

Full Fat Moon

Chapter 5

I start to panic once again as I feel something new from within, my plus size body now seemingly having stopped growing, my heart rate races.

What now...

I clutch at my fat stomach and feel it churning beneath my fat hand.

Hungry...

I let out a groan as my stomach growls once again, my eyes start to blur as I feel the hungry pains so much that I fall to my knees, my belly flopping over my thighs, my fat tits resting on top of the bloated gut.

“Grrr!” I yell out of frustration and pain.

I look one last time at the clock and see the time flick to 00:00 and like that I feel something snap inside of me. I bounce with incredible speed to the kitchen and start another ravenous feast. My mouth salivating excessively as I start to eye up the food I am tearing out of its packaging. Like an out-of-control beast I shovel big handfuls of food into my maw. I don’t register any taste; I feel as if I am on autopilot but after each bite, I feel two things. Bigger and still hungry.

I focus intently on the food that I force into my bottomless pit of a stomach and only once I finish what is within arm’s reach do I look down. If I had full control over my body I would scream at this point as my belly now is inhuman in size, a beach ball doesn’t really even cover its true dimensions. A giant over inflated ball of a stomach sticking off my torso, it reaches a staggering amount towards the ground even when I am standing on my feet.

Another hunger pang strikes me, I look around and see that I have cleared **everything**. No more food remains in my house, yet my stomach protests. Desperately I try to resist but it is futile as my body demands more sustenance. From the corner of my eye, I see a light illuminate my neighbour’s back garden. My body still on autopilot leads me through the front door and quickly I find myself at my neighbour’s door. I managed to catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror as I passed and saw that my expansion has now meant that I have burst out of all of my clothes. My huge stomach has already started to slowly deflate as the fat has spread over my body over the few minutes it has been since I finished consuming more food than seems humanly possible. With some heavy thuds I bash the door.

“Laura, it is me, Natasha, open up please, I need help.” A compelling reason that wasn’t a lie, just it wasn’t what she was expecting I suspected.

The door opens quickly and my panicked neighbour stands before me, her mouth agape at the sight before her.

It is really hard to blame her, my body has undergone a massive fatmorphosis. My legs lunge forward and my huge gut pushes Laura back.

The 5"5 woman is lifted off her feet as my belly barges into her home, she clings for her life on my flabby middle and looks shocked at what is happening. Laura herself was an average woman, quite plain Jane in terms of looks. She was always so lovely and kind and thankfully for me, she lived alone.

"Food." I bark at her.

She doesn't reply, still winded from the belly bash.

"Feed me. Now."

She whimpers and cowers before my girth for a second before she rushes to grab some food to satiate my growing body. I notice some sweets in a bowl by the door, I pick it up and quickly wolf it down. The Halloween themed snacks quickly disappear into my stomach, I take a seat on her sofa and lean back, my belly rising high above me like a mountain. My desire to consume eases for just the briefest of moments before I start to trace the impressive swell of my stomach.

There is almost no yield to it...

I turn my head and watch Laura return with some crisps and chocolate bars she presents to me.

"I said feed me."

She timidly opens a bar and brings it to my waiting lips. I almost bite her hand off with my aggressiveness, "Faster." I yell.

She doubles her pace and starts to put the food into my mouth, so I don't have to move at all. Each time she deposits another item into it, I chomp down and quickly swallow the contents of my mouth. Laura, too scared to stop, continues this until she runs out of food. She looks down at me and I glare back at her.

"More..." I moan.

"I don't have anything else, unless I cook it." Laura says, standing up and slowly backing away from me.

Lifting myself off the sofa I start to advance to her, taking one giant stomp at a time, my immensely bloated stomach closes the gap between us.

“More.” I say with a bit more authority.

“I’ll see what I’ve-” Laura pauses as she bumps into the wall, she judges her trajectory wrong and misses the door.

I watch as Laura’s eyes go wide and fear covers her face, her hand starts to fumble for the door frame so that she can pull herself through presumably. It is no use. My stomach collides with her, the taut orb quickly pinning her to the wall.

“No...” I say panting like a beast.

The pressure increases and I can feel her start to sink into my stomach. As the seconds go by my stomach starts to become less taut and my body grows fatter before her eyes. Laura lets out a scream as she watches me grow rapidly once again. Fatter and fatter by the second, I don’t let up on Laura, my fat belly now spreading over her frame more as each second goes on. My breasts start to make some headway down my belly towards Laura, she can only stand there and squirm beneath my incredible bulk.

“N-N...Nat...” Laura says, struggling to catch her breath as the pressure from my stomach continues to increase.

The fat pours over my body as I start to resemble the woman from the news more so than my old self. My arms swell ridiculously, overlapping my elbows and limiting my mobility. The blubber on my back rolls starts to surge outwards giving me more of a rotund appearance like I am a ball almost.

“I. Need. More.” I say with a domineering tone, I lean over my bulk and my face inches closer to Laura’s face.

I take a pause as I hear her wheezing for breath, something smells amazing. I sniff again and I can almost taste the smell. It is intoxicating.

What is that... Delicious aroma...

My eyes focus on Laura, and I watch as the beads of sweat pour down her forehead, her pulse visible in her neck as it beats rapidly from the fear of being crushed. Subconsciously I lick my lips and keep my eyes locked on my host. I scan her over, relishing in her expression. Laura suddenly looks down at my massive gut as it vibrates against her, her eyes couldn’t possibly get any wider as she feels my bulbous stomach rumble against her tiny body.

“Hungry...” I trail off.

Laura looks up at me, her face having turned white at this point. I again lick my lips.

She looks good enough to eat...

And with that I take a step back off of her, I watch as my breathless neighbour falls to the ground, gasping for oxygen. I crash my huge body down beside her, with a firm grip I grab her wrist, she looks up at me pleading. She knows what is about to happen. Deep down I do too but I am not fully in control at this point, the desires of my hunger have far exceeded rational thought. With a strong yank of her arm, I throw her on top of my stomach, so she is now straddling my belly and tits. She tries to resist but whatever ungodly power now resides within me has given me more strength than any one human should possess.

I slowly place her hands into my mouth, my jaw accommodating to their size. My body again in autopilot performs what I would only be able to describe as a swallow but in slow motion. As my throat wraps around her hands my oesophagus constricts around her wrists and slowly, she is pulled further into my mouth. As if a car being towed by a pulley onto the back of a flatbed truck my neighbour slides across my boobs into my mouth.

I catch one final glimpse of Laura as her head enters my distended jaw. The taste is incredible, indescribable really. Her body starts sliding down my throat and I feel her torso cover my tongue. I lean my head back and my tongue starts to lick her body as she starts to slide quicker thanks to gravity. I savour the taste of her short legs as they slide between my lips, and she has her final descent into my massive stomach.

The feeling of the swallow finishes and I feel truly sated for the first time in a number of hours. Lowering my head to inspect my new body I am greeted by my stomach which is now significantly larger, if it were not for my added strength I would surely be immobilised by the mass within my stomach. From within my stomach Laura wriggles and pushes against the walls of my gut. It feels amazing.

Why does it feel so good?

I question myself before I feel wave after wave of pleasure as Laura continues to writhe from within. My fat hand rubs my stomach to help soothe its occupants but understandably it is no use. I start to play with my thick nipples as now my deep feeling of hunger is replaced with the incredible feeling of arousal from what is happening. Still riding my high, I enjoy the moment as much as my body will allow, unfortunately I cannot reach to pleasure myself other than to play with my fat tits.

The next hour I remained in Laura's house, too horny to move, I sat myself on the floor and just enjoyed her final movements as my stomach made quick work of her. Over the course of the hour, I continued my growth, getting fatter by the second as

before, the only difference being that with Laura digesting within, I am no longer hungry.

Finally, the growth had stopped, and Laura had finished her resistance. I look around the room, slowly my mind coming back into focus. I notice the sky is looking lighter, the moon having retreated for the sun to take its place. I stand up and look down at my body, still freakishly massive, my huge body is way past what I thought was possible.

How am I going to live like this?

Thankfully a partial answer was given. My legs start to wobble as the weight starts to get too much for them, I fall back onto the sofa, almost breaking it in the process. My massive frame now covering the three-seat sofa in size, my massive belly still my most prominent feature. The feelings from earlier start to fade, my fat body starts to shrink as my mind comes back to clarity. I look wide eyed as my body starts to shrink back down to my weight from before the escapades of this evening.

I wait a full thirty minutes before I feel the sensations stop. I stand up and quickly check myself in the mirror, my naked body fills the narrow fixture, my tits still look huge on my frame and my fat belly is still there, but nothing compared to that of a few moments ago.

What the fuck do I do now?