

Horrible House Party

By Angelus

The party at the house outside of town was going great that night. Jessi had scoped out a lovely lady who was just drunk enough to make bad decisions, but sober enough to not be toxic to eat. She had long and dark hair, and was tall, with wide hips in tight jeans. Jessi had been watching her all night, and she wanted her bad. She wanted to flirt with her, draw her in, get her alone... And devour her. She wanted to. She needed to.

She finally stopped leaning against the wall and approached. She had a red cup in her hand to make it look like she was drinking too, but it was just full of water. She swirled it around like she was mixing her drink, and took a sip before tapping the lady on the shoulder to get her attention. She turned to look at Jessi, and her dull smile turned into a frown. "Oh, it's the wallflower. What do you want?"

Jessi was disarmed by the sudden and hostile response, and her own self-assured smile faltered. "Excuse me?"

"Don't think I haven't noticed you staring at me," the lady scoffed, pausing to take a drink of something that smelled like vodka. "Leaning on the wall, keeping to yourself and following me with your eyes. Creep."

"That's not-" Jessi began, trying to defend herself.

"Hey babe, this chick bothering you?" A man approached, and put an arm around Jessi's prize. Jessi stepped back, and the lady leaned into him.

"Yeah Bryce, this bitch has been staring at me all night," the lady said, as she and her man turned to glare at Jessi, who took another step back. Her fur was starting to bristle as they kept insulting her.

"You eyeing my girl? You and your fake ass colored hair?" Bryce spat at Jessi.

"Yeah, that color is really out of season."

"And that outfit barely fits you, you buy that at a thrift store?"

The lady snickered. "I bet she stole them off someone's back."

"Why don't you take your ass out of here and change into something nice? Then maybe you can come back." Bryce waved Jessi towards the door, staring at her expectantly.

Jessi's fists were clenched, and she was gritting her teeth. "Wh-what gives you two the right to talk to me like that!" she growled.

"Because this is my fucking house party, and I don't know you, bitch." Bryce grabbed his girlfriend's drink, took a gulp of it, and then threw the rest on Jessi's shirt. "Oops. Sorry. Looks like you need to leave and get a change of clothes."

Jessi hissed and recoiled from the drink that was thrown at her. Her shirt absorbed most of the mixed drink, but some of it still got on her fur. It burned dull against her fur and skin, melting it off.

"Yo what the fuck?" Bryce had noticed some of her splashed fur turning black and melting away, dripping down her chest. "You're fucking nasty!"

Jessi had had enough of him. Of both of them. Her fur was already melting off in places, and her face was cracking from her snarl. There was hardly anything left to hide, and she was pissed. "Fuck both of you!" She roared, and her body grew out of her clothes, shredding them

as her teeth stretched into daggers inside her black jaw. Her nails turned into claws, and her white fur split in places as she outgrew her skin, revealing dripping, black flesh in the fissures. The two assholes that were accosting her screeched in fear, eyes wide and wild as they stumbled away. Everyone in the party was staring at her horrible, monstrous form.

Jessi loved the attention.

Before anyone could get away, a swipe of her horrible claws sliced Bryce and his girlfriend in half and sent their meaty chunks splattering against a wall. A shower of blood hit the popcorn ceiling and dripped down on the now screaming party goers. She could feel her body still pounding with rage. She was snarling, looking over the crowd as they fell over one another trying to flee. A huge hand smacked a couch away. The piece of furniture swept through someone with enough force to crush them. The couch and corpse crumpled against the front door, blocking the exit to the street.

Another flick of her tail splattered someone against a wall, cracking the plaster. She used her tail to smear the blood and guts along the wall, staining her fur red at the tip of her tail. A malicious sneer played on her face. People were being trampled to death now, but there was nowhere to really go. Some people fled to the back, others, upstairs. She sniffed the air, relishing the growing scent of blood and adrenaline.

She raised her huge hand, and the claws sliced through the ceiling and floor above with no effort. She lumbered forward, ripping the second floor in two like she was cutting warm butter with a hot knife. Debris fell, and the power flickered and died as she cut electrical cables. There was a groaning of metal as she tore open pipes, and water began to pour over her and soak the floor below. The ceiling gave out, and the floor of the room above collapsed, dropping the refugees in it to the floor, leaving them with broken bones. The falling flooring incapacitated others, and the already frenzied crowd began to slip on the soaked floors.

Jessi waded through the crowd of meat, crushing them underfoot or slicing and throwing them aside with her unwieldy claws. The water on the ground began to run red, as did her fur as she made her way out to the backyard. People were trying to vault or break down the wooden fence that kept them penned in with her, and all she could do was lick over her teeth at the sight, slicing her own tongue in the process.

Her jaw split open, almost all the way to her neck. An unearthly screech sounded out, so loud and piercing that it stunned all who heard it. People collapsed to the floor, clutching their heads, some of them left with bleeding ears or noses. It wasn't something they had to worry about long. Jessi had made herself artificially larger, but she needed raw material to sustain the form much longer. She was hungry. Without a second thought, her huge, horrible jaws clamped down around the nearest person and bit them in half. Her throat bulged and gurgled as she swallowed the half of a person whole, while the other half twitched and bled on the grass. She could feel her body breaking down the flesh, but she needed more. Her jaws opened again and slurped the other half of the body from the ground, and then she turned her eyes to the rest of the meat.

A belch rumbled out from the house. A party had gone on last night, but no one was around anymore, save for one. Jessi had reverted, mostly, to her normal form. She was still taller than normal, a bit bulkier, and a near-immobilizing amount of gut hung off of her and onto

the floor. She was laying on a pile of mattresses she had dragged down to the living room, and had managed to find an outlet that still had power to plug the TV into. She was watching a show she didn't know, but it made her giggle occasionally, which was good enough for a monster that was mostly focused on processing the several dozen people worth of meat and bones that had been left behind at the party that night. Her stomach groaned, sloshing with half digested meat and rattling occasionally as bones knocked together.

This house was on its own. Neighbors were far enough away that no one would have heard last night's screaming. It was the perfect place to have a terribly loud party. It was the perfect place for a monster to have a feast.