

Super Size Me

by RobClassact

The Northsore McDonalds was surprisingly slow for a lunch hour. Behind the register, Anna bopped her head softly as she waited for a customer. She smiled when I approached, her large brown eyes lighting up with recognition.

"I know you," she grinned. "Four-piece nuggets. Garden salad. Medium iced tea."

"That's me"

She pumped her fist in genuine celebration. "Oh yeah, I rule!"

I paid, and not long after I had received my food, I heard Anna announce her break. I was just finishing my chicken nuggets when her familiar voice chimed in behind me.

"Hey, mind if I join you?"

Anna settled into the booth across from me. With her McDonalds cap removed, I noticed the blonde highlights in her brown hair, tied back and wrapped in a bun. She placed down her tray, upon which were five Big Macs and a super-size chocolate shake. "This is totally my dream job," she gushed. "I love McDonalds!" She popped open a burger and, gripping it with two hands, dug in. She chomped away with small but hearty bites, savoring each as if it were a forty-dollar steak. Her cheeks puffed like a chipmunk as she made small talk.

"...I mean, Larry acts like he's the king of the universe, but he's just a McDonalds shift manager."

Finishing her first burger, she took a long swig of her shake and put her napkin to her mouth. "Sorry, one sec," she said, and as she let out a soft belch her body swelled visibly larger. It wasn't dramatic, but it was hardly subtle. Her head rose up at least three or four inches, and her red button-up shirt morphed from oversized to fitted.

As the episode passed, she casually unpacked her second Big Mac. She had either not noticed her growth or didn't care, and she launched back into chattering.

"I know, I know, these things are *awful* for me, but you're only young once, ya' know? I think it's the secret sauce that I like so much. I have no idea what they put in it, but it's like *magic*." With that she bit into her second burger. Her bites were a bit bigger, but, well, so was she. I had stopped eating my salad, and did my best to return to it. To be honest, I really wasn't particularly hungry anymore.

In less time than the first, Anna had polished off her second Big Mac. Like last time she burped softly into her napkin, and her body enlarged again, as if she were had taken in a big breath and never exhaled. Her shirt bunched around the armpits, and the front buttons showed signs of strain. "Man, I am absolutely ravenous today!" she said, stretching her long, thin arms outward like vines. The shirt snugly hugged her torso, giving a clear outline of her modest curves. I choked a bit on my iced tea.

By the time I'd gathered my bearings, she'd popped open the third burger. By now, she gripped the burger securely with one hand and took a few chomps before setting it down. "I need more ketchup," she announced, slipping out of the booth. The sight of her standing took me by surprise, as her dramatically lengthened body unfolded out of the booth. Her pant cuffs, which had dragged on the ground before, now were halfway between her ankles and calves.

As quickly as she left, Anna plopped down and set to her food, her longer fingers struggling awkwardly with the small ketchup packets. In record time she polished off the remainder of the burger, gone in four bites and a nibble. She took another long swig of her shake before, setting the cup down and arching back slightly, patting her stomach with delight. As she did so, he could see the skin of her stomach, which distended a bit with its fullness.

"That's no good," she said, furrowing at the protrusion. She pushed firmly at her belly, and I watched as the bulge receded, only to have her breasts billow outward in response. My eyes boggled as the top two already straining buttons on her shirt puckered, protested, and eventually popped, presenting me with an abundant eyeful

of cleavage.

“Whew!” she said, patting her flat stomach. “That’s better.” She looked at me and offered some ketchup, which I respectfully declined.

“No prob,” she said. She glanced at her phone, which now quite small in her hands, and her eyes went wide. “Oh shit! My break is over in two minutes.” She looked at me with a comical expression of panic. “I’d better finish the rest of this off quick!” With that she popped open both burgers and grabbed one in each hand. She then set to work taking hearty bites of each. With each swallow, she grew steadily larger, an inch or even two at a time. As she finished up, each of her hands were large enough to hold a Big Mac like an English muffin.

“Wow!” Anna said, her perky tone now noticeably huskier. “Now I’ve had my break today,” she laughed. She looked down and arched an eyebrow slightly at her over-exposed décolletage. She wrestled with the remaining buttons, until she managed to cover the bits of her bra that were showing and her shirt could somewhat adequately cover her again. After a brief struggle extracting her endless legs, she stood up. The cuffs of her pants stopped at her knees, resembling board shorts.

“Thanks for the company,” she said, dumping the contents of her tray. “I’m sure I’ll see you around again soon, eh?”

I smiled and waved, and Anna returned my wave before ducking at the last second to clear a doorway. As I walked out, she had taken her place behind the register and was fiddling with her shirt in a futile effort to hide her exposed midriff. She looked up suddenly, catching me staring. Anna gave a playful wink, and I grinned before slipping out to head back to work.