

The answers, however, would only come when *Sonia* decided they should come, as she was the only one in charge there. Like it or not, even though they themselves weren't aware of it, the many denizens of that neighborhood were naught but pawns to be moved on a board to the wolfess' whims, dancing to a tune that she had composed and unleashed upon the world, the many dancers unwittingly following along with a series of well-planned steps that they weren't even aware existed. Sonia had expected her neighbors to not be so bold as to try and actually *approach* her; they hadn't done so in months, so clearly they weren't about to break this fasting just because Sarnak was busy refurbishing one of the walls. Not even the full might of the local HOA could ever hope to stand before the terrifying majesty that was Sonia's mere presence, radiating through the walls of her house even if no one could see her; it was as if her domicile was possessed of an aura of sheer menace, keeping all those who would seek to deter her from even so much as approaching it... though the noises probably helped. For through the hammering and chiseling, the heavy machinery and grinding of cement, even the power tools that Sarnak took care not to use unless absolutely necessary, there were a certain set of sounds that escaped into the world, ones that heralded the change that the wolfess so eagerly wished to provoke upon the world; those who heard them weren't sure what they might be, apart from the fact that they were very obviously organic, with the only certainty being that they never stopped emanating from within the deepest reaches of the wolf couple's house. How little did anyone know, that what they were hearing were the rumbling and gurgling of three very hungry stomachs, three voracious pits that had been spending their days gorging themselves on amounts of food that would be considered downright *impossible* to process properly, had their bodies not adapted to do just that with very little effort. Sonia herself had actually slowed down her intake, wanting to see if she could get both of her children up to the level that she was at; with the renovations to their home, they were granted increasingly large amounts of room into which to expand, and after Seriah and her brother Sarnak regained their mobility (albeit just barely), it was relatively simple to have them move into position so as to be able to more thoroughly devour their own weight in food every other hour. For the older wolfess, it was an opportunity to make the final refinements to her recipes, to add the last touches to what would be the grandest feast the world had ever seen, conveniently packed into a seemingly unassuming backyard barbecue. The sheer degree of perfection had reached such a point that neither Sonia nor her twins had any real reason to eat more than a single bite out of anything, for that was enough to leave them sated for hours on end... yet what was the fun in such a thing? They ate because they loved to do so, and that meant eating until they didn't feel like it, which of course inevitably led to all three wolves gorging themselves on frankly unhealthy amounts of food that left them noticeably more bloated with every single sitting; it reached a point where even their supranatural ability to reprocess all that fat with astounding levels of efficiency began to grow compromised, and though they were still technically mobile, the trio knew that they might not be that way for much longer. And yet, despite this, they were nonetheless quite happy with their breakthroughs, because if nothing else, it meant that when their neighbors showed up and had a taste, the effects that Sonia's cooking had on the twins when they first arrived would look downright miniscule

compared to what the end result of their cookout would look like. Honestly, the older wolfess had half a mind to change her plans and have the whole thing take place in *front* of her house, if only so that there would be enough room on the street for when people inevitably began to smush up against one another and roll over from the unbridled fattening... but, then again, wouldn't it be so much more fun if they were all packed together, forced to feel as everyone else's bloated forms pushed up against theirs, fat smushed against fat, rolls oozing over one another until they were all one big blob of self-indulgent gluttony? It was certainly fun in her head, thus it would be fun in everyone else's as well; thus Sonia decreed.

With the construction work winding to a half about two months after it first began, and its scope expanded to also include an extension of the living room in order to give Sonia and the twins some more room to play around with, the invitations were printed out and sent to every mailbox in the neighborhood, which is to say that Sarnak went door to door in order to distribute them. Those few people who were around when he did so got to enjoy some polite conversation with a wolf that looked so buff that it made everyone think they must've built a gym somewhere underneath their home; in sharp contrast to his wife, Sarnak had become a true shining beacon of muscular power, owing to the frankly ridiculous amount of lifting he had to perform on a daily basis. He even managed to grow a few inches upwards, enough to loom over everyone he met on the street, though his mannerisms were much the same as they always had been: a smile on his face, a dumb pun ready to go, and an unending amount of social awkwardness whenever talking to someone about "regular stuff" that somehow bordered on the charming. It certainly worked wonders to disarm his neighbors' fears that something might be dreadfully wrong, especially when he earnestly recounted how eager Sonia was to meet everyone again and be able to cook for them once more; granted, as far as said neighbors knew, this could be one very long ruse, but the look of unbridled, near-childish excitement in the wolf's eyes betrayed a sincerity that simply could not be faked. It didn't do much for everyone's desire to actually *attend* this barbecue cookout, but they had months of backed-up morbid curiosity and rampant speculation to fall back on in that regard; by that point, there wasn't a soul alive residing on that street that didn't desperately want some answers, something *solid* to let them know just what in blazes the wolf couple had been doing for months, and to that end, heading there to eat some half-decent barbecue was a good enough excuse. Soon enough, they were going to find out just what this Sonia had been doing, and where she'd been all those months she vanished from sight.

Days passed as preparations were made, mostly with Sarnak buying and then setting up a large awning that covered most of their backyard, bringing in extra tables, the works; meanwhile, Sonia was hard at work preparing the meals that would be served, going through her by-then extensive list of contacts in order to procure the best possible ingredients for what she had in mind. It wouldn't be enough for her to just buy from a regular store, they had to be *imported*, specially-made and processed only using the most exquisite of methods; only then could she be certain that the effects of her recipes would be maximized, that those who tasted of her repast

would be able to achieve nirvana, even if only temporarily. The twins were invaluable in this effort, though even if they weren't nearly as skilled in the kitchen as their mother turned out to be, they were just as eager and excited to see her plan come to fruition, and just as quick to learn as their father had been; thus, the older wolfess could delegate by handing them precise instructions on how everything was done, while she herself focused on ensuring that everything went according to plan... mostly by splurging out and seriously burn through their family's cash reserves. It was an unspoken truth that they had already gotten through most of their retirement fund purely on food and equipment for the deranged kitchen-cum-laboratory that Sonia had set up, and with the way that she was going, the couple wouldn't last for another year before having to find a source of income, something impossible given the fact that the giantess had no intention of ever working for another day in her life. In her mind, however, this was entirely irrelevant, because she wouldn't *need* to work; as soon as the neighborhood had been brought into the fold and shown what it was like to live life like she did, they would be more than happy to spend their life savings in prolonging this debauched state of existence, to throw everything they had into the communal potluck, that they might continue to feast for as long as there existed food to feast upon. Was it sustainable? Probably not; but then again, no one involved would really care that it was or not, only that it be there, in front of them, in the form of a delicious, well-cooked meal that would never truly end. It was with no end of pleasure, then, that Sonia woke up the day of the barbecue and began preparations for getting up on her feet; she'd usually resorted to dragging herself around, slowly making her way from one spot in the living room to another, but this occasion required something *special*: her presence, in full view of everyone, for the first time in what felt like a lifetime. The shock was sure to make everyone present recoil in fear for a few seconds, doubly so considering that her kids would be right next to her and almost as big as she herself was, but hopefully what happened with the twins would take place with the rest of the neighborhood as well: too stunned to really do anything, their minds would struggle to understand what was happening, leaving them vulnerable to Sarnak showing up with a plate full of appetizers. The main difference here was that, quite in contrast to what had happened previously, *these* entrées were designed not to fatten, but purely to entice; they would add as much weight as their size indicated, not a single ounce more, but they would *also* leave whoever took the slightest nibble ravenous for more... and with several tables filled with delicious, freshly-cooked food just waiting to be devoured, none would be able to withstand the allure, giving Sonia plenty of time to heave herself back up and walk over to the entrance to their backyard, sealing the only feasible exit and ensuring that her lovely neighbors would never leave until they had partaken of her feast. And, well, at that point, they wouldn't *want* to leave, not after finding out that they were being given paradise in the form of a plated snack. It was all coming together, and as the wolfess slowly made her way out to the exterior, the light of the sun bathing her and almost instantly causing her to start sweating profusely, she looked back at everything she'd accomplished: from such humble beginnings, stirring a pot and trying her best not to have the contents burn up, to a titaness of fat capable of weaving the culinary arts to produce meals that far surpassed anything that any other chef could even dream of, all in the

space of... a year? Slightly less? She could scarcely believe it, and yet every second that passed was but more confirmation that it was real, that it was happening, and that the final stages of it had finally begun.

The first people to show up were, fittingly enough, the centerpiece of the rumourmongering networks that had spread throughout the neighborhood: the three families who all-but controlled the local HOA. In between backroom politicking and outward speculation, they'd done most of the work in ensuring that everyone living on that slice of suburban heaven was nice and primed for whatever would be meeting them on accepting the invite to the two wolves' barbecue, making it all the more delicious when they walked into Sonia and Sarnak's backyard and at last laid eyes on what the wolfess had become. For Sonia herself, her body was something that, if not outright *mundane*, was at least normal enough that she didn't think too much about it; sure, she was a good fifteen feet tall even when sitting down, most of it thanks to her absolutely colossal ass and thighs lifting her up, with the belly she had slung out in front of her being big enough that, were it not for her kids pushing back, it'd be able to occupy the entirety of her living room all by itself. It was a testament to her cooking skills, then, that all it took was a bite out of anything she made for her whole form to swell outwards a few inches, sending shockwaves throughout her blubbery self, to say nothing of whenever she turned on the nutrient slurry pumps and just added a foot or two to her girth. To Sonia, this was simply the regular state of affairs, so much so that part of her had genuinely forgotten that most people *weren't* giants made mostly out of fat, and that the reaction most people would have to seeing someone in her state would be, at the absolute least, disbelieving shock. Thus, when the first guests arrived and made their way around the strategically-built extension, keeping them in the dark about Sonia's true nature until they rounded the corner into the backyard proper, the wolfess was left slightly confused as to why those dozen or so tiny ones would scream so loudly, yelp so harshly, and even go so far as to jump backwards in what appeared to be utmost terror; this wasn't made any easier once their heads swivelled and caught sight of Seriah and the younger Sarnak, both of whom were, if not *as* big as their mother, at least big enough to loom over anyone who hadn't tasted her cooking. Of course, this wasn't anywhere near sufficient, and as the wolves had previously planned for, as soon as the twins saw the guests walking up to them, they both grabbed their face masks and immediately placed them on their heads, strapping in for what would most likely be *hours* of stuffing; with their mother helping them along, they had prepared some truly gargantuan quantities of food beforehand, then proceeded to grind it all up and fill a series of tanks with the resulting nutrient paste, so much of it in fact that they had to repurpose the bathroom, most of the hallway right outside of it and even part of the former bedroom just to handle all the volume. As soon as the levers were flipped and the slurry began flowing, both Seriah and the younger Sarnak allowed their eyes to close as they both drifted away into something resembling a semi-conscious fugue state; that they agreed that in the upcoming feast, they would be little more than set dressing, living sculptures serving as testament for what their mother could do to whoever would accept their gift, and their involvement would begin and end at simply eating and eating until

they grew bigger and bigger, no more, no less. They were perfectly fine with this, of course; at the end of the day, the only thing the twins really wanted was to consume larger and more nutritious quantities of food, until such a point as they could be *constantly* gorging themselves without stop, so if this served as a first step towards that goal, they were more than happy to skip out on most of the celebrations. That this had a pronounced effect on the first people to show up from the neighborhood would be an understatement, with their reaction being more or less the same that Sarnak and her sister had upon first seeing their months weeks prior... except mixed in with significantly higher amounts of dread and existential terror, because not only was Sonia *far* bigger than she had been before, but the ridiculous amount of food laid out before the guests was highly indicative of what she expected them to do.

And yet, despite knowing this, none of them turned around. They still could, as the wolfess hadn't gotten up to block the way in yet (there were still guests waiting to arrive, after all), and no supernatural force bound them to their spot; nevertheless, it was as if their feet had spontaneously developed a root system thick and strong enough to keep them stuck where they stood, unable to so much as shuffle around. In truth, their fight-or-flight instinct had simply been overloaded, with their brains' chemical composition turned on its head as their neurons attempted to find *any* frame of reference through which to analyze Sonia's threat level; on the one hand, she was clearly unnatural, far too fat and large to exist, let alone be alive and seemingly well as she was... and on the other, plenty of odd feelings were being triggered, enough that a few of the guests were starting to develop some rather uncomfortably hot blushes that they couldn't reasonably explain given their (unbeknownst to them limited) knowledge of their own preferences. And, much like had happened with the twins before, this momentary shock was enough of an opening that Sarnak could walk up to greet their newest visitors, putting on his widest smiles and acting as if he *wasn't* completely nude from the waist up as a way of having his musculature be there for everyone to see; it was truly a mark of pride for Sonia that, despite the fact that her husband's chiseled body was quite literally shining under the hot sun, not a single eye was focused on it, rather far more interested in keeping track of her own form, of every undulation and wave coursing through her whenever she dared to move. The wolfess didn't even have to say anything; with one of her arms lifted, she gestured towards the banquet tables, smiling widely as to let her guests know that there was nothing to fear... and like easily-led sheep, they followed her motions, slowly shuffling off to where their new goddess was telling them to go. Most would immediately begin to salivate as a result of being near such delicious food, doubly so once Sarnak pushed them closer to the entrée table, as per their original plan; he had to pay close attention to them whenever he was called over to meet any new arrivals, and soon enough he had his hands full going from one spot to another as more and more residents of the neighborhood showed up, curious as to why the barbecue was so quiet. It was only after they saw Sonia that they understood the full truth of the matter, and at that point, there was nothing left for them to do but join the growing crowd next to the silver platters carrying small snacks meant to entice them into eating more. Table manners were no longer a concept that

anyone present could even remember knowing about; in between slavering over the food presented to them, thick curtains of drool falling from their mouths as they desperately held back their desire to eat it, the unashamed sniffing, even the kneeling so as to get as close as possible to the tables' surface, the assembled neighbors had given up trying to pretend they weren't entranced by the display of sheer excess; if there had been doubts before, especially after the very worst and most outlandish of rumours regarding Sonia were confirmed, there remained none now... at least not any that didn't relate to how much food they could eat. Truly, their minds had been so thoroughly warped by the combined might of the wolfess' presence, her two children's girth and the frankly ludicrous quantity of delicious snacks available to them that not a single person there thought to themselves that maybe they should fall back, that they should try and flee from what was clearly a trap; no, they could only go forward, they could only *eat more*, and more and more and always more, and the second Sarnak gave them the go-ahead to eat the first entrées, it was all over.

Like animals, they climbed on top of one another in their mad rush to be the first ones to taste the feast, though miraculously, the tables themselves were never upturned or even disturbed; it felt as if they were holy ground, unable to be perturbed by the ravenous appetites of the sinners come to free themselves of their burdens. Most, if not all, assumed that the first few bites would help stave off that growing pit of hunger that had been growing in their stomachs for every second they spent not eating, making it even more despairing once the entrées hunger-*enhancing* properties kicked in... and thus prompted the guests to eat even more of them in a desperate effort to be satiated, only exacerbating the problem. This was, of course, all part of the plan, hence why Sonia bid Sarnak to stand back and do nothing even after a few of their guests began to outright take food from one another; there would be *plenty* of filling meals for them as soon as they realized the entrée table was empty, and if they had already resorted to taking stuff from one another, this was only confirmation that the plan was working exactly as intended. And, when the first few eager eaters turned their attentions towards the main courses themselves, after realizing, with significant amounts of dread, that their snacks had run dry, things immediately began to turn around; it was as if they had just noticed the tables were there, just realized how absolutely, positively immense they were, and how lucky they happened to be that such a bountiful, generous goddess like Sonia took time of their schedule to give them all such wonderful gifts. In an instant, they went from mad, ravenous beasts to something akin to enlightened spirits, as they fully understood what it was they were supposed to do; the entrées had been a test, but this, the full set of roasts, stews, broths, barbecue dishes and a seemingly endless amount of fried everything, *this* was what they had been summoned for, and it was their *job* to make sure that every last bite was consumed and fully appreciated for the divine repast that it was. Didn't take long before the first belts began to snap, before the air was filled by the sounds of cloth and denim being torn apart as the bodies they contained swelled outwards at a magnificently overblown pace; much like the twins, the assembled guests would never realize what was happening, not even when it was plainly in front of them, their brains reformatted to

accept it as being the normal state of affairs from that point forward. Even when their frames pushed against the tables and crushed them into splinters, forcing them to take the various plates and dishes onto their bulging selves just to keep their contents from being wasted, they wouldn't so much as slow down, let alone stop. No, they would keep eating for as long as they physically could, and once they were done, they would eat some more, all under the guidance of their benevolent goddess, radiant, resplendent, bountiful, smiling, loving, caring, forever providing for them and everything they wanted; there, perched atop a throne of herself, was she, the herald for a new world:

Sonia.