

Guilty Gear-Dual Gainers

Unika's training had given her the ability to easily detect when someone was watching her. The various eyes glancing at her could be shrugged off as them just being interested in the bright blue, crossed locks that were a part of her head of short, black hair. Her more lackluster attire of a white shirt, black shorts, and loose-fitting, blue jacket should have been enough to help her blend in. However, it was hard to deny that her image had become infamous due to her previous, misguided attempts at saving the future.

A single glance from Unika's red eyes was usually enough to dissuade people from staring at her for any longer. Even if she had left her weapon behind, her mere presence was enough to cause anxiousness for others. Fiddling with her bangs, she wondered if it had been a mistake to come here. Despite Giovanna's insistence that she needed to make the most out of her vacation time, there was a lingering sensation that she would be better off just staying at home.

Just as Unika was tempted to make a run for a less conspicuous area of the plaza, the sound of hurried footsteps demanded her attention. While the sound of someone rushing toward her would have normally registered as a threat, she was well aware of the particular patter of tennis shoes. As she expected, a turn of her head let her see one of the few people that still saw her for who she really was.

The blue hood over Bridget's head did little to hide the bright, golden sheen of her hair. Not that she cared much about obscuring her appearances considering an oversized handcuff was hanging off of her waist. Her exposed, skinny legs were further emphasized with her black shorts, almost making people miss the assortment of yo-yo's she had ready at a moment's notice. While officially she called herself a bounty hunter, nowadays she made most of her income from

odd jobs and street performances. It was thanks to a particularly good show that she was able to come running up to Unika with two bags of Danny Missile burgers.

“Sorry I’m late,” Bridget said as she handed off one of the sacks to Unika. “Had a bit of trouble fitting everything in the bags.”

Curious, Unika took a peek into her sack. A single glance made her eyes go wide. “Why did you buy so much?”

“They were having a sale,” Bridget answered as she led the way towards a sitting area. “Don’t worry. Anything we can’t finish here we can use as extra food on the road.”

“Are you sure you want to go through with this?”

“Yeah, I know that burgers aren’t the healthiest of things. But I figured a little indulgence to start our journey wouldn’t hurt.”

“I meant traveling with me,” Unika clarified. “You’re aware of what people have been saying about me. Just getting into town I had to keep a hand on my badge to get past security. Makes me think you’d do a lot better going alone. Or at the very least, with someone that won’t draw so much attention.”

“Hey, stop pouting like that,” Bridget said. “Aside from Roger, you’re the only person who I want to join me. Besides, I think you’ve earned it after everything you went through. Especially since your only view of the world is from your future.”

“I...guess pictures alone don’t really suffice,” Unika commented as she momentarily focused on a pot of flowers nearby. “As long as you don’t mind the extra attention...”

“Of course not,” Bridget said with a smile before taking a bite of her burger. “If nothing else, you’ll help draw people in for my shows.”

“I suppose you’re right,” Unika replied, putting on a small grin of her own as she helped herself to a sip of her soda. “How has your performances been going anyway?”

“They’ve been excellent. Well...except for this one time...”

Back and forth the pair chatted, as they mindlessly ate through their lunch. While Unika didn’t speak as much as Bridget, she found solace just being in the blonde’s presence. She hung onto every word, only occasionally speaking up to ask a question. The conversation brought a sense of peace to her that seemed so far off from the life she had left behind. The momentary paradise brought about by being with Bridget came at the cost of her usual vigilance.

Reaching the end of her explanation of the travel plan, Bridget attempted to take a sip from her cup. Though she heard the rattling of ice cubes, the soda had been completely drained. Looking at the spread of food, she noticed that there was a lot less than when they started. Seeing the strange twinge of Bridget’s fingers, Unika caught on to the same realization that they had both managed to finish several burgers alongside two baskets of fries and a pair of large drinks.

“Sorry,” Unika said, wiping her face with a napkin.

“It’s okay,” Bridget replied in an attempt to keep up the good mood. “Consider it as us fueling up for the rest of our trip.”

“That’s a good way to think of it, but we still need food for the road,” she said as she got up from her seat. “You sit tight here and I’ll go get us another bag. I’ll buy this time.”

Pushing through her own anxiety about the people staring with a single wave of Bridget's hand, Unika began to make her way towards the restaurant. Just as she was about to turn a corner, she paused as she felt her shirt struggle. Tilting her head down, she saw that the usually loose garment had snagged on her overstuffed belly. At the time, she merely shrugged it off as a temporary side effect of her overindulgence. Assuring herself she could work off the excess calories during their travels, she darted off towards the burger place to return to Bridget as soon as possible.

Hearing the jingle of the door a second time, Bridget made her way out of the bakery. The shop was fairly new, but the people who visited it couldn't help praising it. Following the rumors to the quaint place, she was initially met with a strange aura upon seeing the white-haired owner. She couldn't help feeling like she had seen him somewhere before. However, any suspicions were quickly dismissed upon being asked what she wanted to order.

What was supposed to be a small sampling of the bakery's wares turned into something much greater. It seemed like each second Bridget spent in the shop tempted her with a new type of pastry. Driven more by hunger than common sense, she had stuffed several bags worth of sweets for her and Unika. When her rational side did kick in to say something, it was usually put down with the flimsy promise that the treats would last them a while. The way her figure had been recently altered said otherwise.

Peeking her chubby chin over the edge of her bags, Bridget tried to find where Unika had secured a table. Seeing the black and blue haired woman, she made use of her pudgy belly to

help her carry the bags over. Moving a little too fast threatened to strain her shirt against her fist-sized breasts. However, the need to fix the wedgie affecting her bubble butt tried to urge her to put down the bags as soon as possible. Keeping a steady place, she managed to get the pastries dropped off on the table and collapse into a nearby chair.

“Sorry I took so long,” Bridget said, reaching into the bag to help herself to a cookie. “There was just so much to choose from.”

Looking over the collection of sweets, Unika had obvious concerns. It was one of the many issues she had kept to herself through multiple instances of watching Bridget pack on the pounds from their constant snack breaks. At a glance, she could tell that the blonde had taken on at least thirty extra pounds over the course of the last month. While she wanted to say something, she didn’t have much room to talk.

Leaving Bridget to enjoy more of the cookies, Unika inevitably looked down at her own body. Like her traveling partner, she was burdened with a prominent potbelly sticking out the front of her shirt. Even if she wanted to cover up the bottom portion of her fattened-up gut, there was only so much she could do with her own chest struggling to stay contained inside her shirt. Swiveling around and trying to ignore the extra padding around her backside, she merely let out a sigh and helped herself to a brownie.

“So, where do you want to go after this?” Bridget asked through a mouthful of cream from her third éclair.

Unika took a moment to swallow up the half-bite of cake she had just bitten into. “I thought you were the one leading our vacation.”

“It’s honestly been a bit random,” Bridget commented as she swept off crumbs from her shirt. “My intention was mostly to get you out in the world. But... I might not have planned much more than that,” she added, poking her fingers together as the last few words tumbled out.

“Wait, so we don’t have any destination in mind?” Unika asked. “Then, what is the purpose of this trip?”

“Purpose?” Bridget asked with a tilt of her head. “You mean besides getting to hang out with you?”

“T-there’s nothing wrong with that,” Unika said, nearly choking on a muffin in the process. “I’m just...concerned that most of our stops have been to eat.”

“When we started this journey, I told you it was to show you what the world is like,” Bridget replied as she helped herself to her own muffin. “Food is an excellent way to experience what each new location has to offer.”

“I suppose you have a point,” Unika said, her mouth still reveling in the taste of the sweet bun she had just gobbled up.

“Then that settles it,” Bridget declared with a pair of doughnuts held in her hands. “Let’s make this trip all about sampling as many different types of food as we can. What do you say?”

Unika paused for a moment as she realized what had been suggested to her. As tempting as the doughnuts were, she couldn’t help her gaze from lingering on the pocket of fat hanging around Bridget’s mid-section and pressing into her oversized handcuff. A very real fear lingered in the back of her head of what constantly stuffing herself would do to her body. However, these

concerns were abandoned the moment she got a good look at her traveling partner's expectant smile.

“Okay,” Unika said, taking one of doughnuts. “Let’s do it,” taking a bite alongside Bridget to cement their resolve for their foodie-fueled vacation.

It was an unfortunately familiar scene for Unika. Ever since she had entered the bustling town, the locals had been incapable of keeping their eyes off of her. In the past, she had merely written it off as a side effect of her own infamy. However, the recent weeks had given a more prominent reason for people to gawk at her: the layers of chub poorly hidden by her undersized clothing.

Left by herself at an outside eating area, Unika tried every few seconds to cover up the portion of her gut that was left exposed. Any tugs were eventually dissuaded by the feeling of the seams starting to come apart from the heft of her softer bosom. She had already had to contend with the pair of engorged tits dragging out the front of her top in order to show off her cleavage. Using her shorts would have been equally dangerous, out of fear of showing off to people the pudgy ass cheeks she had been carrying around with her for the last few weeks.

For now, Unika had to settle for wrapping her jacket around her. While the garment couldn't completely cover her over 200-pound figure, it at least managed to cover up the tear in her shirt. Each shift of the coat let her feel the part of her backfat peeking out. It was just another reminder of the fact that she had been overeating during every meal.

As promised, the journey had been mostly focused on trying out what kind of cuisine each country and town had to offer. What started out as small sampling devolved into multiple binge sessions that helped her to rapidly put on weight. When she had initially tore open a hole in her clothes in public, she would have thought that would be the sign for her to stop. However, she was still compelled to keep stuffing food down her throat at every chance she got. This came from a combination of her increasing appetite as well as not wanting to ruin the cheerful mood of her traveling partner.

A clink of glassware made Unika stop fiddling with her outfit. Scanning across the gathering of food carts, she eventually found the source in the form of a large stack of bowls heading towards her. Any inkling that the inanimate objects had gained sentience were dismissed once she saw the pair of chubby legs carrying them.

Gingerly placing the bowls on the table, Bridget took a step back to wipe her brow clean with the back of her pudgy hand. Like Unika, her body had gone through a significant weight gain that left her nearly double her original size. Also like her partner, her clothes were in a harried state as they constantly struggled to keep the surplus pudge in check. Even her iconic handcuff had been left stored in their luggage rather than have it try to contend with her widening hips. However, Bridget didn't seem to mind as much about the people watching her. She was more focused on taking a seat and chowing down.

Sitting her chubby rear on the seat opposite Unika, Bridget made short work of a set of dumplings. A bowl of fried rice went down quickly after, with only a few morsels managing to miss her lips and getting caught between her pair of melon-sized breasts. Stir-fried noodles overstuffed with beef were her next target to slurp up all in an effort to appease the blubbery gut sticking its belly button out from her exposed mid-section.

Upon completing her third helping, Bridget took a moment to catch her breath. As she took a large sip of her drink, her eyes glanced over at Unika. What she spotted was an awestruck look that seemed completely baffled by the display. The blonde's response was just to let out a chuckle that jiggled her second chin.

"I know that it's impressive," Bridget began as she nudged a plate of egg rolls towards Unika, "but you need to actually eat it. Looking at amazing food will only do so much."

A whiff coming off of the rolls was enough to break Unika's trance. Her stomach only had a moment to let out a hungry growl before she started eating. Picking up a similar pace as Bridget's, she quickly finished off the platter to move onto fried pork. Pausing only to wipe her chubby cheeks clean, she seemed to forget all about her weight problem as she went from one plate to the next.

So engrossed with chowing down on the meal, it came as a complete surprise to Unika once she looked up to see only a stack of empty bowls. Eyes going wide, she leaned back in her seat to see her belly jiggle with newfound girth. The only saving grace of seeing more of her flesh peeking out was the knowledge that she hadn't devoured the entire meal on her own.

"Woo," Bridget said as she patted her own, swollen belly. "That really hit the spot."

"And your wallet," Unika commented. "How could you afford all of this?"

"I've been making a killing with my performances lately," Bridget said, the smile on her face making it uncertain if she was aware how many people had been drawn in by the sight of her chubby body performing yo-yo tricks. "That and I ran into a friend that gave me a discount."

"That discount comes with strings attached, remember?"

Carefully turning to the side to avoid revealing too much of her gut, Unika spotted a woman clad in a red, two-piece dress and her brown hair tied up into a massive loop. The look in the new arrival's eye showed a sense of ferocity that sent a shiver through Unika's flab.

"Sorry Jam," Bridget replied with an awkward laugh. "I kind of forgot. What was the condition?"

"That you would help out with tomorrow's rush hour," Jam said as she crossed her arms. "But I don't think that would be a good idea anymore with the way you are right now. I'm glad you're not skin and bones anymore, but I don't think the two of you will make good servers in your current states."

"So what if we have a little bit of extra weight?" Bridget replied, seemingly unaware of how her bosom was peeking out from the top of her shirt. "We're still more than capable. Isn't that right, Unika?"

Before Unika was forced to answer the awkward question, she was provided a reprieve via an incoming call. Leaving Jam and Bridget for a moment, she shuffled away to answer. Upon picking up, she wondered if she should have remained at the table.

"Unika?" Dizzy asked. "How are you?"

"J-just fine, mom," Unika replied.

"How is your trip with Bridget coming along? You haven't sent us any photos in a while."

"We're doing just fine," Unika was quick to answer. "Just been, um, too busy to really snap pictures."

“Ah, I see,” Dizzy commented. “Well, I guess you’ve been having a lot of fun at least.”

“*Among other things*”, Unika thought to herself as her free hand pinched at her belly fat.

“Do you think that you and Bridget could make a detour to visit?” Dizzy asked, making Unika freeze in place. “It’s been a while and I would love to hear about how your journey is going.”

“Um, I’ll think about it,” Unika replied. “Need to...see if Bridget can make the time.”

“Oh, I understand,” Dizzy replied. “Just make sure to let me know. Goodbye.”

“Goodbye,” Unika replied, only taking another breath once the call was over. Though she tried to keep up a calm demeanor, the truth behind her conversation was immediately apparent to Jam and Bridget when she returned.

“What’s wrong with you?” Jam asked. “Are you still hungry? Do you need another bowl?”

“N-no, that’s not it,” Unika said as she nervously fidgeted with her plump fingers. “That was my mother. She wanted to know if we can come in for a visit.”

“Of course!” Bridget was quick to answer. “I haven’t been to Illyria in a while. From what I recall, the food there is excellent.”

“I’m, not so sure that a good idea,” Unika replied, tilting her head down to avoid meeting Bridget’s gaze.

“Hmph, at least you can see that no other cuisine can compare to mine,” Jam commented. “However, praise will only get you so far. I don’t intend to give away my cooking for free.”

“That’s not it,” Unika replied. “I...don’t want my parents to see me right now.”

The comment that slipped out of Unika’s lips. Before she could realize her mistake, she felt an equally pudgy hand grasp hers. Looking up she saw that Bridget’s smile had been replaced with a concerned frown.

“What makes you say that?” Bridget asked.

Unable to resist looking directly into Bridget’s big eyes, Unika confessed. “I’ve been worried about our weight for a while now. I know it doesn’t seem to bother you, but I can’t help noticing how many people stare at us. They probably think I’m a disgusting freak.”

“Don’t’ say that,” Bridget said, strengthening her point by pulling Unika into a hug. “I think you’re cute.”

“W-what?” Unika replied, a sheen of red going across her pudgy face.

“I don’t care what other people say about us,” Bridget continued, nuzzling her face against Unika’s chest. “Especially when I’ve had so much fun getting to enjoy meals with you. Haven’t you felt the same?”

“I-I...”

Unika had been through all manner of dangers over the course of her life. However, never had she felt more rattled than when she was faced with this question. As time seemed to stand still for her, she reached into the back of her mind to try and find a way out of the situation. What she arrived at was an unexpected answer, but one that seemed to resonate with her very soul.

“I do,” Unika replied, wrapping her arms around Bridget to bring her in close. “I...enjoy being with you. And your fat is also...cute,” she forced out, her entire body trembling up until Bridget leaned in to give her some stability.

Seeing how things were progressing, Jam left the pair alone as she went over to the table. As she picked up the empty bowls, the chef kept glancing back at the couple. While she couldn't make out every word, she could see the exact moment the two were able to share a smile with one another again.

After a lot of discussion, Bridget had managed to convince Unika to agree to her mother's invitation. It was several weeks and dozens of meals later than anticipated, but eventually the blonde had gotten her traveling partner to make the call and confirm with her mother. With the date and place set, all that remained was taking the long journey to get to Illyria. Thankfully, Bridget was able to call upon an old acquaintance to give them a chance to travel in style.

On the main ship of Jellyfish Pirates, May and the rest of the crew were gathered in the central dining area. Despite it being dinner time, not a single one of the young ladies were currently eating. That was all due to their chef, Leap being occupied with making enough food to keep up with their two guests. While the rest of the crew was hungry, they could wait. Right now, they were too busy being engrossed by the bizarre feast before them.

With the knowledge that she was around friends keeping her motivated, Bridget showed little restraint as she dug into her food. Chowing through a chicken leg, her blonde hair slid

across her pudgy cheeks. Moving a little too fast caused one of the meat chunks to slip down her two chins and deposit itself between her basketball-sized breasts. Fishing into the tear in her top to remove the morsel, she popped it into her mouth to feed the over 300-pound gut currently pressing into the table. Careful not to accidentally show off her chunky rear to the crew again, she reached out a blubbery arm to grab at her next meal.

Just before Bridget could get a hold of a basket of bread, it was snatched away from her by a set of equally plump fingers. Following a trail of crumbs across the table, she was able to watch as Unika gave in to the temptations of her more pronounced gut. Thanks to her leaving her jacket in her luggage, the black and blue-haired woman was free to move around her blubbery arms in order to grab as much food as possible. Each new dish that met her mouth sent shudder through her body to jiggle around the pair of heavy breasts held barely back by her hole-filled shirt. Though her ass cheeks were in a similarly precarious position as they struggled against her shorts, her curves were still several sizes behind Bridget's. However, the girth of her belly fat matched, if not exceeded her traveling partner's own weight.

As the feast drew towards the last few plates, the crew could sense a change in the air. Immediately, the more experienced women began to escort the younger ones out of the room. While there were complaints about not getting their food yet, they were quickly shooshed as they were brought away from the scene. Leap ended up being one of the last to depart, with May sticking around to help place the last few platters. Letting the heftier women's appetites leave them ignorant to everything but the sweets, the last of the crew took their leave to give them some privacy.

In an effort to grab the last few bites of food, Bridget and Unika had to face the facts that their pudgy limbs wouldn't be enough to cut it. Pushing back their chairs, they heaved their hefty

buttocks up in order to roam around the table. At the start there was plenty to go around where they could focus solely on stuffing their faces. However, the dwindling supply made it inevitable that they would eventually run into one another.

Bridget and Unika's impact was cushioned by their multiple layers of fat. However, the soft bump still acted as a final push for their already ragged clothing to further tear apart. Under the duress of Bridget's jiggling body, her breasts finally managed to fully push through the lingering remnants of her top to bounce against her belly. Unika's own shaking flab made short work of her shorts to leave only a pair of stretched out panties stuck deep within her ass crack to provide a modicum of coverage.

For Bridget, being left fully exposed was something she took surprisingly well. Having solidified this flabby form as her new shape, she was able to accept herself for who she was. However, that the shaky look in Unika's eyes made it clear that she didn't feel the same way. As the blue and black-haired woman tried to get her body to stop shaking, she chewed on her lips as the guilt of being such a glutton began to weigh heavy on her mind.

Just before Unika could attempt to tear off the tablecloth to turn it into makeshift cloak, she was nearly brought to the floor by something heavy running into her. Stomping her bulky legs to keep herself steady, she looked down to see Bridget. Though she tried to squirm free of the blonde's embrace, her attempt at escape was met with only more nuzzling and a small kiss to her exposed belly button.

"W-what are you doing?" Unika asked as her face turned bright red.

"I told you," Bridget began, dragging her chins along Unika's gut to look up to her face, "I think you're cute like this. I don't want you to ever forget that."

The words that used to fill Unika with such confidence now triggered another sensation in her mind. With her appetite momentarily sated, her body seemed to crave some other form of release. Overwhelmed with feelings brought about by the impromptu hug, she acted on instinct to take care of the urge that she had been holding back for so long.

Craning her thick neck forward, Unika managed to press her lips up against Bridget's. Upon receiving the kiss, the blonde let her grip ease up as she accepted the moment of intimacy. Unika was quick to take up the slack as she held what she could of her traveling partner's girth. Shifting their hungry tongues around to fully revel in this moment of passion, the two of them lost track of what was going on. All that mattered at the time was the sense of relief they felt about getting to fully realize what each other's fat, food-filled bodies meant to one another.

Illyria's castle staff bustled around the halls to prepare for the grand feast. As for the king and queen themselves, they had made their way to the dining hall to await the arrival of their daughter and her guest. For Ky, the evening was supposed to be some much-needed relief after spendings the last week preparing Sin to take on a risky mission alongside Ramlethal. Dizzy was more concerned about just having a chance to catch up with Unika on her travels. While they had both kept constant communication with their daughter, she had declined any video calls. Their growing concern continued upon her arrival when neither she nor Bridget would be willing to visit them until they had properly adorned themselves in new clothes.

“I hope they haven’t run into any trouble on the road,” Dizzy said, trying to keep her composed demeanor even if her tail nervously waved back and forth. “The world can be a dangerous place.”

“We should just be thankful that she managed to reach us,” Ky spoke up, as he took a moment to fix his blonde hair. “Besides, you know as much as I do how capable Unika is of protecting herself. That holds true especially with Bridget. I saw her skills firsthand.”

Dizzy took a deep breath that was powerful enough to wriggle her wings and long, braided blue hair. “You’re right. But…it feels like there’s something she’s keeping from us.”

“Just don’t try to force whatever it is out of her,” Ky said, recognizing the signal from the guards that Unika and Bridget had arrived. “If she wants to talk about whatever’s been ailing her, she needs to talk to us naturally,” he continued, using a gloved hand to gesture for the staff to deliver the food. “We can only hope she’s more talkative during dinner.”

A knock at the outer doors signaled for Ky and Dizzy to banish any expressions of worry on their faces. As the double doors were pushed open, they initially met the sight of Unika’s black and blue hair with content smiles. However, their expressions faltered upon getting a direct look at what the worldwide cuisine tour had done to her body.

Having long outgrown her usual attire, Unika had been forced to borrow some spare clothes the Jellyfish Pirates had been saving for a special occasion. Thankfully enough, this came in the form of an elegant dress that seemed perfect for dining with her parents. The only issue was how poorly the fabric hid the flabby belly of her over 400-pound body. There was also the problem of the white corset stretched around her chunky torso leaving a good portion of her E-cup breasts’ cleavage on display. The long, black skirt had an equal struggle trying to both wrap

around her sizable hips and avoid getting sucked in by her double-wide rear. Despite her less than traditional appearance, she still greeted her parents with a smile on her pudgy face and a wave of her black lace covered, blubbery limbs as she slowly waddled to her place at the table.

So busy gawking at their daughter, Ky and Dizzy almost missed the sight of the equally obese woman coming behind her. Adorned in a blue version of the same dress, Bridget tried to be as courteous as possible as she entered. The problem arose when a misstep of her blubbery legs beneath her skirt knocked one of her doughy ass cheeks into one of the guards. Turning around to apologize had her take out another soldier with the opposite side of her massive rear. An attempt to apologize was stopped prematurely by a button popping off of her top to let more of her G-cup breasts lurch forward. Slowly swiveling herself around with her gut peeking through a hole in the center of her top, she fiddled with her plump fingers as her chubby face turned bright red.

“Hey, it’s alright,” Unika said, pushing her thick thighs as fast as they could to get back to the door. Arriving at Bridget’s side, she pushed aside her long locks of blonde hair to press a kiss on her pudgy cheek. While it made the red sheen on Bridget’s face become even brighter, the act served to give her pleasant smile in its wake.

“Unika,” Ky spoke up, getting both girls’ attention. “We’re...glad to see you’ve made it.”

“And we’re glad to be here,” Unika replied taking up two seats with her wide rear as she sat down near her mother.

“Just in time too,” Bridget commented, taking a spot next to Ky by leaving her ass cheeks hanging off the edges of her pair of chairs. “Sorry we cut it so close.”

“It’s fine, it was my idea to stop for burgers,” Unika said with a wave of her pudgy hand.

“You already ate before coming here?” Dizzy asked, unable to hide the way her eyes kept glancing at her daughter’s belly.

“We didn’t want to be too hungry before we dinner,” Bridget answered. “But don’t worry, we’ll still have plenty of space for whatever you cooked for us.”

Right on cue, the staff entered the room carrying with them a plethora of different meals for the table. At the time, Dizzy had questioned why her daughter had requested such a large amount of food. Initially, the queen wanted to settle on providing a small, homemade meal that the four of them could enjoy. However, the recent reveal of her daughter’s current state made it clear to her why so much extra nourishment would be required.

Before either the king or queen could attempt to ask further questions regarding their daughter’s travels, Unika and Bridget descended upon the meal. The dresses stretched around their forms were further strained by their rapid eating. Napkins could be used to take care of the spills they had on their chins, but little could be done about the random splatters they got on their dresses in the process. Too engrossed by what they were seeing, there was little Ky and Dizzy could do to even attempt to sample the food themselves. The only thing that could bring the feast to halt was a loud tearing noise echoing through the room.

“Oh no,” Bridget said, looking down to see that her tits had fully burst out of her clothes with only meager scraps of fabric to cover up her nipples. “Not again.”

As Unika moved to provide coverage for her partner, she was stopped by another ripping sound. This time, it came from the back of her skirt giving up and showing off a wide hole in the back that revealed the heft of her buttocks. With a shrug, she continued to waddle her way

around the table, destroying more of her dress in the process until she finally reached Bridget's side.

"I hope May won't be too mad about this," Bridget said, trying to create a makeshift cover for her bosom using napkins.

"She'll be fine," Unika said, tearing off part of her skirt to help with Bridget's wardrobe malfunction at the cost of revealing her bulky legs. "These dresses weren't being worn by anyone else anyway." Squatting down as much as her blubber would allow, Unika placed another kiss on Bridget's cheek. "Besides, I think you look good in everything."

"Hey, take it easy in front of your parents," Bridget said as Unika let out a small giggle.

The laugh settled the turmoil in Ky and Dizzy's minds. Though they had doubts beforehand, they couldn't recall the last time they saw their daughter so happy. They didn't care if that came at the cost of her putting on weight. Nor did they mind the kind of relationship her friendship with Bridget had developed into. All that mattered was that they were willing to be there for her.

"I'm sure that the staff can put something together for you," Ky announced. "For now, let's finish up the meal."

"And let me know if you need any more food," Dizzy added.

"Thank you," Unika said, leaving Bridget with one more kiss before returning to her seat to continue enjoying the meal with the people that mattered most to her.