off the remaining dishes with renewed speed, chomping them down as quickly as she grabbed them. The tight swell of her stomach grew to a sharp contrast against her otherwise soft form, a testament to how many calories she packed away. The vixen leaned back into Isbjorn's softness and relished her gluttonous victory over her mentor. Her own hands roamed the vast expanse of her middle, and she struggled to reach its far edge. Dack reached over herself as much as her bloated belly allowed, though came up far short of her belly button. She was at least three times the fox she was when she arrived, and that fact kindled a satisfying heat between her thighs. The edges of her vision darkened with an encroaching food coma, and just before dreams claimed her, she thought that the only thing that could improve that moment was a trophy.

Her eyes snapped open with realization.

Dack knew of a trophy more than fitting of her victory, and more importantly, it

dangled within her reach. A devious smile spread across her muzzle and dimpled her soft cheeks as she groped up and behind, delving deep into Lady Isbjorn's cleavage. The vixen nearly buried her shoulder before she felt that coveted relic, where it fumbled at her food-slicked fingers. She leaned in deep and set her grip around the medallion, then leaned back and pulled with the full weight of her body. The thin chain keeping it in place snapped easily, far more so than expected, and the thief lurched forward with her prize in hand. Dack took a moment to admire the collectible's craftsmanship, where she noticed the figure adorning its face. Round and rotund, it depicted a figure much like Lady Isbjorn's, and the longer she stared at it, the brighter it glowed. That moment culminated in a bright flash of light, blinding to Dack but unnoticed by everyone else. She blinked the spot from her eyes, and a voice spoke into her mind.

"You've done well to surpass my student," a sultry voice congratulated. "You'll make for a fine vessel with a few hundred more pounds~"

A twinge of panic registered in the back of Dack's mind, but an overpowering hunger swiftly quelled it. If it meant living her life like Lady Isbjorn, she would do whatever was asked of her.

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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