

The bed creaked quietly, the sounds of a wolf restlessly tossing and turning underneath a thick pile of covers, half of which were kicked off the mattress already. Peeking out of the pile was a muzzle, which frowned wider at the sight of the alarm clock on the bedrest table. 3:27 AM, and he still couldn't sleep.

Wire groaned, and pushed the blankets off himself, sitting up. He smacked his lips, his mouth was so dry, there's no way he could even attempt at falling asleep like this. Getting off the bed slowly, and standing up. He stretched, hand running down his soft, doughy front, dragging over the orb of a stomach to re-adjust his boxers, which were hugging uncomfortably tight to his wide, tubby waist... more than usual, anyway.

Trudging his way sleepily through the darkness, he made his way to the kitchen. And as he opened the fridge, he had to squint in the sudden brightness... but his tail wagged, five gallons of chocolate milk. The GOOD stuff, pure as can be, just as many calories as the real thing and a taste he couldn't resist. He was addicted, it was obvious to anyone who knew the wolf and watched him steadily pack on the pounds... but he didn't care, he needed his fix.

He grabbed one of the gallons, already a little taken out of it from his pre-bedtime glass, which was clearly just not enough anymore! Wire took a single swig, and swished it around in his mouth before swallowing. He huffed softly, a shiver going down his back. Every drink was as good as the last... and as he raised the jug to his lips, he began to drink, no, CHUG. Lifting it up higher above his head, letting gravity do the work, his already round cheeks bulging, as he expertly chugged the smooth, cool liquid down.

Wire shut his eyes, coolness running down his chest and into his stomach, gently sloshing as he adjusts his standing. The first one went down in a mere minute, with him tossing the empty thing aside and going for another. No hesitation this time, he reared his head back and indulged.

The wolf could feel his gut, already well stretched from countless meals and drinks start to fill up more properly. Getting just pleasantly tight and full... the contrasting coolness of the milk, versus the thick, well-padded fat of his belly. All wrapped up in a coat of creamy thick fur, which wobbled as the wolf gave it a test smack, still too much wobble, not enough slosh!

“Mmrf, not good enough. How am I gonna sleep on an empty belly?!” the wolf tossed the next empty carton aside, practically attacking the third in line. He was chugging aggressively now; no longer content to passively let it slide down his throat... he needed more.

He leaned back against the counter next to the fridge, the light only touching his front... and more importantly, the swelling orb of a tummy bulging outwards. What was normally just pronounced, fairly round chub was starting to fill outwards. Swelling out rounder and heavier over his waistband, Wire sunk his fingers into his soft lovehandles... he could feel them start to tighten and strain as his stomach finally stretches to hold it all.

“H-hell yeah,” the wolf drug his arm across his muzzle as he finished the third gallon, a heavy ball of fat and milk bouncing and sloshing in front of him, an intoxicating mix of fat and liquid, lazily swaying as he took a few steps over to grab the fourth one.

The fourth galloon took both hands to hold up. Even if his fluffy tail was swishing over a rump that was pressing snugly against the countertop behind him, he was clearly starting to slow down... but this didn't stop him. Even as his eyes started to water, he kept forcing more into himself. Each gulp causing his middle to bulge out further, closer and closer to his knees, audibly creaking as he pushes himself closer and closer to his limit... he couldn't even reach his navel anymore, as he greedily grabbed at his pudge as far as he could reach... even the thick blubber was losing it's give, now.

“Y-yes! Yes yes yes!” the wolf let out a rumbling belch, as he turned around to face the counter, holding the milk jug up to it... and crushing it with the sheer weight of his middle. The wolf snickered eagerly, even as his middle creaked and groaned, protesting the extra outside pressure when it was barely holding all the contents in as is... but the wolf turned his greedy eyes to the last one, and with labored steps, he waddled over...

He had to arch his back; his belly was so utterly heavy. Leaning himself against the fridge, he found himself too wide for the door, his middle bulging uncomfortably against the shelves, “C-c’mere, you...” he sloppily grabbed the last galloon, he could feel himself getting queasy at the thought of drinking it... but so, so very excited.

He didn’t waste any time at all as he began to chug. Each gulp was painful and huge, chocolate milk leaking out his mouth and running down his chubby cheeks, as his middle continued to bulge against the fridge, shelves giving way to the overfilled wolf, who’s massive globe of a gut groaned and creaked. He could feel every inch of the fridge pressing against his middle, groaning from the pressure just like him.

As the last few drops entered the wolf’s mouth, he could barely keep his eyes open, the rapturous pain, the full feeling... and the cool, relaxing sloshing in his overburdened stomach... as he passed out, he heard one long, sickening rip, and the sound of something splashing to the floor... he’s going to need to clean up in the morning.

And then head right to the store to buy even more.