

Disclaimer : This is a feral stomach stuffing story, with a potentially upsetting ending. You have been warned.

The wolfess and the fish

The wolfess had a huge problem in her paws. Not that she hadn't expected problems when she had reluctantly helped a bear to knock down a colossal honey bee nest from a branch he couldn't safely reach – being essentially pressured into it by the imposing hulk and only being given vague promises of repayment as she battled bees way too high up the tree, she had at best hoped to escape with her furry hide relatively intact. However, she had survived and had not been left with with empty paws for her trouble... instead, the grateful bear had fished the most gargantuan pile of fish she had ever seen, from the river, and left her with it after satisfying his craving for honey.

Of course, such generosity was not something which most would have considered to be a problem, but she knew that she scarcely had the internal capacity for so many delicious, fresh, flopping salmon... and yet the thought of leaving any of them behind was too much to bear for her, not to mention how there was no way of hoarding them for another day. Hence, after taking a deep breath and bracing her stomach for the upcoming gorging, she snatches the first salmon by the head to effortlessly engulf half of it with her maw to bite it in half, the still squirming rear half following the first half into her gullet mere seconds later. The second and third salmon share the same fate as she greedily paws at the delightful smelly pile to extract what seem to be the tastiest specimens, her dark tail wagging furiously.

The passing of time goes unnoticed by the preoccupied wolfess, but eventually it dawns on her that the mildly stinging crispness of morning air has all but vanished with the rising sun warming her fur and driving away the mist at the riverside. The morning has been well spent for her, as her formerly concave belly has turned into visible distention – although there isn't quite enough in her to cause her belly to sag, her stomach feels comfortably stuffed and taut as she strolls over to the swirling waters to quench her thirst. So far, it has been easy going and cold water soothes her innards when it hits her stomach... but she nevertheless glosses over the the rest of her feast nervously, her gut clenching slightly from the realization that way more than half still remains. Despite her misgivings, she valiantly attacks the mound of fish again, plucking up salmon from the bottom up to keep them from spreading out.

Gradually, the sun passes its zenith and moves the day into early afternoon, the mist morphing into humid and oppressive heat while the wolfess struggles with the bear's overbearing gift. Fish by fish, her belly expands to the point where it's hanging down to her knees and beginning to hinder her legs when she finally has to withdraw from the fish a second time to refresh herself. Thanks to her dark fur magnifying the effect of the cruel sun, and the heavy burden of still writhing salmon in her straining and occasionally aching midsection, her discomfort makes her double-guess her ravenous plan as she plods straight into the shallow water by the riverside. Once more, fresh water provides her relief when she gingerly lowers her body and cranes her neck to lap up some with her forepaws submerged in the water. This time, she awkwardly backs up over to the remaining fish in a bid to avoid swinging her belly around due to brief wave of nausea passing over her. But it's not the only thing washing over here, as in the heat the smell of salmon has intensified greatly and provides her with plenty of stimuli to compel her to continue – which she does after judging the state of her stomach and figuring that she might just be able to fit everything as she's already halfway through.

Standing in the lengthening shadow of what salmon is left outside her expansive gut, she pants

rapidly and re-thinks her earlier hopeful stance – as by now her underbelly has fallen well below her knees while her ponderous, sack-like belly has kept forcing her to spread out her legs for the past hour just to accommodate for the expansion. And if the crippling size and weight weren't enough, her earlier barely noticeable stomach aches had turned into profound anguish which now rapidly spreads all over her midsection. Nudging the front of her gurgling and undulating gut with her muzzle, she keeps drawing rapid shallow breaths as her enormously bloated stomach crowds the space where her lungs are, the added complication making it a sluggish and arduous process for her to reach the river a third time. Her long red tongue lolling more and more at each step as she hauls her considerable belly, she utters a muffled wince when-ever it sways between her legs enough to bump into them. Eventually, she's able to reach the water's surface with her tongue to drink even if her underbelly hits the ground almost immediately – the fish and water being too compacted within her to yield when she tries to force her gut to flare out under her.

Returning to her meal is a similarly difficult feat as the weight makes her paws sink deep into the soft ground and the sheer weight of everything she has ingested so far is sapping her strength. But still, she's unable to simply sacrifice the rest of the salmon to other predators as it's her favourite, and a rare treat most of the time. So she closes her eyes for a moment and suppresses the nagging feeling that she's going to burst before finishing everything, and subsequently plunges her jaws into yet another fish to start working it into her gullet. The forest casts its deepening shadow over her while she cringes, whines, pants, wheezes, rubs her belly, and waits for an increasingly long time between each fish to allow her agonizingly tight stomach to cope with its load. Progress is slow and thus night is almost upon her by the time a sole fish remains, countless other ones having been crammed into her gut which has fallen silent as it struggles to contain the result of the wolfess' greed. No longer able to even think of walking as her massive belly has hoisted her hindlegs into the air and her drumtight underbelly is firmly planted on the ground, she's left with only one question – whether to forfeit the final morsel and not reach her goal, or to eat it and possibly suffer dire consequences. Drool drips from her open maw on the salmon which keeps tempting her with its rich aroma, whereas the pain in her gut is nearly unbearable as her stomach lining is on the verge of rupturing.

Caught in the middle of two undesirable choices, she deliberates for what seems like hours while carefully massaging her gigantic belly with her otherwise useless hindlegs... the sun setting and the moon beginning to cast its pale light over her when she at last slides her forepaw under the salmon to lift it just enough for her canines to reach it, having made her choice. Basking in the moonlight, she fights back a gag as she jerkily draws the salmon deeper and deeper into her maw, tipping her head backwards to aid swallowing. Soon, the cold fish creeps down her throat, getting stuck in a most uncomfortable manner until she almost faints from the effort of forcing it into her uncooperative stomach – her four legs desperately clutching her belly as it swells imperceptibly one more time.

Roughly at the same time, on a cliff overlooking the river, the acute ears of another lupine catch something which sounds akin to a "SPLAT" mixed with a loud but abruptly silenced howl. Perplexed, he decides to investigate with the rest of the pack at dawn, fearing that a dangerous beast could have attacked someone by the river... but he would eventually find out that some should have feared their own cravings more...