



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.

Chapter Three

Bzzt Bzzt Bzzt

My phone vibrates on my nightstand. I angrily reach out and grab my phone, I scowl at the bright light shining through my window and put the phone to my ear as I bury my face into the pillow.

“Hello?” I say groggily.

“Where the hell are you Nat?” Carly whispers down the phone. “Mark hasn’t noticed you aren’t here yet; I can only cover for a bit longer before I’ve got to pick Jackson up from my mum.”

“Shit... What time is it?”

“You are still in bed? Nat, it is 2pm! You are on the late shift, you should’ve been here at 12 hun, are you ok?” Carly responds in a mixture of anger and concern.

“I’ll be there as soon as I can, don’t worry and sorry!” I say apologetically through the phone before hanging up. “Shit!” I yell out loud as I flip myself into a sitting position on the edge of my bed, but I immediately freeze.

“What. The. Fuck.”

Looking down, I don’t recognise the body before me. My once non-existent chest is no longer that, instead two huge melons fill my field of view. I shake my torso from side to side slightly and watch as my incredibly strained PJ top jiggles and shakes, the giant expansive mass beneath threatening the fabric with every wobble. I quickly jump to my feet to rush to the mirror only to be

met with imbalance. I almost tumble over onto the floor but thankfully a well-placed desk keeps me upright. I slowly thunder and jiggle towards the full-length mirror and once again I find myself uttering:

“What. The. Fuck.”

My jaw drops as I look on, my body is now past chubby as I have a pot belly peeking out from under my top, my breasts are huge compared to what they once were. I gently poke my belly and tits, confirming what my eyes see. My finger sinks into the soft flesh and I feel my skin being plunged into.

Bzzt

I peer over to my phone which I left discarded on the bed; I see Mike’s name in my notification tray.

“Shit... Better get a move on...” I say looking at my body once more, panic starting to creep in about what I can wear.

I peel my top off, the drop of my tits onto my belly makes an impressive slap and almost causes me to fall forward. I can’t help but stare at my now topless form. My thick nipples stick out against the chilly air of my apartment. My big breasts sag under their own weight slightly as they squish into the top of my belly. It appears wider and all around bigger than it was yesterday, but it has shrunk a considerable amount from my stuffing.

Focus.

I snap myself back to the task at hand, getting these fat tits into a top I can wear. Not to mention the belly.

Thankfully, I have some shapewear that can help reduce my belly, hopefully that is enough for me to get my skirt around myself and the top closed over its swell. As for my tits, with myself needing more cloth to cover them, I could let my top ride up over my belly and wear another black bodice over my stomach just to ensure that I don’t have any accidents.

So crazy it might just work.

In a panic I squeeze my belly into the tight-fitting corset and compress my fat. The effect is

quite profound, already shrinking my stomach a considerable amount, it does make me appear in the mid stages of pregnancy, however.

It'll have to do.

I give my now round and firm stomach a pat before I try the top. Opening the button up top wide I reach it around my tits with a little bit of difficulty. The top manages to close but it leaves over half of my belly exposed thanks to needing to wear it higher to contain my now larger tits.

Now the second bodice.

The black belly band manages to cover my first band and the lower portion of my top which is dangling on the top hemisphere of my stomach. I manage to just about get my skirt on, it has to sit under my belly and more on my hips than usual, luckily my apron can cover my protruding swollen gut.

"There." I say timidly as I look myself over in the mirror.

Considering my new... "Developments"... I think I've done a good job.

Ignoring the fact that I've grown tits overnight and my belly is now almost double its size from yesterday. With no time left to linger, I rush to my car and speed out of the car park.

I arrive at work just in time for Carly to leave. I rush through the doors, wobbling and threatening my uniform. Carly turns as she hears the bell go and I see the anger on her face for a moment before it is replaced with shock. I wobble over to her, slowly as not to bust an incredibly strained button.

"Hi Carly, sorry I am late...I don't know what happened." I start.

The blonde just stares at me over, muted and wide eyed.

"I was sick yesterday, so I went home and then next thing I know, I'm getting a call from you." I continue

Leave the part where you stuffed yourself until you nearly burst. Yeah...

"I am so sorry, I made it though, with just enough time for you to get Jackson."

Carly slowly starts to leave, picking her keys out of her pocket but she doesn't take her eyes off of me as she leaves.

I guess the change is noticeable.

“Tash, is that you?” Mike yells angrily from behind in the kitchen.

“Y-yeah Mike...” I timidly respond to him.

“You better have a g-” It is now his turn to freeze on the spot.

I don’t think I’ve ever seen Mike frozen like this.

“I am so sorry Mike, I don’t know what happened, I got home,” Stuffed myself like crazy, “and turned in for the night, I must’ve been sick because I only woke up a little over an hour ago.” I say apologetically with puppy dog eyes. “I can make it up to you, I’ll work extra to cover what I didn’t work.” I lean forward looking for forgiveness.

My lean has a new side effect, my top starts to groan and my tits look like they are going to burst out of my top any second. I gasp as I see some of my boob flesh peeking between the holes of my buttons. I start to blush and look at Mike who is entirely red in the face by this point.

“Eh... Don’t worry about it... Umm... It is fine, it happens.” He stammers before turning away into the kitchen only to return a second later.

“Just... Just take this cake to table four please.” He says, barely able to make eye contact with me, to be fair, barely looking in my direction at all.

“Sure, sorry and thank you Mike.”



I turn a bit too quickly and almost lose my balance thanks to my new assets, I watch as they jiggle and shake in my top, dangerously straining my top.

I best be careful, I don't want a wardrobe malfunction.

With a confident step I walk towards table four and I feel my body jiggle and quake as I approach the table, the diners watching me as I wobble with the cake in my hand. Placing it down with a soft touch, mostly because if I were to bend over too quickly, I might find my top in tatters.

“There you go.” I say with my head bowed,

Looking up slowly I see a regular couple that dine here often staring at my chest. The woman looks on with a mixture of shock and envy, whilst her partner stares with shock and lust behind his eyes.

“Eh... Thank you...” The woman says just as I start to walk away from the table.

Well, it seems that people have already noticed... I guess it is hard not to...

I bounce on my feet and feel the pulling of my boobs as they rise and fall on my torso.

“Order up.” Mike calls from the kitchen again.

I guess I work... Probably see a doctor next week or something.

The rest of my shift went by without much incident, people gawked at my outfit and most of them just stared at my tits but there were a few that noticed the round belly I was sporting underneath my large chest. My hunger didn't return like before, I was seemingly returned to normal. I didn't question it anymore, just as long as I wasn't wanting to eat everything in sight then I can't complain.

It was just a one off.

Chapter Four

Days went by without any other strange happenings. I had to go shopping for a whole new wardrobe, I couldn't get away with growing to an F cup and not need to get some new clothes. It was difficult to explain to most people as I saw friends and family quite frequently, I'd tell them that I was waiting for lab results, that the doctors suspected something was wrong with my thyroid. In reality, I hadn't bothered to even call them yet. What was the point really, I put some weight on sure, most of it went to my tits. I had something to be proud of on my body for once, I'd just diet and shred my belly and keep the tits. Easy.

Or so I thought.

A few days later I was just sitting down for breakfast and on the news, I saw something that made me drop my glass of orange juice. The woman from the diner a few days ago, the one who bit me, her mugshot was on the local news. She looks even bigger somehow.

Her face was the only thing they had on the screen whilst the anchor read from his teleprompter. Her face was barely recognisable but something about those eyes I could tell it was her. The woman's face had grown wide and obscene, her head was fused by fat into her torso, her heavy face looked like a burden to even hold up.

"Miss Angelow was found breaking into a farm on the outskirts of town, Mr Rickshaw, what did you see?" The anchor throws it to the farmer who is standing outside of his barn.

"Well, it was like this, I heard a racket, and it was the hens, something had them spooked. I

grabbed my gun and approached and that is when I saw... her, ain't never seen someone like that before... She was huge and she kept saying she were hungry."

The camera cuts to Miss Angelow, covered in a groundsheet in a holding cell. I suspected the cell was meant for multiple inmates but at her current dimensions the woman took up most of the space in the cell. Her massive body couldn't be seen under the groundsheet but if the dimensions of it were to be believed then she must weigh well over 1000lbs probably closer to 2000. She was just so monstrously big. She looks up into the camera, her eyes filled with sorrow and shame but still I see that flame burning bright, her mouth parts and although the sound from her cell is muted, I can still see her mouth the word "Hungry."

I turn it off out of shock and disgust. I look down and feel the cold orange juice pooled at my feet with the broken glass shards around the floor.

I liked that glass.

After cleaning up I get dressed and start to head into work, taking the time to get myself into my newer and larger uniform. It seems strange but I have got used to my new body rather quickly. Giving myself a look over in the mirror I can't help but focus on my tits.

I love them.

I give them a testing bounce and watch as they jiggle for a few seconds after I stop moving.

The tips have been better too.

I chuckle to myself before heading to my car. The traffic was nice, and I got in nice and early. I see Carly who is just wrapping up her morning shift. I am on the late shift today.

"Damn girl... I still can't get over you..." Carly says, greeting me as I come in.

"Stop" I blush. "Anything I should know about today?"

"Everything is fine, we have a full menu, special is blueberry pie and Mike is in a mostly good mood."

"Good, good." I reach in to give her a hug goodbye.

I wrap my chunky arms around her, and I feel my large chest squeeze against her

comparatively smaller one.

I'm still not used to the squashing feeling.

"Have a good shift." Carly says, blushing and heading out the door.

"Mike, how are you today sweetie?"

He loves being called names.

"Hey Nat, good so far, we've just finished the lunch rush so I'm just going to work on the desserts for the evening."

"Carly said you were doing blueberry pie?" I enquire.

"Yeah, I thought I'd mix it up a little."

"Good on you, I'll be sure to let everyone know."

The shift was quiet for the first two hours, just mostly cleaning and setting up for the evening rush which came in no time at all. I was the only one on tonight, which was quite common but since adding a few pounds to my frame, especially my chest I can't help but feel a step behind where I used to be. I manage well enough and if anything, my overworked rushing just made me jiggle more.



A particular table of students all gave me an extra tip after I leaned on the table to catch my breath, my tits were resting on the table and spreading over its surface. I don't think a single one of them made eye contact with me.



As the night went on, I felt something strange happening, like my blood was starting to boil. I felt unnaturally warm. We had just finished serving food, so it was just the remaining diners to clean up after. I stumbled over to the hatch, sweaty and exhausted.

“Mike, I’m just popping outside for some fresh air, I will be back in 30 seconds.”

Mike turned to scold me for leaving the diner unattended, but he could see the sweat pouring down my face and decided to come out the front for a minute.

“I’ll be back in before half past when we close.” I reassure him.

The alley around the back was dirty and smelly but the cold air was nice on my skin. I leaned against the wall and looked up as I felt the frigid air soothe my overheated skin. I open my eyes and catch the moon rising high above the city.



Sure is full tonight.

My eyes lock on the floating rock and I find I can't move for a few seconds. My body starts to feel strange; it almost feels like my skin is itchy all over, I feel an odd sensation like there is something bubbling beneath my skin. The paralysis wears off and I look down and see my skin visibly moving, not like something is under my skin but more that it is shifting like it is filling up.

No...

My hands come clapping down onto my boobs and I feel mild movement happening from within my bra, but the sensation is stronger lower down my torso. Gliding across the tightening surface of my clothes my thicker hands land on my belly, I can feel it pulsating as it moves in a rhythm.

What the hell is going on...

Panic stricken I start to notice my body is starting to feel heavier all over, it is slow but from my point of view it feels vast. My buttons are starting to strain on my uniform as its limits are getting tested with each passing second.

“AAAAHH!” I scream as the changes continue.

I quickly rushed back into the diner only to bump into Mike who was rushing to see what the scream was for. He looks down and sees my body slowly shifting under my clothes and backs away.

“M-M... Mike...” I say, clutching my stomach, feeling it push against my hands. “What is happening...” I groan as I feel something build up within me. “To me...”

Like a bomb being let off, my belly surges outwards forcing me to bend backwards from the recoil of its speed. Within an instant the already overweight pot belly now exceeds someone in their second trimester. The rapid growth causes my top to split open at the top, my belly now surging out into the open air. My boobs rest on top of the growing mass as it becomes rounder each second, quickly approaching the third trimester if I were to compare it to anything.

I look over to where Mike was, and he is now passed out on the floor.

I rush over to a mirror and stare at myself. My boobs have grown slightly, they are starting to overflow my bra, the top buttons on my shirt starting to strain to contain the huge amount of boob on my fattening frame. I notice my face and arms next, both of which are starting to gain weight. My arms, which weren't small to begin with, are thickening by the second, likely joining my legs in their cylindrical shape as fat piles onto them. I take my thick digits and grasp the underside of my breasts and heft them up to get a better view of my belly. I firstly noticed the weight on my expanding tits, not a significant change but enough to cause a difference to me. I look down and gasp at what I see.

“What the fuck.” I say out loud.

My belly is growing, at pace. I can see the fat being pumped into it, each second more blubber revealing itself. It starts to sag as it loses its pregnancy shape and now starts to form some rolls as the fat oozes over my frame. I watch stunned at my body which looks unrecognisable to me slows down its transformation.

What am I looking at... That isn't me... I look more like.

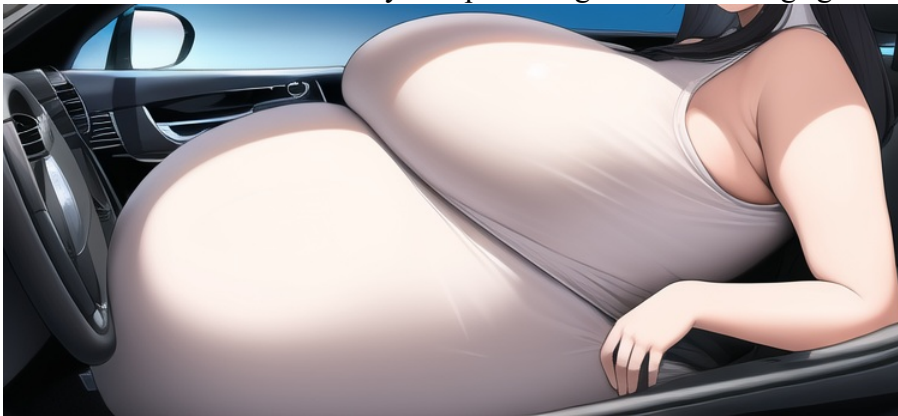
“Her!” I think back to a few days earlier when that woman bit me. Her name didn't matter to me, but I knew she did this to me, somehow.

I look at the clock and see that time has crept on, it is now approaching midnight. I waddle towards the door of the kitchen and look at the last remaining patrons still having a good time. Looking down at my body I can still feel myself widening and thickening.

I need to get out of here, my car is at the front.

With quick thinking I pull the fire alarm and see everyone start to scatter. The main lights turn off and the diner is filled with guiding LED lights. There is something I notice and am drawn to now however, the beams of moonlight coming through the windows, if it wasn't for the painfully loud fire bell ringing, I would've laid before the beam and bathed in its invigorating power.

I discard the thought as quickly as it enters my skull and rush out the kitchen, my blubbery mass quaking with each stomp as I make a dash for my car. I turn around and see Mike slowly starting to rouse thanks to the alarm. Instead of joining everyone out the front door, I take a side fire door which comes out next to my car. I throw myself in the seat and quickly start backing up, barely being able to turn the wheel thanks to my new protruding stomach rubbing against the wheel.



I speed down the road to my house, every so often catching the moon in the mirror.

Why am I drawn to it so?

I rush through the door and start hyperventilating as I look down at my body which has once again grown.

A bite. Fascination with the moon. What does that sound like...

My stomach makes a mighty growl, it sounds just like a beast.

Beast.

I look at the clock and see the time, 23:55 and I feel myself fill with a renewed vigour.

A Werewolf.

Chapter Five

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 fatmorphism. 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?

Chapter Six

I rush quickly next door to my house through the back gate, lest anyone see me streaking between Laura's house. I rush upstairs to examine myself further to confirm that no lasting changes have stuck with me in the last few hours. I do the only logical thing I can think of next, google what happened.

I leave out the part about eating my neighbour but I quickly find myself on a forum about women with a fat lycanthropy. If the posts are to be believed there are more women out there like myself and Miss Angelow. There seems to be almost a cult following for these women and they are treated almost as if they are deities. They even have a piece of parchment which has a number of observations that this one doctor has about the disease. I read the mostly faded text from the picture that this user has uploaded.

1. Every full moon the subject grew ravenously hungry and started to rapidly gain weight.
2. The hunger is insatiable. No matter how much food we provided they were able to consume it all, well beyond human limitations.
3. Subject's strength was increased, most of this was for the purpose of carrying around their bulk
4. The "disease" is passed on by biting, whether in form or not.
5. Subjects will remain their size and their hunger will increase even after dawn if they don't consume a human.

6. Those that consume a human were observed to be content, no longer requiring food.
7. If a human has been consumed and dawn breaks, the subject would return back to their normal size.

There is more but after reading the last few points I feel sick, I rush to the toilet and throw up. Now laying on the bathroom floor, defeated I look at the ceiling and get trapped in my thoughts.

Eating a person... That is the only way to return to normal...

I feel immense guilt after remembering the actions I took last night.

Laura...

I place a hand on my stomach and rub softly. I don't do much for the next few days, opting to take time off work.

#

This has got to be some sick joke.

A few days have passed and somehow I have calmed myself down and I am back on that forum. I have spent the last few days posting on the site trying to discover more information, everything there is speculative and no active user has ever seen a woman who has this affliction. I guess I asked too many questions because I have someone in my private messages.

His name is Tim, he says, his profile picture seems cute, a nice looking guy. He isn't a creep or weird at all considering where I met him but quickly he reveals to me his fascination with this story, it is a kink of his at this point. I explore it further with him, I even tell him the story of what happened last week, obviously telling him it wasn't real, it was just a piece of fiction I was working on. It has a pronounced effect on him, he tells me and shows me as much.

Guess that is my fault for saying I am a woman on my profile.

I start to get excited from his reactions and there is something within me now begging me to meet him next full moon.

#

The weeks fly by and I haven't stopped talking to Tim, like I said he was a normal enough guy other than the big elephant in the room. He told me is in the next town over.

This is fate.

We would regularly role play over messages and we would both enjoy ourselves, for me this was the first time I've ever done anything like this. After one particularly hot session he confesses how he would love to be eaten and be made part of one of these women's fat body forever.

This is perfect.

I get bold and tell him I am visiting the area soon, if he wanted to meet up. He agreed. "Let's meet up on the 16th." I tell him over voice chat.

"16th... That is the day of the full moon." He says with a sense of arousal in his tone of voice.

"I know... What better day?"

He agrees.

#

He offers to take me out for food at a nice establishment in town. I didn't tell him that I have been there before but he did pick a nice place. There is no mistaking that this is a date. I dress accordingly and head there to meet him.

I spot him a mile off, I've seen him enough and something about him is embedded in my skull. Maybe the latent desire to eat him...

"Tim?" I call out.

"Hey Jean."

I must remember my fake name.

He does look better in the flesh, the pictures do him a slight disservice. He is just over six foot tall and his trimmed hair and beard both look well kept. He is fairly average of build, not a chubby nerd like you'd expect. He is dressed up in a tux. I eye him over and he laughs.

"Sorry... I am not great at social stuff... Is it too much?"

"No, not at all hun." I respond. I watch as he soaks in my body.

Still expanded since the bite, my huge boobs fill out my dress nicely and my stomach isn't

well hidden behind the red fabric. I had sent him a few photos but not enough for him not to be eye fucking me right now. By all accounts I was in the realm of his dream woman, he liked them big and I was already fairly chubby and my tits surely helped a lot in that respect.

“The pictures don’t really do justice for either of us do they?” I say in a sultry tone.

He blushes at the compliment but he also is just staring at me unashamedly. “You... Look incredible.” He stammers out.

“Oh I do?” I shake my chest. “You mean me or my tits?”

His face turns the same colour as my dress.

“Maybe you meant this?” I add, pulling the dress tight over my stomach to reveal my belly bulge.

“Oh sorry, I shouldn’t start so early should I?” I continue with a teasing tone. “Might ruin our fun later.” I wink suggestively.

Tim almost faints at the thought of what is to come.

“Shall we sit down? I am feeling quite hungry.” I slap my empty stomach, watching for Tim’s reaction.

“Fuck...” He exclaims as he watches me walk past him.

I turn around and give him a good side view. “Come on... I’m not going to eat alone.”

He skips to catch up, overtaking me quickly to pull my seat out and allowing me plop my overweight frame onto the chair, it groans slightly. “Oh I don’t think the chair is ready for tonight.” I hug my gut and look up at my date.

Teasing him is too easy.

Tim offers to pay and that just gives me even more reason to let loose. I order a whole bunch of food and eagerly await for the meal to come out. We talk for a bit, normal stuff but I can see he is distracted.

I guess my charms have had an effect on him.

The wait staff bring out our food and Tim takes extra note about how much is there before

me. “Wow... You weren’t kidding about how much you eat.”

“Well, what can I say, a big girl like me needs to eat a big meal.” I wink.

Tim spends more time watching me eat than eat his own food, in part because I am some sort of divine goddess to him but also because he has a lot less than I do. I start to feel a bit strange as the meal draws to a close. I look out the window and see the pale glow of the full moon in the sky. I feel a shifting in my dress and thankfully rip my eyes from its hypnotic gaze.

Not long now, only a few hours.

Looking at the time on my phone, 21:48. I feel a gurgle within my bloated stomach, it pulses slightly outwards.

It is starting... Best move this along.

“I am starting to feel quite full... I would love to get out of here...” I say not so subtly.

Thankfully Tim takes the hint.



He helps me up from my chair and just for being such a gentleman I thrust my stomach out and into his torso. I didn’t quite judge how much bigger the food had made it on top of my slow gradual expansion as it approaches midnight.

“Holy shit.” He exclaims.

I look down and see it, my big rotund stomach pressing against his vastly smaller body. I look as though I am in my first stages of pregnancy, my firm stomach is stretching the dress to its

capacity. Suddenly there is a gurgle and it starts to flatten out and the rest of my body starts to expand. Tim notices this, he is hyper aware of my changes as they happen before him.

He looks at me flabbergasted. “Did you...”

I look at him with heavy eyes, and nod.

He opens his mouth to talk again but the words just won’t come out, I lean in close to him and whisper softly. “And we’ve got some time before midnight, I am only going to get bigger... Best get out of here before it is too late.”

He snatches my wrist and drags me to his car, he opens the door and gestures for me to get in. I sit my plus size body in the passenger seat and Tim pulls off.

“What is happening.” Tim says nervously.

“Well... You know that curse... It is real. Not only that, but I have it.”

Tim starts shaking his head, trying desperately to keep the car straight. “No, that can’t be real, I wanted it to be real but the forum never had anything concrete, it was always a roleplay fantasy for me, not real...” Tim stops at a set of traffic lights.

“Does this look real to you?” I ask, turning his attention to me.



The growth has increased now as the time has gone on, my body now straining the dress past its capacity. My belly in particular is winning the fight against the red dress now that I am sat down, the weight of my ass on the fabric stopping it from rising any further. I take a deep breath just

as another growth spurt happens and my belly rips through my dress, exposing the soft skin beneath. I relish in the look he is giving me.

“The light is green...” I say in a breathy voice. “Best get me out of here before I get too big, it’s almost full moon.”

Chapter Seven

Racing the rest of the way home, Tim pulls into his driveway and rushes to my side of the car. He pauses when he looks down at me, my bulging belly pressing against the dash, I give him a sultry look.

“I need help to get out.” I say as I notice the moon behind his head. “Quick.” I say a bit more panicked.

With a mighty pull he lifts me from the car, I come out with a bit too much force and knock him backwards, he manages to keep his footing, but he is in awe at the growth I’ve already gone under.

“Big huh...” I add, looking at the moon again.

My already exposed belly shakes and starts to grow wider once again, an extra layer of adipose being added all over my body as my weight increases.

“What time is it?”

Tim lifts his wrist and timidly says “Ten to twelve.”

“Oh... Well, best get inside and have some fun before I get too hungry.”

Tim fumbles with the keys for a few seconds before opening the door, he rushes in and I squeeze through the door frame, my stomach rubbing against the frame as I enter. No sooner than I enter the house, my dress gives up the noble fight. My dress rips most of the way down my body, I

help it along with a few flexes and a deep breath but laying on the floor now is a pile of tattered red fabric. Tim turns and gasps at the sight before him, a giant fat ball of a woman, who not a few hours ago was barely a BBW but is now so clearly an SSBBW. I give a little shimmy of my hips and watch as Tim's erection pulsates in his trousers.

“Is that for me?” I ask.

He can only nod. The moment is clearly too much for him. I waddle towards him, my fat blubbery body rubbing against him as I make my way up the stairs. He stands there watching my fat ass climb the stairs, each massive round cheek moving in such a hypnotic way that I wouldn't blame him if he were to fall under my spell.

As if he wasn't under my spell already.

Tim coughs to clear his throat and stammers. “Wh-Wher-ere are you going?”

Turning and looking down my nose at him, I replied. “To the bedroom of course.”

I continue my ascent and guess which door is his room, there are only 3 to choose from. I look at his very nice bedroom, the bed is massive, I plop myself onto it and wait eagerly for Tim to finally join me. I lean forward and let my huge tits create a wall of boob that would cause anyone to blush. Through the window behind me the full moon covers the sky, its magical light beaming onto the bed, I can feel its glow on my skin, its effect slow and brooding as it builds up within me.



Watching the door, I see Tim's legs enter into the room, he looks over at me and once again finds himself utterly speechless and just staring at my huge body laying on his bed.

"I can feel myself growing still... The moon... It is so strong..." I say.

As if on cue, my body starts to pulsate larger and bigger by the second, a familiar hunger returning to me. By the second the flesh pooling on the bed takes up increasingly more space and the expansion from the curse plays its part in making me larger. There is a clock on the nightstand, the red light of the digital face informs me that time is now increasingly short. 23:55.

Almost time.

I look at Tim and then flick my eyes to the clock so that he notices. I swear I see his cock throb in his pants when he notices the time. Looking over my massive body I start to entice him by rubbing my body. Tim rapidly removes his clothes, and He slowly approaches and sits on his knees on the bed, his hand starting to softly rub my still growing body. Each second, I continue to grow, bigger, rounder, fatter. Lost in the lust and hunger of it all, I don't even notice him now touching himself, his hands lingering on my belly, shaking and wobbling my taut stomach. The huge mass quaking before me, its movement pulling me around the bed almost thanks to its weight shifting over my torso.

I start to rub his body as he presses himself into my expanding frame.

"Fuck... This is a fantasy come true..." He moans as he starts to wrap his hands around my body, or as much as he can reach.

His hard dick pressing into my overstuffed fat body, he starts to move around and rub it against my fat rolls. I pull him close and rub his body, taking the opportunity to give him some teasing licks, as if I am tasting him.

"I'm still so hungry..." I moan softly.

It wasn't a lie, the hunger is still building within, and it seems worse this time than last time, maybe because I am much more in control or maybe because Tim seems to be getting turned on by the whole ordeal. My body has surpassed all humanly possible sizes and I now sit almost immobile under my weight, feeling Tim grope and rub my body is just as arousing to him as it is me. I feel a strength returning to my body, I look over to the clock and see the time.

00:00.

Something in me snaps and I have one final spurt of growth before I grab Tim by the shoulders. Still touching himself he looks down at me, he is very well aware about what happens next, if anything it turns him on more.

"Oh yes... Please..." He moans, I pay him no attention as the hunger takes over.

My jaw opens wider as my mouth becomes a humongous chasm ready to swallow Tim. I

bring him slowly towards the wide ravine on my face. I slide his head into my mouth before the sides of my lips start to slide against his shoulders. My tongue relishes the feeling of his body sliding over my tongue, tasting him as he goes down causes me to moan and close my eyes. The burning sensation of my hunger was only brief as I quickly sate my desires. My neck distorts as his body enters into my stomach, I feel Tim's legs slide between my lips and I feel his raging hard cock pressing against his trousers as it slides over my tongue.

He curls around in my stomach in a seated position, I feel him writhe from within, his movements visible from the outside, my stomach moving from the passenger within. He isn't as frantic as my last guest, but he is much more inquisitive as his motions are more deliberate. Finally settling within one spot I feel something else now from within. Small rapid motions.

Is he?

I place a fat hand against the side of my stomach and through the massive amounts of fat I can feel his body within me shaking rapidly. I press harder to try and confirm my suspicions, I am rewarded with something poking me, his hard dick to be exact. He is masturbating within my stomach, or was, he has now moved onto thrusting his prick against the inner wall of my stomach, my hand providing him with the level of friction he needs to get sexual release. I feel his deep voice reverberate my core from within as he increases pace. I slap the other side of my stomach, feeling it wobble, the motion sends Tim off balance, it doesn't stop his thrusts and moans.

I knead my huge fleshy stomach and hear him moan louder as he thrusts against the wall of my stomach. This goes on for a few more minutes before he explodes within, his cum lining my stomach, I feel him breathing heavily from his overwhelming orgasm.

"There there... You are going to be part of me now... Forever..." I say, soothing him as he lays back within my belly and accepts his fate.

I'd expect resistance in the face of his pending doom, but he seems rather at peace all things considered. I too am sated from my meal and my growth has halted, I lay my head back for a second and like a light being switched off, my world turns to darkness.

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