

1,953 words.

I write on Patreon and Deviantart
You can find all my stuff here on Linktree

FULL FAT MOON
by Growing Desires



Chapter One

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.

* * *