

Tristan didn't know whether to tremble or salivate at the sight that met him when he went through the door to his dorm. He couldn't even begin to imagine how difficult it must've been for Vern to have squeezed the table through, given that it was a single, solid wooden piece, nor how much money went into the ludicrous feast laid upon it; certainly didn't make it any better that he knew it was there for *him* and him alone, that rather than being expected to share it, he was about to be stuffed with every last ounce of food he could see in front of him. Then again, he *did* ask for it; granted, he did so in a fit of misguided passion when he wasn't exactly thinking straight, but that was hardly his fault, now was it? The sharkess was the one who brought him to the edge for long enough that he began to unload all of his deepest, darkest desires, begging to have them fulfilled, "no matter the cost"; it seemed like Vern had taken that last bit to heart, given that there must have been at least a few hundred dollars' worth of fatty fast food sitting on the able, stacked up in piles that were so high, Trist could practically feel himself getting fatter just from looking at them... and that, for whatever reason, *really* made him want to sit down even more, open his mouth, then let fate take the wheel for whatever happened next. Vern, for her part, was waiting for him with her arms crossed underneath her bust in just the right manner to exacerbate both the size of her endowments *and* the meticulously well-kept musculature underneath them; it was a pose that brought the bun to his knees, sometimes even literally, as he recalled the many, *many* opportunities he'd had to rub his hands over such perfect a form. That the sharkess was apparently more than happy to ruin his own, and in a way that she herself would never replicate (or so she claimed), was a testament to how deep, if weirdly, their connection ran; Trist could only hope that, should he want to back out, Vern wouldn't need further encouragement beyond the first request, seeing as he very much doubted he'd be able to ask for a break a second time before his lust got the better of him. Still, it was time; about half past seven and with a full night ahead of them, very little was left but for Tristan to pull the one chair back, sit down, and then wait for the feasting to begin. He made sure to wear the tightest clothing he had that day, and not just because it hugged his svelte form in such a manner that it drew everyone's attention; there was something beautifully scandalous and delightful about the idea of outgrowing his own clothes, of growing so much that he ripped through the cloth and tore through the seams, until there was nothing left but tatters clinging onto the many rolls of flab he was sure to be graced with. Just the thought of it alone was enough to get his legs to quiver and his cheeks to light up; that Vern picked up on this, and began opening the tinfoil packages to allow the aroma contained within to fill the air, only made it even worse. Trist could feel himself begin to salivate uncontrollably, his body reacting automatically to what it knew was about to be the grandest gorging it had ever had the pleasure of experiencing; already his belly growled menacingly, significantly louder than normal on account of Tristan having deliberately eaten less than his usual share at lunch. He wanted to make sure to make as much room as possible, even if it meant going through most of the afternoon feeling unbearably peckish; he knew that, by the end, whatever hunger he might have would be abated a thousand fold, with plentiful sauce trickling down his cheeks on the side. All he needed to do was open his mouth, and surely Vern would take care of the rest; she *had* mentioned that she'd "take control" once things began in

earnest, an expression that, even to the point where Trist sat down, he genuinely didn't know how to feel about. Nevertheless, he felt safe (enough) in the sharkess' hands that he was only trembling a little when he saw her approach him, bearing the first of what would be a great many dishes served. Under normal circumstances, Tristan wouldn't have gone anywhere close to that sort of food in such ridiculous quantities, but that night was... different, special even, if one wanted to be particularly generous about it. It took a significant amount of effort to convince the bun to actually go through with what they had already begged Vern to do with them, what with post-clarity embarrassment and a hefty dose of cheeks burning so brightly they practically turned into lightbulbs, but really, it was a lost cause from the very beginning; the shark knew that all she needed to do was gently poke and prod at her partner for enough time and he would inevitably break in half, pleading for one of his seldom-fulfilled fantasies to be fulfilled *properly*, in a way that only Vern could accomplish: excessively, and with a hefty dose of manic energy that translated into a dangerously toothy grin that made Trist's fur stand on end for the moment it took him to remember the sharkess was (mostly) harmless. Not to his waistline though; she *fully* intended to utterly wreck the bun's measurements by the time the night was over. Hell, far before that point, in fact, as it wouldn't take much more than a tenth of that table's contents before Trist was faced with long-term changes to how chubby he looked... and he certainly wasn't going to stop at just one tenth. As he opened his mouth, inviting the first of what would be many bites, his eyes practically rolling upwards as his famished self tasted the deliciously overspiced roast chicken, Tristan *knew* that he was going to clear that entire table out; it almost felt impossible, given the sheer amount of food on it, but he didn't care. It was set in stone now, determined to be true, and thus, it would be; this was what he thought as he chowed down on a mouthful of roast, practically incapable of moving his jaws properly once Vern took the opportunity to stuff his gob with as much of the stuff as she could. It took a significant amount of effort before he could even get the first gulp down, and even then it felt less like he'd *eaten* something and more like there was a lead weight travelling down his throat and slamming into his stomach; when the ball of chewed-up food unfurled, however, when its total mass spread out within him and the warmth hit him straight in the face, when he *felt* the fat start to seep into him, that's when Tristan knew that he'd made the right choice. From there, it was easy enough to give into the gluttony of it all, led in equal parts by his own actual hunger and the desire to eat something delicious that nearly always peaked at the first one or two bites of something heavenly tasty. He had to make good on that momentum; the bun knew for a fact that, after a minute or so, the latter fuel source would run out, whenever his brain stopped thinking about how *amazing* everything tasted and began wondering whether or not he should stop. Tristan was somewhat certain he could convince himself he should keep going, or at least ignore the warning signals telling him to stop, but they'd come around eventually... further cementing the need to gorge himself as much as he could while he still had the chance to do so unopposed. So great was his need to feast that he wouldn't even wait for Vern to feed, using his own hands to swipe whatever was closest to him off the table and shoving whatever it may be into his mouth, in-between the larger servings the sharkess was providing for him; be it a fistful of fries or a collection of grilled seafood, even

more roast or perhaps a simple burger, anything was fair game as far as the bun was concerned. Just as long as it was *food*, just as long as it made him fatter and fuller, then he didn't particularly care what it actually was in practice. His clothes were already feeling tighter around the edges as well; Trist didn't stop to think how that was possible, given that he shouldn't have begun digesting his food yet, but that hardly seemed to matter when compared to the reality that his *clothes were getting tighter*. Just this simple realization smashed its hand on so many of his buttons that he couldn't help but moan loudly, which itself added to the enjoyment by way of him being unable to do so; trying to make any sound at all was made somewhat difficult because of the vast amounts of food being shovelled down his throat, leaving him to do nothing but emit a short, muffled squeak that caused Vern's smile to grow even wider, the sharkess pausing for a moment ask him if he "wanted more". Trist could only nod furiously; he knew trying to speak was pointless, but certainly if he *showed* how desperate he was for a further filling, then Vern would redouble her efforts to stuff him like a Thanksgiving turkey, a thought that made the entirety of Trist's body quiver just from the mental image alone. His hands, too, had begun to move towards his belly, only throwing more fuel into the flames as a result; what had once been a flat, toned midriff was noticeably more rounded and pudgier, as opposed to just bloated. It was as if he was *absorbing* all the food rather than simply consuming it, every mouthful transformed into deliciously hand-filling pudge. Clearly, something unnatural was afoot, and clearly, Trist should care about that, so clearly, he couldn't give less of a rat's ass if he wanted to; he could *feel* himself fattening up, even more so once he forced his hands to stay on his belly, swallowed an especially heavy mouthful, and actually had the fat rolls push out between his fingers, causing his spine to tingle in such a marvelous manner that it almost felt criminal. He shouldn't feel that good over something like that, but he did; he did, and he had so much more left, so much more to eat, that he could barely make himself do anything other than keep his mouth open. Hell, after a time, Vern had to start reminding him he was supposed to chew, with Tristan being so out of it that he forgot he was actually meant to be *eating* things, the mechanical action in itself having slipped his mind completely. Yet, all it took was for him to get into a rhythm, of chowing down on whatever the sharkess gave him, feel it go through his overstuffed throat, then have it convert to so much wondrous pudge that the bun could only assume his jean shorts only had a few more minutes to live. Really, the only thing missing was him hearing the actual seams being torn apart... which, to be fair, was probably happening, just low enough that he couldn't make it out in between the swallowing, the chewing, the moaning, the gulping, and the assorted noises that he managed to produce, all while Vern spent an inordinate amount of energy *not* teasing him. This alone terrified him the most; he would've expected the sharkess to not keep her mouth shut as she called him all manner of things that he secretly *wanted* her to call him, but instead, all she did was stare down at him, maintaining that toothy grin of hers, a menacing air that Tristan didn't know whether to be terrified of, or in love with. After all, she never stopped feeding him; even when Tristan felt his asscheeks start pushing against the back of his chair, even when he actually *heard* part of the denim ripping apart (even if he didn't dare look down at his legs), she never stopped. Indeed, she only ever seemed to be getting faster, occasionally having to push harder

whenever she felt that the bun wasn't eating quickly enough. Still, she never got *so* aggressive as to be outright forcing him to hurry up; rather, it was clear she knew that Trist was capable of far more, and only needed the extra push to get him to live up to his full potential... or something of the sort; it was hard to tell with her, especially when those chompers were shining brightly so close to the bun's face. In a way, it almost felt like she was fattening up her next meal, even if Trist knew that he was in safe hands; there was an almost manic enjoyment stamped all over the sharkess' face, the same one that had been there when he first revealed his desire to be stuffed that hard to begin with. She was clearly enjoying it at least as much as he was, which was... certainly something, given how heavily the bun was gushing with pre just by way of what he was feeling all over. His mind immediately went to the possibilities that opened up with a larger gut, such as how he'd be able to constantly press down on his cock or how he could do a great many things using his bellybutton; things that he normally wouldn't spend *any* time on before, given they were so far beyond his reach, yet now felt significantly closer than they had ever been. All he had to do was keep eating, that was it: no workouts, no special diets, no supplements or extra-fattening concoctions, just an endless desire to *consume* that would bring him ever so closer to his dream size goals, one bite at a time. One bite at a time, adding an inch to his waistline, one bite at a time, causing his butt to fatten and swell into an even more pillowy form, one bite at a time, turning his body shape from a slim and toned one into something more resembling a stack of fluffy marshmallows. One bite at a time, one gulp at a time, the grumbling of a belly possessed of endless hunger and a bottomless capacity, of a body that seemed so well-tuned to the act of mindless gorging that it was a wonder the chair he was on was still standing; though, given the sort of creaking noises coming from it, that might not be the case for much longer. One bite at a time, supplied by an overeager sharkess who clearly wanted to see him fatter and fatter, egged on by a mewling and moaning bun who desired the exact same. It was almost too easy for it all to descend into this hazy, indeterminate period of time where the rhythm of the feeding itself was enough to cause both their minds to go on auto-pilot; after all, it was a lot easier to allocate resources to the experience of pleasure when they were taken away from less critical functions, such the ability to perceive the passage of time, or the capacity to speak (or indeed produce any noises beyond vague moaning). Vern provided, Trist ate; Trist begged for more, and Vern fetched some food. Rinse and repeat, again and again, until the bun's body truly lived up to its marshmallow-like consistency, slowly turning into a large, stacked pile of fat rolls that only seemed to get more numerous with every minute that passed, until the very table itself was noticeably further away from him than when the two started. There was no stopping either; the only pause afforded to either of the two was whenever the gorging became too much and Tristan needed to vent some of the excess pressure, resulting in a burp (or series of such) that, at least at first, left him *furiously* blushing whenever they took place. It was undignified, especially in front of someone else, *doubly so* when he lacked the ability to apologize for it... but, as the feeding continued, as his body grew larger and wider, conversely, his ability to really *care* about the burps themselves became smaller and more insignificant. After a while, it was less an unfortunate necessity and more just a part of the experience: Vern was

stuffing him so much that, even with his body being unnaturally good at processing all the food, Tristan still had to occasionally let loose a belch powerful enough that the other dorms could probably hear it. And while this thought would've left him mortified before, that was another Trist entirely; the new bun... didn't really care. He *couldn't* care, not when he had Vern there to keep feeding him; to think about anything other than the continuous gorging would be a complete waste of time, even if it did bring him ever closer to having the chair fall out from under him (or break apart from under him, whichever happened first). Yet, just like his body always seemed to straddle the line between the possible and impossible, so too did his seat refuse to give in, even when it was practically screaming and the wood seemed ready to be torn into splinters. Perhaps the universe was telling him something, or perhaps he was just lucky enough to avoid getting his ass to slam against the ground; not that it would matter much at that point, given how immense his rump had become. Even if his chair *did* break, Trist would only have to fall a few inches, with most of the impact cushioned by his large reserves of hand-filling, wobbly fat. He began to notice that Vern became significantly more *handsy* as well, with her splitting her attention between feeding him and sinking her hands into the significant amounts of plush pudge that made up most of the bun's body by that point; it was hardly surprising, given how much the sight aroused some truly animalistic instincts within her, and it *did* help to get the bun into the rhythm of things with all the gurgling and rumbling that took place whenever he felt his tum being smushed. In a way, he almost *couldn't* feel it at all; there was such a thick protective layer of blubber between himself and Vern's touch that he had to look down and check sometimes, though his body seemed to grow more... sensitive, for lack of a better word, as even more fat settled, until the poor bun was writhing and wriggling whenever the sharkess so much as laid a finger on him. In between this, the inconstant burping and belching, and the *constant* rumbling of a stomach that seemed eternally unfulfilled and in dire need of being stuffed further, it was no surprise that Tristan would clear out the table in under an hour, even if for the two lovers it felt like significantly longer. One hour, and what would've taken a dozen people an entire night had already been accomplished, with Trist staring at the middle distance as he wondered whether he was too stuffed to even think about eating, or if he wanted to scarf down even more food so long as he was offered it; all he could manage, in practice, was to remain sitting, his hands sinking into a belly that had utterly destroyed his clothing, not so much reducing it tatters as it did nearly vaporize it. If there were any remnants of it left, they certainly weren't on him, not with how his entire body had turned into a conglomeration of spheres and rolls of flab stacked atop one another like a delicious pile of soft pancakes that Vern eyed with a disturbingly predatory look on her face. She couldn't help it either; much like Tristan had his gluttony, so too did she have her own needs and desires, hence why her pants had been getting progressively tighter over the course of the feeding session. It took all of her substantial willpower to keep herself from going any further than just the occasional comment about how "plump" Trist was getting, all of her mental might to stop herself from doing anything that might threaten the sanctity of the feasting itself. It was her goal, after all: after the bun was done, *then* the two could have some fun... but the bun had to be done to begin with, and that just wouldn't happen if she threw herself at him

whenever she felt the slightest bit horny at the sight of Tristan's swelling, fattening body. Thus, she held her impulses in check, even if just barely, growing increasingly antsy in the process as her libido began to grow out of control. It was for her own good, she kept telling herself even as the bun became fatter and rounded, it was an *investment*; sure, her cock was already pushing past the knee and straining her jeans to the point where she felt like they were about to burst at any moment, but if she just held on for a *little* while more, then the reward would be that much sweeter in the end. And indeed, it was holding onto this thought that allowed Vern to go through that entire hour without blowing a gasket in several places inside her own head, the knowledge that, by the end, she would be the one to reap the benefits of having such a delightfully chubby bunny all for herself, in the (relative) privacy of their dorm room. The closer they got to the end of the meal, the harder it was for her to hide it; not that she was doing that good of a job to begin with, but it was almost impressive how the sweat pouring down *her* brow nearly matched Tristan for intensity, not to mention how her choice of words grew increasingly more frantic and stammered, as her control over her arousal grew weaker and weaker with every minute, every *second*. By the end, when she was looking at Trist as an immense, chair-smothering pile of softness, she couldn't help it anymore; she *needed* something to tide her over, and thus, she stepped away. She could've helped him up; hell, given the state Tristan was in, she *should* have helped him up... but doing so would rob her, and the bun himself, of the experience of dragging his vast self up, of the experience of having to move with so much weight attached to him. Poor Trist took a while before he realized what was happening, looking around for any sign of a helping hand only to turn up empty; his eyes wide, he practically pleaded with Vern for her to come get him off the chair... at least, until he noticed just what sort of bulge she was "hiding", and it all suddenly made sense. To think, that he could be as hungry for something he wasn't supposed to be eating as he was for the feast itself, and to think, it would give him the strength needed to get off his ass and actually *move*. It was genuinely an accomplishment, given that the small boost needed for the bun to rise up to a standing position was enough to completely shatter his chair; how delightfully poetic that it was him leaving that turned out to be the straw that broke the camel's back, even if Tristan himself didn't particularly care about it. No, he knew what he had to do: turn towards the door leading to their shared room, and *waddle*. Walking was straight out of the picture; he couldn't really put one foot in front of the other the way he used to, not with all that fat in way. The best he could manage was a wide series of semi-circular motions that caused his entire body to ripple and jiggle like congealed gelatin, bringing a slight blush to his face, *Vern's* face, and a couple of extra inches to the sharkess' erection. Every motion on Trist's part just seemed to make his entire body move in the exact way needed to get Vern to lose her mind at the sight, which made it all the more impressive that she *still* managed to keep her hands to herself... that is, until Tristan got stuck in the doorway, as she knew he would. He was too fat, too *wide*, and too far gone to notice either of these things when he tried pushing himself through, "forcing" Vern to come help him by way of sinking her fingers into his gargantuan rump and promptly losing whatever semblance of control she still had. The softness, the depth, the warmth, the plush, the way the bun's supple flesh rolled through her palms and overflowed

from between her fingers, *all of it* was too much for her to handle; immediately, her hips thrust forward, the sharkess trying to rub her dick as close to Tristan's body as she could, all while Trist himself yelped and asked what was happening, as if he didn't already know. The shape of it, the hardness, the thickness, all of it made it exceedingly clear just what Vern was doing, and if that weren't enough, the moment the bun found himself free from the constraints of the damnable doorway, he didn't top forward and plop onto the ground as he expected; rather, two *very* strong hands held him back, along with a love bite on the sharkess' part, whose hot breath rolled over his neck and down his chest in just the right timing to get his entire body to *melt* with anticipation. He didn't even care that he got stuck getting into the actual bedroom; as far as Trist was concerned, it was just additional foreplay, just another few minutes they spent grinding against one another without a care in the world. He certainly didn't care that he was told to get on the bed while Vern stripped, even if this meant waddling over again and most likely breaking the mattress in half, even if, miraculously, it managed to survive the impact; what mattered was that he was lying down, at long last, with his back to a soft pair of sheets and his immense front for Vern to do whatever it was she wanted to do with it... and, as it seemed, her greatest desire was to simply *plunge* into the depths of Tristan's folds, her eyes wild, her teeth shining as her slobbering grin only added to the atmosphere when she climbed atop her beloved, fully exposed. Trist had a couple of seconds to appreciate just how *big* Vern was before that cock of hers vanished from sight; not that he didn't already "know", but the sharkess consistently surprised him with how thick that rod was, especially when she got aroused enough to actually bring herself close to her fullest potential. Of course, none of this mattered, as a moment later said dick was firmly lodged, not between two of Trist's fat rolls, not in his rump, not even on his belly; rather, and betraying just how long she'd been waiting for the opportunity, Vern had unceremoniously thrust herself into the bun's *bellybutton*, her spine arching forward as she unleashed a long, unashamedly moaning sigh. Relief. Release. It was everything that she wanted and *needed*, it was the climax at the end of an hour of edging, one the sharkess couldn't have done without; quite literally so, as she was fearful her mind might snap in half if she didn't get *some* form of gratification by the end of it. And there it was, there for her to take, her very own "feast", of a certain fashion: the large bed of bun, eagerly whimpering and moaning as he felt his bellybutton be *filled*, not knowing that, though Vern had indeed bottomed out herself, she hadn't found *his* bottom. This alone egged her on further, even more so than the shark herself could've imagined; just the thought that her whole cock could be stuffed into Tristan's bellybutton and yet she still didn't feel the end of it? The notion that the bun was so fat, so *enormous*, that she could hump into him and actually feel like the *smaller* one for a change, all while said bun carried on being just as enthusiastic about getting railed as always? It was a dream come true, hence why it didn't take a lot of time for Vern to just forget about everything and instead throw herself fully into the moment, into the experience that was Tristan's colossal self; everyone else around them, the poor unfortunates who were still in the dorms, would be forced to hear the plapping, the endless and *excessively* loud plapping, as Vern went from merely rolling her hips to outright pistoning into Tristan's body, fucking his bellybutton with such gusto that the whole bed quaked

and creaked underneath them, just one bad moment or two away from breaking up completely. But she couldn't help it; even when her precum began mixing together with the copious amount of sweat pouring out of Tristan, even when his voice cracked when he called out for her name, even when her own muscle began to cramp from the admittedly awkward position she was in, Vern couldn't stop. There was Trist, her beloved chubby bunny, all for herself and *begging* her to go faster. There was a bellybutton, deep enough for her to fuck, a perfect hole for her to thrust into. There was a gorgeous bun, a beautiful bun, of her own creation: a vast sea of warmth and softness, born out of a now-fulfilled desire to gorge himself into such a state.

How could she not love him?

How could she not share this love?

Thank heavens the eating only took an hour; they had the whole night ahead of them.