

# Night of the Maw

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19-11-17

## A Patreon Prompt

*In an effort to make the best Halloween costume ever, a wolffess paints and dyes her fur until she's the spitting image of a succubus. One final addition makes her costume all too real, however, and she exposes herself to a gluttonous, otherworldly influence. What will her party guests think?*

**Content Warning:** This story is intended for Adult readers and contains A Female Wolf, Body and Fur Painting, Accidental Summoning, Gluttonous Corruption, Weight Gain, A Belly Maw, Soft Oral Vore, F/M Oral Sex

An early winter chill blew through the town, scattering fallen leaves across frozen puddles. Frost hung in the air with uncommon humidity, biting through coats and fur alike to the bone. Those determined enough to walk the softly-lit streets bundled up in what jackets they could find, but the bravest refused to cover their costumes. A little bit of cold would not be enough to stop them showcasing their creativity, nor would it keep them from collecting their candy. Those not intent on braving the cold found their fun at parties, which varied from county festivals to intimate gatherings of a few close friends. Across the town, reveling furs slipped into their costumes and prepared for the night, donning their most impressive Halloween garb. One wolf in particular was determined to be the life of her party, cladding herself in her most elaborate outfit she'd ever crafted. Her clothing itself was relatively simple, an ornate leather corset and dark high-heel boots, allowing her makeup and fur paint to steal the show. The wolffess painstakingly brushed her fur and tuned its hue, masking her grey pelt with rich reds. Intricate markings radiated from her eyes and coiled down her neck and limbs, culminating in a work of art worthy of tattoo masters. The designs followed the modest swells of her chest and wrapped around her back, leaving her midriff bare and continuing down her legs. The wolffess added the finishing touches to her feet before standing, then flaunted her labor in a full-length mirror.

A grin spread across her muzzle as she twisted and turned in all manner of poses, both observing her work from every angle and basking in her craftsmanship. Despite the quality and intricacy of her handiwork, however, the slender lupine found it lacking. Her smile faded as she pondered where her mistake laid, until her thoughts clicked together. Her gaze fell to the plush fur of her middle, completely bare save for its coating of red. The negative space called and begged to be filled, and she caved to its desires after a brief moment of consideration. The wolffess had nothing in mind to add to the composition, though she knew how to change that. Without smearing her body paint, she dashed to her computer and delved into the Internet, swiftly calling one of her most frequented message boards. A new post flashed at the top of the page, and a hum of interest resonated in her chest when she saw its title. She clicked an article regarding a newly discovered tome without hesitation, then skimmed the its texts and diagrams until something caught her eye. Fortunately, a sigil grabbed her attention seconds into her search. Her scrolling halted the instant the rune filled her screen, and she committed its details to memory while she etched her body paint. The wolffess stood by her desk and tipped its screen up to face her, and she copied its curves onto her belly. More intricate details followed with her sustained work, dividing empty space until it was completed. She returned to her mirror to admire her work, where a chill of delight raced up her spine.

Her crimson fur hid her kindling blush while she admired her figure, her latest addition in particular. Though confident in her choice from the start, she couldn't deny how well it fit in with her design. A sense of completeness filled her chest, and with her costume finalized, the wolffess migrated downstairs. Her stairs softly creaked and announced her descent to the empty rooms, and the quiet impact of her heels traced her path to her kitchen. Bright light filled the room when she threw open her refrigerator and revealed a pre-prepared feast within, and its mixed, delectable scents escaped and washed over her. The wolffess's grin returned when she breathed them in deep, and a rumbled resonated in her middle as it

stirred her hunger. The painted lupine resisted the urge to steal a sample, and instead laid out plates and platters for her guests. She carefully carried the towering dishes to her dining room and spread them out across the long table, laying out a delicious spread of chilled treats. Her attention turned to her oven once she emptied her refrigerator, where she plucked a massive baked turkey from its warm embrace. Steam billowed from its glazed surface and tempted her hunger yet again, that time cracking her resolve. She reasoned it would be wise to give her meal a final taste test before serving it. Her mouth watered as she tore off a small cut of meat from the bird's side, just large enough to accurately carry its flavor. The wolfess popped it into her jaw whole and bit into it, unleashing a burst of delectable juices. A moan of delight resonated in her chest while she placed it at the center of the table, and she couldn't stop herself from claiming a second bite. The lupine woman tore loose an obvious chunk large enough to fill her cheeks, though the consequences of her actions failed to register until she reached for thirds.

A brief battle of wills tore through the wolfess's thoughts, ending with an ineffective compromise. She stayed her hand from the turkey, but reasoned the rest of her banquet required similar sampling.

Indecision rooted her in place for a brief moment, until her blooming desires commanded her to move. She reached out for the nearest dish, a bowl of buttery mashed potatoes, scooping out a claw-full and stuffing it into her slavering jaws. A shameless groan of delight rang in her chest until she swiftly swallowed the treat, which she greedily chased with a slice of pumpkin pie. The dessert fit unto her muzzle almost perfectly, a fact she delighted in as she chomped down and reduced it to mush. The suddenly ravenous lupine gulped it down with equal ease, and similarly helped herself to cranberries and stuffing. Her belly crept over her waist and tested the limits of her corset while she gorged herself, squishing around its edges and testing its ties. Her thighs inched over the tops of her high boots as well, and she filled the fishnets adorning her arms like baking bread. The subtle strains and pops of tired threads filled the air as she circled her feast, ripping into its offerings with heedless hedonism. Her self-imposed limit of one bite per course snapped with the straps of her top, and her garments began to fail by her third lap around the table. The rolls of her belly squished around the straps of her top and spread its opening wide, showcasing the damage already done to her figure. In the last rational corners of her mind, she knew she needed to stop while there was a meal left to salvage, though her body was long passed the point of listening. Greed and lust claimed her at the finale of her fourth circle around, leaving her in a perfect position to devour her painstakingly prepared turkey. The corrupted wolfess took in a deep breath and puffed her belly out, defeating her corset with crackling pops. Her chest and belly flopped out with newfound freedom, along with an unexpected addition.

Across the middle of her belly, where her upper and lower rolls squished together and hid her navel, a small split opened across her frame. Fangs flashed and drool poured from her monstrous maw, and a shudder ran up her spine when its broad tongue emerged and tasted the air.

The wolfess's appetite resurged, and she threw herself at the table with ravenous vigor. She grabbed the turkey with both arms and brought it to her widening belly-maw, and a victorious moan resonated in her chest while as its essences washed over her tongue. Flavors several times more intense than anything she'd tasted before assaulted her senses, dissolving what little fear or apprehension she retained. A similar groan rumbled from her second jaws, which she quickly and eagerly sated. The family-sized bird disappeared into her rolls with a shameless slurp, bulging her rolls only subtly before vanishing entirely. A rush of pleasure suffused her figure as it settled into her monstrous belly, and for a brief instant, satisfaction followed in its wake. Vengeful hunger rapidly overrode her gastric afterglow however, and the wolfess quickly remembered the remainder of the feast. Her lower mouth gaped wide with yawning need, which she answered with anything and everything she could get her hands on. The wolfess spread her arms wide and reached across the table, scooping up food and silverware alike in a formless pile. Clattering and skittering filled the room as she sloppily brought the miniature landslide in, spilling only a few dishes in the process. Her ravenous belly gulped it down without regard for the inedibles, forcing them into the pit of her stomach with everything else. Her figure swelled when her supernatural metabolism took root, processing everything on the table, including the table, into plush flab. The wolfess reveled in her growth and snapped through her surviving clothing, powerful muscles swaddled in inches of flab. Though stretched over a significantly larger canvas, her markings retained their intricacy and gently pulsed with otherworldly might. Her glow filled the shadows of the kitchen and crept into the light by the time she finished, kindling and burning with temporary satisfaction.

Uneasy silence fell on the kitchen as the wolfess gathered up the last of the splintered table and stuffed it into her belly, then took a moment to appreciate her rolling figure. The bulges and bumps of her meals disappeared under her roaming palms, smoothing down into soft, flawless curvature. Her fingers delved into the valleys between them and squeezed and gripped their peaks, quantifying their rapid growth. The floorboards beneath her widening hips and titanic rear creaked and groaned while her belly grew and spread, advancing toward the ground like a molasses avalanche. The maw across her middle grinned and smacked with temporary satisfaction, though ceaseless hunger quickly eclipsed it. Drool poured from between its sharpened teeth and an ominous rumble shook her home, spurring her to hunt for another meal. The wolfess's rolls quaked and wobbled as she lumbered into action, calling on enhanced, supernatural strength to maintain her balance. The apron of her middle spilled passed her knees with the last of her digesting feast, wobbling and swaying with even the tiniest movement. Even still, it rippled to stop while she considered where to find her next meal. Her monstrous tongue slurped over the lower curve of her belly while she considered her options, trying to pick the best and most filling of them. Her chest rumbled with growing hunger, until a knock at her door broke her train of thought. Her insatiable hunger swelled with the scent of another, and tremors shook the earth when she pounded toward her door to capitalize on her visitor.

The door swung open with a rush of wind, the fox on her doorstep disappeared with a ravenous growl.

Shock and softness gripped the tubby vulpine as the wolfess wrapped her flabby arms around him and hugged him to her belly, squishing him deep into her rolls. Panic turned to confusion for the fox while she simply held him tight, until something warm and slick pressed to his middle. Her generous cleavage kept her colossal tongue out of his sight, though the glint of teeth and fangs gave him equal reason to struggle. The wolfess's hold only tightened with his attempted escape, threatening to squeeze the breath from his chest. She relented once he tired himself out, relaxing just enough to lean back and meet his gaze. Otherworldly pupils dilated and drank in his features, from his delectable grey fur to his soft, no doubt filling figure. His strength evaporated in a blink, reducing him to putty in her hungry hands. A grin spread across both of her lips, and she wasted no time claiming her prey. The wolfess's tail coiled around her hips, only just reaching the fox's feet, then guided his ankles to her lower lips. A two-toned groan of delight resonated between them when his flavor washed across her senses, sealing his fate completely. Her monstrous tongue bundled his calves and climbed his thighs as gluttony took her once more, spurring her to slurp him up like a noodle. The sloppy sounds of her hedonistic feasting filled her home while she claimed his waist and chest, lingering only for a moment to sample the flavors between his legs. The fox roused and his stamina returned as she stoked his lusts, granting him the strength to roll his hips and enjoy his role as her meal.

His spire rose from its sheath and rubbed in the groove of her tongue, enhancing his flavor with spurting arousal. Jets of pre mixed with copious drool and filled her maw, coaxing out a chorus of shared moans and groans. The wolfess's tongue possessively tightened its grip, depriving him the freedom to buck and roll against her ministrations. Instead, she licked and slurped at her own pace, teasing and accelerating until she pushed the limits of his stamina. The fox's breath quickened as he struggled against his slick binds, until climax claimed him and drained his dexterity. A stifled moan tumbled from his lips and rose over the sounds of her gluttony, until the wolfess's rumbling satisfaction drowned him out. The fox squeezed his eyes shut and rolled his head back while he came and came, filling the wolfess's belly with his need. His peak persisted as her lips walked up his chest and sealed around his shoulders, pressing his muzzle deep into her soft roll. Her warmth washed over him, and he vanished with a comparatively subtle gulp. The vulpine's bulges sank from her cheeks, forced deeper into her gluttonous form. The wolfess's hands flew to her middle and she shameless traced his path through her, relishing his fullness until he entered her packed belly. Her tongue lashed over her lips and gathered his lingering flavor, utterly claiming his every aspect. A shameless belch followed, shaking her windows and announcing her meal to the neighborhood.

The call of her gluttony rang through the streets, echoing between houses and drawing the attention of her arriving guests. They froze as her quaking footsteps followed, and the sight of the wolfess stunned them. It was no secret she went all out for Halloween, but she'd truly outdone herself with that costume. They only realized their mistake when a mouse approached for a closer look, only to be gulped down and added to her figure in a single slurp. Their panic filled the air as they scattered, and the corrupted wolfess gave chase and helped herself to the buffet of her town.

