

Date Night Showdown

The Pork Palace loomed in front of Gabriella as a monolith of both her fears and as a reminder of a moment she had experienced of grand elation. At a glance, the restaurant was nothing more than a way to deliver delicious barbeque to people at a low price and a high amount of calories. The last time she had been there, how the food tasted was secondary in impact to her meeting someone that she felt completed her. It was the first time she had felt like someone could actually love her body's unique shape and quirks.

Trying to avoid the abnormally long line sticking out of the eatery, Gabriella pulled out a compact mirror from her purse and held it up to her face. Her self-inspection started with ensuring her head of long, red hair that she had to brush aside to get a good look at her chubby face and red-painted lips. Moving her vision down to her torso, she winced at the fabric of her shimmering, blue dress that had managed to wedge itself into the folds of her doughy gut. Try as she might to get her pudgy fingers to make the gown look presentable, all that succeeded in was showing off more cleavage of her fatty breasts. Having to settle with at least removing the wedgie from between her plump butt cheeks, she tried to calm herself down by pacing back and forth upon her thick legs.

Gabriella's nervous waddling only stopped once she spotted a woman just as large as her stomping down the sidewalk. Recognizing Isabella's wavy locks of blonde hair, she shuffled forward as fast as her thick thighs would carry her. Momentarily forgetting about her anxiety, she showed no hesitation in lunging forward to embrace what she could of the fat woman's body. Having become very familiar with the barrel-like gut and massive curves adorned by a skimpy, black dress, she tilted up her head to revel in the sight of her girlfriend's reassuring smile stretched across her pudgy face.

“Glad to see you too, Gabby,” Isabella said, running her fingers through the red head’s hair. “You look great as always. Although, I’m not sure why you went to the trouble of wearing that dress. It’s not like we’re attending some grand ball for a queen. We’re just going to Pork Palace.”

“Sorry, Bella,” Gabriella replied, taking a step back and fixing the wrinkles in her gown. “You said that there would be a special event going on tonight, so I wanted to be dressed for the occasion.”

Moving her gaze up and down her girlfriend’s body, Isabella gave a nod that jiggled her multitude of chins. “I’ll admit, it does look pretty nice on you. Did you just break the 650 pound mark?”

A slight blush appeared on Gabriella’s face. “Y-yeah,” she said, the comment more complimentary than insulting. “But I’m still a bit behind you.”

“We’ll see if we can fix that tonight,” Isabella teased, clasping arms with Gabriella. “On a side note, how much was that dress?”

“Oh, did you want one for yourself? I think the sale is still going on.”

“No, just trying to think how much the replacement will cost.”

Gabriella tilted her head. “What do you mean by that?”

“You’ll see in just a moment,” Isabella replied, guiding her girlfriend, not towards the entrance, but to the backside of the building. “I’ve got something really special in mind for us tonight.”

Barely squeezing through the hidden entrance, the two women waddled single file down the narrow corridor. As they pushed forward, they had to contend with servers trying to slip by

them. Even in the case of their bulk pressing the employees up against the walls, the victims didn't seem to mind. If anything, they appeared excited by the mere sight of the women.

"Bella, what's going on here?" Gabriella asked, watching the servers move like a swarm of ants with all manner of plates and serving trays.

"You should know by now that I'm a legend at this place," Isabella replied, fixing her dress as the two of them arrived at another door.

"I understand that much, but it doesn't explain why people are looking at me like that," Gabriella commented. "It makes me feel like I'm some kind of freakshow to them."

Pausing for a moment, Isabella walked back up to her girlfriend to gently clasp her chin. "It's not like that all," she said, trying to comfort her by sliding her fingers through the red head's hair and pressing their bodies together. "They're just excited to meet the person I've spoken so highly of."

"R-really?" Gabriella asked, a sheen of red blush on her cheeks helping to work through her lingering anxiety.

"That's right," Isabella replied as she gestured towards the door. "And I know just the perfect way to show them one of the many reasons why I love you so much."

Stunned by the adoration of her partner, Gabriella obediently followed Isabella through the door. Upon squeezing through, she found herself standing in the main dining area of the Pork Palace. Though the two had been there countless times beforehand, Gabriella could tell that something was off just by the sight of everything pushed to the sides to leave a single table in the center of the room.

"Howdy everyone," Mr. Polace said to the crowd. Fitting his role as the owner of the eatery, he was dressed up in a white cowboy outfit that had had been custom fitted for his hefty

form. Tipping his wide-brimmed hat towards the onlooking crowd as they cheered, he silenced them with a wave of his ringed fingers. “The Pork Palace is proud to present to you all a one of a kind show of what our biggest supporters can do.”

The roar of applause that erupted through the crowd wasn’t enough to completely eclipse the whimper that left Gabriella’s lips. At the notion of being the center of attention for a room of people, she attempted to slip back through the exit. The momentary pause that occurred as her hips got caught on the doorway proved to be just enough time for Isabella to reach out and grab her hand.

“Where are you going?” Isabella asked, putting a warm, inviting look on her face in an attempt to get her girlfriend to join in. “Things are just about to get interesting.”

“You know I don’t do well in social situations like this,” Gabriella insisted.

“True, but that’s not going to matter,” Isabella insisted as she pulled her girlfriend back into the room. “Once we start eating, they’ll become nothing more than background noise.”

“But I’m not like you,” Gabriella said as she was led towards the center table. “I’ll admit I have a rather large appetite, but it’s nothing compared to yours. Not to mention, you know what happens when my body gets stuffed with this kind of food. My stomach becomes really... unstable.”

Gabriella’s excuses were silenced as a heavenly aroma drifted through the room. Swiveling her thick neck back and forth to find the source, her eyes locked on to serving trays covered in a variety of greasy food that included fries, tater tots, fried pickles, and onion rings. The indulgent spread was carried along by a procession of servers that delicately set them down on the table. So busy staring at the greasy meal, Gabriella didn’t come back to her senses until after she had been sat down on a pair of chairs.

Shaking her head back and forth, Gabriella tried to get a bearing on her situation. All around her she could hear the people cheering for the impromptu competition. Her nervous shaking was interrupted by the tremor that spread through her form as something as large as her sat at the opposite end of the table. Peeking her head over the mound of fried morsels, she spotted Isabella's reassuring grin.

"Tonight, we have the legendary Binging Bella, winner of countless competitive eating challenges. She'll be taking part in an exhibition match with an up and coming rookie, Gluttonous Gabby," Mr. Polace announced, making Gabriella wince at the nickname. "These two lovely ladies will be going through the Palace Feast Challenge. Please take notes, as very few have managed to succeed. We may be witnessing the first addition to our wall of champions. Now if you girls are ready--"

"I'm really not," muttered Gabriella, a little too quiet to be heard over the roar of the crowd.

"You can start in 3... 2... 1... GO!"

Treating Mr. Polace's shout like a starting pistol, Isabella instantly began to shovel the food into her mouth. At first Gabriella was held back by her own anxiety, but that quickly changed into fascination. She found herself in the same, trance-like state whenever she got to watch her girlfriend indulge her ravenous appetite. The world class binge eating skills were something that rarely came up, mostly due to the need to have enough food to fuel the impressive display. Just like Gabriella, the audience were awestruck at the rate that the blonde woman managed to eat through half of her platter.

"How can she put so much away?" asked aloud a member of the crowd.

"It's because she's so big, duh," replied a less than polite woman.

“This is nothing to her,” added another onlooker. “Although, I’m wondering if this Gabby girl can even compete when she hasn’t even taken a bite yet.”

“Yeah, she doesn’t seem very Gluttonous to me.”

“It seems like Bella has taken an early lead, while her competitor has stumbled out of the starting gate,” Mr. Polace commentated to momentarily hush the crowd. “Come on folks. Give Gabby a hand to get her going. Make things more interesting with some competition.”

To the red head’s horror, the restaurant owner’s call coerced the crowd to start cheering out her nickname of Gluttonous Gabby. Amidst the clapping and cheering, she noticed that Isabella’s pile of food was no longer going down. When she looked towards her girlfriend to find out why, what she saw was a pleased grin with crumbs clinging to her lips.

Leaning over the table, Isabella opened her mouth wide to allow a boisterous BWOOOOOOORRRRPPPP to blast right into Gabriella’s face. To an outside observer, this was seen as a blatant attack. However, the belch was actually an attempt from Isabella to get her meek partner into the right mood for the feast. As the smell of fried morsels drifted towards Gabriella’s nose, a hungry growl from her stomach worked alongside the expectant gaze on her girlfriend’s eyes to get her to reach out towards her own platter of food.

Shoving a handful of fries in her mouth before she could second guess her decision, Gabriella managed to soothe her nerves with the delectable flavor that danced across her tongue. Still finding the Pork Palace’s food as irresistible as ever, her initial mouthful was eaten through fairly quickly. Trying to copy Isabella’s example, she hastened her pace to try and sample as much of the fried cuisine as possible. This succeeded in putting to rest the hunger pangs affecting her mid-section as well as giving the crowd the show that they had been so eagerly waiting for.

“Looks like she finally got an appetite,” commented one man.

“Yeah, but she’s still way behind Bella,” replied another.

As Gabriella chased after a rolling tater tot on her plate, she watched as it was snatched up by another set of plump fingers. Watching the morsel get lifted into the air eventually led to her locking gazes with Isabella. On reaction, she leaned forward to eat the tater tot, only for it to be pulled away at the last second.

“Bella, what are you-“

“Shhh, no need to unnecessarily strain yourself,” Isabella replied, waving around the tot. “Just open your mouth and I’ll give it to you.”

Pushed by the look in her partner’s eyes, Gabriella’ parted her lips. Just as she suspected, her obedience was rewarded by Isabella placing the tater tot on her tongue and pulling away. As she chewed, she kept focusing in on the anticipation on her girlfriend’s face rather than the chatter from the crowd. Though she assumed that this was just Isabella reveling in the little game, the truth became more carnal as a bubble rolled up Gabriella’s throat in the form of another OOOUUUUURRRRPPP.

“Isabella, I’m so sorry,” Gabriella said with a distraught look on her face. “I ate too much too fast and my stomach-“

“Impressive,” Isabella commented, only to take a moment to release a much more devastating BWOOOOOOOORRRRPPP of her own. “However, I know you can do better.”

“Yeah, but not in front of so many people,” Gabriella replied, massaging her throat to avoid burping in the faces of the servers coming by to take the empty platters. “First chance I get, I’m going to run to the bathroom to get rid of all the-“

“There goes round one, and the challenger seems to have finally hit her stride,” Mr. Polace commented. “Bella is still far in the lead, but let’s see if Gabby can make up some lost ground with the next course. Bring out the veggies!”

The promise of healthy food was something that perked Gabriella up a bit. She was sure that it wouldn’t be nearly as tasty, but the allure of eating something that would settle her stomach seemed appealing. However, her hopes were dashed the moment she saw the incoming platters and was reminded of what the restaurant considered “healthy” servings of vegetables.

Corn on the cob with butter glistening underneath the lights. Bowls of mashed potatoes that were doused in overzealous amounts of gravy. Beans served up with chunks of pork mixed in. Then there was the plethora of formerly slimming veggies that had been corrupted by either being dunked in a variety of dipping sauces or given a long soak in the fryer.

“Ready... GO!”

Just like before, Isabella wasted no time following Mr. Polace’s signal to help herself to the meal. The lingering shame Gabriella had from the first course was soundly overtaken by her stomach aching to fill the large amount of empty space still inside of her. Rather than prolong the inevitable she helped herself to some of the sullied veggies. In direct contrast to her girlfriend’s sloppy eating style, she at least hoped that smaller, more deliberate bites would serve to keep her stomach settled.

“Aww, it’s like watching a delicate flower trying to eat,” teased one of the women watching the contest. “Shame it won’t do her any good.”

Gabriella’s strategy lasted only up until the growls from her stomach began to drown out the crowd’s cheers. Pushed on by the delectable taste on her tongue, she found her ability to

continue at a modest pace degrading by the second. Eventually putting aside her fork and knife, the moment she wrapped her hand around a corn cob proved to be the breaking point.

Stripping the cob of every one of its kernels at record speed, Gabriella moved on to using the fried pieces of veggies to scoop up her potatoes. Rather than waste time looking for a spoon, she downed the pork and beans by hoisting the bowl up to her face and guzzling it down. While this did leave a mess of stains across her outfit, the obsessions that was being reawakened within her with each bite allowed her to tune everything else out. For a moment, she was able to merely focus on enjoying the food.

“Now she’s eating like a total pig,” commented a man in the crowd.

“Duh, how else is she going to compete against Bella?” replied, one woman.

“I’m just worried about the poor girl’s digestion,” spoke up another. “If she keeps eating like that she’ll end up giving herself a tummy ache or worse.”

Gabriella’s binge eating came to a screeching halt as a squeaky fart leaked out from her rear. Though it was impossible for anyone but her to have noticed the little slip, it was enough to bring her attention to the pressure building up in her gut. Ignoring her appetite and the ensuing roar of the crowd, she put all of her focus on just holding it in. Trying to get out of her seat to go the bathroom was out of the question. She was certain just a single misstep would be enough to set her off. Trying to massage her gut to calm it down proved to be her undoing as the bubbles quickly migrated towards her backside. Unable to hold it in any longer, she was forced to relieve the pressure in the form of a PPPHHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTTT billowing out.

“See, it’s just like I said,” the woman from the crowd said, her prideful smile undone as she got a whiff of the gas. “Ugh, that was revolting.”

The humiliation Gabriella felt as the fart petered off was replaced with confusion as she heard a second rude expulsion even stronger than the previous one fire off. Certain that it hadn't come from her, she peeked past the collection of emptied out plates to see Isabella wiping the crumbs from her face. Upon noticing the red head staring at her, the blonde greeted her with a usual grin before freely letting out another bout of flatulence.

"Just making room for the next BWOOOOOORRP course," Isabella called out to the crowd, receiving a cheer and a few faces of disgust in response. "My girl Gabby has the same idea," she added, bringing a blush to her partner's face. "She's revving up to give me quite the challenge."

"You heard it here folks," Mr. Polace announced, having to speak up over the sound of another fart blasting out of Isabella's rear. "We'd better give these girls all the fuel they need to prove their skills. BRING OUT THE NEXT COURSE!"

"Hehehe, guess he really BWOOOOORRRRPPP sees something in you if he's breaking out one of his secret weapons," Isabella commented, her eyes sparkling at the sight of whatever the servers were bringing up behind Gabriella.

Even before she could turn her thick neck around, Gabriella got a sizable hint of what was coming next in the form of the aroma that wafted through the area to cover up any lingering fumes. When she did finally manage to see what was coming, her eyes were graced with the sight of trays piled high with fried chicken. The greasy poultry ranged from tiny nuggets, to oversized chicken breasts, along with a few platters of tenders to fill in the middle. No sooner were the crispy birds placed on the table did more servers arrive, this time carrying legs of barbequed chicken that were doused in a variety of different sauces.

“We cooked up something special just for you two ladies,” Mr. Polace explained. “The Pork Palace’s extra kick hot sauce should be just what you need to really get your appetites going. Just be mindful of the burn on the way down. On your marks, get set-“

Before Mr. Polace could finish the countdown, Isabella rushed forward to begin tearing into her meal. On reaction to the sight and sounds of her girlfriend’s rabid eating, Gabriella joined in. Though she was still hesitant about the way people were gawking at the display of her binging skills, the exquisite taste of the sauce was enough to help her overlook it. As enjoyable as the chicken was, it was only a matter of time before she learned the steep price of such delectable flavor.

Stripping the meat off the bone of chicken thigh, Gabriella unleashed a UUUUURRRRPPP from her lips that let her re-taste the spicy flavor. The outburst gave her a moment of clarity that allowed her to see the mess of stains she had sprinkled across her dress. In a very short amount of time, she had managed to cover herself in enough splotches of the crimson sauce to obscure most of the garment’s blue coloring. An attempt was made to wipe off the mess with her napkin, but that only succeeded in further sullyng the dress she had spent hours picking out for the date.

“Oh, the poor thing’s dress,” commented a woman.

“She should have known better that a pig shouldn’t be wearing clothing, let alone something as fancy as that,” added another, clearly unaware of the disapproving looks her observation earned her.

Pushing a little too hard into her gut was all it took for Gabriella to let loose with another PHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTTT from her backside. The lingering burn made it clear that the sauce was causing just as much mess inside of her body as outside. Regret further welled up in

her chest alongside a series of gas bubbles that came out in the form of more belches.

Desperately letting out gas from both ends to try and relieve the pressure, her ears worked through the bombardment of BRRRRAAAAAAPPPPs to pick up the unkind chatter of the audience.

“Ugh, that’s disgusting!”

“How can she just let them rip like this?”

“Figures that a slob like her would-UGH that reeks!”

Out of the corner of her eye, Gabriella could see people with expressions of complete revulsion begin to leave the crowd. Though there were still quite a lot of audience members cheering her on, each covered face and look of disgust stood out like a beacon to her. Just as she was about to hit the limit of what her timid nature could take, she felt a reassuring hand rest against her shoulder.

“You’re doing BWOOOOORRRRPRPPPP great,” Isabella belched out. Using her free hand to feed herself another hunk of meat, she allowed the now naked bone to tumble down onto her gut. Using the small bump as an excuse, she freely let out her own batch of flatulence with a rumbling BRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPP. “Come on, I know you’ve got something just as UUUURRRPPPP strong you can show me.”

“I’m not sure I really want to...”

Gabriella trailed off as she stared into her girlfriend’s eyes. The look she received was one capable of releasing the pent up stress of her day to day life. It was an expression that seemingly spoke to her body to relax and just enjoy the strange perks of her powerful appetite. Slowly giving in to the desire to merely enjoy herself, she reached out for another leg of chicken.

Slurping up meat and sauce from one of the few remaining plates, Gabriella waited for the right moment. Feeling the gas bubbles inside begin to reach their breaking point, she hazarded to allow the gas to come out. It started with an echoing BWOOOOOOORRRRRPPPP that momentarily silenced the audience. Rather than let the lack of noise linger, she soon followed up with an equally powerful PHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTTTTT to ripple the hem of her dress. As the fart petered off, the sense of relief she felt mixed with the pleased nod from Isabella finally allowed her the strength to finish off the rest of her course.

As Gabriella put her entire focus on her feast, she let go of any remaining restraints she had on her body's innate desires. This came out in the form of more gas that frequently burst out of her rear and mouth without warning. Though she could still see the disgusted onlookers in her peripheral vision that grew more numerous each time she broke wind, she had far gone past the point of caring about how they reacted. Especially since her girlfriend was making an equally powerful showing of what her body could do.

"And that's another course down!" Mr. Polace announced, pausing for a moment to clear the air with a wave of his hat. "Next up, we have our fourth and final round. Countless contestants have fallen at this stage, but I'm sure our 'little' ladies are up to the task. Let's bring out the main event!"

Right on cue, the servers showed up in droves with their arms burdened with trays of the Pork Palace's best meals. There was a standard fair of steaks, burgers, and even smoked brisket that was quick to cover up some of Gabriella's gassy expulsions. Isabella's side of the table was enveloped with the aroma of barbeque sauce as servers arrived with platters of pork in various forms from sausage, to chops, and ribs. As eager as Gabriella was to dig into her favorite meals,

there was still something holding her back. That was until Isabella gave the signal for the two of them to bring the contest to its conclusion.

Any parts of the women's dresses that weren't already besmirched soon became covered in splatters of sauce that spilled from their owners' mouths. The messy eating allowed the two of them to fully indulge themselves in the savory flavors they had fallen in love with. Though Isabella was going as hard as ever, Gabriella's renewed motivation ensured she was giving the other woman a promising challenge. That was until her desire to gobble up each hunk of meat hit a sizable road block.

Gabriella paused as rumblings from her gut spread across her body. Rather than be fearful of the pressure, she merely saw it as a minor inconvenience that she could easily remedy. However, try as she might to push out the bubbles, the most that she could create was a small squeak from her rear. The roiling inside of her belly quickly turned into discomfort that forced her to stop eating. Clutching her mid-section, she desperately tried to think of a way to get rid of her overabundance of gas.

"What wrong with her?" asked one of the men watching.

"Maybe she's finally realized how revolting her gas is," a woman answered, her voice muffled by the cloth tightly pressed against her face.

"Nah, I think she's stuck," corrected another.

"Shoot, if this keeps up she might turn into a human gas bomb," spoke a concerned onlooker, sending a shiver down Gabriella's spine.

"It's okay," spoke a familiar voice from nearby to ease Gabriella's nerves. "I'm UUUURRRPPP here."

Turning straight into the source of the belch, Gabriella met eyes with Isabella once more.

“What are you doing here? Aren’t we supposed to be competing?”

“That never mattered to me,” Isabella replied, pressing herself up against her girlfriend. Squatting down and earning a few tears in her dress in the process, she reached out to place her hand on Gabriella’s overstuffed belly. “I just wanted to share a meal with the woman I love.”

“Bella, I appreciate it, but there’s no way I can BWOOOOOOOORRRRPPPPP!”

Gabriella’s belch was brought about by the gentle circles being made along her belly button by Isabella’s hand. The motion helped, but there was still an overabundance of bubbles wreaking havoc on her insides. In spite of Gabriella’s worried look, Isabella continued her task with utmost care.

“Come on,” Isabella whispered into her girlfriend’s ear. “I know you can do it.”

Just as Gabriella felt like she was about to hit her breaking point, all of her inner turmoil seemed to dissipate with a gentle kiss to her cheek. The sign of affection acted as a trigger in her body to let loose with any restraints she had left. Feeling the bubbles rush towards her gut, Gabriella tightly clutched her girlfriend’s hand. Leaning herself over to the side, the sense of euphoria she felt as she blasted out a thunderous PHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTTTT from her rear left her mouth hanging open to let her fumes fill her mouth.

Getting rid of her inner blockade allowed Gabriella to push out an equally powerful BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPPPP from her rear. More rubbing from Isabella allowed her girlfriend to ride herself of the bubbles that had been causing her so much trouble. Finally freed of her discomfort and given a reassuring nod from Isabella, Gabriella once more locked eyes on the feast.

With Isabella providing some much needed support, Gabriella was able to stuff her face with as much meat as possible. Most of the audience was forced to step back from the eating area thanks to her constantly breaking wind, but they were still capable of shouting out cheers of encouragement. Pushed along by the audience, her own appetite, and Isabella's gentle touch, Gabriella ended up finishing off the plates with only a few drops of sauce left behind.

Rushing through the resulting PHHHHHRRRRRTTTTT that billowed out of Gabriella's backside upon the completion of her feast, Mr. Polace lifted up her pudgy arm. "We have a winner! Give it up for Gluttonous Gabby!"

The roar of the crowd helped to overshadow the leftover rumbles affecting Gabriel's body. Rather than let the moment go to waste, Isabella took the initiative to hold up her girlfriend's arm. Even if it meant displaying the mess she had made of her dress and body, Gabriella was able to look past her awkwardness to bask in her victory. She was well aware that her win was only due to Isabella's assistance, but at the moment she was more than willing to accept her win over the intimidating feast.

"A huge thanks to both of you for giving us quite a show," Mr. Polace said as the crowd's cheers began to die down. "That being said, I'm going to have to ask you to move out of the contest area. It's going to take a bit for my employees to clean this place up."

"Wait, what about our UUUUUURRRPPP reward?" Gabriella asked.

Isabella let out a hefty chuckle that made a tint of red appear on her girlfriend's cheeks. "Still BWOOOOUURRRP hungry after all that, huh?"

A glimmer shined in Gabriella's eyes. "The prize is food?"

"Oops," Isabella said, a fart squeaking out of her rear in the process. "Guess I let that one slip."

“Well, better get a move on before you ruin the entire surprise,” Mr. Polace said with a wave of his hand. “Make sure to give the winner everything she wants, ya hear?”

“You can count on it,” Isabella replied, pulling Gabriella along to one of the restaurant’s private dining rooms.

Dragged through a set of double doors, Gabriella was left stunned as she was brought forth to a feast made up of the Pork Palace’s dessert offerings. This ranged from tiny brownies and cupcakes, to larger offerings such as pies and cobblers. The combined aroma of the various baked goods was enough to partially hide the lingering fumes of the gluttonous girls. In spite of everything she had devoured, Gabriella still found herself licking her lips in anticipation of sinking her teeth in. That was until her view was momentarily blinded by something falling onto her face.

Tugging at the garment, Gabriella held it over her head to see that it was a familiar, black dress that was large enough to envelop a person. As she stared at the myriad of stains and crumbs lining the fabric, she was drawn to its owner by the clicking of the door’s lock. Swiveling herself around, her mouth hung open as she saw Isabella completely naked.

“What are you BWOOOOORRRP doing?” Gabriella asked as her girlfriend waddled over to her.

“Just getting ready for the big finale,” Isabella replied, grabbing at the few parts of Gabriella’s dress that weren’t covered in stains. “Now come on and let’s get this off of you so you can really use that appetite of yours.”

More than willing to continue indulging herself, Gabriella allowed her partner to attempt to undress her. In the process of trying to free her body from the restraints of the besmirched dress, a deluge of post-meal farts rumbled out of Gabriella’s rear. It was in the wake of one of

these outbursts that Isabella accidentally ripped a hole in the garment. Though this did bring a momentary pause to the task, it was quickly fixed by Gabriella widening out the tear with her own fingers. Ripping through the rest of the dress to leave her form on full display, she grasped Isabella's hand.

“Come UUUURRPP on,” Gabriella said with a smile on her chubby face. “I’d say you’re more than deserving of a BWOOOOOOORRPP consolation prize.”

In spite of Gabriella's kind words, she showed the true colors of her lingering appetite as she broke free from her girlfriend to start stuffing her face. Not wanting to be outdone, Isabella shuffled as fast as her legs would carry her over to the table. Making their way through the collection, the girls were able to very quickly cover up their nudity thanks to generous spreads of creams and crumbs across their bodies. Long past the point of caring about the mess they made or the constant expulsions coming from their mouths and backsides as they shuffled along, the pair were able to enjoy their sweet feast to the full extent.

Coming together to devour through a blueberry pie, Gabriella and Isabella dove in head first. In the process of scarfing up every last bite, the two of them ended up pressing their faces together. The momentary pause to identify who had stopped their feasting was soon followed by the pair locking lips together. Driven by a rush of strange pleasure as they shared a belch between each other, the hefty women pulled their forms against one another. Falling off the table in the process, they rolled across the floor to fully express their love for one another.

Covered in a strange aroma that mixed sugary sweets and noxious fumes, Gabriella came to a stop as she and Isabella tumbled into a wall. Appreciative of the look of ecstasy on her girlfriend's face, Gabriella broke her usual routine and boldly made the first move to begin licking up the crumbs clinging to her flesh. Following Gabriella's lead, Isabella went along with

her own mouth focusing on cleaning up the mess she had had no small part in creating. Sucking up sweet morsels and gas as she continued her task, Gabriella was reminded of the reason she loved her Isabella so much. It was because she helped the once sheltered, meek woman to truly enjoy the things that made her happy: food and the caring touch of her adoring girlfriend.