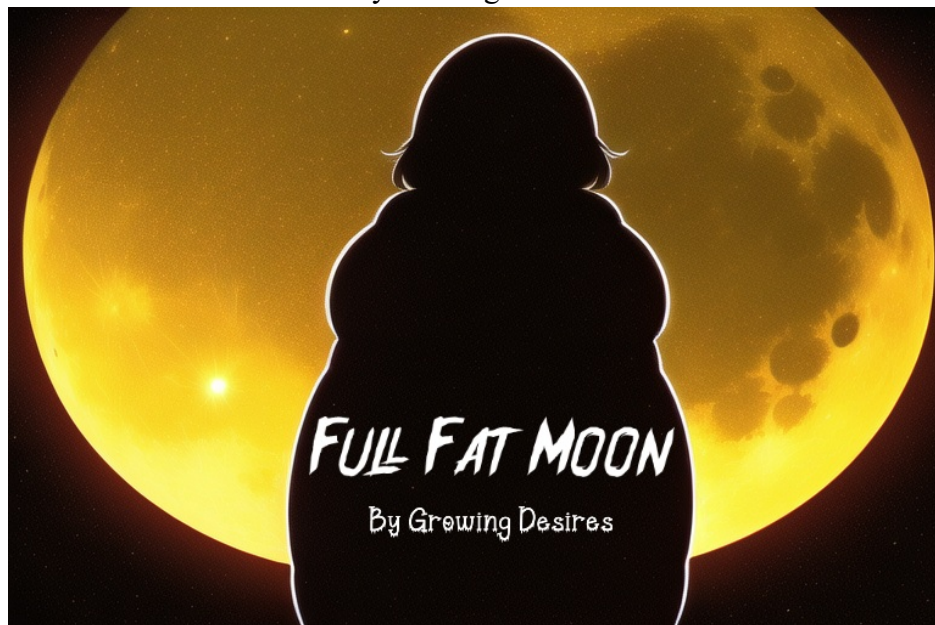


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FULL FAT MOON
by Growing Desires



Chapter One

“Order up Natasha!” Mark yells through the kitchen hatch.

“Coming” I reply, not wanting to anger him again.

Mark likes to feel valued and that in part comes along with replying to his calls. Seems pointless to me but he is the boss, and he is the reason I have a roof over my head.

I rush over to the counter to grab the full steaming plate of breakfast food.

I’ve been working at Mark’s Diner for a few years now, I get along with Mark quite well, he is a good enough cook and I’ve got the pretty face with the customer experience to keep the regulars coming back. I’ve just hit my late twenties, this started as a part time job whilst I finished university but even after landing my degree, landing a job proved much more difficult. Mark pays well, the hours are good, I know it is a dead-end job but there just aren’t many jobs going right now.

I’m not much of a looker, or so my relationship status would have you believe. I don’t know what it is exactly but something about a chubby brunette doesn’t do a lot for the guys where I live. I

haven't got really many curves to speak about, I'm just chubby and formless. My azure eyes have wandered over the years, and I've even plucked the courage to ask out a few guys, but rejection is a feeling I know all too well.

Mark insists we wear formal waitress attire, the black uniform with a white apron comes with a black bow tie that he is super strict about us wearing.

Us, yes, I work with other waiters and waitresses, today is an unremarkable Wednesday just before the lunch rush so it is just me running the show this morning. The diner is based on a 1950s aesthetic, which if you ask me doesn't match the uniform. The diner has been in the town since about the 50s I'd wager and although it has had a few refurbishments, Mark brought back this look a few years ago just as I started. Located on the main high street in the town it attracts a large number of patrons and is particularly popular with the construction firms in the area.



I take the breakfast over to the table and place it down before the builder, getting in a late

breakfast.

“Here you go sugar.” I smile. “Anything else I can get you?”

“Oh yeah luv, can you get me another cuppa an’ all?” The overweight man in the high vis jacket slides his cup towards me.

“Sure thing.” I smile back.

I hate it when they call me ‘luv’

Returning with the filled cup, I place it before him and smile before leaving. “Fanks luv” He calls out through a mouthful of food.

Charming.

Just as I start to do my walk around the tables to see if I need to clean anything up, I hear the bell of the door go. I turn and see a panicked woman huff and puff to a seat. The woman is huge.

I have never seen a woman that big before.

She is wearing a large coat but even through that it is impossible to deny her size. The woman must be 500lbs.

That would explain the huffing.

The woman took the table closest to the door to save her walking any more than she needed to. I watch in awe as she removes her coat and I see large glimpses of her skin on show thanks to her overflowing fat. This woman is truly massive, as I get closer to her, I see more clearly that she isn’t just spilling out of her clothes, but she seems to have burst out of her clothes or something, there are large rips in her garments which expose large amounts of fat. She barely can fit in the booth with how wide she is, her stomach needing to be pressed against the table, it cuts into her giving her a double belly, the

woman's upper swell stretching across the table.

What the fuck. How do you dress yourself like this in the morning and go outside?

I shake my head dismissively, put on my customer service smile and approach her table. The woman turns to me, and I take in her visage. The woman's face puts me on edge, I was expecting an ugly apathetic woman who didn't look after herself, instead the woman is beautiful. Her face has quite a bit of makeup on, her eyelashes taken care of, and she is blemish free, clearly someone who spends time looking after themselves. Her expression troubles me further, she looks desperate, panicked and pained. Before either of us can speak she doubles over clutching her stomach and a thunderous roar can be heard.

I just stare at the woman as she groans, still clutching her midsection. She looks up at me, her face painted with trepidation. "Food... Please..."

"Well, we do have a menu if"

"All of it, just something, quickly." The woman cuts me off.

"I'll start you off with the full English." I reply, turning away and walking towards the kitchen hatch. "One large full English, can we make it quick, I think the woman is going to start tearing the place up if she doesn't get food soon."

Mark pokes his head through the window with a scowl on his face. "For table 12? They only just got here!"

"I know, something isn't right with her. Can you just rush it because she is making me uneasy."

He scoffs and tucks his head back into the kitchen. I approach the woman again with a pot of tea in my hand with a cup. "Would you like a tea sweetie?" I ask kindly.

“Where is food...” She says in a pained whisper.

This lady is starting to piss me off. No need to be rude.

“We are making it now, it won’t be...” I trail off as her stomach starts to rumble once more, I visibly see it quake.

Not thinking, I place the tea down and walk back to the kitchen with a shocked expression. Thankfully Mark has just served up the breakfast.

“Not the best but the quickest.” He adds.

I ignore him and quickly take the food back to the woman. I place the food down before her with some cutlery. “There you go Ma’am” I start.

The woman takes her pudgy hands and starts to use her hands to feed herself at an incredible rate.

That isn’t going to last long.

I stand motionless as I watch the display of gluttony begin. Fistfuls of food quickly disappearing into her mouth, she is barely even chewing. Her hands were covered in grease from the fried contents of the plate.

“More... Get me more...” The obese woman yells between mouthfuls.

Quickly returning to the kitchen I yell through to Mark. “Three more full Englishes for table 12.”

He appears once again at the hatch and peers through. “But she is on her own.” Mark questions.

“She is VERY hungry.” I say trying to justify the order.

“As long as she pays.” He mutters as he starts to assemble another three plates.

In record time the woman has finished her food and hails me over to the table. I slowly approach, visibly disgusted by the woman's now greasy appearance. Her makeup has smudged, and she now looks like an absolute mess. I timidly hand her some napkins to clean up, she bats them away onto the table and looks at me through those fearful and pleading eyes.

"More..." She barely manages to whisper before her stomach roars once more.

"It's on its way. I asked the kitchen to make you a few more, I hope that is okay?"

"Yes, more please..." She starts to rub her stomach like she is trying to calm it down. Her bean covered fingers are now staining her dress.

I hear the bell ding for the order, and I rush to the back. The woman watches me as I rush to the hatch, if I was watching her then I could've seen her start to drool in anticipation.

Mark has served up two plates. "I'm just doing the last one now, you'll need to come back for the last one Nat."

"Thank you, you might want to get some more on. I don't think she will be happy with just four."

Mark's eyes go wide. "Well... Uhm... Like I said, as long as she pays."

I return to table 12 with two more plates, the woman can barely let me get the plates onto the surface before launching her assault on the food once again. I turn as I hear the bell once again.

"I'll be back with your third plate now sweetie."

The woman just moans through scoffs of food, despite having just cleared a full English, her pace hasn't slowed on the second plate.

"Does she look like she will pay?" Mark asks as I grab the third plate.

“She doesn’t look like she would exactly run out of here.” I replied.

He giggles, “Ha, good one.”

I didn’t mean it quite so harshly. How this woman could run after eating that much food would be the last thought in my mind.

As I get closer to the table once more, I notice that her stomach is spreading over the table more than it was earlier. Her clothes have seemingly ripped more.

How is that possible?

I question myself as I scan this woman’s bulky body. I eye her over and look at how her arms are now chunkier, her thighs look thicker, even her face looks fatter.

How...

I am captivated and equally disgusted by the change, I arrive at the table and lean over to place her plate down before her. Catching a glimpse at her face. The woman is crying yet still shovelling food into her maw.

“Is everything OK?” I ask.

Suddenly her attention is lifted from her food to me, her eyes, although crying, have this crazed look about them which is impossible to describe. Without warning, she lunges and bites my arm which is still leaning over the table. I drop the third plate and let out a yelp as her strong bite breaks the skin on my arm, I try to recoil but she has got my arm in a tight grip.

“OW! Let go!” I yell.

Her eyes seem to change as she releases me, I stumble backwards against the table opposite. I watch as fear once again covers her face, the tears start to stream once again down her cheeks. “I am

so sorry...” She says in a defeated tone before she moves to get up.

Clutching my arm, I watch as the woman approaches me, I understandably recoil. She looks me dead in the eyes and apologises once more. “May the curse be kind to you...” She looks down at her stomach as it now visibly expands before my very eyes, she lets out a soft moan as her stomach bubbles with the fat being added to its large mass.

Before I could say anything, she turned around and slid the remainder of the food, plate and all, into her mouth. I don’t see this happen as she has her back to me but there is no doubt as she then walks out the door leaving an empty table behind.

Stunned, I watch as the large woman thunders out the door. I am just there clutching my arm. The commotion hasn’t roused anyone from their seat. The only person now rushing to my aid is Mark.

“She didn’t pay, she didn’t even run, why are you?” He trails off after seeing the blood. “What the hell happened?”

“She bit me...”

Chapter Two

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.

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