

“This place is weird.. Not like – bad weird? But weird. How'd you find it anyway? I swear it's like they're just added a gift shop to a hoo-”

A quick slap on the back leaves you unsteady in your chair as you was sitting down. Your friend provides a quick chuckle as he lingers by you and looks over the restaurant as if his grand victory required some kind of further surveying and appreciation.

“I know, right? There should be more knockoffs like this place. Anyway, I have to hit the bathroom. I'll be right back.”

You try not to let on how annoying the tone was. It's easy enough given how distracting the restaurant itself is – staring at the waitresses *was* the point but you do your best not to be overt about it. The best best you have for that is reaching for the bag you got from the gift shop, anything at all to look at other than the swaying heap of a waitress in skin tight orange shorts spread over a giant sprawling ass or the white tank top she had *very* barely constraining her tits. All of that tight cloth just made sure you knew how every single curve on the cherry colored kobold with the *immense* mane of curly hair hanging down over her ass looked. You just had to.. do.. a thing-

Shivering as you fight with your own attention, you peel your eyes away from the sight of that dangling belly hanging near to the waitress' knees and only half covered by her shorts. You fish about in the bag and find the first thing – anything – you can find to get hold of comes out. An odd little paperweight, some kind of pyramid prism or puzzle box or-

A little jolt rolls through your system, from your finger to your toes and the tips of your ears. Feeling a bit off-balance, you end up clutching the pyramid harder for a moment and feel something on it move. A little panel slides on one face of it, sticking out and pointing at your chest. It catches a bit of light for a moment and you see branches of color spreading between it and yourself. For just a little bit that *actually* manages to distract you.

Which is why you don't notice when the waitress you'd been eyeballing the whole time approaches. Or maybe not so much approaches as folds herself against you. You end up with a lap full of belly and your wide-eyed expression is quickly caught behind two white-wrapped breasts larger than your head with the word 'coomers' written across them.

“You look *tense* darlin! Why don't ya tell me what ya want and I'll see what I can do?”

Freezing up entirely, you stammer out something incoherent which ends up smothered in cherry red boob while your whole lap is eclipsed by belly fat. Your seat slides back as warm weight

presses against you and the smell of spices, sweat, and something sweet roll off the waitress. Somewhere below all that your hand closes tight on the pyramid and the panel that slid free eases back into place, but that barely registers to your ragged mind as the waitress smiles at you. A little twist of smoke curls up from the corner of her mouth and her eyes seem to gleam with a light coming from inside.

“Aww, c'mon – ease up! Promise, we're real relaxed 'bout things here. Long as you don't go *too far* without permission you can touch anything ya like. So, ya got a notion as ta what ya'd like, or should I maybe pick a thing or two for ya ta get started?”

Shaking a little, you *try* not to let the arousal be that obvious, but with all that belly in your lap it's not in the cards. Not when she can clearly feel what's going on. Whether it's a relief or not that she doesn't get angry is questionable, it spikes that already out of control anxiety for a moment while she folds herself over top of you and your chair slides away from the table. All that does is give her more room to get close with, to sprawl over you and make sure your whole frame is pinned. Caught between a cushion and a soft place, you shudder when the waitress buries her claw in your hair and ruffles the top of your head.

“C'mon hun, say *somethin'* ta let me know I'm not totally missin' the mark?”

Exhaling, you force yourself to open your eyes, planning to say something but having no idea what. It isn't your voice that answers though. You aren't even sure if it's a voice proper, the sound almost feels like it comes from inside your head – though the waitress appears to hear it too? And yet you seem to be the only ones. Nobody else moves when a crushingly immense presence takes the place of all that fleshy weight on you and fills your mind-

*I think you're spot on.. solved the puzzle as it were. But let's check your work.*

Squeaking in a bit of confused, aroused terror – you feel the pyramid in your hand slip loose but do not hear it hit the floor. The waitress backs off of you, stepping away in clear confusion and worry, then freezes up – along with everything else in the restaurant, including your friend who was just exiting the bathroom. Nothing moves, except you. You can move. For a moment that makes running seem like a great idea but as soon as you stand up the vertigo sets in. You can't see anything else in the room with you except the statue-still patrons but you *feel* something looking at you. Maybe more *in* you than at. Something you can't perceive outside of thinking, maybe, you saw a bundle of pairs of eyes staring at you from the corner of a wall mirror.

But then it *touches* you. Right where that arousal you'd built up with the waitress smooshing her flabby frame against you had been building, it touches you. Something sharp, something that doesn't break skin but breaks you a little just the same, and leaves you vulnerable. Open. Leaking (which you were doing anyway). You squeak again and reach down, then make to run finally. It doesn't get you far. That vertigo returns in force and you're left lurching up to the table to lean on it for support. Which is when you notice your chest.

It *should* be flat. It should *not* be a set of generous C-cups that are throbbing and growing the more you stare at them, and you *do* stare. You reach for them too, but touching yourself seems to make the matter a lot worse – and quickly. As soon as your fingers are closed around your breasts (or maybe it was thinking those words) they inflate, perilously quickly. Enough that your shirt rides up trying desperately to compensate as they go from fitting in your palms to heavily overflowing them. That would've been shocking enough if they didn't also jolt your nervous system like a lightning bolt made of that first flaring instant of an orgasm. It takes every shred of concentration you have left to not fall over.

And as soon as you get yourself stabilized, your tits gradually pulling your shirt all the way up until it's covering nothing but them (and doing a dubious job of even that), your balance is assaulted all over again as the rest of your body decides to get in on the whole growth thing. At least, most of it does. There's a quivering pulse that leaves your whole self feeling a bit fuzzy, pillowy, spongy – something. It leaves your clothing uncomfortably tight too, except around your crotch. You feel a sucking sensation there specifically, the problem with your pants being too tight wasn't actually getting *better* but the problem was relocating itself.

When you look down at yourself it isn't the fact that you seem to be getting thick everywhere that gives you the most pause. It's the colors that make you boggle a bit more than you already were. Most of your body seems to be changing hue, and your clothing with it. Your shirt is looking like it's bleaching itself in real-time, going white.. mostly. There's something on the front of your tits you can't see clearly in a different shade that's looking like writing. If they weren't still getting bigger and heavier and also *not the only problem* you'd go out of your way to find out what. But while they're busy doing that your pants have been getting tighter (but stretchier..?) and turning road-cone orange. A familiar shade of it in fact. That thought tickles the back of your head and bothers you. Just not as much as *your skin* turning a rich shade of violet.

You'd seen that whole blueberry thing plenty of times and it was cause enough to freak out some. Especially when your belly starts to fill out for real, pushing the waistline of your pants out, pouring over your waistline while your ass works on counter-weighting the whole thing. It's something you deal with more by feel than sight, your tits are in the way of seeing much, but grabbing at your belly paints a clear enough picture. Soft, spongy flab that makes you quiver and flutter when you grab at it. Especially at that increasingly empty space between your legs, that part of you can't seem to stop clenching and flexing.

It's when you reach around the orange shorts and try to get your hand between your body-pillow thick thighs that you realize you're rubbing at a barely constrained and actively drizzling cunt. One that would've been *painfully* easy to see if your belly didn't hang down over top of it when not being lifted out of the way. Touching that for the first time finally does knock you down, your whole frame quivering and jiggling on impact, but your thick cushioned ass making the fall a lot less painful than it would've been. Physically at least. Sprawling out like that you can't do much, can't muster up the concentration, to act any more apart from staring at your body as it changes. The purple spreads, creeping around you until no part of you isn't purple and *thick* compared to before. Your body just bloats itself out into a roughly gumdrop shaped heap on the restaurant floor. Then-

*No, wait, it's missing something- yess..*

Squeaking in terror seemed to be the only proper response to that voice. Particularly since, as it speaks, you feel a resonance in your bones. One that nestles itself just above your ass and precedes a throbbing, crunching sensation there. Turning your head only gets you halfway to seeing it, but pawing backward you feel something. Which is to say you touch a part of your body that didn't exist before, a big dense mass of muscle and flab hanging off your ass. Off your tailbone. Your tail.

“Oh.. oh god. What-”

Your voice comes out breathy and unfamiliar. It also comes out as, with a snapping sound, everything around you starts moving again. For a couple of seconds you just sit there, terrified, confused, *fat*. Until the waitress kobold waddles her way over and holds an arm down to you.

“Careful hun! I know they get grabby and sometimes you lose your balance, happens ta all of us! You'll get used to it.”

Taking the offered hand, you grunt and try not to act too surprised – or blush too hard – when getting to your feet leaves you and the other waitress smashed together chest to chest and belly

to belly. It's enough to get your pussy fluttering again. So is the fresh slap to your ass that follows, leaving you wide-eyed, especially when it continues from there into wanton squeezing until you turn your head and see your friend grinning at you lewdly.

“I think I know what I want now, babe~”

You very much intend to screech the words 'what the fuck' and then something else, but-

“Sure! Just say the word. We want everyone going home *satisfied* here at Coomers~”

Leaning over the table, you curl your face into a smile and find yourself having the hardest time remembering why you were worked up and freaking out a second ago. A pleasant mist seems to settle over your mind and leaves just enough presence left in your head to manage things like taking down an order and knowing how to brush the long violet curls out of your eyes in a sultry looking way. The right way to get the man at the table throbbing and hungry in all the best ways.

You turn when the man at the table finishes his order, only to stop as your foot hits something on the floor. Something you reach down for with *great* effort, body bunching into a collection of rolls and ass getting cupped again at the nadir of your squat, and come back up to hand something to the man at the table. An odd little crystal pyramid.

“I think you dropped this, sir! Wouldn't want it getting lost. I'll be right back with what you need~”

The man takes it from your fingers. For just a moment you feel a jolt run from you through it and into his body. For a moment you see recognition on his face and you can't remember why – but it hardly seems to matter. You've got tables to tend – and a nice swaying saunter that gets your ass rocking side to side like a pendulum to perfect.