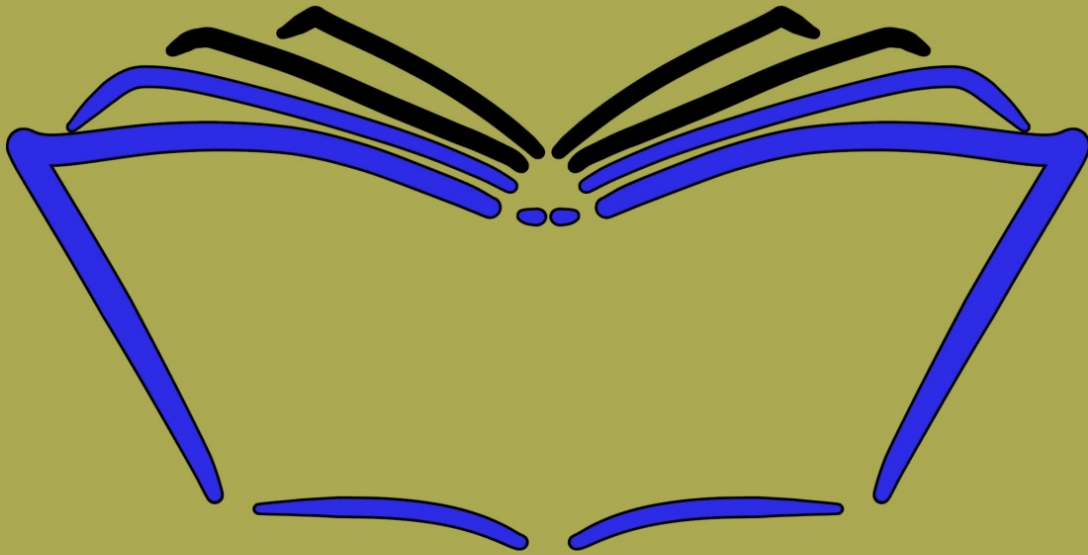


Hungry Hecklers



A Short Story
for Mature Readers

Victor Waite

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A Commission for ClearWater09
Blair and Cal Belong to ClearWater09

A story of hunger and hypnotism! Blair and Cal, a pair of husky twins, visit a comic convention. Among the stands of merch and shifting crowds, they spot an advertisement for a hypnotist act. Who could pass up a chance to see how they fake it live? But perhaps there's more to the act than they realize. In their haste to make a fool of the hypnotist, he just might make a fool of them.

Content Warning: This story is intended for **Mature** readers and the following tags apply: Male, Female, Husky, Canine, Chubby, Fat, Hypnosis, Hypnotism, Public Setting, Stuffing, Weight Gain, Growth, Oral Vore, Soft Vore, Immobility, Immobile, Commission, Mature, Short Story, (ClearWater09)

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Life filled the convention center. Every conference room brimmed with attendees, each dressed in their own tributes to their favorite franchises. There wasn't a comic that went unrepresented among the crowd, though some characters filled the spotlights much more than others. A troupe of Spidermen roamed from stand to stand, intimidating every villain they crossed and growing with every additional Parker. Every known iteration of Thor mingled with an equally diverse range of Loki, playfully plotting mischief and acting out scenes from their favorite issues. TV shows and movies found representatives as well, melding together in a colorful mish-mash of characters that occurred nowhere else. A mix of panels and shows kept everyone circulating from hall to hall, ensuring there was something to entertain everyone.

Among the masses, a pair of huskies migrated with them. Fraternal twins, the two bore many similarities to each other, but not nearly enough to cause confusion. Blair, the rust-colored canine, strode beside her silver-hued brother with a sandwich in hand. A treat bought from Bob Belcher himself, she made quick work of the meal, careful to avoid dripping anything on her pink sweater. Blair's Maple costume was not the highest grade or most accurate at the convention, though she still took the effort to match her mechanized arm to that character. Even if her plush belly peeked from beneath the supposedly baggy garment. Blair navigated the crowd and chomped away another half of her sandwich, creating a gap for her brother to follow through.

Matching Blair's theme, Cal wore the garb Dipper. The character's signature cap sat atop his head and between his ears, and the blue vest beneath hugged his softened curves. Like his sister, the pudgy husky's belly also peaked from under his shirt and he'd customized his own mechanical arm for the event. Still, their costumes were far from the lowest efforts. While their attention remained largely focused on their food, the pair passed glances to

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the many merchandise stands lining the central hall. Some home-made, some store bought, there was a little something for everyone. Blair in particular searched for a piggy plush to add another element to her cosplay, while Cal simply searched for anything that caught his eye.

Despite their differing goals, both stopped at a tall poster that stood from the floor.

Featuring a garish interpretation of an obscure comic book hypnotist, the sign advertised one of the conventions many shows. It boasted the skills and talents of the brightly-dressed titular character, ensuring a fun time for adults and children alike. A silent moment hanged between the twins while they drank in its contents, until they both erupted in laughter. Several seconds passed before they calmed enough to speak, and in that time they reached the same conclusion.

“Oh, we have to see this,” Cal chuckled. “I’ve always wondered how they make it look real with an audience.”

“Same way they do in the studio,” Blair answered. “Plants and actors.”

“Maybe, but this guy doesn’t look like he can afford to hire plants. Looks like he blew the budget on the costume.”

“Oh come on, he looks like he lost a fight with a thrift store closet. That outfit was twenty bucks tops.”

“Maybe, but that watch looks like it might be legit.” Cal tipped his muzzle toward intricate pocket watch the hypnotist held in his picture, no doubt the tool used to put people under his sway.

“That might be the realest thing in the show,” Blair admitted.

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“Oh, looks like it’s about to start too,” the silver husky noted. “We can probably get seats close enough for him to hear us if we hurry.”

“Sounds fun~ But I get the feeling we don’t need to hurry that bad.”

The show room was not far from the sign, making for a quick walk over. To the twins’ surprise, the hall was already half full and filling quickly. Most of the convention’s attendees gravitated toward the middle seats, close enough to see, but not so much so to be called on stage. The husky twins had no such fear, however. The ground thumped beneath them as they raced toward the stage, where they snagged a pair of seats in the third row. A few more minutes passed as more and more furs filtered in, and by the time the show started, there were only a few rows in the back that remained open. A plume of fog filled the stage as a hidden machine billowed out clouds, a display that rolled the eyes of Blair and Cal alike. They crossed their arms and stifled a laugh when the hypnotist made their entrance, a stark contrast from what the poster depicted.

Where the advertisement showed a sleek, svelte fox in a hodge-podge of a suit, the hypnotist that stood before them somehow looked worse. With the air of someone more than slightly hungover, the fox dragged himself onto the stage and introduced himself with a flourish. Most of the crowd cheered, but the huskies were less than impressed. Their critical gaze followed him while he paced the stage, performing parlor tricks to an easily-impressed group. It wasn’t long before Blair and Cal couldn’t keep their comments to themselves. They waited until the vulpine completed his trick and paused to let the audience take it in, then let their grievances fly. “It’s on a wire,” one shouted. “He’s got a spare in his sleeve,” the other revealed. Each remark chipped at the hypnotist’s patience, until they readied to call their volunteer for the flagship trick.

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“Plant!” Cal shouted.

“Plant!” Blair echoed.

The two huskies fed off each other, each heckling louder than the other, and they soon drove the fox to the end of his rope. He motioned to the bird that stood and approached the stage, gesturing for her to sit back down. “I’m sorry ma’am, but I must request you return to your seat. I can’t take this in silence any longer.”

Broad grins spread across the twins’ muzzles as the vulpine performer glared at them.

“You’ve doubted my abilities before my show even began,” he spat. “If I’m truly a farce, then surely you have no problem coming up here and proving it, hmm?”

Faint whispers of the huskies themselves being plants circled the hall, and neither of them could resist messing with the fox further. “I hope you’re ready to show all these nice people how fake you really are,” Blair answered.

Cal echoed her sentiment and followed her to the stage, where an assistant brought out an extra chair.

“Hold it!” The hypnotist turned to his helper. “See if you can find a second set of chairs. I didn’t expect our subjects to be so heavy.”

The remark earned a few sympathetic laughs, but the air remained somewhat tense and silent until the stage hand complied. With the seating arranged, the two huskies sat.

“Normally I add a little flair to this, but I feel that would be lost on you mutts,” the fox muttered. He turned to his audience and put on

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his stage voice. “Now,” he boomed. “Behold my mastery over mind and thought!”

The hypnotist reached into his vest and produced an ornate watch, spurring Blair to nudge Cal’s shoulder. They snickered while his back was turned, then grinned smugly when the fox turned to face them. He dropped the watch from his palm, allowing its gold chain to snap tight, then positioned it between them. With a commanding gesture, he drew both of their gazes to its jeweled center, and once the twins were locked on, the vulpine set it in motion. The golden clock swung in a lazy arc, a soft tick punctuating each end of its path. At first only their pupils followed the watch, but after a few seconds their whole heads turned with it. An equally smug grin spread across the fox’s face. He watched their eyes glass over with glee, and once they fell under his spell, he addressed the crowd.

“Now, my curious onlookers, watch as I place a gluttonous compulsion on this portly pair!” He kept the watch in motion before them, then leaned into their ears.

At the snap of my fingers, you will be compelled to eat anything and everything before you. You will not stop until its gone, and your hunger will know no end.

A sharp snap echoed through the hall, and the hypnotist recalled the watch back to his palm. He stowed it in his vest with one hand, then called his assistant with the other.

The overworked intern scurried onto the stage with a pair of hamburgers, presented them to the hypnotist, and retreated with equal speed. The fox faced his crowd and held the burgers aloft, offering the back rows an unobstructed view. He separated them onto two plates with slight of hand, then distributed them to the twins. One sandwich found its way to Blair’s lap while the other

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filled Cal's. Only an instant passed before the pair dug in. The plastic dishes dropped to the floor in unison when the pair lunged in, wrapping their fingers tight around the unfortunate buns. Clair opened her maw wide and shoved the whole meal over her tongue, where Cal simply bit away half.

A mixture of reactions swept across the audience, some impressed, others caught off guard. Regardless of opinion, they weren't given much time to watch. The ravenous huskies chomped and chewed through their burgers in a matter of seconds, leaving nothing but crumbs on their cheeks and condiments on their shirts. A few seconds after their final swallows, their senses returned, and they blinked the trance from their thoughts. Seamlessly, they returned to taunting and teasing the smug fox.

"You really thought that was gonna work, huh," Cal grinned.

"All smoke and mirrors," Blair taunted.

"And wires, don't forget the wires."

The audience chuckled and the hypnotist smiled broadly. "Perhaps your iron-clad minds are too powerful for such simple tricks." The audience crowd laughed, and oblivious, the twins joined in.

Once the pair caught their breath, Blair motioned to Cal and they stood up. "C'mon, lets go get something to eat. I haven't had anything all day."

Cal nodded, and the audience erupted.

Fortunately for the hungry pair, the only things that separated them from a lavish food court was a short walk and thick crowd. The scents of several different styles of food washed over them the instant they entered the mall, and their hungers swelled with every

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step closer. In that open space, the convention mixed with typical life. Cosplayers mingled with office workers and brushed shoulders in packed lines, a collision worlds unlike anywhere else. That jarring combination did little to shake the twins' focus, however. They looked over styled heads of hair and carefully-crafted helmets alike, scanning signs and menus until they found their cravings. With a nod of agreement to meet back up, Cal made his way toward Hen-Fil-A while Blair went for Taco Toll.

The rampant lines only further amplified their appetites, and by the time they reached their respective counters, their stomachs rumbled and grumbled for food. Driven by their hunger, each ordered as much fit on their trays. Each pile of food earned disgusted and appreciative glances alike, though none were returned. Blair and Cal remained locked on their towering platters, picking away a bite here and there until they reunited at their table. Their worn chairs softly protested under their weight, and the mass of their meals threatened to tip the table. They struck a balance before disaster scattered their food across the floor luckily. Once their feasts had their full attentions, the hypnotists command reemerged. Their eyes glassed over and their mouths watered.

In a display that put feeding frenzies to shame, the twins tore into their meals. Wrappers fluttered and cartons flew, revealing juicy wraps and fresh sandwiches. The first chomp went to Blair, a devastating bite that claimed half her burrito and swelled her cheeks with beef. Cal answered by cramming his chicken deluxe between his lips in one piece, only bringing his teeth together to seal it away. Whether they were driven by the compulsion or latent rivalry was unclear, but the result was the same in either case. Their piles of food dwindled and their stomachs filled, straining their already tight costumes. The twins' shirts felt the worst of it, braced and stretched over their respective swollen bellies. Cal's middle was the first to slip under the edge of the garment and lift it to his chest, but Blair's sweater followed soon after.

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The huskies shamelessly panted and raced to catch their breath between bites, a combined effect of their growing stomachs and awakened gluttony. Lethargy crept into their stuffing as they surpassed the half-way mark, but though the hypnotist's command proved more powerful than either of them could realize. Harmonized gurgles and groans resonated through the air as they packed the last available spaces of their middles, announcing a subtle surge of growth that swept over their figures. They rose roughly an inch taller in their seats, but that extra space in their chests provided welcome relief. Their enhanced hungers capitalized on that change, surging forth and restoring urgency to their hands.

That cycle repeated, adding fractional inches to their frames and straining their outfits until inevitably, they cleared their treys. A whine sounded in Cal's chest while Blair looked up and over to her favored eatery. She nearly rose from her seat and charged the counter, until her nose twitched with the enticing scent of fresh food. Her head snapped to a passing squirrel, who carried a family-sized meal in his arms. Without a thought she reached out and snatched a handful of nuggets and stuffed them into her muzzle. The rodent turned and started to shout, until the sight of Blair looming over him withered his voice. He stood there in mixed terror and confusion while the husky cleaned his platter, silently hoping those hungry eyes didn't fall on him. When she reached for the tray and raised it above her head, the rodent bolted for safety.

Similarly, Cal snagged a goat on the way to their table. The silver husky cared little for the details of their meal, focused on the simple fact that it wasn't in his mouth yet. He held the smaller male by the shoulder with one hand and plucked a salad from their arms with the other, then dumped the carton into his open maw. Shreds of lettuce spilled down the side of his cheeks before he swallowed the bulk of it whole, sending an unsatisfying bulge down the front of his neck. The husky found the rest of his new friend's courses

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equally unfilling, a fact that earned a demanding rumble from his stomach. Driven by relentless hunger, Cal decided to eat what was in his other hand.

With a frightfully effortless gesture, he lifted the goat over his head by the shoulder. Neither seemed to register what happened, the goat caught off guard and Cal's eyes glassed over, but the tension in the air snapped when he shoved the goat's muzzle into his own. That simple reflexive motion stuffed more than half the herbivore between his lips, and with the same ease as any other meal, the husky slurped him down. Cal's cheeks swelled with the goat's torso and then his hips, leaving his legs to offer token kicks beyond the reach of the canine's lips. Cal drew Blair's attention when he tipped his head back and align his prey with his throat, then relaxed and let gravity take over. Only a subtle gulp sounded out, and the bulges that swelled his neck slipped down into his bulging stomach.

Not to be outdone, Blair reached out and snagged a deer by the antler. A sharp bleat sounded out when she tugged him close, instantly muffled when she wrapped her lips around his neck like a collar. The blunted points of his rack only slowed her down for an instant, and once they dropped over the back of her tongue, that was it. She grabbed his hips as one would a sandwich and hauled him up into her muzzle, relaxing her throat and sending him down with a languid slide. She claimed her meal even faster than her brother, and once she realized the ease of the act, chaos erupted throughout the food court.

The patrons on the edges of the space fled the instant they caught wind of the twins, but those at the epicenter were not so lucky. Blair and Cal both snatched and swallowed several more mall-goers before they registered the fact they were on the menu. Their stomachs swelled and bugled with the struggles of their prey, but it wasn't long before the flab surrounding them grew too thick.

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Rampant waves of growth further compounded that effect. Each gulped guest filled their bellies to capacity, and each bump of that limit added inches to their frames. It wasn't long before they doubled the height of their snacks, and that extra reach made it all the easier to pluck them from between tables. With their longer legs came a greater stride, allowing them to easily chase down their meals before they escaped. Tables and chairs tumbled and splintered as they became less imposing obstacles, scattered across the room by bloated stomachs.

Gradually, the advantages granted by their size diminished. The huskys' middles dominated their forms as their capacity surpassed their scale, slowing their growth until it stopped entirely. Their middles, however, continued to billow out. The lower curve of Cal's flab strove toward the floor until it spread across that tile, never to lift from the ground again. Blair's belly grew at a similar scale, spreading against her thighs and eclipsing her hips. Their centers of mass shifted toward those bloating boulders of flab, until eventually, it deprived them of the leverage to move. Despite Blair's efforts, she couldn't stop herself from rolling onto her doughy rolls, and Cal soon joined her. Still, the ravenous haze surrounding their mind persisted, fueled by the lingering scents of meals in the air.

While the twins struggled to get their feet back under themselves and chase down lingering scraps, the hypnotist stepped into the mall. A sense of unease befell him while he walked the hall, perplexed by the lack of people there with him. At that time of day, the place should have been packed! That unease grew closer to dread the further he walked, and the notion of finding himself in a horror movie poked at the back of his thoughts. The scents of the food court put his mind somewhat at ease, based on the logic that fresh food had to have been prepared by someone. Despite that, his steps grew increasingly cautious as he neared the bend to its entrance. What he saw froze him in place.

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Perched atop the fattened domes of their bellies, the twins from his show struggled to reach over themselves and snatch the last remaining scrap of food. No more than a single chicken nugget in an open carton, they looked prepared to fight to the death over it.

Mixed feelings washed over the fox. While satisfied to have put them in their place, to a degree, he hadn't anticipated the cost of teaching them a lesson. With a bittersweet sigh, he raised his hands and sharply clapped twice.

The twins blinked and rubbed the trance from their eyes, seemingly unaware of their actions, until they spotted the overdressed fox. Blair spotted him first, and a malicious grin spread across her muzzle.

"Well, look who it is! Come to find some lunch, or are you just happy to pretend to eat?"

It took Cal a moment to register who she spoke to, though he joined in instantly. "Or maybe he's here to make us think we've eaten something."

"God I hope so, I've been staving all day, no thanks to this hack!"

"Let's fix that then," Cal offered. "This fake's not worth our time, and I'm starting to get hungry too."

While the twins struggled to move from atop their stomachs, the hypnotist gave a defeated sigh. Perhaps he should stick to performing instead of teaching lessons.

Vic's Galleries

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/>

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