

“Burgers, burgers, burgers!” Kim chanted, banging her hooves onto the tabletop in time. It wasn’t her first time partaking of the burger, of course, her appetite for the deliciously hot, greasy beef patties had been practically insatiable since she’d first tried them some months prior, and she’d made the effort of frequenting the local joint every couple of days—despite her stomach growing ever more difficult to drag along with her.

The obese mare at least had free reign of the restaurant. She was their best customer and—at some hours of the day—their only customer. She had nowhere to be and the house was empty when her brother Grey was at work, so she might as well be where there’s food and company. The staff were happy to have her around. It was rare for a pony (a typically vegetarian race) to be so eagerly into devouring meat, so they kept her happy just for the novelty of having her around—and the few extra customers they could snaffle from the “burgers so big you could feed a horse” word-of-mouth campaign that management was quietly cultivating.

And so it was her meat lust and clandestine marketing practices had led her to be here today, banging on the table tops and demanding burgers, her swollen gut—pressed against the table

edge—shaking with each impact. Luckily it didn't take much for her to receive service in here, a tray of burls already being brought over to her (six of them, triple stacked, all the way, as per usual.)

What was new, however, was the waiter. A rather overweight looking fellow; yellow, white and dragon-ish but in a way she couldn't pin down, stuffed uncomfortably into a uniform waistcoat and a name tag: "Sam."

"Your food, ma'am," he managed to squeak as he set the tray slowly down on the table in front of her and awkwardly shuffled back a few steps, watching for a reaction. Seemingly satisfied with his customer's face planting itself into the foodstuff he withdrew to the kitchen.

It wasn't long before the rhythmic table banging and shouts of "Burgers!" started to be heard again.

The kitchen staff had predicted this, six more burgers (triple stacked, all the way, etc.) already being plated up for delivery. They seemed to take this in their stride, Sam thought, they must just be used to it by now.

He delivered the food more confidently this time, placing it down with a fluid motion and watching for a few moments as she rapidly dug into the greasy offering. She ate at a fairly consistent pace, almost rhythmically, never stopping or faltering at any obstacle—like an eating machine.

Sam waddled back to the kitchen, the greedy mare almost half finished by the time he arrived back. He had barely had time to relax before a thundering belch echoed down the length of the restaurant, cries for more food growing louder and more forceful. This might take a while...

By the sixth course, Sam was starting to sweat. The birdhorse was just growing more ravenous as time went on, her appetite even larger than her waistline, with demands for more burgers happening just as quick as he could serve them. Breathless, he tried to collect himself; his shift ended in half an hour, he could make that, right? Maybe she'll leave a tip? A nice, big tip.

It was most unfortunate that the seventh course would be his last.

As he hurried down the aisle to the mantra of “Burgers, burgers, burgers” with a fresh tray of food in hand, he missed entirely a discarded tray on the floor by her table. Stepping on it at speed it

violently slid out from under him; he put out his free arm to catch himself and—“Burgers, burgers, bur-GUMPH!”—promptly inserted it right into Kim’s wide open mouth.

There was a moment of pleasantly silent mortification shared by all.

“Oh gosh, I’m so sorry ma’am let me get my arm out of your mouth!”

Kim, without hesitation, swallowed his hand.

Sam squealed somewhere in a range mainly audible to bats.

She continued. With the same slow, methodical, unstoppable pace her maw drew him closer. Whether it was her tongue or her jaw or something else entirely he couldn’t tell, but something was pulling him in.

“Ma’am? Ma’am. Please stop. Please? I’m sorry but I need my arm back. Madam?” She was already past his elbow. “Guys?” He called back to the kitchen, changing tack, “Guys I could use a little help here!” She was almost to the shoulder. He could see her neck bulge outwards as it filled with his flabby bicep.

“Help!” He shouted, louder this time. “Help! I’m being eaten!” He turned back to his oppressor, a glazed look in her eyes as she just mindlessly ate whatever made it into her mouth. She must do this a lot. He was much too close for comfort now—each breath she took ruffled his hair—and yet respite seemed unlikely to come quickly. Where were his colleagues? Why did he take this job? Why did he extend his shift by half an hour!?

And then, in the midst of his inner monologue—his world plunged into darkness. Hot, unpleasant breath washed over his face. Everything was warm and moist and pushing against him from all angles, his cheeks and ears squashed as they were relentlessly tugged into her narrow(er) gullet.

He flailed. Of course, he flailed. Diplomacy had failed him, so maybe a flailed limb could save him. Unfortunately kicking his legs (now barely in contact with the floor) did little but make him slide into his captor faster; his free arm was constrained by now being partially engulfed in her mouth; and his wings... well, they could just about manage a pleasant breeze at the best of times.

He could feel her tongue pressing at the low end of his chest, just as his stomach, hips and tail thickened out into the widest part of his body. An arm, now pressed to the side of his body, at least

served to make him wider. She would *have* to slow down a bit, if not up completely... right?

Okay no, she wasn't slowing down. She might've been getting faster, actually. He could feel her teeth dragging along his soft, malleable gut as she pulled him deeper still, her cheeks bulging to a size Sam would consider comically exaggerated if he could see them and they weren't being caused by his body filling them.

The stomach where his head was now coming out wasn't much more pleasant than the throat; though roomier, that room had been filled with the munched up debris of dozens of burgers, it stank of hot grease and rumbled with the endless churn of a digestive system working overtime. He slid in further, most of his torso coming through in a few moments before a great lurch unceremoniously smooshed his face into a pile of beef, bread and lettuce. Great. He squirmed around in the claustrophobic space, stomach walls pressing oppressively down on him wherever half-eaten burgers weren't. At least he was still in one piece...

Outside, the table had collapsed; the combined weight of Kim's gut, lunch and a whole Sam being too much for one table to take. The birdhorse, now lost without food in front of her, looked around the restaurant drowsily. No waiter, seemingly no staff at all, but that was fine, she didn't feel that hungry now, actually...

Her stomach gurgled loudly, ominously, almost visibly shaking as it started to swell outwards in front of her, flattening the already maligned table as it tripled in size in seconds. A rising bubble of gas worked its way up her throat, a deep BWOOOOOORRRPP echoing through the empty diner as it forced her mouth open, all the while swelling with thousands of pounds more fat. Hooves became buried in their own legs, her body smothering seats and pushing away tables as it spread across the tiles and smooshed into the windows. They put up little resistance, rolling piles of fat bursting out of their glass cage. Her world collapsed into a narrow view of a ceiling framed by literal tons of grey cheeks and chins. The gurgles of her form became drowned out by the creaking of the diner and crashing of falling walls, the ceiling making way to sky. With no point of reference other than the narrowing tunnel she could still see through, all she had left to do was wonder: “What the hell was in that burger!?”