

Drunk Snack

By: Indi

Glen clenched his eyes shut as he downed the rest of his glass of whiskey in one go, ignoring the burning in his throat. He gasped as he finished, slamming the glass down and smiling wide. “Pour me another, Sharpe!” the miner roared.

The rotund barkeep behind the counter grabbed Glen’s now-empty glass. “Usually you cheap out at one, Glen, but this is your third! What’s the occasion?”

Glen took a look around the saloon. Once he realized there was no one else in the place with them he smirked, and leaned over the counter. “Finally struck it rich, my round friend. Filthy rich! Found a vein of gold on my plot. Gonna be living the good life from here on out.” He gave a pouch at his side a pat before taking the refilled glass and beginning to drink again.

“That so?” Sharpe raised a brow. “Why don’t we celebrate with something a bit better, then? On the house!” He pulled a jug of rum out from under the counter. It was huge, so big Glen could barely believe the barkeep had lifted it up with just one hand. The label had the face of a silver wolf on it, grinning and showing off its fangs. The name of the saloon was below the wolf: The Silver Bullet.

“When you start brewing?” Glen asked, eying up the jug even as he drank the booze in front of him. The whiskey was hitting him, well past a simple buzz now.

“Long time ago. *Very* long time ago.” Sharpe chuckled in a tone Glen might’ve found odd had he not been drunk. “Can’t claim it’s the best, but it’ll fill your belly up good. Sometimes a bit too good!” He slapped his gut and laughed, drawing Glen’s attention to it. The barkeep’s belly was fairly round, his vest and shirt clinging to its surface.

“That why you’ve been getting fatter and fatter lately?” Glen snorted and finished his whiskey.

“In a way, yes.” Sharpe was smiling just as wide as the wolf on his rum jug, and for a second Glen swore they looked the same. But only a second. “Don’t worry, though. I’m sure you’ll have no trouble with it.” He uncorked the jug and filled Glen’s glass to the brim. “Drink up; you’ve earned it.”

Glen didn’t have to be told twice. He took a sip, then a gulp. Then he just outright chugged the stuff. Rum wasn’t his favorite drink, but he couldn’t deny how good Sharpe’s was. It made him giggle and his head spin. “Woo, that was—*hic*—that was good! Might have ta try it more often.”

“Why wait?” Sharpe poured Glen another.

“Still on the house?”

“Still on the house.”

That was all the miner needed to hear. He drained the glass. And the one after. And the one after that. He drank until the entire jug had been emptied, until his middle actually swelled noticeably and his shirt felt tight. He swayed on his stool, giggling in delight as he slipped into a drunken stupor.

“How ya holding up, Glen?” Sharpe asked, putting the jug away.

“I’m—*hic*—great! Just—*hehe*—just great.”

“Glad to hear it.” Sharpe slid Glen’s old glass aside, clearing everything away on the counter between them. “Hey Glen. Did you know there’s a full moon tonight?” The miner shook his head.

“And did you ever wonder why I named this place the Silver Bullet Saloon?” Again the miner shook his head, this time enough to make himself dizzy. “Ah, well it’s a bit of a long story. Luckily for you, the short answer’s real easy to show on nights like this.”

When Glen looked up, there was a silver tint to Sharpe’s hair and beard, both of which seemed thicker. Suddenly the silver spread across Sharpe’s face, which distended outward, becoming a muzzle. The barkeep’s nails extended into claws, and his hands became thicker and covered in silver fur, until they were clearly paws. The changes were too fast to keep up with, and the drunk’s gaze darted from one part of Sharpe’s body to another, trying to keep up. Before his very eyes Sharpe had transformed into a werewolf.

"Were...werewolf," Glen sputtered, too drunk to say anything more.

"Ah, so you're not *completely* wasted then," Sharpe smiled, leaning over the counter. "I'm sure you've heard the legends about a werewolf's appetite. We can be utterly insatiable at times. And of course all this heft I've gathered over the years has only made me hungrier." His stomach rumbled loudly enough to catch Glen's attention. "Lucky for me it's never hard to find something juicy and filling on nights like this."

Sharpe reached forward and grabbed the collar of Glen's shirt. With one tug he pulled the miner out of his stool and onto the counter. Glen squirmed a bit, but with his head swimming from all the booze he couldn't put up much of a fight.

"I was already planning on eating ya for all those times you tried to run off on a bill. You having a pouch full of gold is just a bonus." Sharpe licked his chops before opening his maw wide.

Glen stared into the back of Sharpe's throat, into the abyss. He let out a garbled protest that was quickly silenced as he was pulled forward and past the jaws.

The first taste caused Sharpe's stomach to growl loud, demanding to be fed. He had no problem giving in to its gluttonous demands. The second gulp pulled Glen's shoulders in, the third wrapping around them tight. He felt the first button of his vest pop as his throat bulged. More would follow in quick succession. Glen's flailing legs kicked over a stool, but did nothing to slow his descent into the hungry werewolf barkeep.

One paw plucked off Glen's money pouch before he grabbed ahold of the miner's pants and pulled, practically cramming their middle into his maw. He'd indulged on far fatter prey before—a blubbery banker came to mind in particular—but Glen's slightly swollen middle still felt good to swallow. He probably could've forced Glen to guzzle another jug of rum to make him rounder. Of course *he'd* be the one dealing with the hangover in the morning if he had.

With Glen swallowed up to his waist, Sharpe's own gut was beginning to swell. The doughy ball of silver wobbled as it filled, growing with every gulp. The rounding mass pressed against the counter, eventually pushing Sharpe back in order to make room. By then Sharpe was able to tilt the rest of his meal upward, causing Glen to slide down his gullet with haste. He *needed* the miner in his stomach, *needed* the sensation of being stuffed. His tail was wagging fiercely, threatening to knock glasses off the back shelf. Eating was Sharpe's greatest pleasure--especially eating other people.

Sharpe tore the boots off Glen as he made his final swallows. When his jaws finally closed shut he gulped as hard as he could, sealing Glen away with a bounce of his bulging belly.

"Been waiting all month for that!" Sharpe laughed, his gut shaking. He could transform even when there wasn't a full moon, but for some reason everything tasted better on those nights in particular. He grasped his massive middle with both paws and lifted it a little, feeling the weight of the meal within. The extra heft was always incredible, one of the best parts of eating a live meal. If only he could've had seconds, or even thirds. But he could only pull off such feasts when he had someone to help shove the meals into his mouth, and help that could keep a secret was hard to come by. And hard to resist eating, inevitably.

He let his gut drop, blushing as it bounced a couple times, the weight trying to drag him down. "Damn Glen, you tasted a hell of a lot better than you looked!" He slapped his belly hard, grinning as Glen squirmed a bit harder in response. "And you're gonna look even better on my waistline once you've churned away. I say you'll be decently fattening. Maybe enough to require another trip to the tailor. He likes to joke about my eating habits paying half his bills! Course he doesn't know the real reason I keep ballooning up like this every month."

The werewolf groped his gut, already imagining how much softer it was going to get. Just another advantage of his ridiculous appetite. Though he'd take any excuse to get fatter now and then. Helped him intimidate the less cooperative drunks--at least the ones who didn't end up in his belly.

Sharpe slowly waddled out from behind the counter, playing with his middle as he went. His swaying gut knocked over another stool, along with a chair, but he only laughed. When he reached the

door he pulled a key out of his pocket to lock it, and flipped the sign in the window from “Open” to “Closed”. The chances of anyone else wandering in that late were slim, but he didn’t want to be disturbed.

With the saloon secure for the night, Sharpe stretched and let out a long yawn. “Definitely time to sleep you off, dinner~” He squeezed his gut. “Hope you like your stay, cause you’re in for the long haul.”

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“Everyone’s been blaming the missing cattle on rustlers, but I’m beginning to think Sharpe here’s just been pigging out on beef!” The cowboy poked Sharpe right in his belly, his finger sinking slightly into the doughy mass. There was raucous laughter all around the saloon.

“Hey now, if I were doing that at least I’d have some fancy horns to decorate the place with!” Sharpe said back, going along with the ribbing. It’d been two days since the last full moon, and the barkeep looked crammed into his clothing. The buttons on his vest were strained, with large gaps in between. The shirt beneath them clung tightly to the curves of his belly, which it didn’t even completely cover. His apron hid the fact that he could no longer close the button on his pants. He felt like one stiff belch away from tearing a seam.

Of course the patrons had noticed, but instead of being suspicious they’d merely been amused. That’s what always happened after a full moon meal. When people saw him gain a preposterous amount of weight in a short time, they made their own excuses for it. He’d always been that fat, they just hadn’t realized it. He’d just had a large meal so he only *looked* fatter. Clothing was making him look thicker. “He ate someone last night” certainly never crossed their minds.

So rather than hide, Sharpe simply waddled around in the open, letting everyone tease him about his weight. He didn’t mind, really. And sometimes it helped him pick out the next full moon meal...like the plump cowboy who’d been so eager to poke his belly. He’d make a fine addition to it in a month. After plenty of drinks, of course.