

Werefatty

Chapter 1

"The Curse of the Lycan, a well-known subject matter over the years, many have written about it and must have thought it to be fiction, and whilst it mostly is there is a grain of truth, we are a part of that truth."

I remember those words well, my mum telling me the story of our family on my 10th birthday. How could I forget? I've been dreaming of this day ever since she told me.

Alexa is sitting in front of the mirror admiring her current form. She wasn't a heavy girl just a bit on the plump side, sitting at an even 160 she had a bit of a pudge going on. Most people hear "Pudge" and think the worst, but she carried it well, she was 5"5 and the fat didn't really look that out of place on her frame. Her genetics were exceptionally good, for two reasons, her beauty was immense, she had the face of a supermodel just a tiny bit chubbier. Her eyes were a luscious green, a trait inherited from her family bloodline, they looked like emeralds, incredibly unique indeed. Her hair was a bright and vivid blonde, she wore it down and let it trail down her back. Alexa's lips were plump and full, again thanks to her wonders of genetics, her cheeks were a bit rounded, but they really did make her look stunning.

Further down her frame her shoulders were narrow and feminine, leading into slightly chubby arms, her fingers however were slender and delicate. Her legs took a fair amount of her weight, although her calves could fool anyone. Her thin and dainty feet led into her thin shins with a fair amount of definition to her calves, only once you rose past her knee did you see some of that weight, her thighs were thick and soft, they met in the middle and would rub most of the time. Around the back she did have a sizable ass, filling her pants very well. Most of the guys paid attention to it whenever they would make a move on her.

Alexa was most proud of her front; however, she had tried for years to gain weight as she always had a fascination with the idea of being larger and finally since coming to college, she did really start to see some progress in that area. Her mum has always told her that it was due to the genes in the family, they always had a high metabolism until they turned 20. From 18-20 she did see some increase but not nearly as much as this past year, in the last 12 months she had ballooned. At 18 she was struggling to get above 118lbs, by the time she turned 20 she was 124lbs but in this last year she had put on 40lbs. This is why she was most proud of her front.

Her eyes glued to her frame in the mirror she focused on her pride and joy. Her belly. She went from concave into a rounding mass of pudge. It was a new prominent feature on her body that she loved. However, she still thought it wasn't big enough. She wanted more. She would lose herself in the feeling of her own pudge often, she adored the jiggle, the squish and the weight of it.

Finally, there was one, or rather two other developments that she did enjoy as did the boys. Her breasts. Alexa, again, blessed by genetics was always a bit big up top, even when she was so thin but even though her previous C cups looked big on her lithe frame, now her Gs really did stand out. They sat atop her belly and have recently started to be parted by her belly, especially whenever she would lean back, her belly would rise up like a volcano

erupting from the earth's core, rising higher as she took a deeper breath. She longed for it to be real and for her belly to surpass that size.

Staring at the progress she had made on her body was incredibly arousing to her, but she knew one thing, one final thing that was extra special today. Today was the first full moon since she turned 21 and now the tale told to her long ago will become reality.

"The truth is that full moons have a particular effect on our family. We were cursed long ago to grow insatiable on a full moon. Generations ago our ancestors raided a camp and being unable to carry all the supplies they decided to feast there whilst the villagers watched. A local witch returned during the feast and cursed our bloodline to always be filled with the greed and gluttony of a starving village every full moon. So, every full moon we lock ourselves away, as do your uncles and aunts, it isn't pleasant Alexa, but it is something we live with. We will always be here to help you, my sweet."

The story sounded so surreal, but I knew my mother to only be a serious woman, I never had any doubt to believe her. Due to my family's shame about the curse, they would always lock themselves away around the full moon. My family were incredibly wealthy and spared no expenses to hide their shame. I had once seen inside one of the small rooms they had to hide themselves in, A bed with harness straps and the room walls were made from metal, the door was huge, like on a submarine or something.

Alexa's phone suddenly brought her out of her inner monologue, she picked it up.

"Hello... Er... You coming or what?" An angry voice said on the phone.

It was her friend Sally; she was there to pick her up for their night class.

Night class... Have you heard of such bull.

Sally was her best friend in college, Alexa didn't like to flaunt her wealth so Sally would drive them to classes so Alexa wouldn't be out of place in her fancy sports car. Truth is her parents spoiled her, they bought this house for her to attend college, a six-bedroom house in a gated community, she had a brand-new sports car given to her and all her expenses paid, she even had a cleaner come around daily.

"Shit! On my way!" Alexa shouts before hanging up.

Rushing to get dressed, her walk in wardrobe offered her too much choice, she quickly threw on the first thing she could find... Well, that isn't technically true, the shoes she first saw didn't go with the dress she first saw.

She opted for a button up blouse with a skirt and heels. She looked incredibly overdressed for a class and that added weight was starting to have an effect on the blouse. Alexa might not have liked to flaunt her wealth, but she was incapable of hiding that she was a spoiled brat.

Walking through the house she took time to notice the room that her parents built into her house for her, a "Curse room" as they dubbed it.

"I don't know why you don't want to come home for the first time..." She can remember her dad's words. "This room is here for your protection, it is better than the one we have at home, this one is all automated, stand in the square and press the button..." The rest of the words are fuzzy because Alexa didn't care to know how to hide it, she wanted it to happen, she wanted to indulge in it but obviously couldn't share that information with her parents.

Hearing a car horn, she sauntered towards the front door and down the drive to Sally's car.

"Hi Sal." She clicked her belt in.

"Don't hey Sal me, I've been sitting here for 10 minutes." Sally said frustratedly.

"Oh erm... I guess sorry."

"You guess?- You know what, never mind, let's get this night class over with." She grumbled.

"Night class, honestly." Alexa tried to divert the attention from herself.

"I know! Right! Whose idea was that anyway" Sally said in agreement.

Sally started to go off on a bit of a tirade but as she was one to do, Alexa tuned out. She was too focused on the sensation of her body jiggling over the speedbumps.

God, I love rich people, always making sure that no boy racers can fly past their nice little community.

Alexa felt each lurch of the car causing her relatively newfound fat jiggle. She could feel herself getting slightly aroused.

The "night class" was a class function in which the groups got together to mingle, a sort of tradition that the university had set up, seemingly aeons ago. They would celebrate the end of submissions with a get together at the first full moon after submissions. It just coincided with the activation of Alexa's curse.

The girls both saw it as lame and they both didn't want to be there but for whatever reason the university had this as part of their code of conduct, it was mandatory, otherwise they would've missed it easily.

The function was predictably boring to Alexa, but Sally was glad to see off the group she had spent the last 8 months working on a project with. Alexa on the other hand did next to no work in her group, she was carried hard. Thanks to a sizable investment from her family, she was never going to fail provided she turned up, nobody else would see her results so she got through easy.

Time flew quickly thankfully and as the clock approached midnight Alexa sat excitedly staring at the clock.

I can't feel anything yet...

"Miss Geri, I am glad you showed up." The voice of the Dean rang in her ears.

That sleazeball... What does he want?

"Well, it is tradition, right?" She said with a bit of attitude that the Dean let slip.

"Indeed, I guess I could say the same about your family's donations, it has been a few years now... I expect it will continue into next year?" He says with the subtlety of a chainsaw.

"Oh, so that is why you are talking to me. Well, yeah, I don't see why not, I am staying here after all." Alexa scoffs.

"That is good indeed... Very good..." He pauses for a moment before looking down at Alexa.

"Say... Are you... Alright?"

"Showing me care now, is it? That is a new one for you Dean." Alexa can't help but giggle at her own joke.

"No, I mean... Your top..." His voice trails off.

"Quite inappropri-" Alexa cuts herself off when she notices why the Dean is flustered.

Shit.

The tight blouse that was once so snug was now strained, small diamonds of flesh appearing between the buttons. Alexa carefully watched as she saw each diamond get slightly bigger.

It's happening.