

Werewolf

Chapter 3

Alexa always believed this would happen, she had seen the rooms her parents had but to be living it was something else entirely. Thankfully, she was prepared, or rather she was always prepared to eat lots. Her parents gave her a near unlimited supply of cash so she would just ensure that her kitchen was fully always stocked, she even went a bit over the top in preparation for tonight.

Alexa always had ideas about how this night would go, and she wasn't disappointed so far, but the fun really hadn't begun. Her stomach was now starting to scream in agony for food and she could only oblige. She tore the remnants of her clothes off as she made a dash for the kitchen. Upon entering the kitchen her nostrils were filled with the lingering smell of what her cook had made earlier that afternoon. Two big cakes and a whole tub of cookies and brownies, usually this would last her until next week, but these snacks were not long for this world.

Savagely Alexa rushes the baked goods and starts to grab fistfuls of food and stuff it into her mouth, massive chomp after massive chomp she is practically inhaling the food at this rate. The curse is starting to show its true power at this point.

Her hands quickly are covered in crumbs from the cake, the icing getting stuck between her fingers under her fingernails, her face covered in the cream filling as she forces the food into her mouth, her cheeks still full as she stuffs more in. The curse seems to pick up and the rate in which she swallows increases, her arms move faster as she picks up cookies and brownies and double fists them into her awaiting maw.

The noises that she makes as she tries to breath through the onslaught of food filling her mouth, the wet slaps of her lips colliding fill the quiet room. Huge heavy scoffs and moans can be heard as she starts to get turned on once again.

Ugh... So... Good...

The haze rolls back over her, she starts rubbing her thighs together as she gets more turned on by the second. Alexa leans forward onto the counter and presses her growing body against the surface, feeling her newly expanded body rub against the wooden unit drives her over the edge.

For the first time she pauses her feast to let out a wail as she reaches orgasm once again. Panting for a few seconds, she looks down and notices the changes that have occurred over the past few minutes since she started to feast.

I'm so much bigger already...

Feeling her pussy clench as she observes her fatter body, she starts to rub her chocolate covered hands over her stuffed belly. Impossibly tight already she gives it a jiggle, the heft of her gut makes her moan again out of pleasure.

“Fuck...”

She is practically dripping at this point as she feels her fatter body.

“More...”

She says with a burning passion, quickly returning to the last vestiges of the cake that were lucky enough to survive the first onslaught. Within seconds the plate is cleared, and she is licking the crumbs and cream from the plate. Alexa’s hand reaches for a tin and finds that there are also no brownies or cookies left.

Standing straight she looks confused and dazed, noticing the lack of food her hunger doubles. She winces from the pain.

So, this curse really is insatiable.

She walks over to the fridge.

Good.

Swinging the door open she doesn’t even take a second to take in the wonderfully full fridge, she just starts eating, grabbing all manner of cold meats, cheeses and party food. Devouring it quickly she enters a trance, a trance of consumption, greed and gluttony.

Her jaw mashing against the food that she fills her mouth with and with each swallow, her mouth is refilled with a new handful of food. Insatiable isn’t strong enough of a word to describe her feeling right now. Her monstrous consumption continues for some time before she notices that she has to move. Her stomach is now too tightly stuffed and distended for her to stand facing the fridge. Her belly was pressing into a shelf of the fridge and slowly stopping her from reaching its depths.

Fuck... So... Big...

She is desperately tired and worn out from the amount of consumption on display, but she doesn’t stop, instead she changes her focus. Her growing frame. She stops using both hands to fill her face and starts to rub her body.

The second she touches her fat side she almost falls over. The feeling is so powerful and her body now so sensitive she is almost brought to her knees. Her hand squeezes into the blubber that now coats the side of her frame. Squeezing softly, she moans.

Oh my God... It even feels better than I thought...

Continuing to shovel food into her mouth, her free hand starts to trail down her fat side towards her thick thighs. She slowly guides her hand under her ball gut and starts to rub her

clit, very rapidly bringing herself to orgasm as she chews. She doesn't stop at one and continues to rub through her refractory period.

Her screams can be heard through her full mouth as she stuffs more food in despite the looming second orgasm, in fact, it likely helped her reach that peak quicker. Her body writhes, her fat blubber jiggling as she orgasms a second time. Alexa was in heaven, pure heaven.

Within an inhuman amount of time Alexa finds that the fridge which was filled with enough food to feed a small community is now approaching empty. Her stomach still gurgling and rumbling for more food, her eyes darting around the room to plan her next move.

Cupboard... Chips and dip...

Still working her pussy, her hand speeds up as she finishes off the fridge. With one final gulp she feels a snap. Her panties, the last article of clothing she was still wearing, now in tatters. They would fall to the floor, but her thick thighs already pressed together before the events of the past hour or so but now they were even tightly pressed against one another. The feeling of her panties snapping was the last straw.

Alexa rolls her head back and screams in pleasure, this time falling onto her plump ass. Her big belly plopping on top of her juicy thighs, her tits joining in the barrage of flesh pinning her to the floor momentarily. She looks down.

*I must be 300lbs by now... I feel **huge***

She was huge indeed. Sat naked on the cold kitchen floor, her over stimulated body still jiggling from the fall, her heavy breaths increasing from the sensation of her giant body wobbling. She can only lift her hands to her body and start to grope it.

Her fingers feel like tiny tasers zapping her flesh and sending shockwaves throughout her body but all culminating in her pussy. She lifts her bulk up so that she can get a hand to her clit, but it is no use for two reasons. Firstly, the sensation alone is causing her to whimper as she feels her heavy belly in her arms, her breasts rubbing against her double chin. Secondly her body is too fat to get at it, her fupa is now blocking entrance, she needs to move to allow her hand access.

Leaning back and spreading her legs, Alexa watches in awe as the tits and tummy start to block out much more of her field of view as they appear to rise higher, her hands quickly move her fat out of the way, and she starts to furiously work at her already overstimulated clit.

It doesn't take long but she cums again, only this time the aftereffects are cut short by her whole stomach rumbling.

Hungry.