

Valerie looks at herself in the full-body mirror in the bathroom, eyebrows knitted together. It's been about three weeks since she made that feast of Dakota's things, and she's barely lost any of the weight that she had gained. Before *that* event, she was only around a hundred pounds or so — but now, Valerie had just checked for the fourth time this week, she's still two hundred sixty-one pounds.

She pouts. She's fat now. Her breasts have grown only marginally, slightly larger than a C cup; it seems all the fat has gone to her stomach and thighs, making her look a bit like a pear. She grabs her flabby stomach at the bottom, squishing it and pulling it up slightly, then letting it fall back down, the fat rippling for a few seconds after. Her stomach is two big fat rolls that muffin top over any pair of pants she wears, though right now, she only has panties and a bra on. The skimpy, black undergarments strain against her fat, but thankfully, they haven't busted any seams yet, somehow.

In the midst of being curt over her new shape, she hears Dakota's cellphone ringing in the other room. It's some punk-rock tune that Dakota loves, and is thankfully cut short when he answers it, and Valerie curiously peeks her head in from behind the wall, eavesdropping.

"Hey man!" her boyfriend answers, "yeah, you're still good... Right on, man, yeah..." he continues, nodding his head. He pauses for a moment, letting whoever's on the other end talk, "alright, man, yeah, that's cool. See you in a few." he promptly hangs up after the farewell, going back to playing his video game; an "FPS" that Valerie's pretty sure is called something like "Line of Duty."

"Who was that?" Valerie asks, her eyebrows knitting together again. He better not have invited one of his "bros" over. She doesn't want anyone seeing how fat she is.

"It was just Troy, babe." Dakota answers over the simulated gunshots, "I invited him over."

"If he steps one foot through the front door, I'll eat him." Valerie puts her hands on her doughy waist.

"Kinda the point."

"Wh— wait. Do you *want* me to eat him?" she narrows her eyes.

"Am I high? Did we not have that whole 'I'll get you more prey' conversation, like, a month ago?" he narrows his eyes right back at her, gesturing his hands around.

"Oh." Valerie responds simply, her hand absentmindedly rubbing the pillowy mound of flesh that is her middle. "One measly dude-bro isn't enough for me," she cocks an eyebrow, "unless you plan on letting me eat you, too."

"He's bringing over his dogs. I told him our pups should have, like, a 'dude's night.'"" Dakota retorts, sitting up on his bed to lean closer to the television. "Obviously, he doesn't know you ate mine. He thinks they're itching to play fetch or something."

Valerie just mutters another "oh," and stands there for a moment, beholding the animated carnage on the TV, before heading over to the closet to get dressed. Regardless of the fact Troy won't be living long enough to enjoy seeing her in her bra and panties, she's still going to put on some clothes, in an attempt to salvage what little dignity she has left.

She wiggles into a ratty old band T-shirt that barely covers half of her gut, and manages to fit her thunder-thighs into a pair of black jeans that already have more than a few holes in them. The whole ordeal of dressing herself takes long enough that by the time she's finished, she hears the doorbell ring, signifying the Bro Troy's arrival.

The shooting and screaming on the TV ceases as the teen girl hears her boyfriend hop off the bed and head downstairs, and she follows him.

Valerie stays at the top of the stairs as she watches Dakota go down and open the front door. Immediately, two big dogs flood in, an Australian Shepherd, and a Border Collie, both of which are followed suit by a slightly smaller, definitely younger dog, a black Retriever. They scamper around, barking and wagging their tails, utterly unaware that tonight they will meet their fate at the hands (and stomach) of a certain beautiful raven-haired nineteen year old.

"Hey dude!" Troy greets, pulling Dakota in for a stereotypical bro-hug, dropping his backpack off by the door. When he steps inside, he notices Valerie, too, still at the top of the stairs. "Whoaa, hey, Val! Dakota didn't say you'd be here, too."

"She lives here, dumbass." Dakota flicks his friend's ear.

"Oww!" Troy slaps Dakota's hand and rubs his ear. "By the way, when did she get fat?"

This time, Dakota punches him in the shoulder, earning essentially the same reaction from his friend, but he returns the shoulder punch, as well.

"Where're your dogs, Dak? I didn't hear them barking when I rang the doorbell." Troy wonders, looking around the house. "Last time I was here they barked up a storm! Jake and the puppy will bark at *anything* that moves or makes noise."

"Which one's Jake?" Valerie wonders aloud, hungrily eyeing all three of the dogs prancing around the living room.

"The Collie! The puppy's name is TJ. And the Shep is Lukas." Troy points them each out as they all wrestle in the middle of the living room.

"Mine are around the house. Big place, never really know where they are..." Dakota responds, exchanging a knowing look with his girlfriend. "And I've trained 'em since last time you were here. Not a peep. We sleep like babies."

"Dude, you've gotta tell me how you did that. Jake and TJ wake me up constantly."

"How about I tell you over a beer in the kitchen?" Dakota throws his arm over Troy's shoulders and ushers him along, much to the delight of his friend.

Valerie whistles at the playing dogs to capture their attention, smiling when it actually works — she was expecting it not to. "Come up here, doggies! I know where your friends are hiding."

The three dogs scramble up the stairs, nearly tripping over each other to meet Valerie at the top. The black-haired teen's smile widens as she watches, however, once the canines reach the top, the three of them split off into different directions; TJ and Jake run off to the left, towards Valerie and Dakota's room, and Lukas runs off to the right, towards Dakota's parents' room — thankfully, though, they're both away on some kind of business trip, as they usually are.

Valerie's hunger calls to her and she decides to go after Jake and TJ first. She trots off towards her and her boyfriend's room down the hall, peeking her head in once she gets to the doorway.

To her surprise, she only sees TJ, throwing down with one of Dakota's shoes that had been sitting under the bed. Jake must have gone off into the bathroom or one of the guest rooms that's nearby.

The chubby raven-haired girl cooes softly at the dark-furred puppy as she comes up behind him, placing her hand under his chest and hoisting him up. He's not the size of a *puppy* puppy, but as she had observed earlier, clearly of smaller stature than Jake and Lukas. He'll make a *perfect* appetizer.

Valerie heaves the canine up further, holding him under his arms above her head, licking her lips. She opens her maw wide, and brings the dog near, him licking her face as she does, before his muzzle is shoved into her throat. Once her prey starts squirming, she shoves him in further, successfully lodging his head into the middle of her throat, visibly bulging it out quite a lot.

Now, TJ starts thrashing around, trying to free himself from the predator's grasp. Valerie almost drops him a couple times attempting to force him in further, but luckily for her, with a good, hefty **GULP**, the pup's shoulders are inside her mouth, more or less stopping his front legs from moving too much. His back legs still kick furiously, but just those two legs fighting her are much more manageable.

She moans softly as she swallows the young canine down again and again, savoring the meaty taste. He slowly fills her throat, bulging it out, sinking further down to his demise, still trying to fight off his predator, with no luck. Soon enough, the kicking of his back legs are stopped as she **GLRKs** him down again up to his haunches.

She tilts her head back and lets him slide all on his own down into her hungry belly, his shaking tail being the last bit of the poor pup to see the light. Valerie lets out a deep sigh as she pats her stomach, which is now full of squirming, barking puppy. She could easily pass as an expecting mother who's about to deliver, if her belly wasn't so... Lively.

"HHHHHOOOOOOORRRRRRPP!!" she belches loudly, covering her mouth, smirking.

Her gluttonous gut calls for more food: she turns around and heads out of the room to find Jake, who should still be nearby, if he didn't wander off into the rest of the house. She idly strokes her belly as she peeks into the bathroom — nope, no Jake there — and then steps into the guest room, spying the Border Collie rolling around on the bed.

Jake yips once he sees her, and again when he rolls straight off the bed with a *thump*, walking over to her. He curiously sniffs the teen girl's hand, then notices her round, squirming belly. He sniffs the mound of flesh, his wet nose tickling Valerie's skin, and licks it affectionately.

"Aww, do you know your little friend is in there?" Valerie says sweetly, rubbing the top of her belly.

Jake barks, and his ears perk up as her stomach barks back.

"Oohhh, sounds like he wants you to join him, Jakey." the raven-haired girl licks her lips, "we better not keep him waiting." she sits herself on the tidy guest bed, Jake following right behind her.

The Collie stands up on his hind legs, still sniffing at her belly, trying to figure it out. While he's distracted, Valerie's mouth is nearing his head. He notices, and turns to sniff at the opening, sticking his nose in; Valerie picks the pooch up under his arms like her previous meal, and gives a great **GULP** to seal his fate.

Mystifyingly, Jake doesn't seem to be too upset that he's being eaten. His front paws rest comfortably on top of Valerie's squirming stomach, and his black tail wags. Valerie happily starts slurping down this canine, who is bound to be more filling than TJ; bigger, and a bit rounder in the belly.

Her throat bulges out as Jake's head slides down her gullet, his tail still wagging as she swallows him down up to his chest. Barking from within her is slightly audible over her loud **GULPing** and **GLRKing**, the black and white dog slowly disappearing past her lips and down her throat.

Jake finally starts squirming once he's down to his waist, perhaps finally putting together that this is one place he won't be getting out of after seeing little TJ packed down there too. Valerie simply grabs his back legs and folds them up against his body, forcing him further down her gullet. The struggling canine's upper body begins entering her stomach, a bulge shaped like a muzzle poking the top of her belly.

With a few more **GLRPs**, his tail is slurped down like a noodle, and the Collie has fully disappeared inside the teenage predator, making the shirt she was wearing that already hardly covered anything ride up further, putting her prey-filled belly on complete display. Valerie beholds her much bigger gut, now stretching out farther with the larger canine filling it, her skin pulling tight to contain her meals as they both struggle, bark, and whimper from within.

"BUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPPPPPP!!" Valerie belches, rubbing her bloated middle. **"HHHHUUUurp!"** a slightly quieter burp follows it, and she moans quietly.

"Mmmph, feels so good to be full of something alive again..." she says to herself, grinning. "Now, let's go find that last little doggy..." she pulls herself up off the bed, stumbling for just a moment under her new weight, before continuing on her journey.

She carefully sneaks past the stairs — well, about as sneakily as a predator carrying two noisy dogs in her stomach could — hoping Troy doesn't see her from the kitchen; though, she's fairly certain he doesn't even have the slightest clue what's going on. From the few times she's met him, she's gotten the impression he really, *really* isn't the sharpest crayon in the box, putting it mildly.

"Lukas," she calls under her breath as she sticks her head into Dakota's parents room. Dakota's parents hate her being in here: Lorraine, Dakota's mom, is convinced she's going to attempt to steal her jewelry. As if Valerie would even *want* dopey old-lady jewelry anyway, besides, she doesn't even need to steal it. Well, maybe...

A bark that's louder than the others startles her, and she sees Lukas, the Australian Shepherd, crouched on the floor, looking like he wants Valerie to toss a stick or something.

"I'm not here to play with you," she scoffs, "you're going to go down *here*," she points a long manicured nail at her writhing gut, "with your friends. And soon... Your owner will be in there, too." she licks her lips.

Lukas flops onto the floor and rolls over onto his back, holding his paws up, now sideways as his tail wags.

"I just told you— Ah, forget it." she goes over to his hind legs, and gets down on her hands and knees, her belly making the process difficult, but she manages. Her massive middle rests against the floor, paws and muzzles bulging out at all sides.

The predator grabs both of the dog's back legs with one hand, and slides them into her mouth, and into her throat. The dog barks at her as she does so, trying to dislodge his legs as he wiggles around. Valerie grabs his sides and **GULPs**, his legs sinking in just a bit past his haunches. He barks again, still squirming, trying to lose the voracious teen; and although this proves to be annoying, at least, his attempts to get away are futile.

Valerie moans as she slurps the Shepherd down, her cheeks and throat bulging out. She leans down as she swallows Lukas up to his chest, his front paws desperately trying to bat her away. Grabbing them both, she keeps a good hold of him as she then leans upwards, her prey jutting straight out of her mouth into the air, gravity pulling him down to his doom.

Lukas's wriggling form slowly disappears between the predator's lips, and once possible, she slips both his front legs into her mouth along with the rest of his body. After that, his descent is much quicker; his shoulders go down, then his neck, and finally, Valerie's lips close around his wet nose as he lets out a distressed whine.

"H—**HHHHUUUUUUOOOOOOOORRRRPPP!!**" Valerie belches thunderously, and then another one forces its way out — "**UUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPPPPPPPPPPP!!**" — louder than the other. She moans as she rubs her huge, gluttonous belly. "*Mmmmhh*, that felt *good*." she says to herself.

Her massive middle struggles and whines, with another muzzle and group of paws pressing against her stomach walls now. Twelve paws and three muzzles all poke out wherever they can, trying to escape their fleshy prison. She lovingly strokes her stomach, grinning to herself as she beholds the sight of her prey writhing inside her.

Valerie grabs the bedpost to help herself up to her feet, a deep sigh leaving her as she does. She keeps her other hand resting atop her gut, and she exits her boyfriend's parents' bedroom, waddling with her new huge belly.

"Babe! There you are. I was just gonna come looking for you." Dakota calls from the ground floor.

Valerie looks down at him over the banister, raising an eyebrow.

"Troy's drunk as hell. He's such a pansy-ass lightweight." he gestures over his shoulder to the couch, where a passed-out Troy sits smack in the middle. "Should be real easy to... Get him in that big, beautiful belly."

The black-haired predator smirks as she carefully descends the stairs, the wooden boards practically screaming under her weight. "You know, I've always wanted to eat him. He's just so dumb, I thought he'd be better as fat on my tits than as a person."

Dakota absentmindedly nods, fully captivated by his gluttonous girlfriend's gut. Valerie dismisses him, settling back down onto her hands and knees, so she can eat Troy the same way she ate Lukas.

Snapping out of it, Dakota comes over to assist in the ingesting of a man he once considered his friend. It's not like they were best friends or anything, but Dakota had never really thought that one day, he'd be feeding his friend to his girlfriend. But is that something anyone *else* would consider, let alone even think of? He seriously doubts *that*.

Valerie opens her mouth wide, and Dakota lifts Troy's legs up and slides them inside. Dakota's face flushes red as he watches his girlfriend begin swallowing his unconscious friend. He simply stares in awe at the spectacle; he hadn't seen her eating something this big from the beginning before. Last time, he'd only caught the tail-end of her swallowing his pet snake. But now, he's getting to view the whole process.

Troy's legs easily slip into the beautiful predator's throat, already being pulled in further as she swallows down on him. His knees are yanked inside by her forceful gullet, thighs following suit, being dragooned into the fleshy prison within her that is already stuffed past its limit.

Dakota feels himself getting erect at the sight. He has no idea why or how he even finds this attractive, *he just does*. Without really thinking about it, he approaches his predacious girlfriend from behind as his friend's waist disappears into her gullet. He pulls Valerie's straining jeans down her thick thighs, followed by her lacy black panties, and to his surprise; he finds her pussy is soaking wet.

"So she gets off on this, too?" he thinks, though, to be honest, now that he considers it, it makes a lot of sense.

He unbuckles his belt and unzips his fly, pulling out his erection. He doesn't waste another second, and pushes into his aroused girlfriend's love tunnel.

Valerie moans out around her meal, her back arching as her boyfriend begins fucking her. It's been too long since she's had sex right after a meal. She eagerly **GULPs** down her still slumbering prey, who is now quickly encroaching upon his certain doom.

Dakota puts his hands on her belly as he thrusts in and out of her, feeling the prey already inside of her moving around, whining and barking, begging to be freed. He can feel the movements from inside her pussy, too, against his dick, which is *magical*. It's all so insanely attractive to him, he just can't get enough of seeing his girlfriend packed full of live, struggling prey. And having sex with her while she's like that, too? *Wow*.

Troy is sliding down the predator's throat, up to his shoulders now, and his neck soon to follow. Valerie is moaning loudly as she **GLRKS** him down, feeling intense pleasure from swallowing another meal, being full of three more, and being fucked. As Troy's head finally disappears into her maw, she has an orgasm, her cum spurting against her boyfriend's cock as she moans out in pure ecstasy.

Her moan then molds into a blaring burp — "**UUUUUUUUUUUUOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRPPPIII!**" and she moans again.

The sight of his old friend leaving this world, and Valerie's orgasm, makes Dakota orgasm, too, blowing his load inside his ravenous girlfriend, but he continues pounding her, still hard as a rock.

"Ohhh, *don't stop*, Dakota!!" Valerie squeals, her mouth hanging open and her tongue lolling out. She presses her forehead against the couch as her lover keeps going.

Dakota holds onto her sides, thrusting into Valerie, making her fat thighs jiggle, and her breasts bounce. The chubby predator just keeps moaning and groaning beneath her partner, full of prey, and pleasure. Within minutes, she has another orgasm, and a third almost immediately afterward; Dakota has a second orgasm, filling her with another load of jizz. By this point, they're both all fucked-out.

Pulling out of her, Dakota helps his bloated, full girlfriend onto the couch to lay down, so she can digest her meal. She pants as she lays back against the comfortable sofa, trying to catch her breath from all the exertion. Her lover slides her shirt and bra off with her help, and takes her other clothes, too, intending to wash them and put them back in the closet for her. Well, that is, assuming they'll even still fit her after she digests Troy's dogs, and Troy himself.

Dakota hadn't even noticed earlier, but Troy made her stomach so much bigger. The huge mound resting atop his now-sleeping girlfriend still moves, and whines, and barks. Though, there is a distinct spot where no movement can be seen, which is where he assumes Troy had landed, considering he was unconscious. Dakota has no idea how he didn't wake up during that whole thing, being swallowed, then having sex... He thinks if that was happening to him, he'd definitely wake up. But Troy was pretty wasted. Dakota made sure of that, so that he didn't cause any problems for Valerie.

After getting a blanket big enough to cover his nude partner, he lays it over her gently, and sits beside her, letting his head rest against the taut skin of her gut, listening to all the noises within. So much **CHRRRRNing**, **GLORRRPping**; deep, displeased gurgling as her organs try to reduce all the meat inside it to mush. And then there's all the whimpering and barking of the poor pups trapped in the fleshy prison, doomed to fill out the teenager's form even further. Of course, this meal would take at least a full day to digest, likely even longer, but the predator's lover will enjoy every minute of it.

Dakota falls asleep like that, with his head laying on the mound of noisy flesh, finding the noise, the warmth, and the feeling of it very soothing.

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- Mini Bonus Scene -

Valerie's face takes on a look of complete horror as she stands in front of the mirror. She's at least *twice* — no, three times! *Three times* as fat as she was three days ago!

Her wide, green eyes behold that she has sprouted a second chin that nearly hides her first, and her cheeks now resemble a baby's, when she moves her mouth, the corners dip into them very visibly. Her doughy, fat stomach now ballooning out even further, with a now-cavernous belly-button that is covered by a roll of said soft fat, and sagging down, covering her thunder-thighs down all the way to her knees.

Speaking of her knees, they're being eaten away by the pillowy flab of her thighs and lower legs, which now end in cankles. She lifts her flabby arms, the fat drooping down and jiggling as she does, viewing that, much like her legs, her elbows are being swallowed by the fat covering her arms, and she no longer has wrists.

To make matters worse, her boobs aren't even that much bigger. She has become a total fatass at the behest of her dear, darling boyfriend, and she has barely even gotten bigger tits out of it — the worst case scenario possible. Valerie finds this so infuriating, she wants to go down an entire tub of ice cream. And eat an entire cake. And maybe find a sweet little stray cat to stuff inside her *clearly mountainous* gut.