

## One More Bite Buffet

Shannon had made it part of her routine to leave the office only after she realized she was the sole person left at their desk. Having to be let out of the building by one of the janitors, she wished him a good night before making her way to her car. The smile she received in return was the usual response she got during the work day, a side effect of trying to keep up her professional appearance at all times. Despite leaving the office at such a late hour, a quick glance at the rear view mirror in her car ensured that her bob cut, black hair was still styled from that morning and her makeup was as impeccable as always. Looking over the black blazer and pants adorning her thin body should have filled her with pride for her work ethic. Instead, they just made her linger on the question of what she was going to wear for the important meeting the next day.

Beginning the long drive home, Shannon kept glancing at the dashboard to check on the time. In a matter of hours she would be returning to her office to make a presentation to the higher ups of the company. This impending confrontation elevated her already high stress levels to staggering heights. She tried her usual relaxation techniques of counting in her head and going over the notes for the meeting, but she could still feel the pressure on her shoulders pushing down on her like a ton of bricks.

The solitary noise of the car's engine and Shannon's heart beating rapidly in her chest became overshadowed by a growling noise. Recognizing that the sound was coming from her stomach, she recalled that the only thing she had eaten all day was a few protein bars to go along with an unhealthy amount of caffeine. Though she wanted to grab something on the road to avoid having to cook for herself when she got home, she wasn't sure there was any place open this time of night. That was until she turned a corner and saw something seemingly appear out of thin air to answer her belly's call.

The LED sign acted like a beacon to draw the tired office worker in. Slowly driving into the establishment's parking lot, she kept her eyes focused on the lavish display that she had somehow never seen before. Exiting her car and walking up to the entrance, she was left slightly dumbfounded by the name "One More Bite Buffet." Pushed forth by curiosity and hunger, she opened up the door and stepped inside.

The reception area was a small room with cushiony benches lit by small lights in the ceiling. As comforting as the scene was, it didn't stop a momentary feeling of unease from affecting Shannon as she met eyes with the hostess. The woman dressed in a black vest, white dress shirt, and slacks tried to calm the business woman's fears with a warm smile and a flip of her ponytail of black hair.

"Hello there," the woman said, bowing towards Shannon. "My name is Glyta and I will be seeing to your every need this evening. Table for one?"

"Erm, still unsure," Shannon replied. "What kind of place is this? I've never seen it before."

"Ah, we're a new business that just opened up recently," Glyta helpfully informed. "As for what kind of establishment this is, the name should have said it all. We're a restaurant that offers a wide range of culinary treats to satisfy any palette."

"May I see the menu?"

"Oh, there is no menu," Glyta cheerfully replied. "We just ask that you sit back, relax, and allow our servers to provide you with the perfect meal."

"Sounds like a pretty luxurious dining experience," Shannon commented. "I'm afraid I don't really have the expenses to afford something like that."

"There's no need to worry about that. Your meal is going to be absolutely free."

Shannon let out a huff as she gave a wary eye to the hostess. “There’s no such thing as a free lunch. What’s the catch?”

“No catch,” Glyta said, stepping aside and gesturing towards the eating area. “Just sit back and enjoy yourself without any need to worry about your bill. If you’d like you could always pay us back with a little bit of free advertising next time someone asks for a good place to eat.”

What complaints popped up in Shannon’s mind were downplayed by her variety of needs. The hunger pangs that had been afflicting her ever since she left the office had become more severe. Her appetite worsened as the aroma of something absolutely heavenly drifted in from the next room. Though her better judgement told her to leave, she was quite aware that it would be near impossible to find somewhere else to eat. Rather than waste the night searching for sustenance and risk being late for her morning meeting, she cast aside her worries and allowed Glyta to escort her inside.

Shannon’s earlier concerns only grew as she saw the small group of waiters milling about the dining area. They all kept their attention focused on her as she walked, each of them matching Glyta’s uniform and upbeat expression. Unsure if having so many eyes on her during her meal would be the best way to unwind after work, she nonetheless allowed the hostess to place her at a wide table in the middle of the room.

“Is this table really necessary?” Glyta asked, noticing that there was enough room for a party of twelve.

“Since you’re the only guest here, it makes sense to give you one of the best seats in the house,” Glyta replied as she placed a glass of fizzy soda next to Shannon. “Please wait for just a

little while longer. A waiter will be along shortly with your serving of soup to start off your meal.”

Watching as Glyta and the other servers took their leave, Shannon sipped at her soda as she pulled out her phone to do some research. Typing in the name of the restaurant didn't yield any results. Though that was to be expected considering how new it was, it was still astounding to not even have an announcement of the opening online to promote the business. Things that would have raised multiple red flags for anyone else instead got her to consider making the restaurant a client of her marketing company. This distracted mindset led her to accidentally sip away all of her soda and not realize that her hostess was standing nearby.

“Pardon me,” Glyta spoke up, breaking Shannon out of her concentration. “Please sit back. The soup is very warm. I don't want you to get hurt.”

Doing as Glyta asked, Shannon leaned back in her seat and had just a moment to look at her soup before it was placed on the table. It wasn't in a cup or even a bowl, but an entire pot that looked to be carried straight from the kitchen stove. As the server lifted up the top, a cloud of steam rose up to drift into Shannon's face. Clearing away the fog with a wave of her hand, she looked inside the pot to see a stew brimming with enormous chunks of meat and vegetables.

“I beg your pardon,” Shannon said, holding up a finger. “I think there's been a mistake. There's no way I'll be able to eat all of this.”

“You don't have to eat all of it if you don't want to,” Glyta replied. “All that we ask is that you at least try one bite.”

Not wanting to be rude, Shannon relented and picked up her spoon. Dipping into the pot, she managed to get mostly broth with a single chunk of potato floating in it. Bringing the spoon

up to her mouth and swallowing the stew, she was delighted to experience a whirlwind of tasty flavors that filled her with a comforting warmth.

“It is rather good,” Shannon said, putting the spoon down as she cleaned her face. “Like I said though, I don’t think I can eat all of this.”

“Come now, don’t stop right here,” Glyta said. “At the very least, you have to try one more bite.”

Pushed forward by Glyta’s hospitality and her own stomach, Shannon hesitantly picked up her spoon again. “I suppose a little more wouldn’t hurt.”

With her second helping, Shannon ended up getting a spoonful of broth with a sizable chunk of meat in it. Opening up her mouth to receive the morsel, she was once more entranced by the delicious flavor. Swallowing up the warm stew, she went against her own promise and dipped the spoon back in for another serving. At some point she started to lose track of how much she was eating. Having to dive deeper and deeper into the pot to get at the stew was a fact she was aware of, but not one that stopped her from continuing. Nearing the end of the liquid meal, she put aside the spoon in favor of lifting the pot up with both hands. Bringing the rim to her lips, she tilted the pot back to guzzle down what was left of the stew.

Slurping up the remaining drops, Shannon placed the empty pot back onto the table. Pushing the container aside, she grabbed a napkin to clean her lips as well as the sprinkles of stew that had gotten spread across her collar. The flimsy piece of cloth fluttered about as she let out a small burp. Claspng her mouth at the release of the rude expulsion, she seemed to come back to her senses in the wake of her burp. Most importantly, her cleared mind centered her attention on the sizable potbelly that was pushing out the center of her blazer to let the white undershirt underneath peek out through the opening.

“I see you enjoyed the meal,” Glyta remarked as the servers came by to take away the pot. “I’ll be sure to pass along any compliments to the chef, as well as ask him to increase your portions for the next few courses.”

“There’s no UURRRP need,” Shannon said, trying and failing to stifle the stray gas bubble that erupted from her mouth. “That stew was delicious, but I think it was a little too much for me. If you don’t mind, let me sit here a moment to settle my stomach and then I’ll head out. I have a very important meeting in the morning that I can’t-“

Shannon silenced herself with an unruly groan from her gut. Placing her hand along her protruding belly, she gently rubbed it in an effort to calm down her digestion. Her gentle prodding only succeeded in further riling up the gas bubbles inside. Long hours of having to remain presentable at her office had given her quite the skill in holding herself back, but there was only so much that she could take. No longer able to endure the pressure any further, the gas finally came out in the form of a squeaky fart.

“Excuse me,” Shannon said, her face going red as she looked upon Glyta’s still smiling face.

“It’s quite alright,” the server replied, unflinchingly re-filling Shannon’s glass of soda despite the fart’s lingering odor. “Nothing we haven’t experienced before. If anything, it shows that we’re doing an excellent job if you’re feeling this relaxed. Now then, just sit for a moment and I’ll be right back with your serving of salad.”

As much as Shannon wanted to protest, her own shame kept her from speaking up. Sipping away at her soda, she tried to ease her stomach’s rumbling with more gentle pats to her belly. When she was certain the servers weren’t nearby, she hazarded to let out small puffs of gas from her mouth and rear to relieve the pressure. After a while, it was clear that this feeling

wasn't just indigestion. Despite having devoured the entire pot of stew, she could still feel an intense hunger in her gut that was desperate for her next meal.

As if they were able to hear the growl of Shannon's unusual appetite, the servers returned shortly after with her next dish. The supposed salad did feature the typical mainstays such as lettuce and chunks of tomato. However, the first issue was that the salad came in an enormous punch bowl. The second was that what little healthy ingredients were included were buried underneath a pile of bacon, cheese, grilled chunks of meat, and a downpour of thick, sticky dressing.

Too busy looking at the enormous bowl in front of her, it took Shannon a moment to notice the second bowl nearby. Similar to the former salad, the immense serving of fruit's health benefits were cancelled out by its various garnishes. Fresh slices of apples, oranges, pears, and other produce had been slathered in an extravagant amount of honey with a large cone of whip cream piled up top to make it astounding in both appearance and calorie count.

"There's no way I can--"

"Ah, I understand completely," Glyta said, cutting Shannon off. "That being said, it wouldn't hurt to at least give these a taste." Getting close to Shannon's face, Glyta held up a salad fork. "After all, one more bite couldn't hurt."

Taking the fork into her hand, Shannon turned her attention back towards the meal in front of her. Repeating Glyta's words in her own mind, she dug her utensil into the pile of corrupted vegetables and came back with a hunk of bacon covered in salad dressing. Managing to shove the food into her mouth with only a little bit of dressing getting onto her top, she was once more elated to discover a wonderfully indulgent flavor. Swallowing her food, she momentarily turned away from the tainted veggies to sink her fork into the sugary fruit salad.

Just like before, the chunk she managed to remove from the pile and push past her lips gave her an extraordinary taste in exchange for further besmirching her suit with a sprinkle of honey droplets.

Back and forth Shannon picked away at the piles of fruits and vegetables. Though each bite was absolutely delectable, her growling stomach made it known that it was still just as hungry as when she first stepped in. Taking a moment to chew her food, she looked over at the tiny fork and compared it to the enormous amount of food still left. Pausing to let out a guttural belch into her hand, her eyes noticed that the servers had left behind a pair of salad tongs. Rather than seek out the bowls she assumed were meant to go along with the massive portions, her need to satiate her hunger led her to use the tongs in a more unorthodox fashion.

Shannon's more direct way of stuffing her face settled her stomach and further entranced her to the wonderful moment of indulgence. Each wad of food she clutched with the tongs to feed herself led to even more stains being spread across her precious suit. Crumbs and dressing spilled from her lips as her eating became more frantic, with even a few spots finding their way into her hair. These various messes were left ignored by her food focused mind. The only thing that could make her stop was her stretching out across the table to chase after a misplaced crouton and hearing a ripping noise echo from her seat.

At first, Shannon thought the sound had come from another fart escaping her backside. As she sat back down in her seat, she discovered the source of the noise as a lingering droplet of dressing slid down her chin and fell onto her exposed belly button. Leaning back in her seat, she was horrified to see that her potbelly had developed into a sizable gut that had opened up a hole in the center of her blazer. A wayward belch escaping from her lips let slip another droplet of dressing to fall onto the pair of engorged breasts that were being constrained by her shirt and bra.



Moving her head back and forth to survey the nearly empty bowls on the table let her feel her second chin jiggling against her neck and further riled up her digestion. This erratic movement forced out a loud BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPP from her rear that enlarged the tear in the seat of her pants to reveal her panties stretched out across her chubby rear.

Coughing out the lingering fumes of her flatulence, Shannon tried to make sense of what was going on. The intense hunger could be written off as stress eating, although she never thought it was possible for it to be this extreme. Less explainable was her body's ability to gain so much in such a short span of time and the constant gas building up inside of her body. Her thoughts once more fell upon the restaurant's mysterious lack of presence on the internet and even her own vision considering how often she drove down this road between the office and her home.

Shannon's worrying thoughts were put to the side as something delicious pierced through the smell of her gas to waft into her nostrils. Turning away from her belly, her eyes went wide as she watched the servers approach her table with her next course. Trays of buttered up garlic bread and mozzarella sticks got her initial attention. However, her interest soon turned to the three other servers walking over to her table to drop off pizzas covered in thick layers of sauce, cheese, and various toppings. Watching as Glyta poked her head in to drop off a bowl of marinara sauce, Shannon said to herself, "One more bite couldn't hurt."

Grabbing a handful of mozzarella sticks, Shannon dipped them into the bowl to smother them in the red sauce. Shoving the greasy mess past her lips rewarded her with an explosion of flavor that she had the pleasure of re-tasting through the use of a gnarly belch. Demolishing the sticks of fried cheese, she turned her attention towards sinking her teeth into the garlic bread. The indulgent dough was helped down with multiple glasses of soda that the servers were all too

happy to refill at a moment's notice. When the time came to try out the various types of pizza, her own appetite kept her blissfully unaware of the numerous farts that had begun to slip out from her rear. No matter the combination of toppings, what awaited her was a greasy mess of delicious food that covered her cheeks and hair in oil in the process of eating to her heart's content.

Just as Shannon managed to wolf down the last of the third pizza, she was halted by a ripping noise emanating from below the table. Shuffling about in her seat as she finished chewing, she heard the sound again, this time coming from across her entire body. The noise brought her to a state of semi-clarity the moment before she began to burst out of her clothing.

Putting its newly added bulk to good use, Shannon's belly burst forth from her blazer to plop itself between her thickened thighs. The rest of her top was torn to shreds as a wayward belch sent her tits lunging forward to rid themselves of the rest of her coat and dress shirt. Though her bra managed to cling to her boobs for dear life, she didn't know how much longer she could take the restraining undergarment as it held back her bosom and the straps dug into the extra blubber around her shoulders. Her pants were the next thing to go, a combination of her fat-laden legs squirming about in her seat and her thickened rear shaking from a post-meal fart. Left with her butt cheeks hanging off of her chair, she was momentarily left in a state of shock from being stripped down to her undergarments. That was until she felt someone reach out to poke her three chins.

"I do apologize if our establishment has caused you any issues," Glyta said, apologetic but still keeping up her friendly smile. "We would be more than happy to compensate you for any damages to your attire. That being said, we still have quite a few courses as part of your meal package. Would you like to keep going?"

Shannon paused for a moment, letting the silence be filled with small puffs of gas from her rear and mouth. Though her stomach no longer growled, her mouth still desired to be treated to the buffet's wonderful cuisine. Chewing on her lip as she struggled with her own desires, Shannon finally replied. "One more BWOOOOORRRP bite wouldn't hurt."

"Very well," Glyta said, raising up her arms to allow a group of servers to place a basket of fries and onion rings on the table. "Please accept these appetizers while the staff prepares your next meal."

The baskets of greasy food worked to keep Shannon's mind and belly at peace as she waited for the servers to return with another course. By now she was becoming well aware of what all of this food was doing to her. Grease covered lips and crumbs sprinkling across her pudgy flesh didn't stop her from further indulging herself. Nor was she driven away by the awful odors that surrounded her with each burp and fart. Though she realized how disgusting her body was becoming, there was something else that overcame her sense of shame. Sitting in her underwear in the middle of a restaurant, with gas spurting out of both ends, she experienced a sensation that she hadn't felt in a long time: relaxation.

When Glyta and the other servers came to Shannon's table, it was just in time to watch her drag her tongue across the bottoms of the empty containers. Shaking off the residual grease and crumbs from her face with a guttural belch, Shannon turned to see three servers haul over a massive container of macaroni and cheese. Placing down the trough-like bowl, the out of breath waiters stepped aside.

"This is one of our chef's specialties," Glyta said as Shannon allowed drool to seep out the corner of her mouth. "It's a very hearty dish made up of dozens of different kinds of cheese. I do hope you..."

Glyta trailed off as her eyes scanned the table. “I do apologize. It appears that we forget to grab you any utensils. Please wait just a moment and I’ll go-“

No longer able to control herself, Shannon shoved her pudgy fingers into the cheesy mess to bring a clump up to her face. The act of gluttony rewarded her with a rich flavor that made her hum with joy. Still chewing her first mouthful, her fingers reached out to grab another helping. Continuing to hand feed herself the dish splattered cheese across her body that seeped its way into her fat folds. Despite this messy method, it still wasn’t enough to satisfy her.

Pushing away her chair with a bump of her sizable rear, Shannon gave up all pretenses of manners as she sunk her head into the trough. The cheese encrusting itself around her hair was a secondary concern as she moved her lips through the meal to gobble everything before her. Only coming up to breath and let out bellowing belches allowed her to work towards the bottom of the container at an astounding pace. Finding it difficult to scoop out the last part of her meal, she lifted her rear up higher and higher to dive deeper into the bowl. Her raised hindquarters allowed her farts to echo through the restaurant without anything in the way to prevent the sound or smell. Becoming enamored with the aroma of her meal mixed with her own fumes, she managed to nearly lick the entire trough clean.

In an attempt to claim the remaining droplets of cheese as her own, Shannon heaved her body forward to climb onto the table. Though she managed to swallow up the last of her meal, the weight of her body slamming onto the table sent her crashing to the ground. What little remained of the cheesy dish spilled over her body and the floor as she laid amidst the wreckage of the destroyed table. With a huff, Shannon rolled herself over and got into a seated position to survey the damage.

Cheese covered most of her upper torso, with splotches covering up the parts of her breasts that weren't being restrained by her overburdened bra. A loud BRRRRRAAAAAPPPP echoing from her rear helped to push out the thong-like panties that had been wedged between her butt crack. Pulling at her undies to try and get them to comfortably fit around her sizable rear inevitably led to her blubbery elbow bouncing up against her belly. Looking back towards her gut splayed out between her fat-laden legs, she showed no hesitation in dragging her finger around her deep belly button to gather up one last serving of macaroni.

"I do apologize for that," Glyta said as the servers hurried to clear the floor of the table's debris. "You're not hurt, are you?"

"I feel BWOOOOOORRRP more than fine," Shannon replied, showing off a wide grin after licking her fingers clean. "Could you get me a couple of pillows? My ass is kind of UUUURRRP sore from hitting the ground."

"Of course, of course," Glyta said, sending off a group of servers with a wave of her hand. "Is there anything else I can get you?"

"More," Shannon said.

"Oh, you want one more bite?" Glyta asked, a sly grin on her face.

"No," Shannon said, scrunching up her rows of chins as she let out a rippling fart. "A lot more than one."

Glyta's grin turned into a toothy smile that momentarily showed off a glint of red in her eyes. "I would be more than happy to oblige."

Heeding the desire of Shannon's slovenly form, the staff were quick to bring her a pile of cushions to rest on along with a sizable feast. A plate of nachos covered in cheese, meat, and beans that dripped with an overwhelming amount of grease. Triple-stacked cheeseburgers topped

with bacon, onions, and a plethora of condiments. Buckets of fried chicken that came with tubs of buttery mashed potatoes doused in gravy. By the time the staff carried in a sandwich just as long as the formerly destroyed table and as thick as Shannon's arm, she was almost completely surrounded by mouthwatering meals. However, the slobby woman only considered the spread possible of sating her appetite once the servers placed six tubs of ice cream amidst her collection.

Nothing could stand in the way of Shannon as she lunged towards her food like a rabid animal. Anything that met her lips was devoured in a matter of seconds, barely giving her enough time to savor each delectable bite. Too busy stuffing her face, she paid little mind to the constant gas spewing out of both of her ends. When she wasn't ferociously chewing her food, her plump lips were busy unleashing a bombardment of burps to allow her to re-taste the unhealthy meal. The constant deluge of farts that erupted from her rear bathed the area in a rancid smog of her own creation. The horrific odor didn't matter to her. After all she had come to enjoy every aspect of her new body's unique features.

The staff showed no hesitation in entering her cloud of horrid aromas as Shannon called them over to help her get comfortable. Stretched to the very limits by her beach ball-size breasts, her bra was unclasped to free it from its service and allow her tits to freely jiggle against her growing gut. Dripping chili onto her chest in the process of downing a plate of hotdogs provided an excuse to let her fingers slide across her bare, plumped up nipples. A slight flick of a knife through the thin fabric of her panties was enough to pop them off of her waistline. The removal of her underwear sent a ripple through each of her bean bag chair-like butt cheeks to flood the restaurant with another loud PPHHHRRRRRRRTTT. Though she was no longer covered by any form of clothing, her gargantuan belly did a fine enough job of keeping her nether region

covered up. The massive lump of flesh acted as the perfect net to catch anything that escaped her lips so that she could dig it back out to snack on as she waited for the servers to bring more food.

Unburdened by things like clothing or shame, Shannon proceeded to finish off whatever meal was put in front of her. It was only once the servers started to bring in a vast collection of desserts to cap off the meal did she start to slow down. Very aware of what she was doing, there was a unique agreement between the logical and indulgent side of herself that found this moment to be exactly what she needed to burn her stress off. This state of complete relaxation left her very accepting when the servers spontaneously revealed their bright red skin and the set of horns atop their scalps.

“I beg your pardon.”

Pulling her tongue away from the icing she had been licking off from her plate, Shannon looked up to see the hostess still bearing a smile, albeit with a set of pointed fangs to go with her more demonic appearance.

“I take it you enjoyed your meal?” Glyta asked.

“It was BWOOOOOORRRRRPPPP excellent,” Shannon belched out, prompting Glyta and the others to wave about their spaded tails. “The service and UUUUURRRP food are out of this world. Let me pay you back.”

“While we appreciate the offer, the sight of mortals-I mean customers giving into their desires of gluttony is more than enough to satisfy us,” Glyta replied, with the rest of the staff nodding in agreement.

Shannon voiced her disapproval with a loud BRRAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP that shook the walls of the restaurant. “At the very least, let me BWOOOOORRRRP get you in contact with my company.” Sifting through the remains of her torn pants, she managed to retrieve one of her

business cards. Careful not to smudge the writing with the various spills across her body, she handed it over to Glyta. “I work for a UUURRRP marketing company and we would be more than BOOOOUUUURRRP happy to take you on as a client.”

Holding the card up to the light, Glyta replied with a wide grin. “It would be impolite to deny such a generous offer. I’ll give your office a call tomorrow to discuss things further. In the meantime, is there anything else I can get you before you go?”

Scratching at her chins and unleashing another bombardment of flatulence, Shannon came up with her answer. “Yes. Can you UUURRRP bring me another chocolate cake? I just need one more BWOOOOORRRP bite.”