

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Young woman secretly overfeeds her werewolf girlfriend while she's in wolf-woman form

Contains: *Weight Gain*

Feedee by Night

Elena lay in bed, trying to read while her girlfriend twisted back and forth in front of a mirror. It wasn't Vicky's motion that distracted Elena but her body. Vicky's sleep pants were skin tight over her thunder thighs, and her belly pressed tightly into the waistband. Elena felt warm for reasons entirely unrelated to the blankets covering her lower half.

"I don't know how you can say I'm not getting fat when the evidence is right here." The brunette said.

"I've told you a hundred times, Vic, I just don't see it. I see you, and you're beautiful."

Vicky sighed, lifting one arm and poking her slightly flabby bicep.

"Are you *sure* you're not letting the wolf out to hunt?"

Elena set her book face down on her lap.

"No, Vicky. I am not letting **you** go out hunting in wolf form. Now, will you come to bed?"

Vicky sighed again and crawled into bed. Elena set her book on the nightstand and cuddled up next to her girlfriend. She resisted the urge to fondle the curves of her lovely, growing body.

When Elena woke less than an hour later, she was greeted by glowing yellow eyes in a face covered with dark fur. Vicky could not use human speech in wolf-woman form, but her eyes sparkled when Elena met them.

“Good morning, love... are you hungry?”

Vicky opened her mouth and panted happily. She followed Elena into the kitchen, where the short blonde pulled a box of donuts from their hiding place in a bottom cabinet. She plucked out a chocolate glazed and tossed it in the air. Vicky, still dressed in sleep pants and a now very tight tank top, caught the donut in her teeth, grabbing it with one clawed hand to devour the confection in two large bites.

Elena handed Vicky the box, then fired up the stove. She made pancakes, eggs, bacon, sausage, beans, and toast with jam. Each new dish was placed on a plate, which Vicky devoured and licked clean. As the night wore on, the wolf-girl's furry belly stuck out further and further as their fridge and cabinets got emptier and emptier.

When the windows of the small house started to glow blue around their curtains, Elena started to hear the faint sounds of birdsong starting to pick up. She pulled the last burger patty from the skillet and placed it on a bun. She stepped across the kitchen to where Vicky was seated on the floor, legs spread wide and stomach bloated like a woman in her third trimester of pregnancy.

Elena reached out to stroke the taut dome of Vicky's furry belly.

“One more treat, love?”

The expression on Vicky's fanged, bestial face was conflicted.

“Come on, Vic, just one more.”

Elena brought the burger close to the wolf's mouth, which opened obediently. Vicky chewed slowly and swallowed, bite after bite, as Elena rubbed her packed stomach.

“That's a good girl... Just a few more bites... Good girl...”

Elena sat on the floor beside her girlfriend, resting her blonde head on one furry shoulder, continuing to stroke Vicky's belly in long, slow sweeps.

“Good girl... you're such a good girl...”