

Full Fat Moon

Chapter 3

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.