



47H

To say that Liam was hungry was an understatement. It was almost as if he hadn't eaten in weeks; and yet breakfast had been just a few hours ago. He had no clue as to where his sudden hunger had come from, and yet it was gnawing at his very soul as he stood doubled over on the sidewalk. He had merely been walking back to his bar after a trip around town to gather up a few supplies from the locals. Of course, he had been staying out late, and that may have messed with his eating schedule some... But this amount of hunger? Out of nowhere and just seemingly right in front of one of the biggest restaurants in the town seemed almost like too much of a coincidence. He had yet to walk into the place, but now it seemed as though he had no choice in the matter; he *needed* something to eat. This wasn't an option for him, he felt like he was either going to implode or eat himself from the inside out unless he got food into his gut, and right away. Suspecting weird force at work, the wolf took a few mental precautions as he took the few short steps towards the door. Bags in his paws made getting the door open a little interesting, but he managed it with a flick of his elbow and a huff of effort as he had to contort himself around the door just to get in.

Groaning in hunger as he stepped through the door into the fairly quaint eatery, the wolf took a quick look around and was drawn aback by what he saw. Scanning the room, he was greeted with a sight which gave away just why the place was so popular; not a single patron in the place could be construed as even remotely 'thin'. Varying sizes did fill the eatery, sure, but the gamut ran from merely obese to living mountain inside the place. Each one of them was eating too, the sounds of gluttonous consumption filling the wolf's sensitive ears as he felt the door close behind him. His ears flattening down as he tried to ignore the sounds battering him and reminding him of just why he had gone into the place at all, the scents of food hit him moments later and sealed the deal that he would indeed be eating at this place. Bacon, steak, eggs, pancakes... Breakfast foods galore flooded his senses like a dam had burst from somewhere in the back of the restaurant, and it was filled with food. Pouring over him like a wave, the wolf just did what he could to keep his knees from buckling and drool from pouring out of his maw as he drank them in. He could practically taste the food as he sniffed at the air, swallowing a few times just to get the taste down his throat and into his stomach in some sort of vain attempt to eat the air. It was embarrassing, mortifying even to the svelte wolf who had taken such pride in keeping his build as it was, but these were desperate times for him.

Unconsciously, he had made his way over to a table, sat down with his bags on the floor beside his eat, and gotten a menu from one of the portly servers that were milling through the eatery. It was as if he were a canine possessed at that point, his body moving on its own accord as he just moved from the door to his seat, and then began to read the menu without even taking much of it in. Every single item looked tasty to his food-starved body, and it was drawing him in all the more as he turned the pages of food before him. Pictures of veritable feasts were on each page, descriptions of the feasts below and only further whetting the appetite of the canine. Liam just flushed brightly as he saw what looked to be an endless meal towards the back of the menu, knowing full well that he shouldn't order it. He couldn't order it, the food would just go to waste. He wouldn't be able to eat all of it, not a chance. Yet... The server returned, and his mouth formed the words to order that endless feast. The server didn't look phased in the slightest by that order either, simply writing it down and asking what pitchers of drink the canine would like to start as if he got that order regularly. Stunned internally but still unable to control a single part of himself thanks to how *damn hungry* he was, Liam ordered cola for the time being, as well as some water; he figured he would need it.

The wait nearly killed Liam, sitting there and just having to play with his paws while he looked on at others scarfing down ungodly amounts of food as though it were nothing. Liam couldn't fathom how some of the patrons had even managed to get into the restaurant in the first place, but once his eyes caught sight of parking for belly tables and wheelbarrows to one side of the entrance, he put two and two together. Hoggish grunts and snorts battered his ears, scents of food galore assaulted his nose, and the sight of plates being brought out at a pace that boggled his mind and were piled to

nearly overflowing with food just made the wolf wish he could deprive himself of all his senses. Yet he couldn't, so he was forced to endure until the first of his meal was brought over to him. The pitcher of cola didn't last long, as the wolf unvoluntarily decided to forgo a cup and just brought the entire pitcher up to his muzzle. Wrapping his lips around the wide rim, he just took it and tilted the entire thing up as he gulped down the soda like it was going to run away from him. Hard swallow after hard swallow, his cheeks bulged, emptied, and then refilled as he down the soda in record time. He was so busy chugging at least a half-gallon of coke that he forgot, momentarily, about the monumental order of food that he had placed. It was a shame that he did really, because once he realized just what was coming for him, he all but tossed the empty pitcher aside and dug right on in.

A breakfast platter of pancakes and bacon had been the first victim to be presented to the ravenous canine, and it was demolished. A vain attempt at utensils was made by Liam, the last vestiges of civility trying their utmost to get the wolf to not just eat as though he had gone feral with hunger, but those were quickly abandoned for paws just shoveling the food into his muzzle with reckless abandon. He ate that food as though it were the air itself around him, pushing it in with both paws and chomping it down sloppily. He even lowered his muzzle to rest just above the table, so there was less travel between food and plate for him, making the work even easier for his arms, and less time to fill his stomach for the bottomless pit that it seemed to have become. A few pancakes were all that he ever ate, and they were usually modest in size. These monstrosities were well over a foot wide each, looking more like pizzas slathered in butter and syrup to the point that they were soggy, and yet the wolf just devoured them as though they were chips. Tearing off huge swaths of pancake and smearing his muzzle and the upper parts of his blue vest, the canine's grey fur quickly got a brown sheen to it thanks to the syrup being spilled onto its surface. Liam's mind screamed at him for this, begging for some amount of care to be taken with his eating, and yet that part of him was being silenced by the overbearing need to eat which had taken over every single fiber of his being.

The pancakes gave way to chicken-fried steaks, all of which were consumed in the same manner. The grey on his paws was sticky with syrup, but that was quickly washed away by the gravy which coated the steaks as he consumed those in the same manner. His stomach felt as empty as when he had started, if not even moreso, and thusly he was just eating as though he were possessed. It was nearly painful for him, but Liam knew that eating would make the pain go away; eventually. It was that eventually which kept him eating, platter after platter, meal after meal. In just a few short minutes he had consumed a full day's worth of calories and was going strong. Ten minutes in, and he had eaten more in that single sitting than he ate in an entire week. His stomach showed this by already bulging out through the middle of his vest, and yet the wolf did nothing to react to this. No, he was far too focused on eating, on stuffing his face until he either burst or the hunger pangs which had brought him into the restaurant went away. Something had to give, and as he worked his way over the second batch of equally-enormous pancakes which had been placed before him, he didn't know just which was going to give first. He had a feeling it might be his appetite, but... He didn't know. He just needed to eat, and eat he did.

What Liam had failed to notice, the entire time, were a set of red eyes peering out from the kitchen at him. Their owner was beaming to himself as he cooked away, spatulas flipping themselves and mixers all running away on their own as if some invisible hand was controlling them all. 20 or so invisible chefs cooking up a storm, all while the sole occupant of the kitchen slowly worked away on another batch of pancakes; the wolf's. That little inkling of magic that Liam had felt before entering the eatery had indeed been on purpose, as that pair of red eyes and the mammoth beast which possessed them had spotted him, and decided he needed some meat on his bones. Just how much... Well, that remained to be seen. But as the seams on Liam's pants stretched and began to tear, and the tattoos on his arms began to distort from the weight being piled on underneath them... The beast seemed to think that a good amount of weight wouldn't be a small task. Thusly, he kept cooking and

watching. Liam, on the other paw, had to keep on eating... It was going to be quite a meal for him. Well, at least, for his stomach that is.