

1,832 words.

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FULL FAT MOON
by Growing Desires



Chapter One

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.”

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