

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Girlfriend confessing that their "Love language" is food to their already obese lover.

Contains: *Weight Gain*

Piper's Feast

"Hannah *-huff huff-* what the fuck?"

Hannah Hammond eyed her 'girlfriend' hungrily. Piper had proved to have more *potential* than she could have imagined in her adult life. Despite the trend of adults in sedentary jobs, it was somehow harder for Hannah to get her little projects *quite* as big as she'd been able to in the controlled, nurturing environs of Buttercombe Academy.

"It's just a little challenge for you, my dear." Hannah said in a sickly sweet voice.

"Can you see through those doors?"

Piper craned her neck, two chins and a layered ring of neck fat trembling with the strain. She saw a massive banquet table loaded with food like Thanksgiving in a cartoon.

"I see... a lot of food." Piper said, settling back town into her blob-like body. She wasn't completely immobile, but she spent most of her time out of bed in a reinforced wheelchair.

"All that food is for you Piper..." Hannah taunted, "under one condition."

"*-huff, haaa-* and what might that be?" The former street rat turned half ton mountain of flesh asked as testily as she could. Low-key exhausted from the effort of just raising her head a few inches.

"All you have to do..." Hannah whispered, wrapping one arm around Piper's enormous flabby shoulders and stroking her other hand down the vast swell of Piper's second belly roll, "is walk into that room."

"Oh for *-huh huh-* for fuck's sake Hannah. Just wheel me in there!"

“Ah ah ah... what would be the fun in that?” Hannah fondled Piper’s belly with one hand, hefting a breast the size of her head with the other.

“Don’t you want to go on a little walk...” She leaned in to nibble on Piper’s ear.

“One. Last. Time.”

Piper planted her palms on the armrests of her wheelchair. Hannah practically vibrated with excitement as she reached down to engage all the locks on the mobility aid.

“That’s it baby, you can do it...”

Hannah’s lithe arms slipped under Piper’s flabby armpits, and she engaged her core to lever the obese woman upwards. At last Piper was standing.

“–Haaa, huh haaaa–

“You can do it Piper, do you want to lean on me?”

Piper shifted an arm that weighed as much as Hannah’s whole body away from her side. It would have been too much strain to lift it herself. Hannah crawled under Piper’s arm and nearly came as she felt herself surrounded by fat on almost all sides.

Step by step the two women crossed the hotel lobby toward the double doors of the banquet hall. Floorboards creaked and pictures rattled on the walls with each ponderous *–thud–* of Piper’s fat bare feet.

“Almost *–hah haaa–* there baby...”

“Just a few *–hmmmm–* more steps...”

They crossed the threshold, and another wheelchair was waiting in the grand room. As she maneuvered Piper back to a seated position, Hannah saw drool forming on the dark haired woman’s lower lip. The heat between Hannah’s legs flared up again and she shuddered in ecstasy.

“You did so good baby, I’m so proud of you...”

“Whatever Hannah *–puff, huff–* can I fuckin’ *–haaa–* eat now?”

“Oh yes baby, eat up... it’s *alll* for you...”

