

Full Fat Moon

Chapter 2

Mike closed the diner for a few minutes, got me round back and made sure I was properly bandaged before starting work again. In his defence he did ask if I wanted to go home but I declined. Sometimes it takes time for something like that to sink in, I just worked through it. Towards the end of my shift, I found my eyes lingering on the patrons food. I feel my tummy rumble, try as I might, I struggle to ignore the deep hunger that has built up over the course of my shift.

“Are you alright Nat?” Mike’s voice lifts me from my food addled daze.

“Huh? Oh yeah...” I reply, still not fully back in the room. “Why?”

“Well, I ain’t ever seen anyone look at half eaten food like you are right now... Maybe you should clock off, I can handle the close up.”

How nice of him seeing as how I was bitten at work today!

“Only if you are sure Mike” I watch his response.

“Yeah, go on. Carly is in later to reopen for the evening shift, I am sure me and her can handle it, why don’t you take the night off.”

Now this was a rare treat.

“Really?”

“Yes, now go, before I change my mind.”

Not wanting to lose my opportunity I quickly grab my stuff and make a dash for it, the whole time thinking about one thing. Food.

On the way home I picked up some food at a drive through, thankfully not too busy but I was a bit over the top in ordering food.

Four meals... They had a family deal...

I justify it to myself. I managed to eat through two portions of fries before I even got home. The second I get through the door to my flat I quickly take off my jacket, discard my keys to the car and rush into the front room

I live in a nice modern flat with a neutral light colouring, the pine laminated floor lifts the lighting in the room but does nothing for my feet, not even the deep pile rug

can keep my feet warm, I live in slippers for the most part when I enter. The view over the city is nice, if you appreciate the architecture of a western town. The flat is quite spacious considering the price I pay for it. I do enjoy sitting on the balcony and just watching the urban hustle and bustle from afar, however I only have one thing on my mind now that I am home. Eating.

I started eating the family feast I bought. From an outsider's view I was just as gluttonous as the woman at the restaurant today, shovelling food into my rapidly chewing mouth before I even finished the last bite. To me, I was in heaven.

Each bite tasted better than the last, each fry was an explosion of salty deliciousness. I let out soft moans as I chew and swallow the food which normally would be bland to me. I open a burger box and look at the stack of meat between the buns and start to salivate. I devour it with my eyes briefly before the real consumption begins. My teeth tear through the cheap bun and straight into the processed patty, flattened and measured to a perfectly profitable size. The usual cardboard taste is non-existent as the grease flows out of the meaty sponge of a patty, in its place is an explosion of sustenance.

"Fuck... Mmmmm" I groan out loud.

I quickly finish off the burger, it barely touches the sides of my mouth. I open the next one and do the same, and the next one. I don't break from my trance at any point, I just keep eating bite after bite until finished. I push the last bite of burger into my mouth with my index finger and only at that point do I start to come round from my indulgence. I look down at the crime scene before me, discarded wrappers and boxes but most importantly no more food.

Before I can even take in the sight my stomach rumbles loudly in protest, but not because I am too full but rather because although my meal might be done, it was not done consuming.

"How can I still be..." I start to question before once again my stomach growls loudly.

I look down and see something I was not expecting. My belly is peaking out of my uniform, hugely distended from the meal for four, it sits on my lap, spreading over my chubby thighs. I reach to poke the swollen gut, but my hunger pains are too strong. I quickly rise to my feet, noticing that I feel much more sluggish and have a slight change in my centre of gravity. I can't even have time to be shocked because I feel as though I am about to pass out from hunger somehow.

Not questioning but rather acting, I rush to the cupboard and start to look at food to make.

Glllooorrrp

My stomach groans painfully, causing me to double over.

“No time.” I say in a panic.

I grab some crisps, biscuits and chocolate, praying that my stomach only demands dessert at this point. Cramming more food into my stomach I greedily destroy the contents of my cupboard, each fistful finding its way into my growing gut. My jaw gnashing at the food, the noises that are being made from my feast sound barbaric but still I continue. I clear my entire cupboard of everything readily available to eat and although I am not quite sated, I am sated enough to stop and cast my eyes over the carnage I have brought upon my kitchen.

I look over the discarded packaging for the vast amount of food I have eaten, the mess covers the floor of my small kitchen, and the sheer number of crumbs almost makes me want to get down on the floor and start licking up the remnants of food straight from the floor. Thankfully, I do resist.

“Wow... That was a lot...” I say aloud.

I turn to look at the cupboard once more to see if I really have eaten everything. During my turn I bump into the counter, the cold marble surface pressing against my skin causing me to jump. Stumbling backwards so I am now leaning against the wall I look down and take in the damage the last 30 minutes has done to me.

I let out a scream as my eyes are greeted by the obscene sight of my belly. Painfully distended, hugely round and bloated. At some point during my stuffing my belly burst out of my uniform, from my point of view I can't even see my feet anymore, my belly sticks out too far.

“I look fucking pregnant!” I yelp, my hand timidly reaching for my rotund gut.

My hand slowly makes contact with the taut orb. When my hand does make contact, I flinch at the feeling at first but then I start to prod and test the expanse some more. The soft skin is very smooth to the touch, but any sort of pressure applied to my stomach is met with heavy resistance, my stomach far too full to yield to any touch. I reach my hands around my stomach and cradle it to see if I can get my arms around its entirety, only just.

Shocked and disgusted, I rush to the mirror to get a better view, taking extra note of the firm protrusion from my torso and how little it shakes or moves with each step. It feels like something rigid is stuck onto my body, each step causing it to move in one motion without any jiggle. I have to use my hands to help keep it, and by extension myself, balanced. I stand before the mirror and look at my body slack jawed.

“Woah...” I mutter under my breath.

The sight from head on is even more drastic, my belly covers the width of my torso and then some, turning to my side slightly I can see just how far it sticks out. My appearance is comparable to that of a woman in her third trimester. I place a hand on top of my swollen stomach and look on in awe.

“How is this possible...”

My stomach emits a large gurgle, I feel the thunderous rumble and I can even see my belly shake from the activity from inside. I stare at myself for a few minutes as my shock slowly dissipates. I waddle over to my bed and lay myself down on my back carefully. I look down and see my giant mountain of a gut rising high above me, the weight pressing down on my torso.

My hands start to rub and soothe my belly. I feel a wave of calmness slowly replace the fear and shock as my mind seemingly has accepted this new development, I even start to feel a bit hungry before my inevitable food coma forces me into a deep slumber.