

Feed a Maid Café

Getting off of the subway station, Azumi checked her phone a seventh time to make sure she had the right directions. As she walked, she couldn't help herself from letting her fingers fidget with her chin-length, brown hair. Her better judgement was telling her to turn back and run home before it was too late, but her logical side kicked in to remind her that she needed the money. Lacking funds for both rent and food, working at a cafe seemed like the perfect solution to her woes.

Turning a corner, Azumi paused for a moment as she spotted her new place of employment. A first glance at the quaint shop made it seem like any other café in the area. That was until a person would glance at the letters spelling out "Feed A Maid Café" in bold letters above the entrance. The title made a shudder go down Azumi's spine as she pushed herself to walk around the building to enter in through the back.

Making her way into the staff changing area, Azumi stored away her things and began to get dressed. She let out a small squeak as she heard someone moving around the room. Quickly covering up her bra with her uniform, her initial shock lessened a bit as she recognized the woman approaching her.

Seeing Azumi's nervous expression, the woman brushed a hand through her long, straightened black hair. "You're Azumi, right?" she asked, adjusting the glasses perched on her nose.

"Y-yes," she replied. "And your name is Inori, right? I remember seeing you on the group chat."

"If you know," she began, unflinchingly stripping down to her birthday suit, "then why are you acting so nervous? We're both adult women here."

“Y-yeah, it’s just you’re so…”

Azumi trailed off, unable to find the right words to say. What was going through her mind was how different the two of them appeared. While she possessed a slender, scrawny form with twig-like limbs, Inori had sculpted herself into a near perfect hourglass figure. Unable to express the jealousy she felt for her coworker’s curves, she remained still and let the awkward moment linger.

“Whatever,” Inori said, mercifully turning away from Azumi to allow her to dress in peace. “Get into your uniform. The boss wanted to talk to us before starting orientation.”

“R-right, I’m on it,” Azumi replied, rushing through her process while trying to make herself presentable.

Slipping her feet into the dainty, black shoes, Azumi stepped in front of the mirror to check her appearance. Despite her best efforts, the maid outfit still loosely hung around her body. The black and white uniform seemed to be made specifically for someone twice her size. Though it did have the elegant white apron and ankle-length skirt one would expect of a maid, the excess fabric, especially around her mid-section, made it appear like a cheap costume.

“Hmm, I might be able to fix that up later,” Inori commented, her own uniform doing a bit better thanks to her extra curves. “For now, let’s go meet with the boss.”

“Is he impatient?” Azumi asked as she walked alongside her coworker. “I’ve never had a chance to meet him. We’ve only talked through e-mails.”

“Me neither,” Inori replied with a shrug.

“Then why are you so worried about being tardy?”

“It’s just good work etiquette,” Inori answered. “Something you should pick up on in this line of work. Trust me, this is far from my first time working a maid café.”

“I appreciate the guidance,” Azumi graciously bowing towards her senior before stepping through the door.

Inori closing the door behind Azumi allowed them to be surrounded by the sounds being made by the kitchen staff. All around them was a flurry of activity that made the small number of cooks seem like an army. Carefully making their way through the area, the pair were treated to various whiffs of the delicious food being made. Lost gazing at a plate of freshly baked brownies being pulled from an oven, Azumi only managed to escape the culinary trap thanks to Inori pulling her into the nearby office.

Turning away from the door, Azumi shuddered a bit as she saw the wide grin staring at her from across the desk. What was intended to be a friendly expression belonged to a man dressed in a black coat and tie with his short, black hair slicked back. He might have had a vague resemblance to a butler, but there was something about his eyes that made him incompatible with the rest of his attire.

“Welcome, welcome,” the man said waving the girls towards the three chairs in front of the desk. “My name is Daisuke. Please, have a seat and we’ll begin the orientation shortly.”

“Don’t you think we should start now?” Inori said as she and Azumi sat down. “I’m assuming we have a lot of work to do.”

“Not yet, we’re still waiting on-“

A series of crashing noises turned the room’s attention back towards the kitchen. After a few more clangs of pots and pans, the door swung open to reveal a blinding shade of blonde hair with pink tips. Brushing back the long locks with her pink nails, the woman was able to show off her tanned skin. Straightening her posture, she brushed out the wrinkles from her disheveled maid outfit and in the process focused the group’s attention on her large, D-cup breasts. Trying to

be polite, Azumi looked up from the woman's cleavage only to pause at the sight of the new arrival's puffy, pink painted lips.

"Sorry I'm late," the gyaru girl said, sauntering her way over to the last chair. "I had to stop on the way here to grab some extra accessories."

"That's no excuse," Inori coldly stated. "A proper maid should always be on time, regardless of personal matters."

"No reason to be so strict," Daisuke brought up. "The reason I hired Yuuki in the first place is because of her attention to fashion. That'll make her really stand out when we do the grand opening next week."

"You can count on me!" Yuuki proclaimed, using her puffy lips to blow a kiss.

"E-excuse me," Azumi spoke up, raising a hand. "I'm a little confused. What exactly is this café's focus?"

"I am quite curious as well," Inori added. "You failed to properly explain the gimmick of this establishment."

Daisuke's grin grew even wider. "I am so glad you asked. As you may know, at most cafés patrons pay to have maids bring them delicious treats to eat while they watch them be as entertaining as possible. While this is fine and good for other places, my goal is to twist that formula into something special."

"Meaning...?" Inori asked, she and the other girls leaning in their seats.

"Simply put, the patrons will be paying to watch our maids stuff themselves with food."

Azumi blinked a few times. Turning towards the other girls' faces, she saw similar looks of confusion. Dying to try and break the awkward silence, she held up her hand once more.

“Yes?” Daisuke asked, the look in his eyes saying he had been waiting a long time for someone to inquire about his plans.

“This is what you meant when you say the job comes with free food?” Azumi inquired.

“Indeed it does,” Daisuke said, clapping his hands together.

“There’s something off about this,” Inori spoke up. “What makes you think that this is a viable strategy?”

“I don’t,” Daisuke casually replied. “The only thing I have to go off is that this kind of gimmick will help us shine like a shooting star.”

While the answer did little to raise hope in the other girls, Yuuki was quick to come to Daisuke’s aid as she stood up. “I think it’s fantastic,” she exclaimed. “Even if it fails, it’ll still be a great publicity event that’s bound to get a few curious faces into our cute café.”

Mulling it over for a bit, Inori finally let out a sigh. “I suppose it can’t hurt to at least try. At the very least, it will help cut down on my food bill.”

“Well... if you girls are okay with it,” Azumi began, fidgeting with her fingers as she tried to work up the courage, “then I’ll try it too.”

“Excellent!” Daisuke announced. “Then let’s move on to the first part of your training.”

With a clap of his hands, Daisuke summoned a group of chefs to enter the room with three platters. Once the trays were placed in front of the girls, the tops were removed to reveal exquisite looking cakes. Azumi’s eyes gleamed as she looked over the raspberry cheesecake; having to catch herself from drooling as she remembered that she had to skip breakfast that morning. Her trance was broken as she was handed a fork.

“Better eat up,” Daisuke said, leaning back in his seat. “Make sure you don’t leave a single crumb behind.”

“Are you serious?” Inori asked, poking at the massive hunk of chocolate and icing before her. “There’s no way I can even eat half of this. Not if I want to keep my figure.”

In the wake of her coworkers’ doubts, Yuuki took the initiative to help herself to a mouthful of her strawberry shortcake. “Mmm, this is delicious,” she said before taking another bite. “Come on guys, it’s all part of our training. It’s really tasty. Trust me.”

Again, Inori let out a sigh. “I suppose,” she said, very calmly cutting out a piece of the cake to pop into her mouth.

Azumi’s gaze swapped between her coworkers eating and her own, intimidating baked good. Looking towards Daisuke didn’t help matters as he seemed to be intently watching them eat. Reminded of why she was doing this by a rumble from her stomach, she took a deep breath and dug her fork into her cake.

In the past, Azumi’s break sessions at work typically meant rushing through whatever meal she had brought for lunch in order to maximize the amount of relaxation time she got. At the moment, the mere idea of stuffing her face full was something that felt like a far off dream. Glancing over at the clock in the breakroom and seeing she had about five minutes left, she let out a sigh and resigned herself to use what little time remained to nurse the lingering effects of her job.

While Azumi scrolled through her phone with one hand, the other had to busy itself with rubbing the sizable food baby taking up her once flat mid-section. The belly bulge was

something she had come to expect for every shift she took at the café. At only the halfway point, she already felt like eating another bite would cause her to burst.

As Azumi slid her hand along her bloated gut to feel the fabric tightly wrapped around it, she kept thinking back to how hopeful she was on that first day. When the café had its grand opening she and the other girls were appreciative of the small crowd that had gathered to support them. At most, they had to eat a slice of cake or two every hour to satisfy the few patrons they received. Though things did start to pick up as the days went on, she was faced with the bittersweet realization that she would avoid having to stuff herself at the cost of dooming the café. That lasted up until word began to spread and the small group grew to numbers she never could have imagined.

“Azumi,” Daisuke said, poking his head into the breakroom. “A table has requested you.”

“Okay,” she replied, leaving one hand to hold up her belly as she got out of her seat. “It’s not too much, is it? I don’t know how much more I can take.”

“It’s fairly small, don’t you worry,” Daisuke replied, gesturing towards the door.

Making her way out into the dining area, Azumi surveyed the area to check in on her fellow maids. Sporting a similar belly bulge to her own, Inori’s attempt to keep up her professional behavior wavered as she had to force herself to get through a plate of cookies. While Azumi could see the pain behind Inori’s bespectacled eyes, Yuuki was still as cheerful as ever. Upon slurping up the last few drops of a soda, Yuuki was more than happy to show off her bulged out gut to both entertain her clients and to snap pics for social media.

Arriving at her table, Azumi’s focus shifted towards the customer. The scrawny man looked to be in his mid-twenties. As meek as his demeanor appeared, it was undone by the large hunk of berry cake sitting in front of him. Reminding herself that Daisuke’s definition of “small”

was skewed towards the café's standards, she regardless put on her best smile and sat across from him.

"Hi there, I'm Azumi!" she said, trying to look as cheerful as possible in the process.

"What's your name?"

"T-Tomoaki," he nervously replied. "That's not too much for you is it? This is my first time here."

The sincerity in the customer's voice seemed to help Azumi's nerves a bit. "This isn't a problem at all," she replied, pulling the plate over to her and holding up a fork. "I hope you enjoy my meal."

Pushing past her lingering sense of fullness, Azumi dove her fork into the cake. Bringing the sugary mass up to her lips, she forced her mouth open to swallow it. The intention was to get through it as quickly as possible to avoid overexerting her stomach. However, the taste that lingered on her tongue was enough to get her to slow down. One bite after another, her smile began to gradually degrade. The icing managed to cover up some of her grimace, but it was obvious by her slower pace that she was running out of steam.

"You can take a bite, if you want," Azumi said, gesturing towards the full half of cake still in front of her.

"Oh, I'm fine," Tomoaki replied, poorly hiding the way his eyes stared at her uniform tightly stretched across her belly. "You can keep going. I'll get some food on the way out."

"Y-yes sir," Azumi replied, using the cake's delicious flavor and her need to satisfy the customer to get through the rest of the meal.

Through perseverance and the training she was put through by Daisuke, Azumi was able to swallow up the last few bites. Making sure she hadn't left any crumbs on the plate, she put her

fork on the table and leaned back in her seat. Uncaring of who would see her, she showed no hesitation in rubbing her hand along her taut gut to try and ease her digestion.

“That was incredible,” Tomoaki said, an eager look on his face as he watched her massage her bloated belly.

“Thank you,” she replied, managing to summon a weak smile. “I’m glad you enjoyed your visit.”

“And then some,” he said, reaching into his pocket. Leaving a sizable stack of cash on the table as a tip, he took his leave. “See you next time.”

“Yeah, see you then,” Azumi said with a weak wave. Turning back to the sizable amount of money in front of her, she attempted to reach out and take it. She was forced to stop as her belly pressed up against the table and reminded her of her indigestion. Settling back down in her seat and waiting until she could move again, she passed the time staring at the large tip and licking her lips clean of any lingering crumbs.

Even if Azumi had gotten used to the daily struggle of getting into her uniform, that didn’t make it any less humiliating trying to squeeze into the once oversized garment. Tugging on the outfit to get it over the chub along her arms, she had to contend with the D-cup bra she had recently bought in an effort to contain her engorged mammaries. Sliding the fabric over her belly was a grueling challenge that could only be done by pulling the uniform down inch by inch. It came as a small relief to her when she finished shimmying into the outfit to discover that there was still an inch of her skirt left to cover up her bubble butt.

As Azumi was trying to pull her stockings over her chubby legs, her ears picked up a familiar sound of profanity from nearby. Getting up from her seat, she turned the corner to witness Inori going through the same struggle as her. The bespectacled woman's once pristine, hourglass figure was still there and enhanced with added heft, but it was noticeably ruined by her always present potbelly. The unsightly bulge being smaller than Azumi's own was something brought about by her popularity with the clientele. What little joy she could take from this realization was undone by the stressed out look on Inori's face as she continued to struggle getting her skirt around her waist.

"Dammit," Inori said, trying to get everything into place. "Why the hell haven't the new uniforms come in yet?"

"It was a pretty big order," Azumi replied, coming to her coworker's aid. "Especially since we had to get extras for the new hires."

While Azumi aided in Inori's clothing crisis, she kept glancing around the changing room. In the wake of the café's booming popularity after only three months, Daisuke had gone out of his way to start hiring more help. Comparing the new maids to herself, Azumi was always staggered by how much could change over the course of such a short amount of time. Pinching at her pudgy mid-section, she wondered if she should try to warn the new girls how demanding the job could be.

"Azuuuuuumiiiiiii!"

Azumi stopped exploring her body issues at the sound of the familiar cheer. Just as she suspected, she was greeted by the cheerful face of Yuuki. The blonde haired maid's stomp towards her was punctuated with the constant noise of her engorged tits slapping against her chubby belly. At any moment, Azumi suspected that her coworker would tear through yet another

uniform thanks to her high energy and large bosom. Thankfully, the strands managed to stay in place long enough for Yuuki to come to a halt in front of her and Inori.

“You two are requested on the floor,” Yuuki announced.

“What are we looking at?” Inori asked.

“Let’s see...” Yuuki answered, referring to an order pad pulled out of her cleavage. “Inori it looks like you have a cupcake platter session with those college girls that like you so much.”

Inori let out a sigh. “Them again? Don’t know why they’re so interested in me.”

“It’s because they think you’re extra cute,” Yuuki replied without missing a beat.

“Yeah, yeah,” Inori commented, fixing her skirt before heading off to the dining area.

“What about me?” Azumi spoke up.

“Looks like you’re doing the pizza party surprise special!” Yuuki replied, a jiggle of her chest nearly tossing the notepad out of her hands.

“I’m still not sure if that really fits the café theme.”

Yuuki tapped a nail against her lips. “Well, we’re not a regular café either. Like Daisuke said, he’s willing to change the menu to better fit our customer’s needs.”

“Right, anything for the customers,” Azumi said as she put on her usual smile and wandered out onto the eating area.

Azumi’s path to her table was an awkward one thanks to her constantly bumping into people. She was forced to stop for every low speed collision she had with one of the customers. While the patrons were understanding, that didn’t stop her from taking her time to profusely apologize for her missteps.

Finishing up apologizing for bumping into another server and getting powdered sugar on her dress, Azumi spotted Inori nearby. The black haired maid was seated at the middle of the

table with a group of young women. Each of the customers were smiling from ear to ear; their cheerful appearance going well with the pastel pile of cupcakes in the center. While they took turns taking from the display of sweets, not a single one took a bite. That was all reserved for Inori.

“Here, try this one,” said one of the girls, holding a red velvet cupcake up to Inori’s face.

“Ooh, this looks good,” said another, practically shoving a chocolate cupcake past Inori’s lips.

“When you’re finished, you have to try this,” spoke the third, waiting for the right moment to feed Inori a wedding cake themed pastry.

“You’re all so kind,” Inori said through a mouthful of food. “But you should really try some yourselves, don’t you think?”

“Nah, its way better when you eat them,” said the final girl, pushing a banana cream cupcake into Inori’s mouth. “You look absolutely adorable when your face is all stuffed like this.”

Too busy watching Inori take on one decadent cupcake after another, Azumi nearly forgot what she was doing. Carefully rushing through the dining area, she managed to locate her customers thanks to the out of place aroma that drifted through the air. The extra large pizza was a sight to behold with its extra gooey cheese and countless toppings spread along it. So busy staring at the greasy feast, she nearly forgot to greet the group of businessmen sitting at the table.

“Pardon my manners,” Azumi said, taking her place at the table. “My name is Azumi, and I will be eating with you today.”

“Great to have you,” spoke one of the men. “Let’s dig in.”

Getting straight to the point, Azumi pulled out slice and put it onto a plate. Finished giving each of her clients a piece, she held up her own and took a bite. In spite of her early hesitation, the mix of sauce, cheese, and toppings tingled her tongue with their delicious flavors. The savory taste was like a beacon amongst the various sweets she had been paid to eat for the café. For the first time in a while, she was actually eager to finish her meal.

Gobbling up her slice, Azumi moved on to a second. Taken over by a side of herself that she had never felt before, she proceeded to keep shoving slices into her mouth as fast as she could. Lost in this gluttonous indulgence, she failed to notice just how much she was eating. All that mattered to her at the moment was stuffing her face with as much pizza as possible.

Just as Azumi finished her fifth slice, she froze at the sound of fabric tearing apart. Leaning back in her seat, she looked down to see her belly button sticking out of a hole in her uniform. Swiveling her head back and forth, she realized that the men at the table had barely touched their own food. They were all preoccupied with watching her eat. Rather than feel shame or embarrassment at what she had done, there was one feeling that stood out among the rest.

“You,” Azumi said, pointing a greasy finger towards one of the men. “Are you going to finish that?”

With a shake of his head, the man pushed his plate over to Azumi. Nodding her head in appreciation, she picked up the slice to eat it like the rest. Not caring who was watching, she freely let her hand rub her stuffed gut as she ate. For the first time, she actually appreciated her pudgy belly for giving her the ability to enjoy such a feast. No sooner did she finish licking up the last few crumbs did she ask the group for more. Seeing the men oblige in pushing their plates towards her, her fake smile was overtaken by a genuine grin as she took her time choosing which slice to eat next.

Azumi stopped in the middle of getting dressed for her shift as she heard a ripping noise echo through the changing room. The sound drew the attention of the other maids coming in and out of the café to either go home or prepare for their shift. As the girls gathered around, they all stared in awe at the tear in Azumi's uniform. Rather than try to cover herself up or run away in fear, she proudly showed off the clothing malfunction. She took the rip as another sign of the growing number of loyal fans who obsessed over her growing waistline.

Not bothering to mourn her lost outfit, Azumi ripped apart the rest of it into small pieces with her pudgy fingers. Collecting the scraps into a neat pile, she stored them away in her locker to be sold off later to her customers. Pulling out the replacement uniform she had been provided with, she began to slip it over her head. She let out a delighted giggle as the fabric got caught on her F-cup breasts. Another pleased laugh echoed out as the outfit momentarily struggled against the sizable belly that made up her over 300 pound form. Pulling the skirt just barely over her chunky backside, she left just enough of the hem up to show off the bottom part of her butt cheeks. This little tease was a trick she learned over the course of her six months at the café in order to attract more customers.

Fully dressed, Azumi flourished her hair with a wave of her blubbery arm. Carefully maneuvering her way past the other maids, she waddled her way towards the dining area. On the way there, she made sure to pick up a few bites from the chefs. Even with the numerous feasts that were awaiting her that day, she wanted to make sure her gluttonous gut was kept happy to ensure she would be doing her best for her loyal clients.

Azumi was stopped from heading out the door by Inori as she stomped through. As soon as the view of the dining area was blocked off, the bespectacled maid staggered over to a set of chairs. Taking up two seats with her chunky rear, she leaned back to rest her head against the wall. Disregarding the kitchen staff eyeing her, she lifted up her skirt to let her belly plop out. The typically flabby protrusion was noticeably taut as she slid her hand along it. Noticing the specks of frosting lining the cleavage of her fellow maid's meaty mammaries, Azumi already knew what had caused this bloated state.

"Those college girls really love you," Azumi commented as she waddled over.

"Not that I don't appreciate them," Inori said, patting her palm against her belly button, "but I do wish they'd slow down every once in a while."

"I can't really blame them," Azumi replied, picking off a drop of icing from Inori's top to lick up. "Especially since it fits so well with your persona."

"I still don't know how I got saddled with the submissive feeder role here," Inori replied. "Especially since I was on the opposite end of the spectrum for all of my other maid gigs."

"Don't tell me I have to remind you that we're far from a regular establishment," Azumi said with a smile.

"Yeah, yeah," Inori waved off, more concerned with massaging her gut to aid in her digestion. "Anyway, your favorite customer is out there waiting for you. Better get a move on."

"Tomoaki is back?" Azumi asked, receiving a nod in reply. "Ooo, I can't wait."

Making her way out of the kitchen and into the dining area, Azumi basked in the sight of various customers turning to watch her. It was something she had gotten used to thanks to her being the largest maid at the café. While Inori and Yuuki were getting closer to hitting her weight every day, she wasn't about to let her reign as the top worker get taken so easily. Making sure to

jiggle around her gut to appease the other customers as she moved, she eventually found her number one client waiting for her in the usual spot.

“Hey there, Tomoaki,” Azumi said, sitting down on the two chairs that had been placed on the opposite side of the scrawny man’s table. “Have you come to feed me again?”

“Y-yes,” he replied, still just as sheepish as the first day they met. “Are you sure you can handle this? It’s a lot for-“

Azumi stopped him with a raised. “Are you really doubting me?”

“N-no, never.”

“Have I not shown you just what this big, beautiful belly can do?” she followed up, emphasizing her girth with a slap against her mid-section.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to doubt you,” he said, lowering his head. “I-I was just worried. You act all cool and calm during these sessions, but I don’t want to push you too far or-“

Tomoaki was silenced once more, this time by Azumi reaching over to pinch his lips closed with her fingers. “Don’t talk,” she said; an audible creak as she leaned back in the chairs. “Just be a good boy a feed your precious maid. Understood?”

“Y-yes mam,” he replied, getting up from his seat and walking over to her side.

Opening up her mouth, Azumi pointed towards a platter of sandwiches on the table. Acting like he was playing the part of the dutiful servant, Tomoaki did as he was ordered and brought the food up to her mouth. Holding herself back just enough to avoid biting down on his hand, she eagerly accepted the morsel. Before she was even done chewing, she snapped her fingers to get him to grab another sandwich to continue her feast.

Working her way through the first plate, Azumi instructed Tomoaki to move on to a basket of fries. Finishing off the greasy potatoes just as fast, she added on to her indulgence with

orders for mozzarella sticks and chicken tenders. She only stopped gorging herself to either wipe crumbs from her lips or beckon her client to make full use of their time. In Tomoaki's case, that meant having the privilege to press his hand against her belly to feel it swell with each bite she took. Just as Azumi was about to finish her feast with an extravagant bowl of ice cream covered in a plethora of toppings, she picked up the feeling that something was off.

"Stop for a moment," Azumi said, holding her hand out to her client.

"Is something wrong? Are you in pain?" Tomoaki asked.

"No," Azumi answered, heaving herself out of her chairs. "Stay here. I'll be right back."

Working through the lethargy affecting her body, Azumi shuffled her way around the tables. Her goal was to reach the group of tanned, blonde haired women taking up the entrance of the café. The four girls weren't enough to fully obscure the bulk of Yuuki's flabby body. Typically, the massive maid's H-cup breasts balanced atop her barrel-like gut were a beacon to others to come and experience her cheerful demeanor. However, Azumi knew something was wrong as she saw a look of anxiety on the maid's chubby face.

"This is what you've been up to?" one of the women asked Yuuki. "Becoming a complete fat ass?"

"I-it's part of the job," Yuuki replied with an unusual meekness. "People come to see me eat and have a good time."

"You seriously left your modeling career for this?" another woman accused.

"People seem to like it," Yuuki tried to explain. "My social media posts about my progress have been doing great. In fact, a picture of me eating a slice of pie got over 5000-"

"It's because you're a joke to people," one of the women interjected. "The only reason you're getting attention is because they get a kick out of you becoming a land whale."

“That’s not true,” Yuuki said, eyes shifting back and forth for an escape, only to be blocked by the women. “People come every day just to watch me eat and enjoy my company.”

“You’re the one that’s lying,” one of the girls spoke up, stepping forward to poke a finger into Yuuki’s belly. “Admit it. You’re nothing more than a glutton with an eating disorder that gave up on her friends when she found an easy way to support her sick pleasures.”

“That’s enough!” Azumi shouted out, making good use of her bulk to shove aside the women. Taking Yuuki by the hand, she attempted to pull her out of the situation only for her to be surrounded by the girls once more.

“They hell are you supposed to be?” one of the women asked.

“Yuuki’s coworker, Azumi,” she replied. “And who are you?”

“We’re Yuuki’s friends, or at least we used to be before she abandoned us to live in this den of gluttony that worships being an overweight fat ass.”

Letting go of Yuuki, Azumi stepped up to the woman. Bumping her back a few feet, she crossed her arms as she loomed over the comparatively scrawny woman. “You got a problem with that?”

Azumi’s confrontation acted as a call to the rest of the café. In a matter of moments, the rude women were surrounded themselves by maids and customers alike. Looking around at the wall of people coming to Yuuki’s rescue, the girls made the wise decision to leave.

“Thank you,” Yuuki said to Azumi. “I’m sorry about the trouble.”

“It’s not your fault,” Azumi replied. “Hopefully they can learn some manners next time.”

“Azumi!” Tomoaki called out, rushing over to her. “Are you okay?”

“Just fine,” Azumi replied, putting back on her smile as she joined her arm with Yuuki’s. “At least I will be after I finish my meal. Alright if my friend joins us?”

A massive crowd formed around the outside of the Feed A Maid Café. Those unlucky enough to be left without an event ticket were still granted the privilege of watching in through the windows. Shoving up against one another, they got to see a select group of patrons sitting in chairs on the side and standing just outside of the main event area. Typically, this kind of crowd was reserved for a dance performance or other type of show put on by maids at a regular café. However, the establishment was taking part in an event meant to show off the unique talents of its top three employees.

A large, circular table had been brought out to be placed in the center. Sitting around its edges were Azumi, Inori, and Yuuki. Each of them was well over 500 pounds, with their chunky rears barely balancing atop two chairs each. However, each of them stood out in their own way. Both in terms of where their fat had decided to rest over the course of their full year of service and the type of clients that had gone the extra mile to support them.

In the midst of pushing out the wrinkles from her uniform, Inori made a show of sliding her hands over her enlarged curves. Her plump, hourglass figure was slightly distorted by her sizable belly bulge. However, the display was more than enough to summon the group of recently graduated college women to her side. Taking turns pinching her chubby cheeks, they wished her the best of luck before returning to the sideline.

Yuuki's focus was more on entertaining the crowd by wobbling herself back and forth in her chairs. The constant motion managed to jiggle around her massive, J-cup breasts with the ever present danger that they would pop out of her uniform at a moment's notice. Stopping a

nipple from slipping out, she managed to laugh it off as she waved towards the crowd. Much to her delight, her old friends were out there; having learned to appreciate her new career and the happiness it brought her.

Azumi didn't match her fellow maid's curves, but she more than made up for it with her sheer girth. For this occasion, she had chosen to wear a uniform that she had custom ordered to leave her best feature on display. Leaning back, she made sure to entertain the masses by poking and prodding at the heavy flab rolls that made up her magnificent belly. It was because of her gargantuan gut that she was the favorite to win the day's event. Her best feature was also the very thing that kept Tomoaki nearby to help her out by rubbing his hand along her exposed belly button. As much as she would have liked to participate in the usual ritual of him feeding her like a goddess, she had to make him depart with the soft embrace of her pillowy arms as she prepared for the competition.

"Thank you all for coming today," Daisuke announced to the crowd. "When I first opened up the café, there were some that thought I was insane. Mad even. While that still may be true, at the very least I'm a crazy person that managed to make his dream a reality. However, you're not here to see me stuff myself silly. That's for...another project I have I mind. Anyway, let's get these girls ready for the contest."

Clapping his hands together, Daisuke got the rest of the staff to begin placing plates of food on the table. Each serving of food was the largest size possible to order from the café's menu. In addition, the meals' exquisite taste was a major factor in accelerating the other maids' weight gain. On any other day, Azumi and the other senior members would be willing to share the meal to fatten up their coworkers or entertain their clients. That notion vanished as soon as Daisuke rang the start bell and the timer started to tick down.

Risking knocking over the table in the process, the three, massive maids slammed their guts against the table. Their pudgy fingers worked double duty to bring any plate they could reach within eating distance. Whether it was something sweet like cake or savory such as a burger, it was all a means of stacking up the pile of empty plates next to them. As the contest went on, the initial burst of speed the trio had started with died down. The relief felt by the kitchen staff as they were actually able to keep up with the girls' appetites was counteracted by the tension felt amongst the crowd as they wondered who would come out on top.

A bell rang throughout the café as the hour long timer finished its countdown. The sound made the three maids lean back in their chairs to start massaging their stuffed bellies. While they picked off the crumbs and stains that littered their outfits over the course of the contest, Daisuke began to take count of how many plates they had cleared. With only a single plate being a deciding factor, she stepped up to the winner and lifted up her arm.

"Our champion is... AZUMI!" he announced, much to the crowd's delight.

"Thank you, thank you," Azumi said, waving towards her adoring audience. "I would get up and give a speech, but it might be a while before I can move again."

"Same," Inori and Yuuki echoed.

"Unfortunate, but you girls have done more than enough to earn a well deserved break," Daisuke replied. "In the meantime, we have plenty of cute, chubby maids that will be more than willing to serve our loyal customers."

As the rest of the rest of the staff spread out to spend time with the crowd, Tomoaki pushed through to check on Azumi. "Are you alright?"

"Never better," she answered, getting him to take over rubbing her gut with a wave of her hand. "It was all thanks to your support that I was able to win today."

A shade of red appeared on Tomoaki's cheeks. "N-no, it was really all you. All I've done is watch on the sidelines. I'm actually kind of jealous that you can eat like this."

Azumi put on a smirk as she leaned close to him. "I can arrange to change that."

"What do you mean?"

Looking up and down her favorite customer's physique, Azumi let out a giggle. "How would you like a job? We have a new place called the Feed A Butler Café that could really use some new members for their waitstaff."