

FULLEST MOON

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It was a cold, crisp night over the dense Alaskan Chugach Forest; a full moon was overhead, a cloudless night with stars overhead, and a thick blanket of snow on the ground. All was silent, until a clear, echoing howl rolled across the night sky. In response, half a dozen howls echoed after. The peace of the forest was shattered as half a dozen huge, hulking creatures tore through the frozen brush in pursuit of a moose.

If you had asked Tyler a year ago what he would think about running through the deep Alaskan wilderness in the dead of night when there was still a foot of snow on the ground, he would have made a face like he was sucking on a lemon and then taken a break to play a game or two on Fortnite to calm down. But a lot had changed in the past year; now, he was a werewolf. Well— part of a werewolf pack. As a feline, he felt more like a werecat, maybe? Unlike the rest of the pack, his wereform had more of the characteristics of a sabertooth tiger than a classic werewolf, with dagger-sized fangs and his stripes stretched and warped over a pelt of an absolute beast— his thickly roped, powerful limbs could snap and crush through the saplings and younger trees, and his jaws, teeth and claws could tear through anything short of brick walls. He was a large, powerful beast, and the moon fuelled his energy that had to be burned one way or another— hunting a moose down was not nearly as fun when his old boss dragged him out years ago; squatting in a cold, damp deer blind for hours before dawn. But charging through the snow faster than a snowmobile, feeling like the apex predator in the whole forest with all the awesome power of a werewolf, and winning a fight with a half-ton tank of an animal with nothing but his claws and brawn was a rush he couldn't compare to anything else in his life.

Well— there was *one* thing that could compare, and that was the post-hunt barbecue at the Moore family compound. The Moore family made up the bulk of Tyler's pack, and its patriarch, Hank Moore, was the pack's leader. The compound was centered around a huge farmhouse set in the middle of the woods, with a barn, garage, and logging shed, as well as a few cabins for visitors like Tyler. Outside of Tyler, there were a few werewolves in the pack that weren't related to the Moores by blood, but he was the only feline in the pack— a *lot* of cat and dog jokes had been thrown his way, but it was all meant in good fun.

After the hunt, Tyler was in one of the cabins on the Moore property, changing back into his clothes as the sun rose with a few of the other werewolves.

"Hey, Furlong! You did a hell of a job out there tonight!" One of the Moore werewolves, Hank's brother Harry, clapped his thick hand on Tyler's broad shoulder. Most of the Moore werewolves were built somewhere between off-season bodybuilders and football linemen, but Harry was just straight up fat; most times, it was easy to confuse his wereform for a bear stuffing itself in preparation for hibernation. A trucker by profession, his plaid shirt was buttoned up tight over a massive spare tire of a gut that bounced as he walked and sloshed against Tyler's thick

side as Harry punched Tyler in the arm. "What's your secret, ya just pretend the moose're mice or something?"

"Ah-hah, ah-hah," Tyler punched Harry in the arm back, laughing drily. "Never heard that one before."

Harry guffawed for a moment before lumbering off. Tyler grinned tightly, shaking his head. As for himself, he too had grown into one of the burliest members of the pack. He likened himself to a heavyweight wrestler most of the time; he was powerfully built, with broad shoulders and thick, meaty arms; when he flexed, his arm was about as big as his head, ears included. A deep chest that was well-padded and solid, and a middle that— well, it was evident he wasn't going to be showing off washboard abs anytime soon, but that core was about as solid as a brick wall. Squeezing into a plus-sized shirt with video game references no one in the Moore family understood, aside from the kids too young to fully transform, anyways, Tyler strode out into the snowy morning, and then rushed back into the warmth of the Moore home.

The place was packed; a dozen or so Moore werewolves were all crowding the kitchen, being kept at bay by the formidable Victoria Moore, matriarch of the Moore family, wife of Hank, and probably the single most intimidating member of the pack, with a sharp tongue that could sting like a whip, icy blue eyes that could freeze the blood when she glared at you, and a solid, beefy build forged by years of keeping the Moore men and boys in line.

"Go on! All of you, get! I'll tell *you* when breakfast is ready, don't come beggin' around for scraps like strays!" she shouted, pointing her spatula at Frank like it was a sword. "And Franklin Moore if you try sneaking a bite one more time, I'll tan your hide and turn it into boots! All of you, *out!*"

The hunters dispersed, some of them letting out plaintive whines as they trodded off, but then Victoria spotted Tyler. "Oh, Tyler honey, come here!" she called, her tone shifting instantly to that of a warm and loving matron. "Here, you take a bite of that and you be honest with me, I'm trying something new with the bacon."

The cat obeyed— partially because Victoria terrified him, but also because the aromas wafting out of the kitchen were nothing short of divine. Victoria popped a piece of bacon into his mouth and looked at him expectantly. The cat's eyes went wide as a rich flavor hit his tongue, sweet and spicy at the same time. "Mm— what is that, syrup and...?"

"Oh, this chipotle spice mix that Blake brought in. It's perfect, right?" Victoria grinned, folding her arms.

"Blake...?"

"Oh!" Victoria waved him off. "That's right, you've not met him yet. He's a supplier, does a lot of business with Hank and the logging camp— moves things for us between here and the West Coast. We get a lot of good stuff from down south through him. I'd have never tasted real guacamole without him." There was a lull in the conversation and then Victoria looked at Tyler expectantly. "Well...? I'm done with you hon, you're dismissed. I'll call when breakfast is ready." She turned with a note of finality, tending to the mass of scrambled eggs, fritters, bacon, and sausage spread out across the large kitchen.

"Alright, alright." Tyler held up his hands defensively and then floated out of the kitchen back towards the sound of loud laughter as the hunters and werewolves had begun to swap stories with one another.

"Tyler! Son, get on over here."

The cat's head swiveled to lock eyes with the pack leader, Hank. The Moore patriarch towered over most people, and even after Tyler's lycanthropic growth spurt, he still towered over the cat. Where his brother was all flab, Hank had the kind of build that made bodybuilders jealous— arms roped tightly with sinewy muscle denser than steel cables. His plaid shirt was stretched taut over his broad, beefy chest, and shoulders broad as a mountain range. The wolf had a natural air of command and leadership about him, and had been the one to bite Tyler in the first place— he had been exceedingly apologetic about it, but now, Tyler definitely felt like it had been a favor.

Hank smiled broadly as the feline drifted closer, surrounded on all sides by similarly dressed wolves, an assortment of camo, plaid, and orange safety vests. "Tyler, Cousin Herb here wanted to know why I let a stray cat in the pack, go on and tell him the story."

"Oh, well this mangy mutt showed up at my door and after I let him in and gave him a warm place for the night, he up and *bit* me." Tyler quipped, a broad smirk on his face as a few of the wolves chuckled— he had been starting to give as good as he got in the pack. "After that, this one creep, Frank Veers, started making trouble—"

"Holy crap, what? Frank Veers? That one bear with all the weird conspiracy theories?"

The wolves and Tyler turned around, the feline's brows arching a bit in surprise. Standing there was a tiger— small for his kind, with the sort of trim swimmer's build that Tyler was never going to see. He was dressed much more urbanely than the collection of hunters and hillbillies all around him, wearing a clean blue sweater over a button-down shirt, a mimosa in hand. "I— I'm sorry to cut in, just, we went to High School together, if it's the same guys."

"Uh..." Tyler glanced nervously over to Hank. The wolf cleared his throat, stepping towards the tiger. "Blake! I thought you were heading out last night when we were heading out for our hunting. Didn't you have a plane in Anchorage to catch?"

"Oh, I did, but the roads got blocked, spring snow." Blake shrugged. "I came back around four a couple of hours before you all did— Vicky said it was okay for me to stay until I get a new flight sorted out. That's not a problem, is it?"

"Oh!" Hank cleared his throat again, making a quick gesture across his neck to Tyler— nix the werewolf talk. Blake apparently didn't know. In just a moment, Hank returned to his gregarious usual self, draping his huge arm over Blake's shoulders and embracing him warmly. "Of course not! You stay here long as you need, bud."

"Ah, thanks, Hank." His eyes turned, settling on to Tyler. "I don't think we've had a chance to meet— you're not a Moore relation, are you?"

"Oh, God no. I'm Tyler." The striped cat held out a hand, feeling more like a tiger than the actual tiger.

"Tyler's practically family, though— helped me out in a real pickle a year back." Hank said, slapping the cat on the back.

Blake's eyes bounced as he shook Tyler's hand. "Wow, with... Frank Veers?"

Tyler chuckled ruefully. "Yeah. He had this whole vendetta against Hank for— *Ow!*"

Hank had elbowed Tyler in the side hard, covering it up with a coughing fit. "Sorry, Son, don't know what came over me," Hank rumbled, giving Tyler a meaningful look.

Tyler returned a flat stare at Hank. *I've got this, old man*, he thought to himself before turning to Blake. "For some... crazy conspiracy theory. You know Hank's with the sheriff's department. He was convinced the sheriff's office was covering up some sort of alien monster or whatever. Set a trap for Hank."

"You're *kidding* me. That's wild." Blake shook his head in disbelief. "I had a bad feeling it was the same Frank Veers— we went to highschool together in Portland. I never thought he'd drift up here and start causing trouble like that." He put a hand to his chest. "On behalf of Portland, I apologize wholeheartedly, Hank— trust me, we're not *all* crazy down south."

"Oh yes you are, why'd you think all us sensible folk went so far north?" Hank quipped, playfully patting Blake as the friendly mood was restored. "Do me a favor, go ask Vicky what's taking so dang long, huh? You're a guest here, she won't bite your head off."

"Ah, won't she?" Blake said ruefully. He smiled warmly up at Tyler. "It was nice to meet you. Nice to see someone's introducing the hillfolk here to the twenty-first century. Big gamer, huh?" He said, gesturing to the other feline's shirt.

"Oh, yeah," Tyler glanced down at his stretched-out shirt. "I have a twitch channel and everything."

"Nice! Tell me about over breakfast, though— you don't want to let this one get too hungry, huh?" He hooked his thumb back at Hank. "Liable to bite your hand off if you don't feed 'em, right?"

"Hah, yeah... or shin." Tyler said with a quick glance back at Hank, remembering when the pack leader mauled him and turned him into a werewolf. It earned him another quick jab in his side, but Blake walked away with a slightly bemused look. Hank breathed a sigh of relief, then turned on Tyler.

"*Please* do not drop hints about the werewolf pack business," Hank muttered, grabbing Tyler by the arm. "Blake is an excellent supplier, he's been making us money for years, and keeps Vicky happy with a lot of things we can't buy up here without an up-charge to Amazon. So, we're all just a bunch of burly Alaskan homesteaders and lumberjacks and that's *all*. Okay?"

"Okay, okay, no problem," Tyler said, holding up his hands in defense. Before they could speak more, there was a sudden burst of activity as Vicky Moore finally made the call that breakfast was ready. Every wolf's ears perked up and instantly charged for the kitchen, shoving, pushing, climbing over one another if necessary to get to the front of line.

"Hey, hey," Tyler, hanging to the back, grabbed Blake before he got too deep into the throng. "Hold on one sec." He grinned at the tiger, then gestured to the kitchen. "So, I've been to enough of these Moore breakfasts— don't rush it."

Tyler nodded to the front of the line— by virtue of his status as patriarch, and being the biggest and strongest in the pack, Hank had easily claimed first place in line.

"So, obviously, Vicky's going to give her husband the best cuts and first choice." He nodded to the next three, who all looked like younger, and only slightly smaller versions of Hank. "Then her sons, naturally. Harry gets the smallest cuts because, well," Tyler gestured to the rotund, practically obese wolf, eyeing the spread of hearty breakfast food hungrily.

"Obviously. Then, scraps for the rest."

Blake frowned. "So... why are we waiting at the back?"

"Oh, because Vicky's a tough iron lady, but she *always* wants to help out the runts of the pa— uh, bunch. So she always saves some of the nicest pieces for the people stuck at the back."

"Hah, I should take you back to the mainland with me," Blake grinned. "I could use that sort of hunter's instincts in making deals."

Tyler returned the smile; the tiger was a charming guy, with bright green eyes that kept drawing him in and a honeyed voice he loved listening to. "So, you sell lumber for the Moore's?"

"Oh, not just the Moore's, I sell lumber across a few camps across southern Alaska. It's better than my partner, Greg." Blake shook his head, shivering slightly. "He covers all the lumber sites in the Yukon and North Slope territory. But the Moore's are definitely my favorite clients. Family-owned, humble operation, but they outperform all the other camps I work with. I wish I knew their secret." He craned his neck, dwarfed by practically everyone around him. He lowered his voice, nudging Tyler gently. "I mean. I'm a little scared about trying some of these flapjacks... What's in the mix, creatine and steroids?"

"Pfft." Tyler nodded back towards Harry. "Trust me, those pounds aren't on account of burls of muscle."

Blake chuckled softly. They finally got to the front, where Vicky smiled warmly. "Ah! Our two tomcats. Well, you two go on and load up, I saved a little bit of everything just for the stragglers at the back." She took two plates, loading them up with eggs, venison bacon, sausage, and apple fritters. "Now you both eat up— Blake, you gotta put some extra meat on your bones! Some of the bigger guys around here might just step on ya."

The tiger cast a rueful look at Tyler, and then both felines moved to an unclaimed corner of the crowded dining room. Now that they all had some food in them, the mood in the house improved further. All the burly wolves began swapping stories and plying Tyler and Blake for some of their own. Eventually though, when everyone had devoured their huge servings and some were busy leaning back in chairs, loosening belts or unbuttoning pants. Harry stood up, his belly bouncing off the table, as he held up a beer in a toast.

"Well, another great hunt at my brother's place— this whole night and morning's got everything a man can ask for— good food, friends, family, and the right kinda beer to get through the rest of the day!" Harry raised the bottle, and everyone, including Tyler and Blake, cheered. "Now, my next trucking route's gonna be a long haul, all the way down to Vancouver. And it would just do me a world of good if, before we all head back to our own homes, I could have one more meal like this with you folks. So, Hank, Vicky..."

"Oooh no," Vicky Moore shot up from her seat next to Hank. "You don't say another word, Harry Moore. I love everyone at this table, but if I have to feed y'all in less than a week, I'm not going to *like* any of you that don't actually live in this here house."

"Aw, Vick, don't be like *that*," Harry started, while a few others began a few, half-teasing boos.

"Oh, I *know* I don't hear anyone booing my wife," Hank sat up at that, the powerfully built growling low. Teasing or no, there was a line. Tyler's ears flattened as the rest of the room went quiet—he hated awkward moments on principle, but a room full of agitated werewolves was bad for a lot more than social situations.

"Well, uh, Hank..." Tyler started, the striped cat standing up as he raised his hand. "Look. The whole pack..." he glanced nervously at Blake, "...Of you, the whole pack of you, have been *really* great to me. Opening your home for nearly a year now, treating me like family... if we all want to get together again in a week, we could do it at my place."

"Oh, now Tyler..." Hank stood to his full height, grinning crookedly. "I've been to your place. Squeezing us all in there would be a real hassle."

"Well, not if he has help." Blake responded. Tyler glanced at the tiger, brows arching in surprise. "What?" Blake responded, scanning the room as he felt the mood shift. "I'm only saying, I organize dinners for potential buyers all the time. I can help him out, and I owe it to you Hank, and you, Vicky, for giving me some hospitality while I wait for this new flight. Besides," Blake playfully nudged Tyler. "Two cats against, what, over a dozen dogs, here? We gotta stick together."

Tyler smiled softly. "Well, uh. Sure, I'd be happy for the help." He turned back to Hank. "So, what do you say, Hank? I'll make sure there's plenty of pizza rolls."

That earned a few chuckles and gentle ribbing for Hank. The huge wolf rolled his eyes and waved Tyler off. "Alright, alright son— you go ahead and get ready for the invasion. We'll be at Furlong's place next week, everyone!"

Tyler and Blake sat back down, and the tiger gave him a quizzical look. "...Pizza rolls?"

"Oh, uh," Tyler cleared his throat. Every werewolf had a scent that drove them crazy; and for all of Hank's quiet dignity and overly masculine, woodsman persona, Hank's scent was pizza rolls. "It's... just an inside joke."

The following day, Tyler was finally able to catch up on his streaming—he was doing an achievement run, hoping to snatch the gold trophy for Yharnam, Pthumerian Queen. After a fourth attempt to snag the trophy, he died again, and then let out a long, frustrated sigh.

"Alright, chat—I know when I'm licked. Ah, we're going to call it there—I'll catch you all next time!" As soon as he disconnected, there was a knock at the door. Tyler answered, his mouth falling open in surprise as he spotted Blake.

"Hey, Tyler! Hope I'm not catching you at a bad time."

"Uh, no, no, I just finished a game session." Tyler stepped aside, letting the tiger in.

Blake flashed him a smile. "Hah, I know. Between you screaming profanities that are still wafting on the winds down towards Anchorage, I heard the Queen of the Vilebloods theme blasting through your headset. You left your window open, in this weather, too."

"Uh, yeah, I like the breeze..." Tyler watched the tiger saunter in. He was dressed in an interesting outfit—he looked like he had been running, his fur slick over his slim, toned body. He wore a jacket that clung to his defined swimmer's build, and a pair of compression leggings that hugged a toned, firm, juicy rear, the tiger's tail swishing back and forth over it. Tyler realized he was staring over long, and then shook his head. "What brings you out here?"

Blake turned, grinning wider than before as he caught Tyler's eyes dart back up. "Well, if we're going to do this cookout for the Moore's, I figured we'd start planning now, and save us both a headache later. May I?" He gestured to the couch in Tyler's living room.

"Uh— sure, yeah." Tyler's nose and tail twitched. Blake turned in a slow manner, giving one last look at his cheeks before he sat down. "I didn't know you were a Bloodborne fan."

"Oh, huge. Between jobs, I'm usually just sitting at my apartment back in Portland with nothing but time on my hands, so, it's either that or training for my next 10k." Blake grinned. "But let's talk about this meal... So, I'm guessing we're looking at... what, barbecue? We got a lot of manly lumberjacks and their equally imposing wives, I'm guessing steaks, ribs, the works?"

Tyler spread his hands. "Yeah, I think that's about the best thing to do. We can get some pies for dessert, a cobbler..."

Blake nodded, whipping out his smart phone as he started typing up some notes. "Mhm, mhm. I saw a hatch on the side of the wall— does that lead to a cellar where we can store all this? I'm guessing we're going to need like, a couple whole-ass cows."

"Mhm," the cat nodded. "A lot of the nicer food shops around here are seasonal. Everyone around here has a place to store extra food they want to keep through the winter."

"Ah, perfect— let's start doing that right away." Blake put a hand to his chest. "And I don't want you to worry, I want to cover all of this."

Tyler's head snapped to Blake. "*What?* You can't be serious. That's a *lot* of money to feed the whole Moore clan."

Blake waved it off. "Oh, don't worry— the Moore's and me have made plenty over the years, I want to keep them happy, and paying for a dinner now and again is worth keeping my best client on side, you know?"

"Mhm..." Tyler cast an eye back at the tiger. "What else do you do to keep people on side?"

"Hm!" Blake let out a small laugh as he stood up, twisting his torso as he raised his arms overhead. "I have a few tricks up my sleeve."

"Yeah?" Tyler leaned back, draping his thick arm over the back of the couch.

"Mmhm," Blake was almost purring, his back to Tyler and showing off his ass again, tail swishing back and forth again like a pendulum. "This outfit is one of them. It's good for when I want to close a deal with someone I'm going into business for the first time."

"Yeah? You don't say," Tyler grinned, drinking in the sight of the lean and firm tiger.

There was a small, lingering pause as Blake and Tyler looked over one another, and the striped cat realized Blake was checking him out, too. "Heh." Blake flopped down on the couch again, resting his chin on one propped arm as another hand rested on the larger feline's thick thigh. "So. Is it working?"

"Ah, I think you can pull it off," Tyler replied back.

"Oooh! I like when a guy knows what he wants." Blake leaned closer, a hand lingering between Tyler's thick chest and hefty bicep. "For me, I like a *lot* of beef on a guy. Gives me something to hold on to."

"Hah, I'll bet you do." Tyler replied, leaning in closer and nearly pinning Blake down with his weight.

Blake seemed entirely unphased, merely grinning back up at the cat looming over him, lightly caressing his well-fed middle. "Well, I'm glad we understand each other..." He reached up, running his finger under Tyler's thick chin. "You've been the best surprise on this trip." There was a chirp on his smartphone, and Blake immediately wriggled free from underneath Tyler.

"Ah, but now I need to get back to the Moore's— I've got an important call to make to Seattle."

"*What?*" Tyler shot up from the couch— and then faltered. That close encounter left him aroused enough to grab a throw pillow, placed just over his crotch. "You— You were all... c'mon, man, you can't leave me like *this*."

Blake cast Tyler a sly smirk over his shoulder as he opened his door. "That's my other trick, big guy— I always leave them wanting more."

"*Fuck* me, dude," Tyler grumbled as Blake slipped out the door.

"That's the general plan, yeah!" the tiger called through the open window.

Tyler hadn't been this interested in a guy in a long time— Hank and Harry were both very nice pieces of eye candy, but Hank was out when he learned he was married with kids, and Harry... Well, Tyler was looking for someone to have a good time with and bond, not someone old enough to be his dad that *he* had to take care of.

That unfortunately brought out one of his worst habits. Whenever he got riled up over someone he liked, he tended to overeat, and Blake had riled him up something fierce. Whenever Blake showed up in one of his tight running outfits and cocked his hips in Tyler's direction, he immediately ran out for the one burger place still open in town to blow off some steam— one night he had to go full lycan and pick off a particularly fatty cow from the McPherson farm.

By the night before the big barbecue, Tyler was feeling as full as a tick. None of his shirts were really fitting like they should, and when he sat down, the way his extra bulk pooled in his lap, he had to tug his shirt down over the bit of belly poking through. It was a good thing Blake had dropped so many hints about liking beefy guys— because he was at his beefiest right now.

When the tiger showed up, they had a long work session of hauling racks of ribs and entire cow flanks into Tyler's cellar— well, *Tyler* did the vast amount of the hauling, where his broad shoulders and thick arms came into play.

"I'm built for speed, big guy," Blake said by way of an apology.

"Those're stripes, not cheetah spots, B," Tyler grunted with two loads of flanks sprawled across his shoulders. "I didn't want to get stuck doing all the work, here!"

"Yeah, but you look so *good* doing it. I wanna see if you can get some more tears in your sleeves before we're done." Blake said, wagging his eyebrows.

By the time they were done hauling in all the supplies, Tyler was sprawled out on the couch, groaning softly from the literal tons of meat he dragged down into the lower level of his house.

"Ah, c'mon, Ty, we're not done just yet— we need to get the pies in the oven." Blake said, prodding him gently.

"Ugh..." the cat groaned. "I can barely *move*."

"Well, I guess you're not hungry for dinner, then." The tiger reached down, teasing at Tyler's pointed ear that made his back arch. "And I can just take this back to town."

"Wha...? You got dinner for me?" Tyler asked, sitting up.

"Uh, for *us*, big guy." Blake draped himself on the back of the couch. "Look, uhm. We've been having a lot of fun, but uh... here's the thing. The snow is picking up and the roads back to the Moore place are closed. So..." He tapped the take-out bags. "I was kinda hoping you wouldn't mind me staying here."

The cat opened his eyes. "Oh. Oh, yeah, sure man, sure."

Blake smiled softly, then tapped his fingers on the table. "So... since we're at this juncture. I'm still going to be here for a few days and I wanna spend them all with you, and... y'know, I'm going to *have* to go back to Portland, but knowing you're here means... I'll be that much faster coming back. But, I'd like us to have a proper date first. If that's alright."

Tyler grinned. "Yeah... yeah, that sounds great." The large cat sat up, glancing at the bag Blake brought in. "Where'd you go for dinner, anyways?"

"Oh! Well, I think you're going to like this," Blake pulled a stack of Chinese take-out boxes. "So I was listening to some of Hank's stories, and he told some of his cousins about the time he met you. He said you like, totally tore up the Dragon Palace place?"

Tyler's ears flattened. "...What? But... Dragon Palace has been closed for..."

"A year? Yeah, I know! But they had their grand re-opening in town and I got your favorite, sweet and sour chicken. Hank said you ate—"

"A day's worth?" Tyler said with a leaden tone in his voice. Every werewolf had that one scent that sent them into a hunter's frenzy. Some of them were predictable; beef, venison, wild boar. Then some of them had more unique scents— like Hank and his pizza rolls. But for Tyler, he had sweet and sour chicken.

"Yeah!" Blake chuckled lightly, pulling out a gallon-sized tub filled to the brim with sweet and sour chicken. "Boy, I gotta tell you big guy, if you tear into this stuff and get nice and full for me, I have *just* the idea for dessert..." Blake winked at Tyler, entirely unaware of what he was about to unleash. "And I'm not talking about the fortune cookies, just so we're clear."

"Wait, Blake don't—!"

The tiger cracked the lid open, and then the smell hit Tyler like a truck. His eye twitched, but between how Blake had already wound him up and the unexpected assault of sweet and sour chicken on his senses, the battle was over before it even started. Blake got his wish as Tyler's sleeves split, the cat's arms locking and tensing, thick muscle bristling and tightening. His eyes suddenly lit up with intensity, and he let out a deep, early growl.

"Well, don't just sit there, come and get as much as you— *shit!*" Blake leapt out of the way just in time as Tyler slammed into the table, which promptly splintered and collapsed under his increasing weight as the beast within quickly surged to the front, fuelled entirely by a deep, unabiding hunger for sweet and sour chicken.

Tyler's jaws snapped shut around the tub of chinese take out, and when the plastic burst, sweet and sour sauce went everywhere. Greedy paws grabbed at gobs of the stuff, and when he shoved all of that into his mouth, Tyler was left licking the floor, entirely locked into the animalistic mindset. Blake, for his part, had scrambled to his feet and was left gawking at the monster where his kind-of boyfriend once was.

Tyler's fur grew thicker and darker, stripes unfurling to cover his broadening back and wrap around his thickened, powerful limbs. However, as he destroyed the rest of the take-out, those stripes were starting to stretch as they endeavored to cover the rest of his growing bulk. Usually, when he entered his lycan form, Tyler's extra weight was usually eaten up, giving him the build somewhere between a bear and a wall-shaped sabertooth tiger, thick with dense muscle and solid all over, but now the sudden expansion of his frame and his hundreds of extra pounds of muscle that came with the transformation now wasn't quite enough to offset the weight in his hefty middle; his were form now had a distinct pot-belly, and it was only growing larger as he fell deeper into a feeding frenzy, feverishly snapping up every last bite. What was supposed to be enough take-out for two, plus enough aside for generous leftovers, was gone in mere minutes.

Meanwhile, Blake was scrambling to his feet, his heart pounding in his chest. The tiger stared, eyes wide and mouth agape at Tyler's sudden transformation. While Tyler gorged himself on take-out, the tiger began to think quickly, looking for anything that could keep the beast at bay. His eyes fell on the kitchen, and while Tyler sniffed around for the last scraps, he inched his way towards the fully packed refrigerator. Keeping his eye trained on the increasingly large beast, Blake reached into the fridge, where they had packed away the smaller cuts of meat—bacon, ham, anything he could easily grab and slice up. Instantly, Tyler's head reared up, his nose sniffing the air. When his eyes locked on Blake and the armful of pork products, he let out a low growl and began stalking towards him.

"*Crap,*" Blake hissed under his breath as his field of view was quickly overwhelmed with Tyler's sheer mass. He hastily tossed a slice of ham out, and Tyler leapt for it, snapping it up in an instant. The tiger hastily began laying out a trail of food, making sure the front door was as open as he could, and then tossing it out into the snow. Tyler followed, the huge lycan greedily snatching up every morsel in his huge maw. Blake laid the trail all the way out to the cellar, then hastily threw everything he had left down the stairs. As Tyler lumbered down the path and came to the cellar, he cast one look at Blake, but with that passing glance, he leapt down into the cellar

like he was pouncing on a prey animal, and soon as he crashed down on the cellar floor, the tiger slammed the cellar doors shut behind him, quickly grabbing an iron bar and forcing it in the handles.

"I-I think I'm just going to let you ride this out dude, no offense," Blake shouted, not even slightly certain if Tyler could understand him. "I'll check back in every few hours. Just... try not to eat through the foundation of the house or anything."

Tyler did understand Blake, at least on some level—he knew well enough that he had been trapped. The lycan growled low, bearing his massive fangs and razor sharp claws. He was rolling his stone-thick shoulders and tensing the dense muscles in his legs, ready to charge up at the cellar doors and knock them off their hinges—but then, his nose twitched. Still ruled by his instincts at the moment, Tyler looked back and saw it—the rows and rows of beef flanks and racks of ribs that were being saved for tomorrow. He couldn't quite remember why he was saving this much meat at the moment, but he was relieved to see it all now. His claws dug deep into the very first slab of meat he could get his hands on, and the lycan began to gorge on the biggest haul he had ever seen.

Above the cellar, Blake was nervously waiting in Tyler's living room, not entirely sure what to do with himself. There was enough in the kitchen to make himself something for dinner, but as the snow began to pick up and the sky darkened, slipping into the evening, Blake wasn't quite certain what to do with himself. Beneath the floorboards, he could occasionally hear the sounds of metal snapping or something heavy hitting the floor with a loud, low thud, and then low growls and gurgles. Blake could only imagine what it looked like, but then he remembered when his own pet dog had gotten a hold of the family Thanksgiving turkey and done his damndest to devour the entire thing then and there—it was probably a lot like that, just scaled up considerably.

As it grew late into the night and Blake was casually going through Tyler's collection of video games to find something to pass the time, he realized he hadn't heard anything from the cellar in some time, only the howling winds outside. Frowning softly, the tiger grabbed his coat and a flashlight, and trudged out into the snow, the buffeting winds occasionally plastering him up against the wall. He reached the cellar and removed the steel bar—then took it with him, just in case, as he carefully moved down the stairs.

"Tyler...? Big guy? You okay?" Blake's mouth fell open as he reached the foot of the stairs. The sight before him was staggering; the literal mountains of meat they had hauled down here over the past few days was entirely gone; nothing but half-gnawed bones left in piles all around the cellar, and in the center was what Blake could only surmise was Tyler.

At first, the lycan-feline seemed to be a large, furry boulder streaked with stretched out stripes, until Blake realized he was staring at Tyler's now enormous backside; thick reams of bloated fat had blown out his middle into a nearly spherical mass roughly the size of a car. His thickly padded arms were now desperately reaching out for as much mass of that enormous, gurgling belly as they could, Tyler panting shallowly just to catch his breath. Blake quietly walked around him, staying at arm's length as he saw his rear inflated larger than the couch

upstairs, keg-thick legs lying splayed out, half buried under the weight he had packed on from this one insane, gluttonous binge. He walked around, gaping at the sheer circumference of Tyler's belly, until he saw his face. The lycan's eyes were half-lidded, tongue lolling out as he panted.

"Oh my God... Tyler, you okay?" Blake asked, inching closer.

Too close, as it happened. Tyler's eyes opened fully and locked on the tiger. He let out a guttural growl, and in a slightly slurred voice, snarled a single word. "*Mine.*"

Despite being weighed down by a staggering number of hundreds of pounds, Tyler's thick arm swiped out and locked around Blake's waist with a vice-like grip, wedging the tiger between bloated muscle and an overly plush chest.

"Ty—mmph!" Blake's heart pounded in his chest; he was half afraid Tyler was sizing him up. But instead, the huge, overly stuffed beast gripped Blake tight and rolled over, his vast, wobbling belly preceding the rest of him by a few seconds. The tiger soon realized they were cuddling, as Tyler let out a deep, rumbling purr that made his whole body vibrate, jostling Blake.

"I... I guess this is fine," Blake said, his voice soft. There were worse things than cuddling a werewolf with a huge, bloated gut— it was soft and warm, at least. With no immediate means to escape Tyler's grasp, Blake soon nodded off, as the giant beast began to sleep off the staggeringly massive binge he had packed away.

The following morning, Tyler woke up much more himself, but his head felt like a heavy lead plate had been shoved under his skull. As he sat up, he felt the sheer mass weighing him down. "Oh..." Tyler's eyes went wide as, for a brief moment, the only thing in his field of view was the sprawling, stripe-streaked globe that was his belly. He then looked up from the horizon of his own body, and then at the piles of bones picked clean strewn all about the cellar. "Oh *no*," he rumbled deeply as realization set in. Something heavy sank into his now massive gut as he realized he ate through the entire supply of meat for the barbecue— that was supposed to be going on tonight.

Tyler grunted as he pulled himself up; his hefty legs still had enough strength to carry his round boulder of a belly, but he winced softly as he began climbing up the cellar stairs, his thick sides pressed against the far more narrow corridor until he came out into the freshly fallen snow. He gingerly lumbered towards the front door, his belly bouncing slightly with each step, until he caught the smell of freshly baked waffles from his porch. "What the...?"

He grunted as he squeezed through the front door, and already his gut let out a low growl. "...Seriously?" he muttered, frowning as he placed a hand on the top shelf of his belly.

"Oh! There you are, big guy!" Blake called out brightly. "I hope you don't mind, but after last night I helped myself to your kitchen... I figured you would want something besides just meat after your big meal."

"Blake?!" Tyler gasped. "Wait— you... You saw...?" Tyler rumbled softly as the tiger rushed to his side, a large plate of waffles in one hand as he coaxed the burly cat to sit down on the couch, the furniture groaning loudly as he rest his huge weight on the cushions, his belly filling his lap.

The tiger gave him a wink and a knowing look as he set the waffles on top of Tyler's belly. "Yeah, I kinda pieced together the whole werewolf thing. I mean— a lot of big, burly wolves that all live together miles away from civilization, they have a really weird habit of hunting at night, and they make sure that all my trips and visits avoid the full moon. You forget that Frank Veers was at my high school. I learned how to spot supernatural creatures whether I wanted to or not." He gave Tyler's gut a loving pat. "You were a nice surprise, though."

"A-and you're not... scared?"

Blake gave him a long look, his face softening into a gentle smirk. "I'm here, aren't I? Or does the big bad wolf *want* me to be scared?"

"Well..." Tyler chuckled bashfully, draping his hefty arm over Blake's shoulder, pulling him in for a quick kiss. "Maybe later."

"Hmm." Blake purred, pressing his forehead against Tyler's. "Now, eat up. We've emptied out the butcher's shop twice over, but I got replacement meat for the barbecue— but *you're* doing all the heavy lifting. And I for one can't wait to sit back and watch you haul all this around... you get much bigger, and the whole pack will go crazy; there'll be a full moon every time you walk by."