

Vignette written by Juxtaterrestrial and paid for by Gav  
<https://www.deviantart.com/juxtaterrestrial>

**Contains stuffing and belly content.**

“Connor, this better not be some weight loss scheme. I’m hungry and grumpy already...”  
Kelri said, sitting in the car with her arms wrapped around her massive gut. The weight of her belly wedged her legs against the car door and center console as they drove.

“No, I have something in mind...”

Soon, they pulled into a near capacity gravel parking lot overlooking fields of golden flax and a city of vendor tents.

Kelri grunted at the sight. “I’m a city girl, Connor... Don’t do this to me.”

“Trust me, Kelri. You’ll have fun.”

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Walking didn’t make Kelri any less grumpy. At over four hundred pounds, walking the lanes of the faire just made her grumpier. It was miserable.

At least until Connor revealed his plan. An eating contest. Whoever eats the most roasted chickens wins. The prize?

Didn’t matter to Kelri. She didn’t listen. They hurried through the entry paperwork, and got her on the stage.

With her stomach growling, the wait was hellish.

A crowd gathered and grew, though it seemed it was partly because of her entry. It’d been a novel attraction for years, but with Kelri’s entry it was now a spectacle. They’d put her at the far end of the table to accommodate her gut. They sat her sideways, making her belly stick out. The stoll they stole to prop up her belly only seemed to enhance the novelty.

The attention of the crowd didn’t bother her at all.

Finally, they set out a couple roast chickens, labeled with their weights. They’d weigh the remains and subtract it from the starting weight to get her score. But again, that didn’t matter to Kelri. She waved her finger for more. After some bickering and hustling they did. Then they brought more. It was a start.

As soon as she could, Kelri tore into a chicken like an animal. Squeezing it and biting. It was juicy. Hot. But she didn't come to relish the country flavor. She needed it in her stomach.

She tossed the leftovers onto the table and started the next. The other contestants left cleaner bones, but with the sheer volume she intended to eat, that also didn't matter.

A few tapped out at three chickens. A respectable performance. A couple at five. An achievement. But Kelri kept going. She'd already clearly won, but she kept consuming. Unsure of what to do, the staff just kept bringing chicken out.

Eight, nine, ten...

Eleven...

Twelve...

The judges didn't bother with the weights. Kerli had earned her runaway victory.

She stood but groaned from the effort of once again having to support her belly herself. As a matter of habit, she pulled up her shirt for the crowd. Her stomach churned as she rubbed the top of her belly and let out happy gurgles.

Her back ached. Her stomach ached. But god, it felt good knowing that all that food was going to make her... fatter. Heavier. And the crowd watching? Gawking, jeering, and cheering? It was good. Great, even. It sent a rush of proud heat up her back and through her cheeks. She needed more inside her gut. More fullness. More calories.

In the middle of the announcer's speech, Kelri grabbed another chicken. She plopped her fat ass back down. Her belly plopped onto the table, sending bones flying. Then her belly slid off, pushing the table forward in the process. It flopped off the table, between her legs, making the chair creak loudly.

The crowd gasped as she tore into another chicken, painfully gulping down bite after bite.

Thirteen...

Then she picked up another one...

Thirteen and a half...

And that was, finally, enough for her.

The rest of the day was a blur as she dealt with her stuffed stomach, and food fatigue.