

Burger Broadcast PSA

Written by Septia.

“Good evening, we bring you our top story tonight: tensions are high in the ongoing conflict between the the east southerners and west northerners over the Yurim's great southern north lake, both sides vehemently defend their right to settle and utilise the grand body of water, we bring you now to our reporter on the scene, Bolli Creamer.”

“And we've off the air, one minute till broadcast,” the cameraman called out.

Mandella let out a long sigh, adjusting herself in the news anchor chair and fiddling with her tie. “It never sits right.”

“Mandella, you are killing it as usual,” a stagehand came up to say in the break.

“Yeah yeah sure, save the flattery for some time I can actually relax,” she mumbled.

The stagehand scoffed with a smirk. “That sounds like an invitation to dinner~?”

Mandella rolled her eyes. “You're buying,” she said, straightening out her back as the cameraman counted down.

“Thank you Bolli. Confusion among consumers? This reporter remembers when fast-food was a simple, blase affair, yet it appears the newly launched menu item at Moon Burgers beg to differ. The culprit, a item known as 'The Full Moon Swine' has caused crowds to...eat their burger the wrong way? We bring you now to a representative of Moon burger, Golly al-trange.”

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Secret, does anyone remember moon burger?

“And we are on in five... four... three...” The reported counted down while holding up the mic to a moon burger franchise owner, a portly woman of heft expected for her line of work, with a her forehead already laid in deep folds, accentuated by either sweat or grease dotting skin and cream-coloured hair.

“It has honestly been an embarrassment, not just for my personal community, but for eaters in general. You would expect it not to be that hard to figure out how to approach a burger of this manner. Sure, it is on the bigger end of our offerings, but it is not rocket science, it is mostly meat, wouldn't exactly call it that complex.” Golly said while directing the camera towards the table next to her, upon which laid a tied up, naked humanoid, who was sweating even more than she did.

“This isn't even the first time we've had a burger like this,” she said and spun the huge plate around, the rump of the wrapped-up morsel pointing to the camera. She showcased their plump booty, which hosted an arrangement of lettuce, sauce, caramelised onions and a couple thick slabs of cheese, plastered on the ends of the flanks were a some gummy buns. “It is prime tri-nu meat, hollow bones, extra marbled, and what do people do? They try to just take big bites out of the their ass? Yes they are buns, but these are live-meat, meant to squirm, they aren't tempered to handle that, and it just makes a big mess.” Golly continued ass she smacked the bun, so the rump jiggled with the gratuitous amount of marbled meat contained in their grasp.

“Is it because we put buns on it this time? Did we get too cute?” she questioned and slipped her palms under the figure, hosting them up. “For demonstrative purposes, I will educate you lot n how you eat a burger. Did not think I'd need to do that...” She grumbled and raised the bun up the folded up human-figure-meat to her face.

“See, so far you're right, but instead of biting, just push it through.” She instructed before gaping wide. The Full Moon Swine wriggled as its cheeks met with Golly's lips -Thhccllp-. Her maw distorted for the influx of booty-beef, elongating along the brim of the buttocks, pausing to lap and

suckle up some grease and juices dripping down -Shhgltph-. “Shcourry, jshust,” she mumbled and kept plugging her face with the full human -Ghhsrllpt-.

“Jhou jhsust, mdmsm, swahhwoow.” she mumbled out between showing the whole bound meat into her maw, gullet filling, neck spilling out in the broad bump of the burger's buns, watching as the huge hunk of flesh sunk through their frame and swelled out her torso with the tension of grinding mince -Shchflrpth-.

The face of the morsel twitched and wriggled, mumuffled against a dense tomato gag. Shoulders swept up, head resting outside her lips.

Three fingers placed at the living meat's forehead -Shhtltpghsh- and it plowed down her neck, sinking into the confines of blubber, enveloped by Golly's pink lipstick – which now laid stained in droplets of sauce and globules of cheese. -Glllgusumgpsk- a hefty swallow reverberated through her neck as the thick bundle of a burger warped its way down her torso -Cbblpgpwhhasng-. Her stomach inflated with the sheer bulk of cured and treated meat -Clslpghsh-.

“Mpghas pha...” Golly wheezed out, her apron riding up, shirt hoisted like the blinds of a window on the bright landscape of her gut prodding through -Bbwnnngghs- The vague, plump curvature of a booty marked out in heat the bottom of her gut, hinting to the figure engulfed in her flesh-furnace.

“Phaa, there you -Bhguauaaoroooooruslp-,” she unlashed a quaking belch, the air injected with a cloud of gaseous bacon-fat and fatty brine. She patted her chest. A more controlled, performative belch following -Ahhoouuraalp-. “Phaa, there you are, rope's made of mmmpha... crystallized bacon, breaks down like a charm, and all the juiciness is gonna be contained in ya gut, mfms, instead of spilling all over the floor. It is just a whole person, alright? If you're gonna keep biting off their asses for a joke, then you're gonna be liable for any cleaning charges. Phaaa... Mmf boy that one's good...,” she mumbled under her breath, prodding her gut and trying to tuck it under her shift, only for the fabric to ride back up again like a bungee cord -Bdnngsh- -Schbbwn-.

“Certainly an enlightening demonstration Golly, much appreciated. So allow me to ask, is there any merit to the prolonged rumors surrounding Moon Burger, that you have repeatedly substitute tri-nu products for unwilling-citizens and imports?”

“Screw -Cbhuraaaphsf- you,” Golly wheezed out, twisting around, so her gut jostled and bound after her like a rucksack full of yogurt -Grrsllssh-. “that rumor was officially debunked.”

~ 2 ~

Mandella gathered herself back in the studio. “Riveting display of proper etiquette, ensure you keep your mouth open, or your fast food is fast heading towards becoming a right mess. Coming up next is the weather, what is it really looking like?”

“And cut to weather.”

Mandela dabbed her mouth with a napkin under the desk, tapping the corners of her mouth to catch any residual drool.

“Hey, Mandella, anyplace you'd like to go for our date?” The stagehand commented.

Mandella paused, drumming her fingers on the table. “You know, I have this sudden craving for a thick, juicy moon burger... if you catch my drift~?”