

“Come on Tara.. come on. It can't still be the same as – dangit!”

It takes everything I have not to lose my composure entirely as I look down at the notices in my mail. Still laid off, with no real idea of how long that's going to last. Still no water, too.

“This isn't fair! I have the money, why is my card frozen! I just.. I can't-”

A snarling and a painful twinge in my belly interrupts things. It's a familiar thing anymore, no wolf out there does terribly well with being hungry and I'm no exception. That just presents a second problem though.. the same one that's been popping up *every damn day* for..

“Weeks? Yeah, weeks. Cripes, why me? I can't even shower or do my laundry and.. why couldn't it be a Mexican *grocery store* nearby or something instead of a grease pit?”

That snarling in my belly kicks in again and prods me into action. I stand up, letting out a frustrated grunt and shuffling over toward my bedroom to survey the damage control effort my life has become. There's not much to be done though, not with no water and no car. At first there'd been a local public laundry but now? Now.. I chug half a bottle of water and sigh.

“Well.. I've got *worse* yoga pants, so.. Ugh. Phew..”

There's still a funk clinging to them, and to everything else I'm wearing, and just to *me* in general. Nothing else works however – my reflection being a clear reminder of why. All that gray fur of mine – looking a bit greasy – and the massive thighs covered in it that barely fit in anything I own anymore. Which probably has something to do with all the Mexican take out I've been eating. It had become an every day thing, sometimes twice – try to find something to wear, eat there because walking back takes too long and I like my food hot, desperately try not to think about how bad my body odor was getting..

“I did -not- need a bigger ass out of all this too. Could something – *anything* – please go right for once? Just.. fuck. Maybe they'll have the potato bacon tacos on special or something..”

That thought puts a little motivation in me. Enough at least to get me moving, get me slathering on deodorant and wiping down with a towel I've gotten damp with one of my last bottles of water. If *those* run out the problems get worse. Trying not to think about it, I get myself as 'ready' as I can and start the short walk to the Mexican place down the street.

Inside of it I find myself met with the usual mixed reactions. The younger staff wrinkle their noses and turn away, the older owner though? The old otter with the missing fang smiles at me like always, belting out a greeting that sounds like it has at least three languages involved and I only

know one and a half of them at best. Still, he *smiles* at me. He holds up three fingers and I know why – three *large* bacon burritos with a large drink. I speak up-

“And three potato tacos! Please. I am.. I am *so hungry* today. Whuf..”

After that I find a spot in the far end of the dining area, putting as much distance between myself and everyone else inside as I can. If they had outdoor seating I'd use it, but no such luck. There's still more than a few people who shuffle a little further away from me as I do. I can't help the furious blush that sets off, being such a radiant source of *stink* and making everyone leave is mortifying. I can feel the stares, hear the muttering voices from everyone except that otter..

“Just please stop staring.. I swear I'm doing my best, it's just *so hard* right now.. I- Oh, h-heh. Hello there. Sorry, yes *thank you* I really do appreciate it. I mean it.”

Having my food brought out that fast catches me off guard, but it's not unwelcome. The faster I'm in and out the less embarrassed I have to be about all this. I don't even question or judge the fact that the otter doesn't much bother hiding lingering around me and ogling my vaguely sweat-stained yoga pants where they stick out the sides of the chair. With him slipping me free food every time I come in and use some of my dwindling cash supply I literally cannot afford to be prudish about this. Besides, the attention is.. nice. Weird, but nice.

I polish off the first burrito and the first two tacos, chugging my fizzy drink, and find myself with only the first layers of a dent in the hunger having been managed. Yet, despite that, a rumbling bloated feeling is starting inside.

“That's just unf- *HWURPHHB*- fair.. Oough.. that stings my eyes. I- *HWURPHB*-”

A sharper sting rises up from that one, and a twisting sensation inside. Something greasy and pervasive that sticks to the inside of my skin. It leaves me feeling cold and hot at the same time, alarmingly sickened and yet *ravenous* at the same time. Swallowing, I try to refocus and breathe and just calm things down with a quick drink or something. It doesn't help.. but stuffing another burrito in my face kind of does. I try no to think further, about how good it tastes but how it makes that greasy feeling worse. Or about how *I'm still hungry* somehow, and my clothes are feeling tighter, and I swear people are staring even more, and- *Fruuwumphhbbt!*

My eyes snap open as I let out a rancid fart that I had *not* felt coming. That frigid fear in my bones gets worse, the eyes on me get worse.. and as I squeak with my mouth wrapped around a burrito I feel something worse yet. *More hunger*. Inexplicable, gnawing, demanding. I swallow. My

yoga pants start to split seems around my fat ass thighs. Another rumble begins somewhere deep in my body and I find myself unable to quell it.

“Ooh. Storm a comin' eh? Hehe.”

Now the otter had gone too far.. except he was showing up with more food I hadn't paid for and that was.. crucial? I try to say something, maybe to thank him, but it just comes out as a frenzied belch while everything I'm wearing suddenly feels skin tight and my shirt rides up with my belly exposed. I try to find something else – *anything else* – to focus on. All there is to do so with is a little TV in the corner of the room with the news on.

*. . .further investigations into the contaminated shipment of bottled water are ongoing. These mirror recent reports of food recalls for shipments of beef and vegetable oil, as well as a potentially toxic mixture found to be caused in some cases of use of an aerosolized deodorant. More news to. .*

“What. No. That.. that looked like my- b.. but.. all of-”

I quiver – I feel the urge to cry – but while I'm wrestling with it things erupt behind me again. All that seething inside tears my yoga pants open at the seams and the whole back wall behind me is blasted with a thundering *BwuruUMMPHHFRRRPHHBBBT-* that shook the glasses and silverware on the tables nearby.

With my belly swelling visibly and creeping out onto my thighs, my now uncovered thighs, I shake and try to think of what to do. Fleeing back home was the first thing to come to mind, but as I slide the chair back my belly thumps like a drum as it goes empty and leaves me doubled over in pain again. I don't even think about it as I reach for more food, which the otter owner just keeps bringing more of even while the rest of the customers begin to move away from me or just leave outright. I feel a cold sweat settle upon me and just *keep eating*. I can't seem to stop.

Pants in ruins and my shirt starting to ride further up until it's covering my tits and nothing else, I try to make sense of how I can be getting this *fat* so fast. Sure, I've had a whole lot of fast food of late, but this? Pounds by the minute? It seems *insane*. Enough to make me think it must be some kind of hallucination or nightmare, but.. no. The shame, the hunger pains, it's too real. I whimper into a messy, overstuffed taco full of greasy meat and my belly gurgles and squirms.

“Mmmn! Good one. *Good* stink, here! Have more!”

I let out a whine and try to shake my head, but the fuel-hungry fire in my belly refuses to let me do anything other than eat, belch, and eat again. I can't talk for the desperate requirement that I

keep my face full. Which I do, I keep shoveling in more food even though the words '*beef recall*' and '*cooking oil recall*' ring in my ears alongside the talk about tainted water and the picture of *my* brand of water from a minute ago. I think to myself.. should I go to a doctor?

My body answers with *HwurphhfrUMPHHFRPPPPRRPPHHBBT-*

“Ohgod.. wh-what's h- *HWURPHH-* appeni- *Uwrphhb-* ng to m- me-”

Somewhere nearby I hear the otter talking, I hear the other patrons – the few that are left – declaring their disgust about me in particular and leaving because of me.. and some of the staff seemed inclined to as well. I try to make myself stand up and shuffle quietly out of the place but with as heavy as I feel, as weak as my body feels, it takes a moment to get up.. and lets loose another noxious, violent fart in the process. Then the otter puts a hand to my shoulder and coaxes me into sitting back down.

“No go. All good. People *stupid* and I want to see more – smell more. ..Do more?~”

Lip quivering, I blink in disbelief at the otter as rather than wait for me to answer he presses a chorizo wrap up to my lips and I bite into the spicy, delectable thing on instinct. There's a few more sputtering *Bvuwrphh- brwapppt-* outbursts in the process but I find myself trying my best to hold still and stave off the worst of the flatulent shame. It kind of works.. sometimes. Enough that I keep trying at least, while the otter keeps feeding me and whatever reaction was happening in my body keeps fighting for more fuel. If nothing else the stress on my clothing seems to be *kind of* abating..

Even with that sign of thing slowing, it takes another half hour before my belly finally lets me stop gorging. I look down, my shirt is a grease stained mess from chin to tip and covered in food detritus. Moving to stand up just causes me to set the entire restaurant, now empty except for me and the owner, to resonating with an echoing burst of a fart that the otter clearly enjoys himself with. It leaves me feeling.. weird.

It leaves me feeling guilty when I run, heaving and puffing and belching while every single step drags out fresh, vile fumes from my even fatter ass. I know I have to get out of here – have to get home, call people, find out what the *heck* is going on in my body with all these chemicals and recalls and whatnot.. I have to hope and pray it's reversible and that I can get cleaned up again.

Somehow, though, I doubt it. Even as I find myself winded after less than half the distance home as I stumble around in ripped pants with an even fatter ass and looking like I'm wearing a soiled bib instead of a shirt I know things won't get better – and I know I'll be back at the restaurant

tomorrow morning.