

Evening After



Vic Waite

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The following tags apply: Test Scene, [Dack], General, Personal, Fox, Werewolf, Transformation, Feederism

The sounds of quick, shallow breaths broke the silence of the living room. The space was a disaster, brought to ruin by a gluttonous, uncontrollable tear. The husks of take out bags paper and plastic littered the floor, filled with the grease stained wrappers of what they once held. The table upon which they rested laid on the floor in two halves, cracked and split down its middle. Faint splatters of sauces stained the walls, only partially covered by the couch thrown against the edge of the floor. The stains couldn't hope to mask the thin cracks marking its impact, nor did they hide the faint remnants of droplets from months past. Fortunately, the numerous clawmarks that scored every doorway drew the eye away much more effectively. Tilted posters and misaligned photos did well to divert attention as well, though not nearly as effectively as the room's occupant.

Dack laid amidst the litter and ruins of her meals, pinned by the insurmountable weight of her belly. Faint, whining keens broke her panting while exhausted arms roamed the swell of her middle, massaging its tight curves with claws still just too sharp. Glorps and bubbles of digestion mixed with the chorus of her taxed body, drawn out with every soothing squish and rub. Collapsed to the floor and reclined against her couch, the arctic vixen looked more stomach than fox. It eclipsed her lap and spread her thighs with its bulk, lending a maternal lean to her lithe frame. The tightness of its curve added to that image, packed to capacity and poised to overwhelm her mundane metabolism.

Pressure welled in the vulpine's chest, and her arms dropped with exhaustion. Her head rolled back as a wall-shaking burp tore from her lips, a call answered by frantic banging from her floor. Blearily, Dack cast her neighbor's anger aside. She would be angry too if she lived beneath a lycanthrope, but the realities of dealing

with that curse eclipsed any empathy. She blinked more awareness back into her eyes, and the scale of her destruction set in. Replacing her living room furniture would be simple, she bought the cheapest available for a reason. A lean to the side and a peek into her kitchen revealed a detail she hadn't planned for, however.

Her brow furrowed and her teeth grit at the sight of her fridge on one end of the kitchen, and its door on the other. That would take an extra job to replace. Dack inwardly scolded that ravenous beast, a mental tirade answered by a sharp twinge in her middle. She winced and rubbed that offending turn in her lower gut, a motion that eventually soothed its displeasure. She looked to the other end of her apartment and laughed as much as her stomach allowed. The cracked and sagging frame of her bookcase stood where her front door once stood, allowing streamers of light from the hallway beyond into her den. At least the monster followed that self-imposed rule.

From the litter of wrappers Dack fished her phone. Relief crossed her muzzle with the realization she hadn't cracked its screen this time, though it faded as she delved into the details of repairing her den. A few seconds was all it took to order new furniture, though she would need to live in the ruins of her current set until they arrived next week. The mere thought of standing to clean the other messes sent nausea lancing through her core, so she shelved that thought. The broken frame of her television offered no hope of distraction, spurring her to seek other avenues online. With one hand she browsed her phone, and with the other she massaged her angry middle.

Gentle gropes and squeezes was all she managed on its lower surface, tense and angry from a brutal packing. Dack idly wondered if she could teach the beast to chew her food rather than swallow it whole, though a sharp internal jab derailed that train of thought. A second on its heels spurred her to reach under the cushion at her back and fetch a vial. The purple fluid within glowed with potency

and roiled at the slightest disturbance, but it utterly failed to intimidate the vixen. With practiced ease she broke the seal of its top and tossed it back in a single gulp, sending a wave of relief through her form. The walls of her deepest reaches relaxed, and low simmers of enhanced digestion mixed in with the churning of her stomach. The soreness of muscles drained away as well, sending the snowy fox deeper into her slump.

Without the tension in her guts, the fog of exhaustion closed in. In all likelihood the next day was lost, as it typically was after a full moon. With her last bits of conscious energy, Dack considered the damage done to her figure. In some ways, it wasn't as bad as previous months. The beast, for the most part, only ate what was edible now. The inconvenience of a few extra pounds was a candle to the sun of swallowing things immune to digestion. This would become more than just a few pounds, however. Every time the beast emerged, it ate to its fill. Practice had made perfect, and Dack's capacity grew with every involuntary outing. A heat gathered in her muzzle as she peeked around her belly and surveyed her hips. Already a soft cushion of flab adorned her frame, squished flat against the floor by the weight atop it. It would take more than a solid week at the gym to reclaim her wardrobe this time.

Dack deflated with a sigh. She resigned herself to a round of clothes shopping and returned to her phone to do so, only to drop it in shock. Instead of the dexterous paw of a cat burglar, she found the meaty mitt of a barbarian. The sharp claws of her bulky hand carved faint furrows into her screen, scores that became cracks when it tumbled from her palm. She inwardly cursed and added a new phone to her shopping list, though her returning change consumed her attention. She curled around the boulder of her middle and writhed as the beast stirred, a normally painful transformation that was this time delightful. Her hips rolled as twin hungers wracked her form, no longer bound by the pitfalls of alteration. Fear lanced her thoughts with the notion of losing herself entirely, blunted by the sound of glass tinkling to the wooden floor.

The vixen pinned the root of this new problem on the recovery potion, and with that worst case abated, she raced to recover the situation. Her clumsy footfalls across the floor turned to heavy stomps as muscle bloomed in her legs, still softened by the padding of her thighs. She stumbled into the wall and peered out of her window, where her heart dropped. Though divided by the day and diminished by several hours, a nearly-full moon peeked from behind parting clouds. The mere sight of it lurched the monster from its mental cage, a break expressed with a rumbling growl. Dack slammed the curtains shut in the vain hope of cowing the beast, though she found no such luck. She already knew that such tricks were useless.

Frantically, she searched for another solution. A second night of gorging and binging would be, at best, ruinous to her figure. At worst, she might simply eat until she burst. The intrusive thought of how that might work with lycanthrope regeneration flickered across her inner eye, but she dismissed it out of hand. The pops of her back snuffed out any hope of stopping the transformation. Dack's head swam as her perspective shifted by feet, brought high by a stature that brushed her ceiling. The weight in her middle felt as nothing while strength suffused her, and with it went inhibition and consequence. Her stomach burned and ached with an unholy hunger. Her chest dropped when she recalled the recovery potion's other effect, though the primal creature within reveled in that fact.

Dack's control slipped, and with it the hope of sparing her figure. Deep seated needs and desires, instincts and drives, swamped her thoughts. The unfiltered delight of indulgence solidified their dominance that much more, reducing the vixen to a dreamy passenger within her own body. As the baton passed, she looked her primal self in the eye and impressed a parting thought.

If you burst us, I'm getting all the silver piercings money can buy when I wake up.