

But as the days turned to weeks and weeks turned to months, as every twenty-four hour cycle revolved around itself and the world went around the star it orbited, it never... stopped. Part of Sarnak thought, perhaps assumed, that things would plateau if given enough time to progress, that there was some sort of upper limit to what Sonia could achieve with just good cooking and an expansive interest in making use of it. They were, after all, just people, and being just people meant that their bodies were at least nominally supposed to have restraints placed on them beyond which they'd start to break down... which is precisely why it became a matter of some confusion when the wolfess just kept getting fatter as each day went by, and yet, no matter how much weight she packed on or how many piece of clothing she burst, Sonia never seemed to run out of the peppy, bouncy energy that had characterized her ever since she took up cooking *and* got good enough at it to realize her dreams of being a somewhat well-known chef, at least around the neighborhood. Maybe the first warning signs should've been when they finally arranged for a barbecue and invited everyone who lived near them, hoping to get everyone to realize that, though the two of them might've been bounty hunters before, they had left that life behind them and were ready to tackle things in a far different manner; by all means, they succeeded with flying colours, because when the first few guests arrived and saw Sarnak standing next to Sonia, with the latter being a good two feet taller than she was back when the couple first arrived, and *several* feet wider and thicker just about everywhere, who could ever believe that this mountain of blubber was capable of anything other than cooking and gorging herself on her own creations? The barbecue was a resounding success, though the sheer amount of odd looks that Sonia received should've alerted the both of them to the fact that things were going down a path they probably shouldn't... that, and the fact that her "clothes" were mostly stitched together from whatever curtains they could salvage from the upper floors, as the custom-ordered items they bought had arrived too late to fit, Sonia having outgrown them in between the purchase and the delivery date. Not a day went by that the whole house didn't shake whenever she rolled out of bed or got off the couch, not a day went by that Sarnak didn't hear *something* break, be it a floorboard, part of the wall, or occasionally even a door whenever Sonia failed to remember how strong she was, and yet despite this, both of them kept going without any intent to hold things back, the wolfess no longer caring, the wolf earnestly believing that there would come a point where his mate would simply stop growing. The problem was, she just *didn't*; whether it be a genetic anomaly or the simple fact that she was so enthusiastic that her body outright refused to stop giving her what she wanted, the fact of the matter was that the more Sonia ate, the wider her waistline got, the taller she became as some of the mass settled in her ass and thighs, and the harder it got for her to maneuver around the house... or, the harder it *should* have gotten, because the budding giantess certainly didn't seem to have any issue with fitting into tight spaces and reaching into the back shelves whenever she needed to; it was as if she was *meant* to cook, and thus the universe's job was to bend over and let her do whatever was needed to get everything she needed. Even the couple's bed miraculously survived, despite there being plenty of groaning and complaining on its part whenever that absolute colossus of a woman struggled to get on top of it; once again, it probably should've been a warning sign when Sarnak started to sleep *on*

Sonia rather than beside her, there being enough space on her body for him to sink into her pudge and feel the warmest he'd ever had, even *if* it took plenty of water in the morning shower to get rid of all the sweat.

As for Sonia herself, she was well aware of what was happening to her body, she just didn't care about it nor felt like concerning herself with such matters until it was absolutely necessary. As far as she cared, every pound added to her curves was a pound well-earned, especially since it looked so *good*; never before could she have imagined that suddenly having an ass that got stuck in doors would leave her feeling *aroused*, but, well, there she had it. Hip-checking people onto the ground entirely by accident had become something of a tradition during her grocery runs, and it was always nice when she had to deliberately hold herself back from ripping a door off its hinges whenever she just yanked it without even thinking; all of this was yet more evidence that she had become something *so* much more than she had been before, even if it took her transforming into a creature of far greater girth, and of *immense* displacement. Honestly, at times it felt like her just existing was enough to make everything around her wary of her presence, to the point where the air almost seemed to rush out of the way rather than risk being dragged around her curves, and that was *just* the way she liked it; seeing as Sarnak, too, hadn't thought to raise any objections, there were therefore no reasons for her *not* to keep going and seeing just where she could bring her body, even if it meant thoroughly outgrowing anything she could possibly wear to keep herself decent. In fact, the more Sonia thought about it, the more she came to understand that this was just a blessing in disguise: with nothing to wear, she could save a *lot* of time by just ordering food or sending her husband out for the grocery run instead, while *she* spent her limited amount of waking hours doing something of far more worth and use, that being cooking and eating more. Just about the only negative aspect of it was that her belly eventually began getting in the way of her nibbling on her secondary meal, which by that point had so thoroughly outsized whatever she made for Sarnak that it had become customary for Sonia to down a whole pot of gumbo before even getting to the main course; every day she saw herself grow wider and bigger still, with some of her worst offending moments getting so utterly ridiculous that the wolfess swore she could see her blubbery self fattening in front of her very own eyes, gulp by gulp, mouthful by mouthful. The absolute highest, the *peak* of self-indulgent debauchery, was one critical day when she was preparing a roast, and in between her putting the tray in the oven and the timer going off, she managed to empty the fridge, the freezer, the two auxiliary coolers and at least three quarters of her pantry... and she was still a little peckish, so Sarnak had to order take-out after the road found a new home within Sonia's belly; on *that* day, she *knew* she saw herself grow larger in real time, with her fat rolls slowly bulging outwards as the belly slung out in front of her visibly bloated by at *least* a good foot, if not more, leaving her thoroughly stuffed by the end. The issue, of course, being that after experiencing *this* degree of culinary satisfaction, Sonia couldn't just turn back around and act like it never happened, leading to a serious escalation in the amount of food that she consumed on a daily basis; if the wolfess had started her journey eating a packet of cookies like it was nothing, then progressed to just

downing a whole cake while watching a single movie, after this gorging incident it became routine for her to cook up a large family meal and use that as a side-snack while she prepared something even *bigger*, with things reaching such a degree of excess that the entire aspect of seeing herself visibly grow fatter became something to be *expected*, rather than a possibility. In fact, the entire point turned into watching her belly grow wider, rounder, more slung out, more often than not enlisting the aid of Sarnak to help push food into her mouth just so she could focus on watching as her gut became wider, all until the fateful day when Sonia finally, at long last, bought a blender.

The idea had been there before, just not realized; even in the state that she was in, barely capable of squeezing through doors and being forced to use her own ass as a couch after *months* of pigging out on a daily basis, there was still a certain degree of self-control that kept Sonia from going all out, something resembling *pride*, if the term could even be used. But such notions were for those with compunctions and limits, not her; so when the industrial blender arrived and she had it installed in the kitchen, her looming presence serving as an intimidating shadow under which the poor techies were forced to operate, a new era dawned for her. No longer did the wolfess have to worry about *cooking* her snacks; sure, she'd still man the kitchen for her lovely Sarnak, but when it came to her personal self-indulgence, it became as simple as dumping her body weight in random foodstuffs, closing the machine, then letting it work its magic as it transformed everything she placed inside into an easy-to-pump, easier-to-carry, nutrient-rich slurry. From there, getting it into a large canister with a pressure hose attached to it was just a matter of hitting a few buttons, and before long, Sonia could enjoy herself just like she'd been fantasizing about for... who knew, really? Weeks? Months? Things had a tendency to blend together when one's days were fully focused on eating as much as possible, but that was *fine*, because she had that machine now, and a canister full of blended slurry next to her that she could open the valve on, and then just... consume. It was so easy to just give into the experience and watch as she grew fatter right in front of her own eyes, her mouth and throat falling into a rhythm as she allowed her cheeks to puff up, preparing the biggest amount of slurry possible before swallowing the oddly-sweet load and having it deposit itself onto her in the most literal fashion. Her entire form jiggled and rippled every time she pushed the stuff down, every time it began to overflow from her lips and she had to force it down rather than just closing the tap. It was rhythmic, cyclical, with every wave of blended food turning itself into an extra inch of gut, slowly covering more and more of her front, until finally it oozed onto the ground... and just kept going regardless. By the end, once the canister was done, she had added a good yard of stomach to herself, and felt so unbelievably full that, though she was certain she *could* get up, Sonia figured it'd be best if she didn't even try. For once in her life, or at least for once ever since starting down the road of ridiculously excessive gorging, she felt truly *satisfied*... for about an hour, after which she *would* have blended another canister if Sarnak hadn't stopped her and imposed a strict limit: one canister a day, and no more.

That was more than enough.

Sadly, simple physics eventually began to work against Sonia's unrestrained, gluttonous growth fantasies, with spherical geometry in particular making it increasingly difficult for her to just continuously expand in every direction without there being some sort of limit on how much she could even accomplish with simple food, or with increasingly-dense and compacted nutrient slurry. Plus, she had her own body to deal with, in that it became surprisingly effective at dealing with all the mass she was putting into herself, far more than it really should; while it didn't resolve most of the issues that came with eating so much, namely the colossal gut and the ample amounts of fat, at least her organism managed to redistribute all the pudge to where it would be better served, keeping her both fully mobile and always eager to see where next she could take herself. As for Sarnak, the one time he served as the voice of reason ended up being the last one as well, seeing as whatever mental resistance he still had to the idea of his wife turning into a walking pile of jiggling pudge was firmly ground away into dust by the look of utter desolation she gave him when he established the one canister limit; he was *very* close to dropping it entirely, before he remembered the frankly worrying dent the wolfess' eating habits had made into their savings, leaving this one, final limitation as the single line of defense protecting them from impending and ever-faster-approaching bankruptcy. Even then, the numbers were going down *far* too quickly, enough that the wolf figured he had to do something to try and dissuade Sonia from gorging herself so hard on a daily basis... a thought that very quickly vanished whenever he tried to put it into action. There was something about the way she looked, the way that her body wobbled in ways that should be impossible, how her stature had grown so much that she was a good four feet taller than him *purely* because the rest of her had gotten so bloated: from an ass wider than their extra-large couch, to a pair of legs that he could probably sink into, going up to a bosom that, were it not resting atop a room-dominating belly, would be the biggest pair of tits he'd ever had the honour of being in the presence of. All of it put together, it created a far more sublime image than he would've assumed it would, had anyone described it to them second-hand; rather than an unappealing mountain of fat, Sonia in Sarnak's eyes had slowly become the very concept of regal beauty, as if her presence alone was enough to remind him of how small he was, and how much smaller he could become if only he kept feeding his love, his *queen*, as much food as she wanted to eat. It was hard to tell whether this was an intentional move on Sonia's part or just the inevitable end result of the two of them living together in this new normal that she had crafted for the two of them, but given how quickly she came up with a plan of action after realizing her hubby wanted to actively feed her even more, odds were good the former held some truth to it; the wolfess had far too many ideas lined up, a great too many thoughts on how best to maximize the pleasurable experience, even including cooking lessons so that Sarnak could take the helm and *she* could focus entirely on endlessly consuming without a care in the world. Of course, this was merely the first step in her plan, because if she couldn't go for *quantity* anymore, and it was becoming increasingly obvious that overreliance on shovelling mass amounts of food down her gullet with no care for their content was becoming inefficient,

then she obviously had to go for quality: more specifically, if Sonia could no longer rely on mere volume, then it was her obligation to pack as much caloric energy into each and every single bite as she possibly could, until one simple mouthful could equate to an entire triple-chocolate-chip cookie batch and *then some*. Luckily for her, the experience she gained during her months of intensive culinary training had given her the knowledge needed to effectively start over with a completely different direction... this time with an assistant by her side, who would be more than happy to follow along with her crazy schemes. It was almost too easy, just how eagerly Sarnak fell down the rabbit hole and accepted the plan to start delving into the depths of culinary-based depravity the moment the idea was presented to him, but really, how could he say no to someone like Sonia? When that gorgeous, glorious giantess told him that she trusted him to serve her the best food possible, when *she* let *him* know that he would have the honour of serving as her personal chef, that was the happiest he had ever felt; it was a symbol of utmost trust, a signifier really, that the wolfess was ready to put the most important thing in her life in *his* competent hands... with some supervision, of course. He couldn't be expected to do perfectly in his first try, but under the watchful guidance of his wonderful wife, he could do *well*, and very well indeed.

The kitchen, in the following few days, became something of a cross between a chemistry lab and a fantasy alchemical array, as the proper orders were put into nearby manufacturers and the right materials and supplies were purchased by cashing in favours gained during their time working as bounty hunters; all of this to ensure that the couple would have access to the most state-of-the-art equipment possible, purely for the purposes of making the most filling (and most stuffing) food known to furkind. Most of it was entirely in the realms of the theoretical, with the recipes being born out of equal parts Sonia's madness and brilliance, working together to create things that shouldn't be only so she could mindlessly gulp them down without even bothering to taste the flavour... or not, to be fair; perhaps she would've done so before, back when her main motivation was *purely* to eat and gorge herself, but the closer Sarnak got to the process and the more time the two spent together near the cooking station after the wall separating it from the living room was torn down, the more Sonia came to realize that mindless consumption just wouldn't do anymore, *especially* not with her husband there to help her. If he was so eager to cook for her, so willing to climb the mountainous body so he could feed her this new brand of delicious food one piece at a time, would it not make for a far better experience if she took her sweet time appreciating every meal, every snack, every mouth, every *bite* to its utmost? In fact, going to all that trouble to create such energy-dense foodstuffs only to then treat them like any old garbage felt like a downright waste, doubly so with such a wonderful and dutiful wolf to handle her feeding needs; better if she take it as slowly as possible, better that she make every thought be as externalized as possible, every moan triggered by her taste receptors being activated, every word that came to her lips to explain, in excruciating detail, how magnificent and sublime the experience was. That way, not only could she make sure the both of them were *thoroughly* enjoying themselves, she could give pointers too; it wouldn't do to *not* improve endlessly upon the recipes after all. Thus, the two of them quickly fell into a completely different

type of routine, and it didn't take more than a handful of days before Sarnak's gunsmithing habit fell completely by the wayside, forgotten and replaced by a newfound love for cooking, albeit one that was fully directed at feeding his mate, his world, his *everything*: Sonia. The wolf didn't snack on anything while he was busy preparing meals, didn't start cooking a secondary dish for himself, nor did he put on any weight himself; in fact, and in sharp contrast to what happened with the giant wolfess taking up most of the living room, not only did he retain the honed physique from his previous job, but he *improved* on it as well. As it turned out, having to constantly multitask in preparing meals, as well as all the prep work and heavyweight shopping that came along with it, ensured that he remained in tip-top shape, to say nothing of all the effort that went into carrying the many courses up the colossus that was Sonia, all without spilling the slightest drop of drink, or dropping even the tiniest crumb. He woke up every day and felt lighter, yet more powerful, his body becoming less toned and athletic and far defined and muscular, almost like he took up going to the gym as a hobby, rather than having a queen to serve on the regular. This, of course, only led to things getting even worse, for a greater capacity to carry things could only mean he *had* to carry more food, and seeing as everything that came out of that kitchen-cum-lab was several times more fattening than it really *should* be, the impact it had on the wolfess' body was... something to witness, for lack of a better definition. Sarnak had lost count of the amount of times he found himself slowly sinking into Sonia's fat as he lay on top of her, gently inserting a slice of cake into her mouth, or serving up a large spoonful of gumbo, or any number of things that all served the singular purpose of feeding her ravenous, boundless, endless appetite; and every time, he could feel as her body grew warmer as the food travelled down into her immense stomach, could sense it rumbling and quaking as it processed the extra mass, and quite regularly, felt as it ballooned outwards *just* enough for him to notice, burying the wolfess even more underneath a thick shell of blubber that she insisted on making bigger with each day.

Amazingly though, she had yet to lose mobility. Being a living creature meant that both her and Sarnak still had to sleep, and those eight or so hours were often enough for her body to reassign and reform the additional weight in such a way that, though Sonia refused to actually get up and move unless it was bath time or the two of them wanted to get frisky, she *could* still move around, and quite unimpeded as well. It was objectively impossible for this to be true, a mockery of physics as they both knew them, and yet there it was, right in front of them: if ever there was a genuine reason for the wolfess to get up, she did, despite how unlikely and improbably it was that her legs could even move at all, let alone hold her full weight without snapping like a thin, bent twig. This obviously could only mean that she needed even more food shoved down her throat, *better* food, food that would leave her even bigger, because clearly she still hadn't reached her limit; what was the point of gorging herself the way that she did, of outright subverting Sarnak's entire psyche in order to have him turn into an obedient and excitable feeder, if not for her to reach a point where her body was so massive, so unbelievably heavy, dense and colossal, that she wouldn't be able to ever get up again? Just the thought alone

was often enough to leave her gushing, and Sonia had long-since made up her mind to *achieve* that goal, whatever it took... and then share it with the world at large. For what was the point of reaching culinary apotheosis if she didn't drag everyone along with her?