

"Monster girls are a funny thing, aren't they?" Penny looked out at the buffet room with curiosity.

"What do you mean?" Her coworker, Susan, responded while hefting a large pile of dishes towards the dishwasher.

"Well, a lot of them are kind of imposing and ferocious, but they carry these little quirks that just make them adorable." Penny fluttered her eyes as she looked around the room.

Penny always had a fascination with monster girls ever since their introduction into her life. Maybe that's what put her in her current career? Penny was a waitress at the most premier buffet in town, a buffet that only served monster girls. She watched with rapt fascination each day as girls of various shapes and sizes traipsed through her life. All of them glutting themselves beyond belief; just watching their scaled, chitinous, or furry bellies fill with food was all the entertainment she needed. That was a good thing, as living her passion was costing her more than just opportunity; being a waitress at a buffet didn't exactly garner much cash. She sighed, leaning on her desk as she watched for her next guest, occasionally eyeing Susan as she ferried dishes across the floor. Susan and Penny made a rather dynamic duo; Susan was tall, blonde, and muscular, able to carry towers of dishes in a single trip; Penny was the opposite. Penny was short and mousy; she sported a bun of orange, unkempt hair and thick red spectacles that hung off her freckled face. They both started together and had the same financial difficulties, but their next customer was about to change that.

Walking her way through the buffet foyer was a tall and imposing-looking Jackal, an anubis, according to Penny's encyclopedic knowledge of monster girls. She was a canine of the deserts, sporting tan skin and inky black locks that came in a bob around her chin. Tall and knife-like ears poked out from the frocks of her hair, sitting on her head like unwavering horns. Her eyes were sharp and narrow; curling tails of black makeup framed them, making them seem painted onto her. Most of her body was what you'd expect from a normal human, but when you looked lower, that's when you got the monstrous parts, the parts Penny liked. Smooth tufts of obsidian black fur tapered down from her elbows, ending in razor-sharp talons. To accompany them, her legs were digitigrade, raised heels that ended in powerful paws. To finish off the trio of canine features was her tail, a thin cord with a wrap of gold jewelry just before the sharpened point. When she stepped inside the buffet, Penny thought her heart skipped a beat, but only from her withering gaze. When the Anubis stepped beyond the threshold, she had to bend; not by much, just enough for the tips of her tall ears to slip past the doorframe.

"These doors are too small." Her voice was throaty, adding extra power to her words.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I can check with the manager and try to get them raised. We are always getting customers of varying heights, but none of them ever spoke up." Penny was practically gushing, letting her words flow without a filter as she struggled to reconcile professionalism and infatuation.

"See to it that you do. People, such as myself, should not be met with inconvenience." The Anubis closed her eyes as she spoke, angling her chin skyward.

"Are you a celebrity?! Oh, my god! I haven't made my way through the full catalogue, but I'm at least through century one of monster girl filmmaking." An explosion of paper came from Penny's desk as she fought for a notepad.

"You think I'm a movie star? How cute? My dear, I am a queen. More than a queen, without me, the water would not flow. I am Shameka." Shameka spoke with force and authority.

"I can't believe it! Oh my god, this is so embarrassing." Penny dropped her notebook, leaping from behind the podium in a deep bow.

"At least you've noticed your error, so your punishment will be a light one." Shameka grinned, pulling her claw under Penny's chin and raising her up.

"Punishment?" Penny stammered, her face bright red from blush; she'd never had a claw under her chin.

"Yes, you will be my servant today. You will give me your best foods. I only want the tastiest." Shameka licked her lips in anticipation of the meal.

"Of...Of course." Penny stumbled over her words as she grabbed left to lead Shamaka to her table.

Stupid, stupid. Of course she's a princess; just look at her! Celebrities don't dress like that.

Penny swore at herself in her mind as she walked down the packed aisles, finding a suitable booth for her customer. Shameka dressed like she was from a stone tablet: long and flowing silk cloth that wrapped around her waist. On both sides, a long swatch of fabric hung down from the waistband, going all the way down to her shins. Her chest was covered much the same, a curled tie of fabric fastened between her bosom by a golden eye. All of her clothes were trimmed with gold, real gold, and she wore jewelry of the finest turquoise around her neck and wrists. Penny shuddered to think what kind of international incident even the most minor of slights would cause. Penny mulled these thoughts over in her head as they both arrived at a booth at the far edge of the room, motioning for her to sit down.

"Fine leather, a nice granite top. You meet standards." Shameka was more satisfied than she let on, as her tail was whipping against the leather.

"I'm so happy you approve. You're free to eat as much as you'd like." Penny was as pleasant as a spring breeze, motioning towards the large buffet in the center of the room. "For drinks, there's a soda fountain, a milkshake machine, and a slushie dispenser."

"Hmm, I have heard of these milkshakes before, but never had one. I'll take one and then whatever meat dish you decide is fitting." Shameka leaned back in her chair, motioning for Penny to grab her food.

"Oh, umm. This is a bit embarrassing, but we're a buffet. So you umm... just grab whatever you want." Penny bent down, trying to make an apologetic bow.

"Did you forget your punishment? I said **you** will be bringing me the tasty food I desire." Shameka barely opened an eye as she relaxed against the booth.

"I guess I can. I'll come back with a plate and a drink." Penny awkwardly bowed before leaving the table.

On a normal day she had more than enough customers to attend to, just from the volume alone, so solo duty was a new burden. She wanted to put her foot down, but the idea of pissing off a royal wasn't high on her list of priorities; besides, there was a voice in her head telling her to feed the doggo. Penny ventured to the buffet, grabbing a plate wider than her torso and stacking it high with food. Meats, meats, and more meats. She grabbed slices of ham, barbecue ribs, pulled pork, anything that was uniquely American. Penny even thought to fill an entire section of the plate with burgers, fixing each one with a different assortment of toppings. Before she could make her way to the milkshake machine, she saw Susan's burly form standing ominously behind her.

"You know that lunch isn't for another couple hours. Why aren't you at the front?" Susan tapped her foot impatiently.

"Would you believe a royal showed up and demanded I bring her food?" Penny had an awkward grin as she struggled with the plate.

"I wouldn't." Susan had a rather flat response to Penny's question.

"Well, I do. If you want to see proof. Follow me after I get this milkshake." Penny huffed, her arms trembling from the heavy plate.

"That makes it a bit more believable; don't think a girl like you would be getting a milkshake." Susan laughed to herself as she grabbed Penny's plate for her.

"Hey, I can handle my milk just fine." Penny waltzed to the machine, filling a cup that went from her waist to her chest.

"If by handle you mean blow up until you look ready to give birth, sure." Susan laughed as Penny filled the glass.

Both of them continued their back and forth as Penny got enough wherewithal to tell the front desk that she was going to need coverage for an hour or so. When they came upon the booth, Shameka was staring beams at Penny, side-eyeing Susan.

"I see you've acquired a helper. Good, you'll need it as we continue. I feel a great hunger today." Shameka had a haughty tone to her voice as Susan slid the plate in front of her and left.

"I bet we can satisfy that hunger as well as anyone." Penny had a little smirk on her face as she slid the milkshake over.

"That's the spirit; shame you are out of chocolate, but strawberry will suffice." Shameka took the enormous glass in her hands, lapping the whip cream off the top.

It didn't take long for Shameka to dig into the dishes, her usually disinterested gaze lighting up when she got the first whiff of it. Before Penny could even process that Shameka wanted a chocolate milkshake next, she was already halfway through the drink. Draining it through the metal straw like it was water, her cheeks going concave as she greedily sucked it down. Moving from shake to meat, she picked them up by the handful, impaling the ham slices on her talons, holding them above her maw, and revealing her sharp teeth. Shining incisors tore through the ham in an instant, severing it like it was paper. Each gnashing bite was followed by a hefty swallow, the fatty contents landing in her stomach. As she moved from ham to ribs, sauce began to cake around her claws, her black fur gradually being dyed red. While Shameka's eyes were fixed on the food in front of her, Penny's were affixed elsewhere.

Shameka was fit, painfully so; thin as a rail and tight as timber, she sported a frame that only accentuated her elegance, which made her meal all the more visible. Penny was practically drooling as she watched that trim balloon begin to round. It was small at first, only a single shelf-like curve at the lower expanse of her torso, one that curled over her silken waistband. As she ate, that swell grew, blowing up like a bubble with each bite. The growing hill of her belly rose up from her lower portions, pushing against her cloth band and pressing against the hem. Soft folds swept over the rim of her band, looking like a dollop of caramel before it surpassed that softness. Her stomach's upper swell protruded out from her torso frame in a contoured triangle that merged into the swells on the side. Swells that merged into another hardly defined curve as her taut stomach made room for all of her food. Tightly wrought muscles fought against her swell, trying to hold things together against the avalanche of food. Before she subjected it to a burger-based assault, she sucked down the rest of her milkshake. The creamy substance flowing into the cracks in her packed food and adding some liquidous jiggle to her gut. She suckled it down to the last drop before lapping up the cream and looking back to Penny.

"You know, I made a request earlier? Did I not?" Shameka plucked the cherry from the bottom of the glass as she looked to Penny.

"I...umm...sorry." Penny looked down in embarrassment, trying to hide that she'd been staring at Shameka's gut.

"It's alright; you have until I finish this cherry to get me another one. Now, chop, chop. Unless you want another punishment." Shameka rolled the cherry over her tongue, flicking it against her teeth with a smile.

Penny rushed as quickly as she could, bolting to the milkshake machine and getting a double-wide glass for the chocolate. Penny felt a bit ashamed; she had made an assumption based on dogs, thinking an Anubis couldn't handle chocolate. She couldn't make an assumption like that again; it was something that made her feel dirty on the inside; instead, she'd let Shameka make the requests. As she hoisted that bucket of frosty cream towards Shameka, she noticed that she was taking her time with the cherry, the stem sticking out of her mouth as she played with it. Penny managed to get there just before her throat contorted for the swallow.

"You can listen. What a good girl." Shameka smiled as Penny slid the heavy decanter on the table.

Penny was still panting from carrying the enormous glass when Shameka renewed her feast, diving into the array of burgers, taking sloppy bites of the sandwiches. She moved back and forth, licking ketchup and mustard from her talons before taking hearty gulps of the frozen treat. Shameka reached for a blank spot on the plate before moving her claw back to the burger, a small frown appearing on her face.

"It's a shame, really. From what I've heard, burgers go so well with fries, and yet, I'm bereft of them." Shameka side-eyed Penny.

Penny took that as her signal; she knew exactly what to do, rushing off to the buffet table to flag down Susan.

"Susan! This is important!" Penny grabbed Susan by the shoulder.

"Yeah?" She looked completely befuddled by Penny's urgency.

"Okay, we need to keep that stuff coming. She wants french fries with her burgers and I fucked up and...fuuuuuck. I'm a mess. I'm not a server. I just get paid to watch girls eat." Penny ran her hands through her hair in exasperation before recovering from her mini-meltdown. "Okay, okay. I'm good. I'm going to fill a plate with fries; you grab her a tray with fries and burgers and then a tray with all the fries and their toppings. Different combos."

Before Susan could even protest the request, Penny was already pulling fries onto the massive plate, emptying half a tray before running off. Fueled by adrenaline and embarrassment, Penny managed to get the tray over without a single incident. Flooding one side of the plate was a painter's palette of condiments for consumption. Penny had managed to just get there quickly enough to see the action.

Shameka was draining her milk shake like it was water, no longer bothering with the straw and drinking it from the rim. Already a fourth drained, it was having a notable effect on her stomach. The defined edges had blown outwards, turning into a smooth curve that made her stomach look like a sloping hill. It was a gradual slope that pooched out in the middle, the surface actively shaking like there was a quake beneath it. It bubbled angrily, sloshing in waves as she took another hearty sip. Her hand released the shake as she moved over to the fries that had been so graciously placed in front of her. Grabbing a huge handful before dipping the lot in the ketchup and shoveling it down her craw. The surface of her wobbling stomach continued swelling, bubbling out like a balloon as it got verbal.

Ruuooolllg

Glllooorr

Gaseous noises emanated from her gut, the sound a belly makes after you eat something that doesn't particularly agree with it. It swelled and grew, the rumbling intensifying until Shameka's tail stood on end, her leg hiking up towards the wall.

Fwooooooottt

A surprisingly loud trumpet of gas came from her backend, a gale of gas that ripped across the leather. It fluttered her skirt before she returned her stance back to one more suited for relaxed and mindless eating. Her cycle was never-ending, a repeating process of binge, gas, and drink. Every repetition of this cycle cleared another portion of her plates and grew her stomach further. She was starting to look a bit pregnant, the lower edge of her stomach crawling over her folding waistband and burying it under the bulge. It flowed up in tightening curves that made her stomach appear round and bloated. It continued growing with every bite, flowing out like a slow wave as she pushed more into her craw. Penny stood stunned, enraptured, as she saw Shameka's tummy swell. It was a bloated teardrop of food, milk, and likely gas. Her fingers twitched in anticipation before she caught herself; she so desperately wanted to rub that tummy. Penny unconsciously took a step forward, her body moving without her mind's permission before Susan snapped her out of it.

"You looked a bit hungry, so I took the trouble and made you another plate. With all the best fixings." Susan smiled, laying two heavy plates down on the table.

Shameka didn't speak, but her eyes told them everything they needed to know; she was surprised and happy. At least, that's what they thought, because, internally, Shameka was panicking.

That's a lot of food. They don't expect a queen to eat all of that, do they? Are they testing me? Are these foreigners testing the royal resolve?!

Shameka reset her eyes to their indifferent expression as she reached down for the fries, grabbing a handful of the chili fries in front of her. Heavy with beans and laced with mingling spices, they were quite a treat, but her packed stomach was starting to impede her pace. The feeling of bloat and fullness was starting to overwhelm her, the feeling only increasing as more gas welled inside of her. She needed to create a winning strategy, something to try and circumvent this roadblock. That's when she fell upon the crude eruption she had let loose earlier, the rude expulsion that shattered her queenly image.

Bbbrrrrrruuuuuppp

Ppppprrrrrrrrrrttttttt

Shameka's backside became a trumpet, a symphony that filled the air around her with noisy blasts. Each one lasting longer as she sought to clear the excess air from her system. It was unseemly and craven, but she believed it the only way to muscle through this feast. Each blast from her cheeks deflated her stomach, removing some of the tightness until it was just a sloshing balloon of muck. Even with her active ventilation, she wasn't given that much shrinkage; her stomach was still a bloated balloon, just with less gas. It bumped into the ridge of the table as she ate, piling grease-laden fries and their topping into her mouth. Chili fries, cheese fries, bacon-covered cheddar fries, taco fries, steak fries. She had been presented an entire smorgasbord of potatoes, and she aimed to eat them. Forcing them down her throat, barely chewing as she bloated, her stomach growing with each bite. Her gut crawled closer to her knees, bloating until it looked like she was ready to birth a beach ball. Her belly was becoming a roiling globe of churning foods and gas; the decision to drink an oversized chocolate milkshake was coming back to bite her. It was her favorite, but it always rebelled against her, a guilty pleasure that turned her stomach on its end. She couldn't stop herself from taking another greedy sip, draining the rest of the shake as she moved on to the rest of her fries.

To her displeasure, to her dismay, another shake had appeared. Her servers had filled a similarly sized milkshake bucket with another flavor, a mixture of strawberry and chocolate.

Uurrblblblb

Ooouughrrpp

Shameka's stomach seemed to bubble in protest the moment she saw it, as if it knew what she was about to do. Shameka stuffed a burger down her mouth, swallowing it whole as she reached for the shake, drowning it in a cascade of sweet cream. She struggled, she strove, and ultimately came out victorious, her plate cleared and her bloated stomach wedging her into the booth. Soft, bloated flesh wrapped around the rim of the unyielding table, divoted at the middle by stone. It was a gut that could make a buoy jealous, something one would only see in the sequestered corners of the internet. Shameka's smug confidence had devolved into beleaguered panting, her body rising and falling as hot belches escaped her lips. Her stern eyes

contorted into a malaise, her mind lingering on the relief, the feeling that she was done. Her expression shifted when another plate slid across the table, one piled high with roasted chicken wings.

"Please, humbly accept the next sampling of our country's goods, the buffalo chicken wing." Penny smiled, giving a small bow as Susan hefted the plate onto the table.

"How do you expect me to eat this? My stomach is wedged into the table." Shameka managed to hide her obvious discomfort behind outrage.

"Don't worry. If you would allow us, we have experience with this sort of situation." Susan positioned herself next to Shameka.

"Unhand me you...Oh." Susan had grabbed ahold of Shameka's belly, wedging her hand between flesh and table; Shameka's complaints were cut off by the satisfied feeling.

Her tail began to wag excitedly as Susan maneuvered her stomach out from the table, wobbling the massive orb back and forth. Shameka's facade was crumbling at the feeling of tummy rubs, her tail smacking happily against the booth's leather as Susan freed her. The movements heaved her bloated stomach, alleviating some of the bloat. The contents of her stomach shifted with each toss of her stomach until Susan had managed to free her gut from the trap. The massive orb jumped out to her knees as it was freed from the table, her globe wobbling back and forth as Shameka breathed a sigh of relief. Her elation turned back to annoyed disappointment as Susan removed her hands.

They dare cease my tummy rubs? What impudence!

Shameka's annoyance turned into worry as she felt her hands moving towards the wings, trembling to reach the massive plate.

Why do they keep bringing me food? Don't they know they're supposed to say no?

Rooorggggllll

Brrrrroooottt

Ruuuup

It had been over an hour since Shameka first arrived at the buffet, and she felt like an absolute blimp. She realized she was trapped, trapped by her own behavior; her demands for food had been met handily. There wasn't a single quiet moment; her constantly gurgling stomach was noisily protesting everything she ate. Gales of pent-up winds freed themselves

from her confines in constant bouts of gas. The long drape of her back garment was constantly flutter, rippling like it was caught by the wind as she uncomfortably forced more gas from her body. At this point, her constant eruptions only served to keep her at parity, meaning she wouldn't bloat without food. Unfortunately, food was at a surplus around her, something that her new attendants saw to. Like assembly line workers, they brought her food when her plates neared empty, treating her to everything the buffet had to offer. The effect this was having on her stomach was both pronounced and disastrous.

Shameka's gut, which had previously been a rather large swell that filled her lap, now stretched down below her knees. So large and rotund that she had to spread her legs to try and accommodate it. It was a mixture of soft and tight, a bubbling balloon stuffed to the brim with food and gas, a blimp born of overstuffing. A grand curve that started at the top of her sternum, a stretching and rounding curve that parted her meager breasts. Sloping down into a vast mountain that occupied most of her torso, her stomach was larger than she was. Flesh pulled tight against itself as the edge of her flanks merged into the singular curve. She felt like her body was distorted just to make room for it; its very existence was a parody of itself. It inched ever outward as she ate, steadily adding to its circumference, an overshadowing collection of flesh. At the center of her grand blimp was her navel, what was once a rather deep cavern, was now a shallow and yawning maw. Pulled wide by the growing mountain behind it, the collection of food stretching her to the limit. The lower portion of her stomach had a bit of sag to it, the weight of all of her digesting meal dragging it low like she was a sack. The perfect curve of her lower stomach was occasionally interrupted by the grasp of hands as Penny had taken to kneading it. Shameka had levied it as a punishment for their presumptuous nature, but she desperately demanded tummy rubs, and Penny was eager to oblige.

Penny was in heaven at this moment, being so close to a leviathan of a stomach, hands feeling the contradicting pressures. Pillowy softness enforced by a rock-hard collection of flesh, muscle bouncing her back, and gas bubbles popping beneath her grip. With such close proximity, she could hear the gurgling rumbles within, the shifting mire of Shameka's feast. Penny may have been in heaven, but she was exhausted; as Shameka's gut grew larger, it only became harder to move, harder to massage. She wasn't built for such strenuous exercise, so Penny was sweating buckets by the end. Her yellow dress stained with wetness as she kept kneading the surface, putting her whole body into the movements. Her hands ran across the rippling surface as Shameka kept eating. Up top, Susan was dutifully feeding the anubis queen, as she was too full to feed herself. The table was completely out of reach of her rotund form, so her gut sufficed as a replacement table. Currently, a heaping plate of mac and cheese was resting atop it. Different varieties of the succulent dish were divided on that singular plate; spoonfuls of the treat were lifted and deposited inside of Shameka, as Susan dutifully followed orders. She knew she was going to catch an earful from her boss, but Penny was having fun, and she wanted Penny to keep having a good time. Shameka's gut was too large for Susan to adequately see over; with her height, she assumed the queen's bites were joyful, but that was far from the case.

Please stop. I can't keep eating like this. I feel ready to burst. How can they not know? That redhead has studied my kind her whole life.

Shameka's thoughts were frantic as she tried to understand why they kept putting food in front of her, but it was truly ignorance. Penny may have been a monster girl fanatic, a scholar in the arts, but she was not privy to secrets. There was a trait that all anubis shared, something buried deep in their canine heritage that never left. It was a weakness that could be exploited; if left out to the public, they couldn't stop eating. If food was placed in front of them, they were compelled to eat it, they had to clean their plates. Normally this compulsion was stymied by the general lack of availability, but in the case of nobles, it had to be stymied by vigilant attendants. An experienced attendant would be able to say no, refusing a queen's desire for more food, but there were no experienced attendants here.