

Munchies

“The rain. In Spain. Falls mainly. On the plain.”

“Da wain in Fpain faws mainwy on da pwain?”

Gwen sighed. Her attempts to get Herne to enunciate better weren't amounting to much. Of course, it wasn't all his fault. He had those big terrible looking fangs, which tended to muddle things. And when you combined those fangs with his vividly pale skin, oval animalistic ears and huge rack of horns, it wasn't exactly like he could go attend proper speech therapy. Considering he was twice as tall as your average man, he would have difficulty getting inside most school buildings. She doubted the university would accept him anyways.

He was certainly a whole load of trouble. But when he gave her a big toothy smile after attempting the phrase, she couldn't help but forgive him all over again. No matter how much chaos he caused, nor how many girls he'd melted alive in his gut.

She reached out and gently ruffled his mess of brown hair. He was seated on the large bearskin rug in the remote cabin. Even the high peaked ceiling was a little too cramped for him. It was really more of a tent to him, but he spent most of his time outdoors anyways. The cabin was a good hiding place. Gwen had made sure that on the outside it looked as dilapidated as possible. On the inside it was quite cozy, and filled with a few massive freezers to keep him satiated.

Herne (as she'd dubbed him when she discovered him) was a creature defined by insatiability. He had an endless desire for sex, and an equally bottomless need to eat. But he wasn't cruel or evil. He never intended to hurt anyone.

The problem was, the outside world rarely extended him the same courtesy.

But the cabin provided a little haven for the both of them. It was the height of summer outside, and both of them were naked. Gwen normally was not particularly comfortable in displaying any part of her body. She was not really in the habit of displaying much at all. In her work as a park ranger, she had mastered the art of cynical wit, helping shepherd the seemingly constant tourists horde of girls eager to see the “hidden feminist gem” that was the town of Amazon. It was really a quite safe enough place if you followed the rules. It was a shame how many visiting women did not.

So in her day to day life, she was the strict harbinger of those rules, always ready to point out signs and regulations. But up here she could be naked, both physically and mentally.

“I'm going to have to be going soon...” she murmured as she pressed her slim naked body against his, her dark braids falling onto his pale chest. “It's the music festival again. Work.”

His face broke into a big toothy grin. "Mufik?" he asked excitedly. "I goh?"

Gwen sighed as she hunted for her panties in the pile of her clothes.

"No. Absolutely *not*. You remember last year didn't you? Eating a few guests would have been one thing. But you ate an entire *band*. And then you got your horns stuck through the roof of those girls' trailer. The Mayor skipped out the middle woman and chewed me out personally for that one."

Herne's grin turned into a trembling pout, and his antlers pointed at her accusingly as he looked at the floor.

"Girls pwetty. Mahk nife mufik. Juft wan fay hewwo..."

Gwen gave a second sigh, but this one with more understanding. "Well, yes, but I hope you've learned your lesson. No "saying hello" this year. If you're good and stay put I'll maybe bring you some food back, alright?"

"Awwight..." he said, still pouting. "No mufik".

She gave a soft smile as she hooked on her bra.

"Thank you. I appreciate it." She noticed that he was already stroking himself, a sign that he was getting bored. Best to nip that in the bud, and tire him out. Thankfully, she'd gotten pretty good at learning all the tricks to satisfy him.

"Here... why don't I help you out with that before I go?"

After washing her hands and putting on the rest of her clothes, Gwen started to make the steep downwards hike through the woods. She was grateful for the density of the trees here. To some it might be spooky, especially in the winter. But she very much enjoyed the shade in the summer. The fact that they had allowed shorts and short-sleeves as part of the Park Ranger uniform didn't help her much, given her skin tone could be most generously described as "ghostly".

After a good long set of minutes walking she could hear the distant sounds of music, and the faint smell of masses of food being prepared. However, she realized that there was something even closer - she smelt a pungent odor, and could hear the sounds of giggling.

Her eyes were even sharper than her ears or nose, and she soon picked out some bright magenta that was incongruous against the deep greens of the forest. Picking her way forwards,

she eventually found a small tent, with a pair of girls in the entrance. The heavy stench of marijuana hung around the place in a cloud.

She carefully considered the young women as she approached. Gwen never would have said that she found girls attractive, *per se*. However, her time with Herne had given her somewhat of an appreciation of their bodies, or at least an eye for them. She was starting to recognize what sort of things got him excited... and hungry.

The woman who was waving at her had large wire frame glasses, and messy straw colored hair tied sloppily back. Her slender arms were scattered with tattoos of flowers and the sorts of words that people found motivational. She was wearing a very loose green dress that clearly showed the heaviness of her breasts. Her knees were raised, the dress sliding down to reveal her soft pale thighs, and the fact that she was not wearing anything under the dress.

The other woman was half into the tent. All Gwen could make out at first was a maroon thong stretched against soft coffee-colored cheeks. As with her friend, modesty didn't seem to be a concern.

The blonde took another hint of the blunt she was smoking in one hand, waving again as she moved it away.

"Hey, how's it going!" she giggled. "What's going on?"

"I hope you have a proper receptacle for that," snapped Gwen almost on instinct. "It's a fire hazard."

The butt sticking out of the tent wiggled back and forth a bit, before the girl managed to extricate herself, leaning on her friend. She was wearing a loose yellow shirt that revealed that her small but shapely breasts were free of any brassiere. She had lovely long dark hair framing her face, and smooth long limbs to match. She'd also lugged out an oversized tupperware container filled with small squares that matched the color of her skin.

"Want a brownie?" she beamed, ignoring the reprimand that Gwen had given her friend.

"Sorry, but bribery doesn't work on me," answered Gwen sourly. "Also... are those brownies or, ah... 'brownies?'"

The two girls were sent into a fit of giggles, the blonde passing the blunt to her friend, who took a long puff before offering it to Gwen, who ignored it.

"Ladies, you do know that you are far outside of the area for camping," stated Gwen, determined to stay on track. "I'm strongly advising you to return closer to the festival, where everyone else has set up. It's a safety requirement."

The blonde girl nodded as if having heard a safe secret. “Oh, sure thing! We’ll just have to pack all this up, then we’ll head on over. We just wanted some like, y’know... some space?”

“Well, I can understand that. I still must insist that you pack up and move on. Also, please be careful with what you light up. This is forest fire season.”

Often, Gwen would be faced with truly petulant campers, and she’d have to bring the full force of her venomous sarcasm and authority onto them. However, this pair simply nodded and cheerfully agreed with her, in between giggling and groping at each other. She made a mental note that she’d have to check back in on them when she finished up at the music festival.

Some people just couldn’t be trusted.

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As far as music festivals went, “Wytch Fest” was relatively small. It was mainly known for being in that small class of music festivals that boasted only female artists and bands. However, the town of Amazon, while famous in certain circles, wasn’t exactly a large metropolis. Gwen doubted that it could have supported anything much bigger than the few hundred guests, and small single-day setlist of acts.

But smaller meant more manageable, which was what Gwen enjoyed. She suspected that the overwhelming female audience also helped keep down instances of what was professionally known as “jackassery”. And the festival itself had a pretty competent set of staff working it. All she needed to do was make sure that no one wandered off too far, and that litter was kept to a minimum.

It was turning into such a breeze that she allowed herself to relax for a moment. Beyond the music, there were a wide variety of stalls featuring arts, crafts and food for sale. The food she perused with particular interest. If Herne did manage to stay put, he deserved a treat.

She knew that he would be trying his best, but she still made sure to scan the outskirts of the festival for any sign of his lanky frame or crown of antlers.

To her relief, her shift went incredibly smoothly, and the hours flew by. When it reached a warm and late afternoon, she left the festival, carrying a large cooler packed with a few tubs of ice cream. She knew that Herne had a weakness for anything sweet, and that should easily treat any sourness he had at being left behind.

It was a bit of sweaty work going back uphill with the cooler, but Gwen’s work as a park ranger had helped her develop surprising depths of endurance. Chasing Herne around the wilderness didn’t hurt either.

As she hiked up, she suddenly caught sight of flashes of pink through the trees. She cursed under her breath. What had she really expected? She'd have to go and forcefully get these bums to pack up and move.

As she approached, she got the same scent, and the same giggling as before. But there was something a little bit different in its tone...

As she stomped into the clearing, her heart skipped a beat. The girls had laid out a blanket and were now both laying down on it... on either side of Herne. His long pale body was laid out in greatest comfort. The blonde was snuggled up to him on one side stroking his erect cock, while the brunette gingerly licked it.

She told herself that it made no sense to be jealous. This was just his nature. She had no reason to get upset. What she *could* get upset over, however, was the incredible risk this was presenting.

She cleared her throat loudly as she put down the cooler. Herne sat up, a little wobbly, pulling the two girls with him, who dropped their heads into his lap as they giggled.

"Herne. You better have a good reason to be here," she said, her concern turning to anger even as her mind raced for a possible solution. She had to get him out of here, and somehow convince these girls not to talk!

Herne hung his head slightly, his shaggy hair hanging over his face. "No go mufik..." he said, before breaking out into a dopey laugh. "Juft go faw wawk... juft go wawkin..."

The blonde cuddled up to him as she peered at Gwen. "Woah, hey its the park ranger lady. Do you know this guy? He's a blast!"

Her brunette friend grinned as well. "Yeah he's like, super chill. He was just walking around the woods naked, all back to nature. He's soooooo tallllll. And like, check out his costume! We shoulda hit the music festival after all maybe..."

Gwen suddenly felt a spark of hope. Maybe this could be resolved *without* a call to her boss or the Mayor.

"Ah yes. He's a real wild one isn't he. However, it's time for him to head home," she said, hardening her tone at the end. "Let's get going, Herne."

To her shock, he simply stared at her blearily and giggled, the two girls joining him.

"Wow, your girlfriend is so uptight..." laughed the blonde.

“Yeah. Why don’t you just chill and join us?” added the brunette. “Here have a... oh, they’re all gone...”

Gwen glanced at the large tupperware that she had been offered, which was now empty apart from a few crumbs. Her mind flashed back to earlier. The brownies....

Gwen shoved the two girls off of Herne as she pulled his chin up. His half lidded eyes had the distinctive redness that came from dilated capillaries.

“Oh my god Herne... how many of them did you eat?!” she asked, though she already knew the answer. She knew him. He would have eaten all of them. She even saw the slight bulge in his stomach that would have come from downing a massive container of pot brownies.

“Yeah, he like, just *inhaled* them...” giggled the blonde, putting her arms behind her head, uncaring that her dress had ridden up to her waist.

“Do you feel alright Herne? Can you stand? We need to get you home right now...”

“Hokay. Herne ftaaaan” Herne, however, made no attempt to stand, simply rocking back and forth, stroking himself with one hand as he beamed.

He was hard enough to manage when he was lucid. In this state, how on earth was she going to get him to leave? Now that the music festival was over, what if there were some inquisitive nature lovers heading out into the woods? She needed to get him back to their cabin as soon as possible.

“Jeez... why are you freaking out so much?” laughed the brunette, stretching her limber body to grab a bag of chips, munching down on a few. “ Just let him chill out here and deal with the munchies. You want some chips big guy?”

Herne gazed at the bag, then swung his antlered head to the side to look at the blonde woman. She had rolled onto her front to reach for a bag of trail mix, but seemed oblivious to the state of her dress. The soft pale curves of her rump were exposed, gently jiggling as she moved.

He was now staring, fixated, his normal endless lusts and hungers being processed through a haze.

“Herne... hungwy...”

The blonde girl looked up at him, eyes hazy behind her glasses. “Not into chips? Want some trail mix?”

His stomach gave out a mournful growl. Gwen stepped forwards. “Now, hold on, Herne, just stop - everyone just wait - “

Herne ignored Gwen and considered the offer - but he clearly had something else in mind. "Cahn eet youwa? A wittle?"

The blonde woman laughed, misunderstanding as she followed his gaze. She raised her rear into the air and wiggled it provocatively. "Hey, if that's what you're into, go ahead man..."

Gwen didn't have a chance. Herne normally wasn't dangerous. Not unless he was scared. Or, as it turned out, if he was impaired. Even when he wasn't thinking straight, however, he couldn't be stopped when his hungers took hold.

His pale arms were long and slender, but Gwen knew that they had immense power in them. He reached out and grabbed the blonde woman around the waist, picking her off the ground with such force that her glasses slid off. She gave a giggle, and then a shriek of confused delight as he forcefully pulled her dress down to her knees. He then held her up above her, and lowered her down.

Gwen knew that, by all definitions, Herne was a monster, in body if not in soul. But too often it was easy to forget just what a monster he was. His lanky frame, shaggy hair, placid eyes all belied the predatory nature that lurked underneath.

But as his jaws stretched inhumanly wide in order to shove the blonde woman's ass into his maw, Gwen was reminded just what he was capable of. His lanky frame was absolutely no impediment to what he could eat. Essentially anything he wanted to stuff down his throat, he could.

The blonde woman, still in her own haze, and unable to see what was going on without her glasses, giggled nervously.

"Oh, woah, hey, careful with that tongue big guy..."

Her friend simply paused and stared, chip halfway to a gaping mouth, as she tried to decide how much of this was real, and how much was a drug induced daydream.

Gwen probably should have told him to spit her out, or at least tried to help drag her out. But something always took a hold of her when Herne was feeding. There was just something inherently... fascinating about the impossibility of it.

Herne gave a few powerful swallows and suddenly the blond was in a much more precarious position. Her rear, and much of her body, had just slid down his throat, and she was folded up somewhat uncomfortable. She looked to be rather flexible. But even if she wasn't, Gwen doubted that would have stopped Herne.

"H-hey, what's going on..." she stammered, starting to clue in that something was very wrong.

Herne's pale form contorted and bulged more as he swallowed again. Soon there was only a pair of wiggling feet visible outside his drooling mouth. Then they vanished in another series of bizarre contortions, writhing and bulging throughout his body. Eventually these movements all settled into a swelling of his stomach, as his belly distended outwards to accommodate his prey. Gwen could see his gut stretch outwards as the confused new inhabitant struggled. However, there was no escape.

Herne yawned and stretched, getting to his feet, his stomach swaying as it did so. The brunette woman stared up at him in confused awe.

"Wh-what did you just do? How did you do that?" she asked. Herne cocked his head, confused at this very obvious question. He then decided to show her.

Gwen didn't even think about stopping him this time. It was cold but she wasn't going to bet that this girl could write off what she saw to the drugs. They hadn't been doing anything nearly psychedelic enough. She simply watched in rapt fascination as Herne picked up the girl and started to shove her head and shoulders into his mouth, which stretched out around her. Gwen caught one glimpse of terror, as the reality set in, before he engulfed her up to her small breasts, her yellow shirt started to darken with his saliva, and her fear sweat.

Normally when he ate it was with frightening savagery, stuffing girls down into his stomach as fast as he could. Under the influence, it was a strangely sedate process. The girl had absolutely no chance to escape, her struggles doing nothing. He simply slowly but steadily pushed more of her in, oblivious to her screaming.

When he reached halfway, he tilted his head back. Even Gwen had to admire the artistry of the two long coffee colored legs, terminating in the toned cheeks, scissoring wildly. He spent a few moments chewing gently and thoughtfully on that rump, before slurping down thighs and calves. Then she was gone, and his belly doubled in size. He blinked slowly at Gwen, before giving a loud belch, a torn maroon thong landing wetly on the grass.

"What did we learn about manners?" said Gwen sternly.

"Scuze me..." he murmured, covering his mouth. Gwen gave a soft smile. Things hadn't gone perfectly, but now the two girls were inside his stomach, instead of running around where they could be spreading rumours. Unfortunate, but far from the worst case scenario.

Suddenly, Gwen could hear the worst case scenario approaching. There was the sound of voices, coming from downhill. Spinning around, she could see what looked like movement in the distance. Her guess about women exploring the forest after the festival was correct.

She swore under her breath, though Herne seemed to be entirely unbothered. In fact, he had sat himself right back down, massaging his writhing, swollen belly. There was no way she was going to get him out of here in this state.

It was the time to think fast.

“Herne, hey... you seem full...” he said softly. “Why not get into the tent? Just take a break for a bit?”

He mumbled his agreement and clumsily tried to get into the tent. It didn't work quite as well as she had hoped. The tent had been designed for regular sized humans, not someone nearly twice their length. His horns were ripping out the back of it, though thankfully out of view. The problem is that his long legs were sticking out - and there was no way to get the flaps of the tent to cover his engorged stomach. Worse, the two girls in his stomach were starting to make more demands of explanations. They were muffled, but anyone coming close would see them.

She couldn't let him be seen like this. She couldn't let him be seen with her, a park ranger.

With a sigh, she started to strip off her uniform, tossing it into the tent. She had to drive this group away.

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Gwen screamed as loudly as she could as she bounced up and down on Herne's cock. To be fair, it was hard not to do a little screaming. His erection would be a perfectly average amount of dick... on someone half his size.

He was too buzzed to do anything but lay back and take it. But positioned as she was, she hoped she was blocking a good view into the tent. Equally hopefully, anyone coming by would decide to keep on going once they realized they were intruding on a private moment. And maybe her loud screaming would help mask the noises coming from inside his stomach.

It just relied on no one coming too close. If they came closer, they might realize that Herne's legs were too long. They might get a peek inside the tent. They might see his horns ripping out the other side.

So Gwen tried to be as much of a public nuisance as possible. She hazarded one glance back over her shoulder. She could see a trio of stunned looking girls watching her from the treeline. Her face flushed red. She could see them return her embarrassed glance and quickly retreat back the way they had come.

She hated to admit it, but the rush of embarrassment she had felt... It improved the experience.

She didn't need to fake her screams from that point onwards, especially not her last, loudest one.

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The quickie in the tent had not only driven away the potential witnesses, but it had managed to perk Herne up a little too. Once she had dressed and resumed her professional persona, Gwen wasted no time in hustling Herne up the hill. She made sure to grab the discarded glasses and thong as she went. She'd have to have another awkward phone call with her boss about this.

Only when they were safely hidden away in the cabin did she let herself relax. It had been close, but they'd done it. If they'd had to go further, she doubted that Herne could have kept it up without wanting to doze again. Her arms had also started to hurt from dragging the cooler.

Herne yawned and made himself comfortable leaning back on the large pile of cushions and blankets that made up his nest. He still looked quite out of it. She realized that the two girls he ate had been pretty baked themselves. Was eating them going to have any more effects like the brownies, she wondered?

"Hungwee..." he moaned, and Gwen couldn't help but laugh.

"What? After two whole girls? Well, they were rather skinny... ah, here. I got you something."

Gwen opened the coolers and the large tubs of Rocky Road - his favorite. She returned with an ice cream scoop and some bowls. After she served herself, Herne simply took the scoop from her, and started to dig directly into the tubs.

"Oh dear... you're making such a mess..." sighed Gwen. She quickly disrobed (not wanting to get stray ice cream on her uniform) and then gently approached him with a towel, dabbing at the spilled food.

She still found it possible to be shocked at his appetite. To her surprise, he polished off all the ice cream she had brought, his stomach swelling even more. From the sound of the inhabitants, they weren't exactly enjoying the experience.

Only a few moments after gorging himself, Herne was already fading. With some murmurs of affection towards her, he lay back on the cushions and quickly started to snore.

"What the hell is this? What the hell is going on? L-let us out!"

Sounded like the blonde. Gwen supposed the best thing would be simply to leave Herne alone and let nature run its course. But she had to admit this part fascinated her.

It's not that Gwen enjoyed seeing girls well... melt. But it's not that it made her uncomfortable either. Gwen had always had a morbid bent to her, back from when she was a child. It was something that had always kept her somewhat apart from the town. She was more comfortable in the cruel simplicity of nature. Things were born, then hurtled towards death. Everything was food for something, eventually.

So really, in the grand scheme of things, there was nothing unusual at all happening to these girls. It was simply a case of entropy arriving early.

The girls were really starting to panic and scream now, and discernable bulges were starting to form in Herne's stomach, despite all the extra ice cream filling. A part of Gwen took a thrill in the idea of taunting them, of informing them exactly what would happen. But she kept silent. Her narration would add little more, and little less to what his body would already be doing.

So she simply lay against the stomach, feeling the desperate struggle for life play out underneath. It was a rather soothing sensation to her, and soon she drifted off to sleep as well, leaning naked on the great round expanse.

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When she woke up cuddled next to Herne there was barely any sign that he had eaten anything at all. She ran her hands down his smooth stomach and marveled at the efficiency of his body as he continued to lightly snore. Of the two girls there was absolutely no sign.

She wondered where on earth they all *went*. He never seemed to put on any permanent weight, no matter how much he ate, what he ate... or who he ate. He also never seemed to excrete anything either. He was like a bottomless pit.

Well... it was wrong to say that his body didn't produce anything, she thought in her dreamy slowly waking state, as her hand gently went further than his stomach to his crotch. As expected, his cock very quickly came to attention.

She had a bit of a theory running, that she mulled over as she gently stroked him. The only thing his body did seem to produce, and in plentiful quantities, was his seed. What if that was his way of processing what he digested?

As she ran a tongue along his cock, he gave a few small groans, slowly awakening. He gave her a groggy look.

"Headuh... feewuh... bahd.." he moaned, rolling onto his side, cushions sticking to his antlers.

She gave him a small smile in return. "Well, that's what you get for eating an entire bin of pot brownies and washing it down with some stoners. I hope you've learned your lesson about accepting treats from strangers. Just relax..."

His eyes half shut as she put the tip of his cock into her mouth. It was somewhat difficult because of the size difference, but she did her best. She still kept her theory in mind. If it was true... was that going to make her a cannibal by proxy?

She started to suck him off in earnest, giving little girlish whimpers that she would never dare let out anywhere else. But here they were safe. Here she could be herself.

When he came, it was more than a mouthful and she swallowed, over and over again.

It tasted a little funny this morning.

And a little sweet.

She had a feeling they'd both be wanting big breakfasts.