

My palms are sweating, and I almost don't want to log on tonight. I've been trying to break through on Cammerz for a week. After tonight, I won't have the FRESH MEAT boost and I'll just drown in the sea of sexier and more successful bodies in all their various stages of fucking. I bet for most of them this is just a side job, or for fun, but this is my last resort. I *need* this.

The mouse hovers over the screen. I did everything I could to make my profile look appealing—used graphics of sparkling little weed leaves and chibi devil girls, set up my wand vibrator for long-distance controls—and yet I already know I won't get many views. I tried so hard to look as professional as possible for these horndogs, and hardly anyone took the bait. What would change tonight?

I had hopes for the new year, dreaming of some kind of rebirth. I felt optimistic about maybe getting my life together, but any confidence I had a week ago is long gone now. I look at the mirror in the dim light. My dark red wig is as frizzy as it was last Halloween when I bought it, my lace panties have a hole near the top seam, and the ancient pink crop top is faded to hell. I think, *One last try. Just a few hours and then you can cry yourself to sleep or some shit, you pathetic loser. Or, maybe, you'll wind up with a little cash.*

But I look like shit. Or maybe I'm being too hard on myself. I don't know anymore. The stream starts. Zero viewers. *Loser*, my consciousness repeats. My stomach churns. I take hold of my dirty glass bong between my thighs—the beaker with a foot-long neck—and begin a long, deep pull. A *ping* comes through on the chat. There are four viewers all of a sudden.

markinnyc: got the munchies yet, piglet? show me that tummy

I cough out of surprise and smoke billows out of my mouth and nose in bursts. I knew there was a market for bigger girls like me, but I figured my target audience just wasn't online or seeing my stream appear. Until now, not a single person *wanted* to see my stomach.

markinnyc sent 100 tokens

I bite my lip and raise my crop top for him, give my belly a small rub and a smack.

fmeplease69: dance for us, shake that ass

fmeplease69 sent 500 tokens

Now we're getting somewhere. I've already made more than I ever have in a single night, and I've only just started. I hop off my chair and shove it to the corner. I turn away from the men to turn on my speaker to a bedroom pop playlist. Then, when I lower my panties, a flurry of *pings* fill the air as they praise me.

We continue like this for a couple of hours. The viewers come and go, never more than ten at a time. I just sit and chat and smoke until they occasionally send me tokens and I do their bidding. None of them give enough tokens from my point sheet to strip me naked, none of them ask for

other toys, they just seem to want to flirt and adore my body. Sure, I don't have enough to pay my way-late rent yet, but I do like the attention.

I bounce between conversations and requests. There's one man who won't stop talking about his sad life, another keeps asking about my prices, and a third makes the vibrator buzz on and off with the tokens he sends. I'm up another twenty bucks from him alone. A new viewer joins the chat.

bigbadwolf: Chubby piggy. Yummy snack. Daddy could eat you right up.

I smile at the new message, grateful the wand paused its vibrations if only for a moment. "You think I'm just a snack?" I tease, then I snap the strap of my panties and rub my belly, pushing it out to make it look even bigger.

bigbadwolf: Eat for us. Little piggies need to fatten up for Daddy.

jeffthebest100: eat eat eat eat

fmeplease69 sent 400 tokens

fmeplease69: eat for us!

ahegaoluvr: eat and cum, u kno u want 2

bigbadwolf sent 1,000 tokens

bigbadwolf: Do as Daddy says, piggy.

The chat is exploding, of course I have to eat for them. I leave the men to stare at my blank wall and hurry into the kitchen to grab all the snacks I can find. Brownie bites, a muffin I've been saving for breakfast, three half-eaten bags of chips, and all the dips I can find in the fridge that aren't already expired.

I pile the snacks onto my desk, and I eat. The tokens come flooding in, my stomach extending and growling as I begin to digest it all. They keep turning on the vibrator, making my tummy gurgle louder. I swear, my seat might be permanently stained from how wet I am.

By the time the snacks are gone, it's close to 3 a.m. and I'm exhausted. Only bigbadwolf is messaging, in a private chat instead of in the group.

bigbadwolf: I want to treat you, you can trust me, my pretty pig.

bigbadwolf: Send me your username to whatever digital wallet you use. No BS token system. Just promise me you'll use the money to get all the food you want. All of your favorites.

bigbadwolf sent 10,000 tokens

bigbadwolf: So you know I mean it.

My hands hover over the keyboard. He just sent me \$500. I can't cash out immediately, but that's \$500 that I'll have in, like, a week. On TV and in the movies, all these glorious sugar daddy situations just feel so fake. How could something like that really happen? I glance at my phone, imagining the empty balance on my BucksApp right now. How can I say no? I can't turn away good cash if this guy is offering it. *Fuck.*

I send him my username.

A cash register noise emits from my phone. Bigbadwolf is watching me, and I can feel his unseen gaze as I look at the notification. I blink hard, unable to register the number on the screen at first. One thousand dollars. My jaw drops. My hands shake as I make a heart with my hands and smile wide for the camera because now my fucking late fees can be paid off and my bills can be paid and I can even buy some *groceries*—my ass is saved. *Maybe this wasn't such a bad idea*, I think. I smack my tummy again for good measure and let out a rapturous burp.

bigbadwolf: Good piggy. Go rest for Daddy and eat up. I need you bigger. Understood?

me: yes, sir

Three days later, I'm back online. I paid off my rent and filled my pantry with all kinds of goodies, half of which are now splayed behind me on my bed. In my private messages, bigbadwolf scolds me for my body, tells me I didn't eat nearly enough. I tell him it's because it was only a few days, but I promise him I'll do better. He likes that thought a lot.

Bigbadwolf sends me another thousand over the course of the night, and eggs on other viewers to treat me, too.

bigbadwolf: Could be bigger. Don't you boys think so?

alphamale4beta: love filling her fat belly up, wish it were me and this cock instead tho

anonadmirer: we want her big and round and juicy, mmm bacon

anonadmirer sent 2,000 tokens

ahegaoluvr: i want to see her POP

ahegaoluvr sent 5,000 tokens

Within a week, I've gained a few pounds. I feel more attractive than I ever have when I log onto the stream to see my new fans rush into the chat.

bigbadwolf: Good, meat pig. Keep it up.

One viewer sends me 2,000 tokens and tells me to order a pizza. A hundred bucks worth of

tokens just to buy a pizza! Thirty minutes later, my fans have me chugging soda and popping all the garlic knots and pizza I can fit into my mouth.

Bigbadwolf loves it. He sends me 10,000 tokens, and another \$1,000 to my BucksApp. He's spoiling me. I let the vibrations and good food fill me with pride and I allow myself to cum with ease. At the end of the stream, I'm so tired that I swallow a bite of pizza and drop the rest of the cheesy, greasy slice onto my tummy. It slides down and lands in my lap, leaving a snail trail alongside my bright red and purple stretch marks.

Within a month, my body has grown out of most of my jeans. I wear flowy pants and dresses and mini skirts. I have the money for a new wardrobe, after all. I deserve it for all the hard work I've been putting in for my audience, and for bigbadwolf. They also deserve a treat for all they have done for me. I splurge on lingerie and toys. I even redecorate my bedroom—purple lighting for a sexier ambience, waterproof blankets to sit on so I don't get food and cum all over the new fluffy bedding. Plus, of course, all the snacks I can fit into my little cart to wheel back home through the city streets.

It's a Friday night and I hop onto the stream dressed in a pink bra, a miniskirt, pig ears, and a curly pig's tail buttplug that arrived this morning. I know that it's going to be a busy stream already.

Within twenty minutes, there are fifty viewers and a steady stream of messages in the chat. When wantsquirtnow sends me 500 tokens, I blush. With a cutesy uptick to my voice, I ask, "How would you like your burger?" I unwrap a cheeseburger and shove it into my mouth. I moan. Mayo and ketchup dribble down my chin. Inflateyou sends me 5,000 tokens. I say, "You *own* this stock, don't you?" I turn for him and wave my ass. The tail tickles my cheeks. I do as inflateyou requests and rub fries all over my bare labia.

bigbadwolf: You're Daddy's livestock, little pig. Better remember that.

bigbadwolf sent 20,000 tokens

A cash register *dings* from my phone. He sent an additional thousand on top of the tokens. I smirk and eat the moist fries, imagining the men drooling.

It takes a few hours for the stream to empty out, and I'm left with just bigbadwolf once more, unwinding and decompressing with him. I enjoy these quiet late nights together, when he compliments me on my hard work.

bigbadwolf: You've gotten so big over these last few weeks, my piggy.

me: all thanks to you, Daddy

bigbadwolf: You're so beautiful. I want you so bad.

me: you have me, i'm all yours. right here on display.

bigbadwolf: No, I WANT you. Meet me. IRL. I mean it.

I chuckle, and he doesn't like that. He sends multiple frowns in the chat.

me: i'm sorry, Daddy. but I'm sure you don't live anywhere near me. i've got my state and all the nearest ones blocked, no one from here can view my streams. privacy thing, you know?

bigbadwolf: HA. Piggy, you know VPNs get past that little hump, don't you?

bigbadwolf: We're both in New York. You're in the city, too, aren't you?

Fuck, that's fucking weird. A shiver goes up my spine. I can't bring myself to respond. I just stare as his messages pour in.

bigbadwolf: Meet with me and I'll make sure you're comfortable for the rest of your life. I'm so close by, I'm in Brooklyn too.

bigbadwolf: Daddy NEEDS you, piggy.

bigbadwolf: The love I have for you knows no bounds.

bigbadwolf: Why else would I shower you with money?

bigbadwolf: STOP IGNORING ME.

bigbadwolf: I know who you are, Vivian. If you won't meet with me, then I'll come get you.

I feel far too exposed, far too vulnerable. My nerves get the best of me and I slam my laptop shut and throw it to the other side of the bed, like it's a Ouija board that spoke back. How does he know my name? How does he know where I *live*?

I throw on the nearest clothes—new silk pajamas and slippers—then I shut the blinds in my bedroom. I triple check that the doors and windows are locked across the apartment. In the den, where a larger window is perched over the fire escape, a bit of light streams in from the nightlife and lit sky.

I sigh and shut the curtains. I shouldn't have let my guard down with a total stranger. “Fuck that guy,” I say out loud, breaking up the silence. Inhale, exhale. “Fuck that guy.” A *ding* from BucksApp comes through with a hundred dollars and the comment line:

Silly piggy, I still see a hint of those pretty purple lights.

My heart and stomach fall through the floor; I catch my nearby desk to stay upright. A crisp

knock from my front door makes me jump.

The voice that speaks is gravelly, though more like he's forcing it to seem intimidating, or like he has a sore throat. "Let me in, little pig."

I blink a few times in shock. He knocks again, this time more gentle.

"Piggy. Vivian. Come on, open the door for Daddy," says the man. He continues to knock, then pauses only for my phone to start vibrating. Then, a cash register *ding*. BucksApp. I FOUND YOU! says the subject line. In between his banging, he sends me more money, as if that would convince me now.

\$200. I FOUND YOU!

\$500. I FOUND YOU!

\$1000. I FOUND YOU!

My next door neighbors are out of town. The couple below me hates my guts. I'm all alone. I remind myself that the door is locked, bolted. Every window is secure. The noise stops.

I creep up and stand on my toes to look through the peephole into the stairwell. On the other side of the door is a naked, white, ginger man with muscles so thick they look inhuman—even more extreme than a bodybuilder on display, with a bulbous cock already standing erect and redder than the devil. He breathes heavily, so loud that he may as well be in the room with me.

Suddenly, he hunches over, hands tightened into fists and muscles so taut on his back I think he'll break in half. Hair then begins to pop through his skin, ripping and tearing his flesh as a violent wave of coarse red and brown and gray hair covers almost every inch of his body. I watch in shock as he grows taller, legs breaking and snapping and distorting into something animal.

When he looks up, his yellow eyes are locked on the peephole. His face has elongated into a fleshy, fuzzy muzzle filled with sharp teeth. Drool spills from his lips and onto my welcome mat with an audible *splat*. He snarls and his pointed ears tilt to the ground—a pissed off wild creature.

"You've been a good piggy for Daddy," he says. "I told you, I could just eat you right up."

He throws his body weight at the door. I stumble back, clutching my chest. With one more loud *bang*, the door is thrown open. The wolf man licks his lips and grips me with his clawed hands.

He does as he promised. His jaw unhinges like an eel and stretches to be able to take in my curves, my rolls, every inch of my flesh. He swallows me down whole as I scream and

scream and scream. His throat is wet and warm, as constricting as a fist in a cunt. My screaming is stopped only when my head hits the sharp bile of his stomach, which gurgles with the bubbles of my final cries. The acid acts quick, beginning to break down my flesh, tearing it away from bone. His mouth closes around my feet and he swallows, shoving me deeper into his gullet. I wonder if this is what it's like to be in a womb; if I'm leaving the world the way I entered it. That is, until I feel a small indent in his flesh right in front of my face. My finger dips into it, feels it squeeze like a sphincter until there are two fingers, three, my whole hand, and inching down my arm.

He pushes with all his might at my limbs, trying to force me back into the confines of his stomach. I scream from the pain of his acid, but freedom is too close to stop. I push with my arms and legs, trying to stretch out past the foundation of his body, snap his bones, squash his organs. My fingers break through skin, and I can feel air once more. His own screams match mine, a thunderous roar as he's torn apart. And I do, tear him apart, I spread his torso wide open, snap his ribs as I kick my way through his body and land on the mildewed carpet of the building's hallway. No one comes out of their apartments. The man-thing is a heap of meat now. Elongated limbs, wolf-like face, cock torn almost cleanly in half.

I was wrong about my own bones. When I look at where his stomach acid still glistens on my skin, it's more like a sting. First degree burn. I feel covered in heat, a buzz or a tingle. I feel high.

I can't help but wonder...

My feet slap on the cheap linoleum floor, blood and bile left dripping in my wake. I plop myself back down in front of my computer and put on the stream. I take a deep pull from the bong, just enough herb left beneath the ashes to fill the stem with smoke. Inhale, exhale.

As the views come pouring in, I slip my hand between my legs, and begin to rub my clit.