“While year over year revenue continues to climb, operating costs are higher than ever. Our shareholders have been patient, but let’s be honest. Nobody’s impressed by a dinosaur anymore.”

Claire walked purposefully, projecting an aura of sheer confidence. She looked and sounded like a true leader. From her surprisingly professional and yet fashionable business dress to her straight, cropped, no-nonsense hairstyle, she looked like someone who would and could take charge in any situation. She may not have had a lot of curves, but no one could deny her commanding presence and good looks. It was a far cry from her uncertainty just moment prior.

“Twenty years ago, de-extinction was up there with magic. These days, kids look at a stegosaurus like an elephant from the city zoo.” Followed by three of her company’s potential investors, she stepped into the park’s labs like a woman on a mission. “Now that doesn’t mean asset development is falling behind. Our DNA excavators discover new species every year. But consumers want them bigger. Louder. Hungrier. The good news is: Our advancements in gene splicing and manipulation have opened up a whole new frontier.” A look of pure smugness crossed her face, “We’ve learned more from genetics in the past decade than in a century of digging up bones. So, when you say you want to sponsor an attraction, what do you have in mind?”

A portly investor furrowed his brow as he looked her way, “We want to be thrilled, by something never seen before. Something...unique.”

Claire’s visage faltered for a moment, but she quickly caught herself and put on a sly smirk, “Don’t we all.” Turning around, she gestured toward a monitor with a rotating DNA strand on screen, “The Indominus Rex. Our first genetically modified hybrid.” She stood tall, acting rather proud of the new development.

Unfortunately for her, the smaller man amongst her potential investors looked singularly unimpressed, “Another dinosaur, huh?”

She reeled back a little, but sensing something was wrong, a voice spoke up from behind the investment group, “Well, Indominus wasn’t bred. She was designed. She will be fifty feet long whe-“ Dr. Wu, her lead researcher, stepped in to interject.

“Yes, I get that, but it’s still another dinosaur.” The smaller investor shakes his head, “I get that it’s bigger and badder, but it’s just an oversized T-rex.”

Claire took in a deep breath, “Yes, well, umm...the treatment we used to create the Indominus is something that isn’t exclusive just to the T-rex. We could modify it to create other hybrids, or even modify dinosaurs individually at a genetic level. There are limitless possibilities.”

The investors suddenly look more intrigued. “And could this...theoretically, of course...work on more than just dinosaurs? Descendants of theirs like crocodiles, lizards or birds?”

Dr. Wu shrugged, “It could.”

The investors all smiled in unison, the fat one looking Claire’s way, “When will it be ready to test?”

Dr. Wu hesitated for a moment, but shook his head, “It already is.”

“That was a complete disaster.” Claire stormed back into the lab, her face red with frustration, ready to kick something. “I had all the profit projections down. All the focus groups were excited. The Indominus was supposed to be huge, but these stupid, ignorant, FU-“

“Whoa, whoa, whoa. Watch the equipment.” Dr. Wu rushed up to her, “They were excited about the procedure, at least, right?”

In a huff, Claire pulled her blouse open, instead tying it together around her waist to help cool herself off, “You heard what they said. Dinosaurs aren’t good enough anymore.” She leaned against a table, crossing her arms under her chest, “The idiots.”

“Look, the park doesn’t just have to be dinosaurs. There are plenty of other interesting prehistoric animals out there.”

“This is a dinosaur park. We only have dinosaurs in here.” She gave him a look as if to say ‘duh’, “We’d have to go through mapping the genomes of dozens of different animals to make all this work. That’s cost millions! Billions, even! The Indominus already cost us tens of millions!”

Dr. Wu grinned, “Ah, but that’s where you’re wrong.” He gestured for her to follow him to one of the lab’s monitors, bringing up a display of the Indominus’ genome. “This guy was going to be a hybrid. We already had it figured out. There are batches of DNA from different dinosaurs, sure, but we have cuttlefish DNA to help with withstanding accelerated growth rates. We have tree frog DNA for acclimatizing her to the tropics. We have the human genome for gigantism to squeeze out some of that extra height.” His expression hardened for a moment, “Come to think of it, if we had let this thing loose, it would probably have ended up being a complete disas-”

“Wait. Did you say humans?” Claire looked his way incredulously, “You’re saying you were going to put a little bit of us in there or something?”

“Well, yes. Humans are the best documented creatures to suffer from gigantism. It was our best shot to make it work.” He gestured toward a vial on a nearby table, “We’d just have to administer our serum while it was still in the egg stage and it’d be fine.”

Claire looked him up and down, the cogs turning in her mind, “Which means that...technically...this is cross-compatible with humans?”

A stern expression greeted her, “Don’t even think about trying to market something like this.”

“I’m not saying market it as is. I’m just saying...if we were to work on it some more, might we be able to develop something more out of it?” She narrowed her eyes, edging around a question in her mind, “Assuming it wouldn’t just kill someone who drank it even now?”

Wu hesitated for a moment, and then sighed, “It wouldn’t kill anyone now, though I’m sure a lot of the effects would be unpredictable. But it would take a while to figure out a way for us to alter this serum in a way that would make it worth sell-“

“Good...good.” Claire interrupted him, nodding. “Keep me posted.” She snatched the vial off of the table, “I need to show this to the investors. To get them off my back.”

As she about-faced and rushed out of the lab, Wu could only offer an ineffectual “Wait a minute! We need that!” before she disappeared around a corner and out of sight.

“No, look, I need those quarterly reports by the end of the day, and...” Claire didn’t pause for a moment as she pushed half a sandwich into her mouth, chomping and chewing, “...they haf to be in-mph trmmphgmmph.”

The was a pause on the other end of the phone before an irritated “You’re talking with your mouth full again. I can’t hear a word you’re saying,” rang out.

Claire paused, swallowing the whole mouthful of half-chewed sandwich with surprising ease, “In triplicate. Get on it. Goodbye.”

She ended the call in an annoyed huff, planting her phone down on her desk. An exasperated sigh escaped her lips and she sat back in her chair. Her belt pulled tight around her waist as she did, quickly followed by a loud rumbling from within her stomach. She picked up the other half of her sandwich, twisting it around in front her. A frown crossed her lips.

‘Why am I so hungry...?’ Her internal dialogue ran through the possibilities. ‘I get my body probably needs energy for the serum to work, but this is my third sandwich and I still feel like I could eat a horse. What the hell was in that stuff...?’

Rather than waiting any longer, she shoved the other half of her sandwich into her mouth, her cheeks bulging out to fit it all in. She barely even chewed this time before she swallowed it, leaning in to flick through her phone contacts. Bringing up her assistant, she threw it on speakerphone.

“Zara, can I see you for a minute, please?” The whole time, her other hand was fishing her last sandwich out of the bag she brought from the park’s Subway. This time pulling out a foot-long sub, she had intended to save for dinner, she shook her head, “As soon as you can. Thanks.”

Swiftly ending the call, she wrapped her lips around as much of the sub as she could. Her heart skipped a beat. Even her mouth was stretching more than she thought he ever could, fitting the whole width of the sub into her mouth with only the faintest squishing. Concern welled up inside her, but it only lasted long enough for the smell of the bread and meat inside the sub to reach her nostrils. With a deep breath and a flutter of her eyes, she bit in and tore off a chunk even bigger than the last two.

“Mmmmhmmmhmm...” A loud moan of contentment rose up within her.

Greedily munching, her mind wandered over just what all this hunger might mean, and more importantly, what other effects it might have. Now that she was really thinking it over, the realization was dawning on her that just downing a serum filled with the DNA of random animals might not have been the best idea, no matter what her goals were. All she had wanted was a way to make her presence known more, for people to stop talking down to her like the investors had, and her boss always tended to do. But what if she started growing a tail, or her skin turned green, or...worse? It wasn’t so bad so far, but who knows what might happen.

All this doubt was making her chow down even faster. She was chewing more to work out her stress at this point than because she actually had to, swallowing mouthfuls that would make a normal person gag. Her clothes were pulling tighter around her middle. Her belt buckle audibly creaked every time she shifted in her seat. She could even feel herself bulging around the fabric lightly. It was...oddly enjoyable somehow just being able to gorge like she was without having to worry about the consequences. Liberating, even.

Of course, her mind wasn’t the only thing that needed liberating at this point. As the last crumbs of the sub disappeared down her throat, she leaned back in her chair, breathing heavily. Her chest heaved and her gaze shifted downward. Her belt was really digging in now. It wasn’t uncomfortable, but it was definitely obvious. With her cheeks turning red, she pressed her hands into it, feeling her belly squishing against her hands, rubbing her fingers over it like it was dough. It felt so pliable in her hands. It was such a far cry from her normally trim, washboard abs.

“I am not looking forward to explaining THIS...” she grumbled to herself.

Her hands snaked around her belly, grabbing her belt buckle and finally letting it go. Her belly surged out into her lap the moment it was released, planting against her thighs with a soft slap. Large gaps had opened up between her blouse button and a hint of midriff poked out from beneath it.

“Ugh, I’m going to need some new clothes if this keeps up.” Her voice wasn’t as disappointed as she thought it would be...until her gaze shifted upward, “Zara!?” Her face instantly went beet red as she scrambled to compose herself and sit back up straight again, “What are you doing here!?’

Her assistant stood in the doorway, her eyes wide from what she just saw but otherwise frozen in place, “You...you called me here.”

“Right...uhh...okay, yes, that.” Her “I, umm...need you to go down to the Chinese food place at the...uhh...” Claire snapped her fingers, too flustered to remember.

“The promenade?”

Claire pointed at her, “Yes, that. Uhh, I...need you to grab a few orders of food for a...meeting later.” Her stomache rumbled loudly enough that both of them could hear it, “Sweet and sour pork. Make sure to get several orders of that.” Her hand rubbed over her belly, the red fading from her cheeks just a little.

Zara looked at her like she was crazy. “...more? You’re going to make yourself sick...” She gripped the doorway, conflicted.

Claire returned a steely gaze. “You’re an intern, Zara, not my dietician. Just do it.” Claire gave her her best puppy dog eyes, “Please.”

“O-okay? Sure. Yeah. I’ll get right on that and get back to you.” Zara’s eyes stayed glued to the ground as she backed out of the room.

“Thank you!” Claire held out her hand, “Oh, and don’t forget the fortune cookies!”

As the door clicked shut, Claire’s stomache protested again, wanting something more to top herself off. She turned her gaze toward her minifridge, tossing open the door. With a shrug, she grabbed the only thing left: A jar of pickles.

“Eh, good enough.”

“Oh, hey boss!”

The cashier greeted her nervously, straightening her uniform. One of the cooks in the back took his feet off the counter with a start, quickly getting up and looking busy. He stashed his phone in his pocket, hoping to not get caught. The display merely made Claire frown at him.

“Come on, guys. You’re supposed to be closing up, not sitting on your butts.” She clapped her hands together toward the cook in the back, causing a lot more wobbling in her body than a couple months before, “And you, phone. Now. Chop chop.”

The cook’s face fell. “Sorry, boss.” He dejectedly walked up to the counter, putting the phone down.

Claire snatched it off the counter, “You want another one of these, you’ll have to explain to HR why you lost this one.”

She wiggled the phone in her hand to emphasize the point, before bringing it to her lips. Much to the shock of both employees, she pushed the phone into her mouth, her lips wrapping around it. She made a show of it, pushing it slowly into her mouth inch by inch. Both employees’ mouths hung wide open, especially once the phone slid straight into Claire’s throat. Their eyes followed its bulge down her neck, until it vanished deep inside her, settling into her belly.

She waved her hand to dismiss the cook, “Now get back to work.” He scurried off, leaving Claire to lean on the counter and expose significantly more cleavage than usual, “And you, uhh...miss. How much food do you have left over here? We need to tighten our budget and food waste is really hitting our bottom line. We might as well find a better use for it than throwing it all out.”

“Give me a sec and I’ll check.” The cashier flashed Claire a quick, nervous smile and rushed into the back.

The young executive looked quite a bit different than she did before. While she still had her neatly cropped hair, her soft and supple skin, and even her fashionable business attire, her recent eating habits had done a number on her figure. Her once flat waistline protruded out enough that she could have easily passed as pregnant if it didn’t look so soft and rotund. Midriff poked out from underneath her tank top, showing off a prominent muffin top.

To help compound the look, her breasts had even swollen up enough that she was forced to forego bras for the most part now. It was a struggle to keep from nipping out, especially with how they would always seem to stiffen when she ate. On the upside, the several extra cup sizes were evened out by several inches added to her behind. Her pencil skirt was surprisingly good at showing it off. With so many extra curves, her blouse no longer fit like it should. She found herself forced to just leave it undone and tie it together between her breasts and belly, though who knew who long that would last.

Perhaps the most surprising change of all revealed itself as the cashier returned and Claire straightened back up again, now having to look quite a bit further down at her than her heels would have normally required, “Okay, so we’ve got a bunch of leftover salad, a couple large orders of nuggets, a fresh batch of fries, and an uncut roast we were just gonna toss in the fridge and reheat tomorrow. Everything else is still frozen.” Her voice was wavering, obviously intimidated by the larger woman before her.

“Oh yeah, that’s a lot of waste. I had a suspicion salad wouldn’t be popular. Umm...why don’t you bring that stuff out front and I’ll deal with it. The roast, too.”

She put on her best fake business smile before turning and walking toward one of the tables. She was still a little unsteady still. Walking in heels in her condition certainly wasn’t easy, especially not when her feet were getting too big for them. She was honestly surprised they hadn’t already snapped under weight. She was just getting so unwieldy...so why wasn’t she forcing herself to stop?

“There you are.” Claire jolted to a stop at the sound of a familiar voice, “Somebody’s been hiding away in her office, hasn’t she?”

Clenching and unclenching her fists, Claire turned around, “Mr. Grady. It’s...good to see you.”

“Owen.” The park’s lightly bearded ‘navy guy’ slid out of the chair he had been eating his dinner at and sidled up in front of Claire. He eyed her up and down, cocking his brow at her new appearance, “That’s not what you said the last time we met.” He was certainly very blunt.

“Yes, well...” Claire let out a huff, “Things change.”

Owen crossed his arms under his chest, looking on with a smug look, “It’s looking like that isn’t the only thing that’s changed.” He tilted his head to the side, “You look different.”

Claire sighed and rolled her eyes, “New haircut.” Her business smile returned with a flick of her hair, “Is there something I can help you with?”

Owen shook his head, “No, seriously. What’s goin’ on?” He gestured up and down her body, “And don’t tell me it’s new heels because you used to be shorter than me even with those.”

Her eyes drifted to the side as she suppressed a smirk, “Alright, look, this stays between you and me, okay?” She grabbed his arm with surprising strength and pulled him away from the cashier area.

“Whoa, whoa! Hey!” As soon as she got him far enough away, he yanked his arm out of her grip, “Careful.” He rubbed his arm, furrowing his brow.

She held up her hands, “Okay, okay, sorry.” Her hands firmly planted on her hips, she continued, “So, I MIGHT have sampled a special concoction the lab was working on.”

“Right...” Owen looked at her with suspicion. “What kind of a ‘concoction’?”

“It was some kind of DNA and chemical mixture. Snake, tree frog, raptor, T-rex, human, some other stuff. We were going to use it on a T-rex egg we were incubating and make a bigger, scarier, badder asset to draw in more guests, but...the investors weren’t impressed.”

“And you thought this was a good idea why?”

“It wasn’t my idea. It was Wu’s. I didn’t even know about the Indominus project until a couple weeks before it was going to be announced. We needed a new asset to up attendance and that was supposed to be it, and-“

Owen put up his hand to stop her, “No, I mean why in the name of GOD would you drink something like that?”

Claire flopped down into a nearby chair, her belly jiggling the whole way. “I don’t even know.” She put her head in her hand, “Dr. Wu said it had human DNA for gigantism and some other stuff, and after getting screwed around by the investors, I was sick of being the punching bag. I thought a little height boost might help.”

“And then you completely ignored all the other DNA in it and hoped it wouldn’t be an issue.” Owen slid the chair on the opposite side of the table out, “Right?” He took a seat, kicking back.

“I don’t know, I guess? I didn’t even think about it.”

“So this stuff is basically rewriting some of your DNA. Probably explains the obviously increased...” He paused as the cashier walked up, huffing and puffing, carrying a tray stacked high with all of the leftover food, “...appetite.”

The food pile looked delicious already, but the five pound roast chicken on top looked the most enticing. “Sorry...urgh...here’s everything...” With a loud grunt, she slipped the tray onto the table.

Though she could already feel her mouth watering at all the food, Claire turned to the cashier, “Did that cook in there seriously make you carry all this out here on your own?” A nod is the only reply, causing Claire to shake her head, “Tell him to see me in my office after work. We’re going to have to have a word about his work ethic.”

“Y...yes ma’am.” The cashier flashed a half-hearted smile, before rushing back inside.

Owen looked at her, impressed, “Wow. I guess it HAS helped your confidence a little.” Somehow, she still looked as incredible to him as she did when their first attempt at a date failed, even with her new figure.

Claire just gave him a sheepish smirk, poking the salad with her fork. Crunching into the lettuce, she eyed Owen as his hand snuck over to grab a drumstick off the bird. She reached out with her other hand and smacked his arm way.

“Ow!” He reeled back.

“Hey, you’ve got your own dinner to eat.” She gestured back toward his table and the half eaten dinner on it. “That roast is mine.”

“Well geez, sooorry.” He raised his hands, getting up to collect his own meal. “Didn’t your mama ever teach you to share?”

Seizing the opportunity while he had his back turned, Claire grabbed the oversized roast off the top of the pile. Keeping him in the corner of her eye as he tossed some of his trash away, she held the chicken by the drumsticks and pushed it against her lips. It proved to be a case of eyes too big for her mouth as she reached as far as her mouth would normally allow her to stretch...until it kept on going. Only an extra inch or two, but it was just enough to allow her to slide the bird into her mouth in its entirety. Five pounds of delicious, savoury, well cooked chicken slid right down her gullet. She was enjoying it so much she almost didn’t notice him about to turn around.

Her hands darted to her lips, but her cheeks were bulged out so far, and the drumstick bones were still protruding out of her mouth, that Owen looked at her with pure disbelief, “How in the hell...”

Claire tried to play it off, “Whmph?” Her casual attempt at a ‘What?’ fell completely flat.

“I see the snake DNA’s paid off for you...” He picked up his tray off his table, never taking his eyes off her.

Already caught in the act, Claire put her head back and just started swallowing. Bit by bit, she gulped more of the bird down, pulling it into her throat. The last of the drumsticks vanished between her lips, her neck muscles working just like a snake’s to pull the whole massive bulge downward. When the bulge dwindled away, she bumped her chest with her fist, letting out a very uncharacteristic burp.

“Ooof...excuse me.” She blinked several times, her belly visibly pushing out against the table as the chicken is dumped into it.

Owen made his way back toward the table, shaking his head, “You know, you might not be as hungry all the time if you weren’t pretending you weren’t hungry by eating salad.”

Her eyes followed him as he returned, “What do you mean?”

With his free hand, he gestured for the cashier to come, “Raptors are meat eaters. T-rexes are meat eaters. Hell, even snakes are meat eaters.” He plopped his own tray on a clear part of the table, nibbling on a fry. He gestured toward the cashier with his head, “Maybe you oughtta consider ordering some meat.”

“They didn’t have anything cooked and I’ve got a busy schedule.” Claire munched on another leaf of lettuce.

The cashier bounded up, eyes still wide like a frightened deer, “What do you need?”

Claire stared at Owen for a few moments, “A dozen burgers.” She slowly turned to the cashier, her gaze staying on Owen until it flicked over to her.

Somehow, the cashier’s eyes seemed to open even wider, “They’re...still uncooked! You’d have to wait for them to grill...”

Claire’s belly rumbled loudly enough for all of them to hear, causing Owen to speak up in amusement, “Something tells me you might not want to bother with the grilling and just bring them raw.”

The cashier looked horrified, “But what about e-coli and...”

Claire fixed her gaze on the frightened girl, munching on a nugget and giving her a stern look. That was all the cashier needed to rush back into the restaurant.

“Wow. Looks like we’ve got a new mama raptor around here.” Owen chuckled approvingly.

Claire made a clawing gesture and smirked. “Rawr.” She immediately froze as soon as it escaped her lips, going the deepest shade of red she had ever gone before. She buried her face in her hands, “I can’t believe I just did that.”

“Claire! A word, please!”

Simon Masrani, the company’s CEO. Always the idealist, the man rarely ever bothered to actually pay attention to the business side of things, a fact that tended to frustrate Claire to no end.

Claire stood up and at attention; At least, as well as she could in her condition. “Yes, Mr. Masrani?”

“You look...different.” The young Indian stepped past her, looking her up and down.

Clare sheepishly smiled, her eyes looking upward, “Yeah, I’m getting that a lot lately.”

“I wonder why.” He looked back up at her with an amused grin.

Sure enough, half a year of dealing with her growing situation meant she was becoming truly enormous. Without shoes that fit anymore, she was forced to walk through the halls barefoot, her now plumper legs on display. Her skirt barely covered anything anymore, wrapped around her hips like saran wrap. She had torn the straps on her tank top, using it more like a tube top to cover what little of her nipples she could with the remaining strips of fabric, to little avail. Her blouse sad draped uselessly over her shoulders. Even her head was brushing against most ceilings as she walked. It made for a both intimidating and humiliating experience.

“Look, I need to speak to you.” The thick-accented man somehow still seemed completely unintimidated by her. “This whole Indominus situation some problems with our other investors. I must admit, it is getting a bit difficult to ‘spare no expense’ with our investors worried about dumping their money into another failed project.”

Claire nodded, fully understanding, “I can see how that would be an issue, yes.”

“Indeed.” Simon frowned, “We need something new to display before some of them start backing out. I don’t care if it is a new dinosaur, a mammoth, or whatever. We need something new.”

Claire seized up, “Okay...and, uhh, have you talked to Dr. Wu about this?”

“I did, and he told me it would be another few months before he would have another type of dinosaur ready.” He slid on a pair of sunglasses, backing away, “I want you to light a fire under this, Claire. Find me something to wow people with.” He turned and casually strolled toward the exit, passing Owen along the way, “You have two months!”

A look of sheer horror washed over her, “Shit.”

She took a step back, her belly wobbling back and forth. After months of eating, she was left with a belly that could fit a full grown human in it. It was prominent and pudgy even when empty, which made it more than a match for any clothes she had. Breasts bigger than her head, even at her new height, rested on top of it. Stiff nipples poked out against the little remaining fabric of her shirt. Even her rear had filled out with plenty of extra padding, thick thighs now fully exposed by her skirt riding up. She was an absolute behemoth. Somehow, she knew that she wasn’t done growing even yet.

“So, not to eavesdrop, but it’s looking like you’ve got a bit of a problem there.” Owen walked up inquisitively.

“That’s the understatement of the century.” She rubbed her temples, nursing a growing headache.

“Hey, I’m sure the lab’ll cook something up.” Owen shrugged casually, “Maybe somethin’ small for the kids, so you don’t have to wait so long.” He looked up past her protruding bustline, before taking a step back as he started to walk away.

“If only life were so easy.”

However, after a second step, he paused. “By the way, I don’t want to be TOO forward,” Owen added with a tone that suggested he wasn’t actually too concerned about forwardness, “but...your clothes. I’m not sure if you realize it, but you’re showing off quite a bit more than you should be.”

“I knooww. But there isn’t much I can do about it at this point.” She reached down and grabbed her skirt, trying to pull it down to cover a little more of her overstretched panties, but only managed to cause the waistband to audibly rip a little. “As you can see.” She flopped her arms to her side dejectedly.

“Sure. We’re probably gonna end up fielding a lot of complaints from parents who don’t want their kids staring at a woman with her jubblies hangin’ halfway outta her shirt.” He snickered as he watched her face shift into a mixture of anger and embarrassment. “Why are you even still wearing that thing? It’s been months.”

“Because none of my clothes fit anymore, no tailors make clothes for someone this big, and the company won’t pay for me to get a new outfit because this...” She gestured down at her excessive girth. “...was a ‘personal aesthetic choice’ according to finance,” she continued, complete with air quotes. “Nobody makes clothes for someone this size, and I don’t have the money to buy it.”

“Says the woman with her own personal assistant.” Owen raised his brow.

Claire crossed her arms under her chest, nearly pushing her oversized breasts into her chin, “She’s a company employee, not mine. She’s just assigned to me.”

“Ha! Is that so.” Owen looked bemused, “You know, this has me thinking. Y’know what might help convince the company to help you deal with your whole clothing situation? Something that might kill two birds with one stone?”

“What?” She peered down at him past the hilly horizon of her boobs.

“The only way finance is going to willingly fork over the thousands of bucks you’d need for clothes is if they’re getting a return for it, right? The investors are looking for something unique, and ever since the Indominus thing fell through, we’ve had an empty paddock with nothing to put in it...” Owen’s face was smugly suggestive.

Claire’s face went blank, “Why don’t I like where this is going?”

“I’m just sayin’. Unless Wu’s got some other fancy creature up his sleeve and ready to go, about the only unique thing this park’s got left to show...” He gestured her way, “...is you. Now that you’re the biggest, baddest ‘dino’ around.”

“I knew I wasn’t going to like where this was going.” Claire’s arms fell to her side.

“Verizon Wireless presents Claire Dearing, the human dinosaur.” He spread his hands, making a big display of it, “I can see it now.”

“Shut up, Owen.”

“Come witness the historic sight of the world’s largest human swallowing a pachyderm whole.”

“I get it.”

“Behold the marvel that is-“

“OKAY. I GET IT. Fine.” Claire finally snapped in desperation.

Owen smirked slyly, “So you’ll do it, then?”

Claire ran her hand over her face, dejected, “If it means bringing park attendance back up...yes, I’ll do it.”

A month’s worth of negotiating, renovating and tailoring later and Claire stood at the door to former Indominus paddock. It had been changed enough for the viewing platform to be larger and more open now that there was no risk of guests being mauled to death by a giant dinosaur. This left even more visible so there was virtually nowhere left to hide. Even the crane platform had been built up to allow guests to view from above as well. Everything was perfectly designed to put Claire on display as much as she possibly could be.

Another couple of feet taller than before, Claire could no longer enter most buildings without being constantly crouched over. It was made all the more difficult by how big her belly had gotten. It was constantly getting in the way. Worse was how her boobs would squish against her face every time she ducked down to get inside. Even her arms and legs had thickened up somewhat with her extra fatness. On the upside, though, none of the new employees were taking her for granted anymore. She was even starting to intimidate Masrani a little.

Owen called over the side of the paddock from his perch at the top. “Hey, you ready to go?” Here it was, the first show.

Claire looked down at herself. She was never one for showing off, so the fact her clothes fit so badly that her panties were doing little more than showing off a prominent camel toe meant that she was none too thrilled about her first excursion. Her tank top was little more than a thin strip of fabric covering the very tips of her constantly erect nipples. She even had a giant, knitted dinosaur cap on her head. It was embarrassing. Her tummy, on the other hand, was grumbling loudly and wanting to get right to it.

Steeling herself, she gave him a thumb up, the paddock sliding open. Gasps arose from the crowd as she stomped her way in. She kept her hands raised like a T-rex, looking around like a curious dinosaur.

She even let out an almighty, “ROOOAAARR!” to really sell the whole act.

“This, ladies and gentlemen, is our newest, and if I may say, best addition to the park.” Owen spoke into his microphone, his voice broadcasting across the paddock, “Say hello to Claire!”

The crowds were suitably impressed. Applause rang out all around her. The reaction was even more positive than she expected, even if she did catch a couple of parents covering their kids’ eyes with her pussy frankly on display like it was. It was heartening to know people actually liked it, not least of which because it meant her career might not need rescuing as much as she thought it did. She straightened up with renewed confidence as the crane above her turned on.

“An impressive feat of genetics, Claire is as ravenous as she is beautiful. If there is anything that can be said for this leviathan amongst men, it is that she has a bottomless appetite.”

Claire looked up, gulping. Dangling from the crane above her was an ornithomimus. It may not have been as big as the elephant Owen originally suggested, but it still seemed a daunting prospect nonetheless. She glanced toward Owen, to which he nodded in return, and then raised her hands up to grab the harness. The crowd watched in awed silence as the dinosaur struggled against her grip. She slipped its tail between her lips, before releasing the harness.

Unfortunately for her, she wasn’t quite used to live food. It fell from her lips, tumbling down her cleavage, over her belly, and landing on the ground. It quickly scrambled to its feet, making a break for the trees. The crowd laughed while Claire panicked a little. Not waiting a moment, she spun on her feet with the grace of someone who’s had months to get used to her enormous size and dove for the dino. Her belly hit the ground with enough force to dig a crater into the ground, the impact shaking the whole paddock. It was a haphazard move, but an effective one as her hand gripped the dinosaur by the waist.

Running her free hand over her hair, she got back to her feet, holding it up triumphantly while Owen spoke, “As you can see, she’s still a little new to the game, but with the intelligence of a human, she can hunt with the best of ‘em.”

Wasting no more time, she pushed the dinosaur between her lips. Her mouth had to stretch to fit it in past its hips, but in spite of all its struggles, it couldn’t escape her this time. Its bulge slid down her throat to the awed gasps of the crowd. It went down whole, her first live prey.

“Quite a show, wouldn’t ya say?” Owen grinned, the crowd applauding again as Claire patted her belly, “Bet ya never saw a lady do that, now have ya?” His gaze drifted over the audience, gauging their reactions to make sure Claire really was a hit, but as he did, he saw something that wiped the grin from his face, “Hey, you, kid! Boy with the hat! Don’t you climb over that railing!”

But it was too late. A young boy of about eight had already pulled himself over to get a better look, his parents having lost sight of him. All eyes in the paddock shot to him as his foot slipped, Claire’s included. She stomped over as the boy lost his grip, just barely managing to catch him between her hand and her boob. The hit caused her breast to slip out of her top, but she just looked down at the boy, pulling her hand back to make sure he was okay.

He was there, looking up at her with the wide eyes of a boy who had just had a traumatizing experience. He was small enough compared to her that her boob alone was almost bigger than him. The combined look of fear and relief hit her with a wave of relief of her own, though it also set the gears turning in her mind. She plucked him up between two fingers and held him right in front of her face. Looking him over, she whispered as quietly as she could.

“Play along.”

As soon as she saw the boy’s expression change, she tilted her head back and opened wide. The boy looked down nervously, but sensed his cue and started to struggle, screaming for his mom. Everyone watching began to panic and look on in horror as she lowered him into her mouth. She closed her lips around his shoulders, almost relishing in the feeling of him trying to get away, before she sucked him right inside.

The crowd fell silent. Horror, fear, and shock were spread across the faces of everyone present, even Owen himself. A scream rose up from the crowd when she swallowed. The royal look of someone looking down upon her inferiors spread over her face. She could see some were even about to faint.

And then she opened her gaping maw. There, sitting on her tongue with his legs filling her throat, was the little boy, slightly damp from her saliva but otherwise completely fine. She reached in and pulled him from her mouth, depositing him with some effort back onto the platform above. The crowd remained silent as the boy’s mom rushed to hug him...until they all broke out in the biggest cheering applause yet.

She was a hit.

“No!” Claire pointed straight at Owen, “The dino hat was bad enough! This is just stupid.”

“Claire, you aren’t goin’ out there naked!” The rugged man stood with an oversized set of yellow-coloured clothes draped over his shoulder, “You don’t have any clothes that fit anymore, and the company’s only gonna pay for what it has to.”

“I swear. I’m a good eighty feet tall with a body the size of a blue whale and people STILL don’t take me seriously.” She snatched the clothes off of Owen’s shoulder, only to discover a little something extra hanging off of what looks to be little more than a thong, “Really? A tail?” She was definitely not amused.

Owen threw up his hands, “Don’t shoot the messenger. I’m just here to get you ready for your show.” He started heading toward the stairs up to viewing room. Evidently, the park learned from the incident with the boy, restricting the crowds to inside the viewing room instead, “You’re on in five!”

“Manager of the most popular amusement park on the planet, the center of their most popular attraction, and eighty foot tall giant woman, and they’re still acting like idiots around me.” She threw a leopard-print bikini top to the ground in annoyance, while sliding the undersized bottoms underneath her enormous paunch, “I am so paying the finance department a visit after this show.” A knitted, green tail swayed behind her as she tied her bikini up, matching the hat that had become oh so familiar in her shows.

“By the way!” Owen paused halfway up the steps, looking back toward her, “You seen any of the InGen guys around? I’ve been seein’ less and less of them lately.”

Claire glanced up at him, “Oh yeah. They’re gone.” She let out an innocuous burp, “Long gone.”

Owen grunted, “Really.”

Claire nodded in return, “Yeeahh, we caught wind that they were planning some extra projects on the side with our assets, so I’ve...terminated our contract with them." As soon as the words left her mouth, something punched against her belly, a small bulge appearing on its surface. Owen could swear he even heard something scream, but Claire just patted the spot, “I kept some of their security guys on tenure with us, but the rest of their company folded.”

There was a long pause as Owen nodded slowly, “Is that a fact...”

“So I wouldn’t worry about them messing with your raptors anymore.” She flashed him a quick smile, snatching the bikini off the ground and pulling it over her breasts as best she could. “They went as minimal on the fabric as they could, didn’t they,” she mumbled under her breath.

Owen rubbed his chin, “Y’know, the guy in charge of this paddock has been spending most of time just sitting on his fat ass eating donuts instead of doin’ his job and maintaining this thing.” He took a couple of steps backward up the stairs. “So, if you wanted to, I dunno, ‘discipline’ him,” he continued, air quoting, “I wouldn’t be too shook up about it.”

Claire scrunched up her nose and nodded, “I’ll look into it.”

Another step back and Owen grinned, “Perk up. Things are lookin’ good around here. You’re gonna do great.” He raised a finger, “Just remember to watch the teeth on this one.”

Claire held her hands out to her sides, allowing Owen a full view of all her splendour. To someone still normal-sized like him, each of Claire’s enormous tits was the size of a van, while to her they seemed more like beachballs. Her butt was the very definition of thicc, equally as big as her breasts and plenty jiggly to boot. Her arms were softer, her thighs as wide as tree trunks.

But most impressive of all was the utterly massive belly she was sporting. The product of a full year of nearly constant munching, eating and gorging, it was big enough to rival the entire rest of her body and then some. Her pudge squished into rolls around her sides, but her middle was just as round, soft and full as it had ever been. Even so, it had bumps over her surface from where her still digesting meals were packed inside.

“Alright, ready to go,” Claire called out, sliding her hat on. “Let’s do this.”

Owen’s voice rose up over the paddock again as he entered the viewing room, “Ladies and gentlemen, it’s the time you’ve all been waiting for.” The doors slid open. The cage shook with every step she took toward it, “Bigger and badder than ever, Claire the Jungle Girl makes her triumphant return.”

“HAAAAaaaaahhhh...” Claire let out an almighty yell as she stepped inside.

“Today’s show is gonna be a good one as we show you how the top predator of today,” he pointed to the massive Claire, “fares against the top predator from millions of years ago.”

His arm drifted to the other side as a hundred excited viewers clambered up to the glass. Dangling from the paddock’s crane, wrapped in a reinforced harness to fit its new size, was a fully grown and very angry tyrannosaurus rex. Eight and a half tonnes of pure prehistoric killing machine. For Claire, though, it looked like little more than a large, mad dog, barely more than half her own height, even if it was only being suspended by nothing but a large chain.

“Who’s gonna win? Is one of the biggest beasts in prehistory going to prove to be too much for our reigning predator?”

Claire knew she was big enough to avoid getting bitten by it, but this was going to be the biggest meal she’s had yet. Months of eating live prey were all coming to a head this time. She held her arms out to her side, digging her feet into the dirt as the paddock doors closed behind her. She braced herself, watching it inching ever closer. Her plump belly wobbled about while her boobs bounced atop its mountainous girth. It was an agonizingly slow wait and she was getting impatient.

“Apologies, folks. Got a bit of a battle between monster and machine here,” Owen chuckled.

Claire looked up at the crane operator, but he shrugged back at her. There was nothing to do but let it inch along, the struggling dinosaur proving a challenge for crane that wasn’t built for something like that. It kept causing the wires to sway, slowing down progress even further. Her belly was angry, rumbling in protest at the slowness of her meal. That was enough. She let out a great growl, rising to her feet while the windows rattled from the power of her voice.

\*SLAM...CRASH!\*

Claire used her immense height to simply grab the support cable for the crane above her. With the kind of strength only someone her size could muster, she sheered it in two straight down the middle. With a powerful whip of the cable, she sent the crane trolley hurtling straight at her. With a deft catch, she yanked the trolley right off. As the crane operator stared mouth agape, she raised the machinery above her head, dinosaur and all.

“OHHHHhhh...I did NOT see that coming...” Owen’s voice was more subdued this time.

Claire carried the trapped dino over her mouth, leaning her head back. The audience screamed and yelped as the giantess’s belly was pressed to the glass mere inches from their faces. She paid little attention to them now, ignorant of the glass cracking from the pressure. The T-rex tried to squirm and snap its teeth at her, kicking its legs useless, but Claire deftly clamped its mouth shut with one hand. Lowering it until it could look her straight in the eyes, she glared at it. It was barely even struggling anymore. She brought it down to her awaiting mouth.

“Here it comes!” Owen declared triumphantly, “Dino-a-woman-o! Will Claire come out victorious? Will she be able to use her immense size, her immense POWER, to show this dino who’s at the top of the food chain?” Clair opened her mouth wide in time with Owen’s commentary, “Just imagine staring down into that gaping maw!” His commentating was enthusiastic, getting the crowd pumped up. Claire used her teeth to force the tyrannosaur’s mouth shut, wrapping her lips around its head, her jaw having to open inhumanly wide to fit it in. “Now watch how she swallows it down, making sure it never gets a chance to use those gnarly teeth it has!”

The crowd ooh’d and ahh’d as they saw the prime predator so easily defeated. She pulled it in further with a big slurp, sucking it down until her throat closed around its mouth. Its legs kicked and tail thrashed to try to get away from her, but down it steadily went. Her throat swelled outward as it passed down unchewed. One hand went to her belly as her nipples stiffened up completely. Her other reached up to push the dinosaur’s butt inside of her.

Like a diner slurping up ramen, she sucked the dinosaur’s feet and tail into her mouth, giving one more almighty gulp to push the rest of it down. Still chained to the T-rex, the crane trolley pressed up against her lips. While the bulge of the predator soon disappeared down her throat, she hungrily opened wide again, bringing the whole apparatus down with the dinosaur.

A piece of crane equipment the size of a family sedan pushed into her mouth, forcing her to open wide again. Like a bird trying to swallow a fish, she swallowed and craned her neck, the whole ensemble sliding deep into her, until she felt the both T-rex and trolley finally settling in her belly. She felt her skin stretching even further, pushing outward and cracking the glass even more. The tyrannosaur was completely stuck, too crammed in with all the rest of her food to pose any threat to her any longer. The only sign of her meal was a couple of feet worth of chain still dangling from her lips.

The feeling of finally reaching real fullness was greater than anything she had experienced before. Her tummy felt amazing. Every bump and every touch seemed like it could have driven her wild. She let out an immensely satisfied moan and rubbed her hand over it. The front of her bikini bottoms becoming a damp from it all. It reminded her of her first huge meal back when it all started, only so much better. Her face was flushed, a small smile crossing her lips as the last bit of chain dangled from her mouth.

“And just like that, one of history’s deadliest killers is no more!”

Owen’s voice snapped Claire from her reverie, bringing her back to reality and the watchful eyes gawking at her from the room alongside her. With the faintest embarrassment and the reddest cheeks, Claire turned toward the viewing window, her belly squished up against the glass, and held up her hands like a cute, little dinosaur.

“Rawr...”