

Disclaimer: This story contains adult themes. It is not suitable for minors or the easily offended.

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Contains: *Weight Gain, Stuffing*

No One Goes Hungry

Susan watched two of her most frequent customers make their way into her restaurant. She knew everyone who came in more than once by name. The tall, relatively slim brunette was Hannah. Her short friend, who was wider than she was tall, was Dakota. Susan's restaurant boasted the slogan, "No one goes hungry!" She was of Italian stock and a third generation of Southern women, so ensuring that anyone who sat at her table stayed there until they had to loosen their belt was etched deep in her bones. Heedless of the shifting, ever-changing culture around her, Susan knew it was her highest calling. She never questioned it. It was as true as the blue sky and the green grass, a universal truth.

Susan's restaurant was not a buffet. Those were for school children and strange foreign food like Chinese. Instead, Susan's customers paid a single price, discounted for lunch, and her girls brought them whatever food they asked for. The only additional cost was a charge by weight for anything a customer didn't eat. Susan believed all her food was best fresh. A microwave would zap all the flavor and nutrients out. She also despised wasted food. People were starving in the world, and though it broke her heart that she couldn't feed them all, she did her best to make sure the ones she could feed weren't wasteful. Having enough to eat was a blessing from the Good Lord, and throwing good food in the trash was wicked and sinful.

However, Susan was starting to question her philosophy as she watched her regulars take their favorite table. Hannah slid all four chairs to one side, stealing another for herself. Dakota lowered her great big tushie onto the chairs, which were arranged in a U-shape to support her. The pair-shaped brunette wasn't the only friend

Hannah brought in. There was a tall, noisy girl named Piper and a pretty black-haired girl named Rachel. Susan's books got a little closer to the red every time Hannah came in with one of her friends. She might have to break her own rules.

Dakota loved eating at Sue's. The barbecue wasn't quite the same as she remembered from back home, but everything else was the absolute peak of comfort food she'd grown to love since moving to North Carolina. Fried chicken, meatloaf, okra and asparagus dripping with butter, and the biscuits... Dakota was sure she hadn't had better biscuits in her life. She couldn't deny that getting a job as Hannah's assistant at the hotel had her outgrowing her clothes even faster than she had since leaving Texas. Still, Hannah was more like a friend than a boss and was always eager to take her shopping when she popped a shirt button or blew out another pair of jeans. She'd been super embarrassed the first few times Hannah insisted on paying, but she knew her friend's family was well off, so if it made Hannah feel better, who was she to refuse?

The first few times their server came by, Dakota named her favorites. Chicken and waffles, barbecue spare ribs, a double bacon cheeseburger. And like she always did, Hannah would add a few sides and maybe another entree to Dakota's order. She didn't mind. It was all delicious, and it seemed to take more and more food to fill her up these days. Plus, it was a great deal. Like going to a buffet, but she never had to bother getting up and filling her own plate. Dakota sometimes wondered how heavyset she'd be if there'd been a place like this back home, but when the first bite of warm, soft, buttery, and salty biscuit hit her tongue, she forgot all about her weight worries and dug in.

Hannah was such a good friend slash boss, too. When Dakota's pants started pinching her tummy, Hannah slid them down a little for her. When even that got uncomfortable, Hannah undid the button. When she started feeling a little full and worried they might have to pay extra because she couldn't finish it all, Hannah would order some early dessert and rub her belly to make room. If she got *really* full and too tired to keep going, Hannah even helped her eat, taking the fork and feeding her. It was like being a little kid again. She was so lucky to have a friend like Hannah.

Hannah loved Sue's Diner. She had no qualms whatsoever in throwing her daddy's money around at the hotel or anywhere else, making sure her friends and employees ate and snacked and outgrew their clothes and uniforms. But here at Sue's, she could fill her projects with food until they looked ready to pop. And, even after tipping almost a hundred percent, her bill was never more than fifty bucks. As she pressed another butter-drenched biscuit between Dakota's lips, Hannah thrilled at the sound of her chairs creaking. Her "assistant's" bottom was starting to spill over the seats; she'd need five chairs soon, maybe even six. Her flabby little breasts were twice as big as Hannah's now. Her lower rolls spilled between her massive thighs, pressed down by the small mountain of food packed into her stomach. Hannah slid a hand under the table and stroked Dakota's bloated middle. It was heaven. If she weren't worried the other shoe would drop, she'd bring someone to Sue's every single day.

Unfortunately, today, she saw the plump, middle-aged owner walk toward their table. Susan looked like she was about to tell someone their dog had died.

"I hate to have to do this, ladies, but I think y'all have had enough."

Dakota's eyes widened, and her cheeks turned pink. "I'm sorry..."

"What about your slogan?" Hannah demanded. "No one goes hungry?"

Susan's face got even more pained, and Hannah wondered if she was about to start crying. "Sweetie, I want to make sure everyone who comes to my place gets their fill, but I reckon you were full near an hour ago."

"I *hic* guess that's true..."

"This is outrageous," Hannah began.

"I know, girls. And I'm very sorry. But you're making the other guests uncomfortable. I think you best find another place to eat."

Hannah saw red. "You can't treat her like this! I'll report you to the Better Business Bureau!"

The older woman met her eyes. "I wasn't talking to her."

Hannah looked at Dakota. Now *she* seemed about to cry. Hannah didn't care one way or another what her projects ate, but she knew the food at Sue's was exceptional. Everyone she brought here put away much more than she could get them to eat at the hotel restaurant or anywhere else in town.

“Oh! Well... I mean... Can't we come to some arrangement? What about the event room? I'll pay double... triple!”

Susan's expression was so relieved it was almost comical. “I reckon we could work something out...”