

Mistaken Identity



A Short Story
for Mature Readers

Victor Waite

Contents

[Mistaken Identity.](#)

[Vic's Galleries](#)

Mistaken Identity

Word Count: 2800

21-12-08

A Patreon Request
Tiffany Belongs to Tach

During an ordinary lunch, one of Tiffany's coworkers approaches her and questions if she's a dragon. The confused fennec states Tiffany eats like one, a comment that lead to a wager with another colleague. The two placed a bet on just how much the shark can eat, and for a share of the winnings, the shark obliges.

Content Warning: This story is intended for **Mature** readers and the following tags apply: Female, Shark, Public Setting, Eating Contest, Belly Stuffing, Wardrobe Malfunction, Feeding Frenzy, Weight Gain

Mistaken Identity

Low conversations filled the cafeteria, mixing together in a dull rumble that fell below ambient music. Still, certain voices stuck out among the noise, catching the ear of Tiffany. At first, she tried to ignore the intrusive dialog, intent on enjoying her multi-course meal, though that feat quickly became easier said than done. The tip of the shark's tail flicked when she heard her name pass a fennec's lips, then again when it echoed on a bird's. Curiosity forced its way into her head, forcing her to imagine what her coworkers spoke of, until she shook that line of thought off. Tiffany grumbled to herself and returned to her sandwich, chomping a viscous bite from its square profile. That gesture sparked a flurry of words from the speculating pair, spurring the overweight shark to roll her eyes. She managed to banish them from her perception shortly after, only to have that work undone by the fennec's approach. Tiffany inwardly groaned and braced for impact.

"Hey," the diminutive fox grinned. "Are you a shark?"

Tiffany finished chewing and swallowing her sandwich, let out a breath, then turned to the vulpine. "Yes."

The fox looked over her shoulder and called back to her friend. "Told you! She's a shark."

Tiffany arched her brow in question.

"Sorry," the fennec chuckled. "My friend thought you were a dragon. Said she'd never seen a shark this far inland, plus you've got the appetite of one."

The shark shrugged. "People can move where they want. I don't know what her deal is."

The fennec also shrugged. "Maybe I can help make up for her rudeness. She was more focused on your appetite, and while she

Mistaken Identity

was impressed, doesn't think you can eat 20 burgers. I know for a fact you can."

"You know the food here is free for us, right?"

"Yeah, but I can at least bring it to you. Are you interested?"

"Maybe," Tiffany grinned. "What's in it for me?"

The fennec looked back at her friend. "I think we settled on \$20? I'll give you half if you win."

Before Tiffany could answer, her stomach gave an affirmative rumble. "It sounds like you've twisted my arm."

The fennec dashed off to the serving line, granting Tiffany the peace to finish off her sandwich. She dropped the pretense of savoring her meal and popped the rest of it into her mouth, easily claiming the rest of the dish. She swallowed it down, and for a moment, relished its soft weight as it slid into her stomach. The shark gave her middle a preemptive pat when it settled, a gesture that drew the bird's attention. Tiffany sharpened her gaze and shot a devastating glare, though it went entirely over the avian's head. She was far too fixated on that soft belly to notice or care. The shark's expression softened to a scowl as she decided intimidation wasn't worth the energy, then lightened to an appreciative grin when her food arrived. The fennec dropped the tray of burgers with an unceremonious clatter, muttering something about bringing more as she dashed off. A careful count revealed that only five had been delivered, a slight Tiffany forgave with the promise of more.

Stirred by her appetizer, Tiffany's stomach rumbled and demanded she reach for the first burger. Its tin foil wrapper scattered fluorescent light while she lifted to her snout, and she banished it from her meal with a stroke of her free hand. The discarded paper fluttered to the side and unleashed a light drizzle of grease, which

Mistaken Identity

Tiffany swiftly stuffed into her maw. A lunging bite combined with a quick toss cast it passed her teeth and to the back of her tongue, where she swallowed it whole. An impressed groan from her side announced the avian's approval, a sound that went unheeded. Tiffany ate purely for herself, and she asserted that idea while she reached for her second course. A similar unwrapping and gulping sent it to her stomach as swiftly as the first, to the protest of her clothing. Already strained by her softness, Tiffany's shirt struggled against her gluttony. The button-up shirt hugged her soft rolls, and gaps began to open between the fasteners. Still, it was hardly anything her clothing hadn't survived before, and the shark dropped that issue from her thoughts while she devoured her third serving.

The fourth and fifth followed before her server returned, leaving Tiffany with a brief moment to appreciate her progress. The shark took a moment to indulge and squished her palms against her middle, where they sank deep into her soft scales. The fabric of her stretched shirt rustled against her softly textured hide, but before she sank too deeply into indulgence, the fennec returned with more. Tiffany beheld the pile of burgers with a hungry gleam in her eye, which sharpened to a ravenous point. Her posture tensed and her tail swayed as a primal instinct welled up in her chest, one normally suppressed for the sake of maintaining good manners. Instead of resisting that deeply ingrained pull however, the shark leaned into it, determined to decimate her challenge. Her jaw yawned wide as she opened her cavernous maw, which she swiftly filled with all she could. Tiffany claimed three of the burgers and swelled her cheeks to capacity, then brought her jaws together with a decisive motion. She screwed her eyes shut and rolled her tongue, bringing the burgers to the top of her throat, where she sent them to her stomach with an audible gulp. The avian at her neighboring table swooned, a sound that went ignored while Tiffany continued her feast.

Fortunately for the greedy shark, the fennec took the cue and hurried back with more sandwiches. She dropped the next set of five off while Tiffany chomped and snapped her way through the first ten,

Mistaken Identity

setting a pace that would stop for nothing. The bird watched her with a deep, obvious interest, crossing her thighs beneath the table in the presence of such gluttony. Again, Tiffany paid her no mind, intent on conquering her third set of five. Her belly peeked from beneath her tightened shirt by time she set her sights on it, and others throughout the cafeteria set their attention on her. Tiffany earned their full focus when she improved upon her previous feat, swallowing four of her sandwiches whole, leaving only one to tie her over until her server's return. She tossed the last of her current course into her mouth without fanfare and tipped her head back, claiming it with ease. When she leveled her gaze, her final set of burgers sat waiting before her.

A thought sprang into her head, and a grin spread across her muzzle. One of Tiffany's hands drifted to her stuffed middle, where she gaged its fullness with a squeeze. A deep, rumbling gurgle rose forth with her touch, and her fingers sank into that bloated dome. Deciding she had more than enough room available, the shark reached out for her prey. Tiffany husked the burgers from their wrappers in a single gesture, then lifted the plastic platter to her snout. A few gasps of realization sounded out across the room when her peers realized her intent, and their jaws dropped when she tipped that stacked plate to the ceiling. All five sandwiches tumbled into her opened maw, filling and overfilling that gluttonous cavern. She struggled to bring her jaws together, and after a moment of working the sandwiches with her tongue, narrowly succeeded. Tiffany strained her muscles to their limit, chewing over her quintet of sandwiches, until ready to seal the deal and fulfill her challenge. Her throat bulged grandly with an audible gulp, and several more followed while she worked those calories into her depths. Bystanders stood from their seats, ready to intervene in case she choked, but luckily, their assistance wasn't needed.

Buttons flew from Tiffany's top and scattered across the room, bouncing from walls and tables with plastic impacts. Her belly bounced into her lap, full and free, and with that relief came an

Mistaken Identity

indulgent sigh. That relief proved short lived, however, and with the drop of her guard came a long-suppressed drive. Tiffany shut her eyes and bit that blooming feeding frenzy back, but she was far too deep in her binge to reclaim her self control. The fact she was still surrounded by delectable food did not help her situation either.

“Bring me more!”

Confusion crossed the fennec’s expression. “But the bet was only for twenty. You don’t need to keep going.”

Tiffany grabbed the edge of the table and pulled herself up, sending an audible slosh through her belly. “I’m done when I say I’m done,” she glared. “Bring. Me. More.”

The fennec hesitated for only an instant before rushing the serving line.

Tiffany watched intently while her coworker navigated the line. Her gaze never left the sandy-hued fox, but her mind darted across the room with every scent and sound. The shark’s eyes glazed over as her perception sharpened, picking apart the delectable aromas of food. Her stomach churned and rumbled beneath the table while she placed every course, from sides to salads and everything in between. The urge to charge the neighboring table and devour their leftovers swelled in the back of her mind, though she swallowed that instinct down before it drove her to act. Tiffany squeezed her eyes shut and wrapped her restless tail around her legs, only for her attempted self control to back fire. In the absence of sight, her sense of smell intensified until she was acutely aware of every piece of food in the room. Fortunately, the most enticing of them all dropped inched before her. Her eyes snapped open with a ravenous, feral hunger, a look that instantly returned the fennec to the serving line.

An empty instant sat in the air while Tiffany beheld her next course, a prelude to her feeding frenzy. She gabbbed the nearest

Mistaken Identity

sandwich with unparalleled urgency and shredded its wrapper, showering the table with tin-foil confetti. The shark hardly tasted her prize as she tossed it to the back of her tongue, then repeated the gesture again and again. Tiffany filled her maw with everything before her, caring little for the metallic scraps scooped up in her frenzy, then brought her jaws together with an audible clack. The swell in her cheeks sank into her throat with an audible gulp, then vanished behind her chest with another. Her stomach rolled farther across her lap with that addition, battling for what little space remained beneath the table. Its surface tipped up and away from her by the time her meal settled in that hungry pit, but fortunately, her next course did not slide out of eating distance.

With a primal hunger in her eye, Tiffany grabbed the tray and lifted it to her snout. The burgers tumbled through the gate of her teeth under their own weight, wrapper and all, where they spilled across her deceptively dexterous tongue. Despite her frenzied pace, the shark shucked the wrappers from her sandwiches with ease, balling up the grease-soaked wrappers in the corner of her mouth before spitting them out. Another grand, greedy gulp sent those sandwiches to the cauldron of her belly, sending a pulse of pressure across her hide. In the back of her mind, Tiffany felt her limit nearing, and she relished its approach. In between bites, her hands rushed to the tightening dome of her middle, where they rubbed across her increasingly sensitive hide. The subtle bumps and grooves of her scales spread across the shark's swelling dome, revealing the strained hide beneath. Subtle stretch marks wove within those gaps, a testament to Tiffany's unbridled gluttony.

More and more of those marks spread across her belly while she stuffed herself, determined to eat everything in sight. Tiffany's breath shortened as her stomach competed with her lungs for space, which only spurred her to eat faster between gulps of air. The heavy boulder of her stomach sat heavy in her lap and spread her thighs, leaving no space beneath the table. Its surface was hard and taught, offering no give under her roaming fingers, and it

Mistaken Identity

dominated her balance even while seated. The sight of that belly stunned the fennec, the avian, and everyone else, firmly setting the shark as the center of the cafeteria. An empty moment sat in the air after she scarfed down the most recent of her courses, and the fennec wrung her hands at the shark's side.

"Don't you think you've maybe had enough," she asked, hesitation on her breath.

Tiffany's gaze snapped to the fox and glared, as if it took her an instant to remember how to speak. "There's still food," she half-snarled, "so no."

The fennec glanced down to the shark's belly, which defined her figure. She drank in its tight curve, and for a moment, she pondered taking more drastic action with her coworker. A withering look from the shark stomped that notion out. She raised her hands and took a step back, granting Tiffany the space to fully gorge herself.

With her distraction lifted, Tiffany did just that. She shut her eyes and breathed deep, filling her senses with the surrounding delectable scents. Her stomach let loose a muffled groan when she zeroed in on her remaining meals, and it gave an ominous slosh when she stood from her seat. The shark braced her hands against the table as her balance pitched forward, drawn toward the ground by heavy middle. Her tail stretched back and counterbalanced her mass, and once stable, she charged the serving station. Patrons parted from her path with her frenzied rush, but closed in her wake when she arrived. Her peers cautiously closed their circle while sized up her prey, then gasped and recoiled when she dug in.

Tiffany bared her ravenous advantages, slicing through wrappers and burgers alike with her teeth, swiftly sorting what could and could not be eaten. The shark gulped and swallowed as she went, tossing helpless sandwiches to the back of her maw and downing them in the same gesture. Her momentum slowed as the

Mistaken Identity

weight in her belly climbed, however, forced to devote more and more of her attention to balance. The ravenous shark slouched forward and leaned against the counter with an ever increasing amount of mass, drawing creaks and groans from the unprepared structure. In a matter of minutes, she could spare only one hand to feed herself, and with that reduced speed can a chance for her gluttony to catch up with her. Tingling pulses panged across her belly with each increasingly laborious gulp, battling with the primal impulse to utterly stiff herself. The tide shifted in modesty's favor as Tiffany reached for the last of the cafeteria's burgers, when her fullness fully caught up with her.

In that instant, the shark returned to reality. The vivid fog of enticing scents dissipated, leaving her with little beyond a sense of overbearing fullness. The weight in her stomach hit her before the tightness of her hide, which created a gap between realization and nausea. A deep groan thundered from her core and the remaining half-burger fell from her hand, unceremoniously splattering across the floor. The broad dome of her belly spread her thighs as she reached for the fallen meal, only to instantly regret that motion. An ominous gurgle sounded out when she compressed her stomach between her back and seat, followed by a sting of troubled bubbling. A short pause hanged in the air after they cleared, and once it was obvious the show was over, most of Tiffany's coworkers returned to their lunch or their work. The fennec however, approached.

To the fox's shock, Tiffany spoke first. "Can you get another uniform from my locker," the shark groaned. "I can't go back to my desk like this."

Stunned and awed, the fennec nodded but did not leave. Tiffany's patience thinned while the fox stood there, but before it broke completely, she passed her a handful of cash. "Here," she murmured "You really outdid yourself, so I think you deserve the whole bet." The fennec's muzzle blazed and she lingered another moment, before dashing off to fetch a spare outfit for Tiffany.

Mistaken Identity

Stranded by the weight of her belly, the shark made herself comfortable and hunched over the counter. Her stomach sloshed and churned with that labored motion, and she failed to stifle a floor-shaking belch into her fist. Her mind cleared as the last of her feeding frenzy faded, though there was still one piece of food she couldn't cast from her thoughts. Her gaze turned toward the burger scattered across the floor, and she let out a remorseful sigh.

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

I hope you enjoyed what you read, and if you'd like more, there are a few places to find it

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

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

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

If you'd like to support me, I have a Patreon page, and I take commissions from time to time

<https://www.patreon.com/WaitInkworks>

<https://commiss.io/victorwaite>

Copyright © 2021 Victor Waite
All rights reserved except where stated otherwise