

Lactose Love

By MackZack

The Ice Cream Barn wasn't doing too well. One would think that an ice cream parlor shaped like a barn with more available flavors than all the local ice cream parlors combined would be a hit. But the location of The Ice Cream Barn wasn't in an ideal spot. Unlike its family-run competitors, The Ice Cream Barn was situated on a busy state road nestled between a Chase bank and a car wash. There wasn't even a sidewalk, and the nearest restaurant was almost a mile down. Flick's establishment, down in the center of town, had been around since the 1950's, and they never saw a drop in customers. I Scream over by the suburbs was next to a high school, and that was another prime spot for the ice cream business.

Rumor had it that the manager of The Ice Cream Barn, Larry Carr, was already looking to close down. He hadn't quite signed off on that yet, but he was drowning in bills that had yet to be paid because each month had less and less customers. All of this led to a very boring job manning the cashier. Larry used to have five employees. It was a big space after all, with a lunch room, a kitchen with a grill, and a back room behind the kitchen where they stored chest freezers full of ice cream. Everything was neatly tucked away in pints and gallons. More shipments came but they still had freezers full of containers from months before. Larry needed to throw out several boxes, and therein his money.

Now, the cashier was manned by just two people – Nicole Roberto and Jenna King. They were about to graduate high school, and they were both lucky to have found a job to at least get some work experience in to impress colleges.

Nicole and Jenna hadn't really hung out before. They knew of each other but were in different friend groups. They never really even spoke to each other until they ended up working

together at The Ice Cream Barn. Nicole didn't really consider herself popular, but to Jenna she was "one of the more popular kids". Nicole's group of friends really consisted of girls like her who were awkward around boys and whose idea of a Friday night meant watching anime until past midnight while eating junk food. Meanwhile, Jenna's friend group consisted mostly of boys. She smoked and drank and did all the things that Nicole would never dream of doing, like spray-painting "Epstein was murdered" on the school walls and forging teacher signatures to get a better grade.

The two girls had their own view of the other that conflicted with their own self-image. Nicole honestly thought Jenna was pretty cool, if a bit scary, while Jenna considered herself a dumb asshole getting by with luck. Jenna thought Nicole was hot as hell, but Nicole thought herself to be dull and average. Nicole thought Jenna had such an interesting taste in clothes, when in reality Jenna wore a lot of hand-me-downs from her older siblings.

On their first day, Jenna commented right away on how long Nicole's hair was. Nicole hardly ever cut her hair, despite other girls telling her too. Her brunette hair almost reached her butt, and she had a secret silly fantasy of wanting to be like Rapunzel. She also loved swishing it back and forth. She frequently pulled her hair up in a ponytail, and it was the most perfect ponytail Jenna ever saw. She loved how it fit perfectly behind the cap they had to wear on the job. Jenna found it mesmerizing whenever she walked away, watching that long luscious ponytail sway back and forth. She could outline all of Nicole's features by memory. Smooth light skin. Big dopey green eyes. Cheeks that frequently turned red when she laughed or suffered an ounce of embarrassment. The sound of her awkward laugh – goofy and contagious.

The uniform they had to wear on the job made Nicole even cuter. Jenna wasn't sure if it was her imagination, but restaurant uniforms always made one look cuter, hugging closer to the

body than most clothes. Their uniform consisted of a red polo, dark blue jeans, and a black cap with their logo on it. Jenna could never NOT steal a glance at Nicole's ass in those jeans. It was just so...big and wide. Nicole never flaunted anything, but Jenna could tell that she had it in all the right places. She typically dressed modestly without showing any cleavage or ass. Nobody really caught on yet, and Jenna never fully expressed it, but she was bisexual. She got nervous around Nicole all the time. Funny, she had no problem vandalizing and stealing liquor from her parents, but she froze up at the sight of a pretty girl like Nicole.

Jenna was way more of a tomboy. She always cut her black hair to the point that many would consider "boyish". She had tried so many different color hair dyes and clothing styles since she was a freshman that she lost track. Right now, she had a sleek look, almost mimicking the old Greaser style of the 50's. Nicole thought she was very aesthetically pleasing. She wasn't bi though, but it was far more socially acceptable for girls to compliment other girls on their looks. Nicole noticed out loud once that Jenna parted her hair differently, and Jenna's butterflies nearly made her vomit. A small bite from an edible once and a while eased Jenna's nerves.

The two girls worked every Saturday and Sunday from 9:00 AM to 6:00 PM for about a month before really getting to talk and getting to know each other. There was a whole lot of nothing to do in those hours, so they mostly passed their time spinning in their chairs and talking about who they liked and what show they watched. This eased Jenna's nerves as she got used to Nicole's presence, but she still had butterflies trapped underneath everything. Nicole meanwhile was very pleased to be friends with Jenna – her devil-may-care attitude was fresh air from the anxiety of school pressure.

"You know," Jenna began in a low voice, "I overheard Larry in his office today and I think he's actually going to close. For real this time."

“He says that all the time.”

“Yeah, but I saw him signing something. I think it was the Chapter 11 thing.”

Nicole sighed, leaning on the counter. “Well. Time to find another job, I suppose.”

“It’s a shame though. All that ice cream will go to waste.”

“Yeah.”

Jenna spun around a couple more times, and then stopped and looked at the containers of ice cream in the serving buckets. She slid open the freezer door and dug in to scoop herself up a few helpings of Cookie Dough.

“What are you doing?” Nicole said, eyes wide.

“Wot?” Jenna said with her mouth full. “This is all gonna go to waste, anyway, yeah?”

“But—but I don’t think that’s a good idea. Larry is gonna get mad at us. He’s gonna know that ice cream was taken but it won’t add up to the cash we have.”

Jenna stopped to think. She gobbled another helping and smacked her lips. “Hm. Good point.”

“Yeah. Exactly.”

“So…let’s eat from one of the gallons out back.”

“What?” Nicole half-screamed. “No! That’s worse!”

“There are like a MILLION of them back there.”

“But Larry keeps track of everything.”

“On a computer yeah. But stuff gets lost in shipping all the time. If anything, he’ll just think something didn’t come on time.”

“What if a customer comes?”

Jenna gave her a look. “The bell will chime and we’ll hear them enter. Duh! Now come on.” She was already entering the back room.

Nicole had never done anything “against the rules”, not even once. She feared repercussions more than anything.

“I can’t eat that stuff anyway,” she said. “I’m lactose intolerant.”

Jenna stepped back out again. “Wait, what? Since when?”

“Since I was born? I told you.”

Jenna wracked her brain. “I don’t remember---oh wait. Maybe I was high.”

Nicole did a double-take. “You were—what? You were HIGH on the job?”

Jenna shrugged as if it were nothing. “Yeah. Sometimes I’m high.”

“But you---what---” Nicole was freaking out. What if they suspected her of getting high too? How come Jenna didn’t reek of weed? Wait, didn’t she drive here?

“I make edibles,” Jenna said, smirking. “They last only for a short while.”

“But ON THE JOB? Are you crazy?”

“Nicole, I don’t know if you realized by now but---NOBODY EVER COMES HERE! Face it. We’re going out of business. Now come out back if you want to have a little fun while we’re at it.”

Jenna went through. She hoped Nicole would be interested in following her. Maybe they could even have a moment---no. That would never happen. Nicole was so straight it wasn’t even funny. But she could still dream.

Nicole cursed under her breath and looked around. She was paranoid that Larry was watching them through the security cameras. He never did say anything about any time they were goofing off.

From the storage, Jenna shouted, “WOW. THIS TASTES SO GOOD!”

Nicole didn't want to be bored to death at the cashier, so she went through the back door to the storage room, where it was cold and dingy. She rubbed her arms and got her jacket from the coat rack.

Jenna was already digging away at a pint of chocolate. She wasn't even high this time. She just forgot to have lunch. She had just taken a giant spoon and served herself right from the container.

“MMmmmmMMM. So good. Here. Have some.”

“I told you I was lactose intolerant. Or are you high again? I can't tell.”

“No, I'm not high. You can't even have just one bite?”

“I swell up like a balloon.”

“And then what?”

Nicole's cheeks blushed. She looked away. “Uh. My stomach just feels weird.”

Jenna wanted to ask, *You mean like you fart a lot?* but kept it in. That was something she dare not tell anyone – her inexplicable eproctophilia. That was why she tried to get Nicole to have some ice cream. But Nicole seemed very adamant about not having any. Jenna tried very hard not to make it weird by asking any further questions, so she dropped it.

She shrugged. “We have Tums in the bathroom. You'll be fine. Come on! I can't believe you're not excited. I thought lactose intolerant people still loved to break the rules and eat the shit they're not supposed to.”

Nicole was too embarrassed to tell her. Yes, ice cream was delicious. Her personal favorite was cookies n' cream. But any time Nicole had an ounce of dairy, her stomach went into knots. She would bloat to the point of needing to undo her pants, but that wasn't the worst part.

biggest crush on him for the entirety of their high school career. She never understood why he couldn't keep a girlfriend. He was so nice and charming and witty. He was a towering 6'3 with dark complexion, broad shoulders, perfect teeth, and scruffy black hair.

Mark had brought five members of his volleyball team over. It was the most customers The Ice Cream Barn had seen in about a month.

"H-hey," Nicole said. "What can I get you?"

Mark smiled at her briefly. "Vanilla, in a cup."

"Wow, lame," said Michael, one of his teammates. Nicole recognized him as being rather belligerent all the time. He had a weird annoying face and an even more annoying voice. "You always get vanilla. There are THOUSANDS of other flavors."

Mark shrugged. "I like vanilla."

In a desperate attempt to win him over, Nicole said, "Y-yeah. Vanilla is cool. I like vanilla too."

Mark scoffed at Michael. "See? Don't hate on vanilla."

Nicole could have been dreaming. She went through the motions scooping their ice cream and handing it over. She nearly let them go without paying because she had been staring dumbly at Mark.

Jenna watched this whole thing from behind the door of the storage room. Nicole's crush on Mark was bigger than the moon. Jenna sighed and waited for the boys to leave before entering.

II.

Nicole could hardly contain her excitement. This was the third time this week that Mark visited the ice cream parlor. This time, he came alone, and he hung out talking to her at the counter for almost the entire day.

Jenna meanwhile was left out. She swept the floors feeling awkward that they didn't bother to include her in the conversation. She would try to chime in with something only for Mark to bring up another topic that involved only the two of them.

Nicole started to pay close attention to how she looked. Pimples? Blemishes? Weight? She had to check everything before going to work. She was 175 pounds. She had to change that. The girls that Mark went out with were at least 120.

"That's your lunch?" Jenna asked one day.

They typically ate around 12:30 PM in the break room next to storage. Nicole always brought a sandwich with chips or pretzels or popcorn. This time, she brought only an apple. Jenna blinked a couple times.

Nicole said, "Yeah. I gotta lose weight."

Jenna rolled her eyes. "You can't be serious."

"Technically I'm overweight. Technically."

Jenna slammed her hands on the table. "Don't be ridiculous!"

"That's what my BMI says."

"BMI is bullshit."

Jenna started to worry. If Nicole really wanted to lose weight then so be it, but if she was doing it because of that dumb guy who kept visiting them almost weekend now, she was selling herself. Jenna saw it all the time, and she hated it.

Lunch time was always when Jenna tried to show-in her eproctophilia and love of burping, hoping Nicole would follow suit. Every time they had lunch together, Jenna made sure to belch out loud to get a reaction from Nicole. Jenna was great at belching. She knew how to suck in air and sound like a demonic banshee. Nicole, being primmer and more proper, actually wasn't grossed out or told her to stop. She would instead giggle and say, "Oh my God, Jenna." That always melted Jenna's heart.

If only you burped with me... she thought.

She wanted to push the envelope by farting in front of her, but she never had the audacity to do so.

This time though, with Mark in the picture, she really wanted to go all out. She had a fart brewing from a coffee she had that morning. As they ate in silence, Jenna leaned forward and ripped a low rumbling fart.

Nicole looked up from her food, gasping.

Jenna held her breath, waiting for either a positive or negative response from her.

"You are windier today than usual, gosh," Nicole said, and continued eating.

Jenna supposed that was a good response.

Nicole secretly admired Jenna's ability to share bodily functions without shame. All the other girls she hung out with shrieked at the sound of a single toot. That was one thing that hardly changed among all cliques – disgust at burps and farts. Nicole wouldn't dare to let

anything out in front of Jenna, despite her seemingly open display of dominance. She clung to that innate sense of shame when it came to passing gas.

The front door chimed and Nicole had stars in her eyes. She dropped her apple and bolted for the cashier.

Jenna grumbled. She needed to get high to get through this bullshit. She stored her pot brownies in the mini-fridge there in the lunch room whenever they arrived at work. A small portion of one sounded like a good idea right about now.

#

“Yeah, so our next game is the last one so it’s a pretty big deal.”

Nicole hadn’t really listened to a word Mark said. He tended to talk on and on about himself, which she didn’t mind. She just knew she had to act interested and nod her head.

“Say,” Mark said, watching Jenna enter the room. “So, you guys got this whole place to yourselves?”

“Pretty much,” Jenna said blithely, riding a small high.

“Does Larry ever check up on you?”

“Er, I think so?” Nicole said. “I mean...there are security cameras...so...”

Jenna scoffed. “The cameras haven’t been on in months. Larry is so short on money that he needs to turn them off for a while to save on the power bill.”

“Do you have like a backroom?”

“Yeah.”

“Can I see it?”

Nicole was nervous. “Um. You’re not allowed to.”

It might have very well been the pot brownie speaking, but Jenna was very open to the idea. If Nicole really wanted this guy, she needed to take the stand. As much as she loathed Nicole being all over this idiot, she did want her to go after what she wanted. Jenna unlocked the chain link that blocked access to the register and said, “Come on in!” with her arm outstretched.

Nicole reached out with a hand. “Wait, Jenna, what if—”

“It’ll be fiiiine.”

Nicole brushed her hair behind her ear. She was too flustered to lead the way. Mark eagerly went to the storage and looked around at the wide empty space.

“Wow. Lots of room here.”

“Want some ice cream?” Jenna said.

“You’re just giving it away?”

Jenna made a face. “Come on. We’re definitely gonna go out of business soon. I was telling Nicole this the other day. We should just go ahead and have some fun.”

“Yeah. This place would be cool for a party.” Mark continued walking around and looking at everything as if he were ready to buy a house. Nicole and Jenna exchanged glances.

“My buddies and I are thinking of a cool place to party after prom. Just my teammates, their dates, and I. Everyone’s parents will be home, obviously, so that won’t be fun. The venue doesn’t have rooms and hotels are expensive. But.” He looked around again. “This would do nicely.”

Jenna hummed aloud to herself. So that was his game. She had a weird feeling something was off about him, and now she knew his ulterior motive. Guys always had one. But meanwhile Nicole was doe-eyed and giddy and nervous. She tapped her fingers together and muttered

nonsense. “Uh. Well. Yeah. That’d be cool. I mean, we could get in trouble. But. That would be cool I guess. I mean. Is that something you really want?”

Mark looked dead in her eyes, which made her weak at the knees. “Of course. It’s prom. We gotta go out with a bang. Say, you have a date yet?”

Nicole nearly fainted. Was he about to ask what she thought he was about to ask? Her eyes became the size of melons, and she didn’t blink. She finally said, “D-date? Like for prom?”

“Yeah.”

“No.” She looked away, blushing. She cleared her throat, avoiding eye-contact with him.

Mark didn’t break eye-contact with her. “You wanna go with me? I don’t have a date.”

“What? Really?”

Mark nodded. He bared his perfect teeth in a sly smile. “Yeah.”

“Oh my God. Y-yeah! That’d be awesome!”

Nicole exchanged a shocked glance at Jenna. She smiled back but then rolled her eyes when the two of them weren’t looking.

This boring high school job finally had some real benefits after all. Nicole was going to prom with the guy of her dreams!

III.

The days leading up to prom were rather insufferable for Jenna. She eventually admitted to herself in her head that she liked Nicole. She liked her a whole lot. A whole fucking lot. She liked her voice, the way she dressed, how smart she was, how cute she was. She was pretty as hell and she wanted to kiss her and feed her and---

Jenna fantasized about Nicole's farts. If she was as lactose intolerant as she said she was, what were they like? Were they loud and bassy? Did they drag on like holding down a note on a tuba? Did they smell? Reek of shit? She hated admitted how much she fantasized about Nicole every single day. The repression from having to watch that stupid jock Mark hit on her and watch them get together in front of her was too much for her. The dam burst when Jenna masturbated in her bedroom the day before prom. She shouted out loud, "FUCK YES NICOLE YES!" when she orgasmed. She immediately clasped her mouth with her hand. She cursed when her mother shouted from downstairs asking if something was the matter.

"NO, MOM. I'M ALRIGHT!"

"WHAT?"

Jenna scowled and poked her head out of her bedroom. "I said I'm FINE."

"Okay, okay. Why are you so upset? Dinner is ready. Come down, please."

After fending off her mother, Jenna locked herself in her bedroom and clung to her pillow on her bed. She wanted nothing more than to curl up into fetal position for the rest of the night. She hugged the pillow tight and imagined it was Nicole. She hummed lightly, still riding the aftereffects of the orgasm. In her fantasies, they'd have a good cuddle after sex. After about thirty minutes of pillow-hugging, she suddenly became fully aware of how ridiculous this felt.

She was letting her fantasy take control of her, and she felt sick and twisted and stupid. The bedroom became a prison, and a deep emptiness filled her heart.

“Shit,” she murmured to herself.

She was in love.

No way around it.

She laid there letting her dinner go cold, and she didn't leave her room until it was time for school in the morning.

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The days leading up to prom were a dream for Nicole. She never had a boyfriend before, a real one at least, one who had his own car and took her out on dates to nice restaurants. Nicole noticed that other girls at school looked at her now. She smirked in the hallways thinking about what they must have been thinking. *Nicole? The plain-looking girl? She got Mark? What the fuck?* It was like having five-seconds of fame, although Nicole hoped this would last for far longer. She secretly imagined what their kids would look like.

Nicole had to be careful every time they went out to eat. She avoided dairy like the plague. But on the last date before prom, Mark wanted to share a milkshake as their dessert over at the mall. Nicole reminded him about her lactose intolerance. Mark grimaced and said, “Ah, well, I don't want it then without you. That'd feel weird.” The way he shut down the idea broke her. She didn't want him to feel left out or upset or like she was burdening his wishes. She bit her lip said, “I mean, it's not that bad. It's just a little stomachache. Nothing Tums can't handle.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah!”

They went to the food court and Nicole watched with wide eyes as Mark ordered the biggest fucking milkshake she had ever seen from the Dairy Queen.

Oh God. No, she thought.

They sat at a table near a carousel. It was a packed day at the mall. Nicole already thought ahead about how she could get away with farting out loud without Mark hearing her. She watched Mark start to drink the milkshake. He looked at her and said, “Something wrong?”

“No.”

Nicole sipped the milkshake. She missed the delicious, soft and creamy taste. She started to moan a bit, and then blushed. When Mark stared at her she said, “Sorry. I make weird noises when I like something I eat.”

She slurped noisily. Mark laughed and said, “Hey, hey, leave some for me!”

She giggled. “Sorry.”

Mark said, “I always wanted to do this with a girl. Feels old-timey, you know?”

Nicole blushed. She was glad to have done this, even if she was probably going to regret it later.

They went out for a movie afterwards. The theater was packed, with everyone glued to the new Batman movie. Mark was a huge Batman fan. Nicole personally liked Marvel more, but she never said it out loud in front of him. Bruce Wayne had all the money in the world; he could save it more efficiently than going around at night beating up smalltime crooks.

That was when the effects of the milkshake kicked in. Nicole had forgotten how intense her body reacted to dairy. It happened all at once like an explosion. She squirmed in her seat as her belly swelled up. She was wearing her usual pair of jeans. She kept glancing to the side at

Mark to see if he took notice of her slowly loosening her belt. She needed one more notch and her belly would feel less constrained.

Another hour into the movie and Nicole was almost dry heaving. She couldn't focus on the movie at all and was holding in what felt like a bowling ball of gas inside of her. She was afraid to even try and get up or else she might fart, like what happened at Casey's birthday party. She slowly sat up straight without nudging the gas inside of her. When it seemed like the movie was going through a lull, she rose to get up.

Mark reached out for her. He whispered, "Hey wait. I think the movie is about to end."

Nicole bit her lip. The air baby inside of her was ready to blow. She shook her head. "Sorry. I gotta go to the bathroom."

Mark grimaced, but let it be and continued watching.

Nicole couldn't run, as her belly weighed her down. She hustled as fast as she could clenching her buttocks together. She walked straight as an arrow, not wanting to let anything out.

At last, she found the bathroom and burst into a stall.

#

Jenna had been in the bathroom for a good ten minutes. She thought she was "over it" but she wasn't. The semester, the last one they would ever have, was almost over and she was still thinking about Mark going out with Nicole. They worked together, alone, for over a year now. She could have made a move or at least expressed her feelings any one of those damn weekends.

She sat in a stall at the local AMC movie theater. She really didn't need to go but the stupid rom com her friends took her too was toying with her emotions. She browsed her phone trying to find some solace in memes. She also didn't dare want to cry in front of anyone.

Jenna jumped when someone burst through the bathroom door. Someone in high heels hurried to the stall next to hers.

Jenna blushed, thinking about any farts she would hear from whoever it was. They sounded really desperate, so the implication is that she would hear something really good...

Silence reigned.

Jenna moved her feet a little. The other person did so too. There was absolutely no noise, no indication that the other girl was doing her business in the bathroom. Surely, she would have made noise by now, right? A tiny poot? Some wet slurp?

Nothing.

Jenna had to pee. She pulled down her pants and broke the silence with the loud tinkling.

At the very end, she let slip a loud fart.

PRRRRAAP!

The sound bounced off the walls of the bathroom.

Maybe the girl was fart-shy, and needed a little accompaniment.

As if to pursue the conversation, Jenna leaned over and farted loudly again.

A few seconds passed, and the girl in the other stall finally let out a deep boom.

Jenna could tell there was more, and the other girl was holding back.

Then, Jenna heard the most amazing farts that she had ever heard. The girl let rip what sounded like a dozen farts, one after another, like a machine gun. Some were longer than others, but they all were grotesquely loud and messy. Others bubbled, a few sputtered. They were so damn violent that Jenna was frankly concerned for the girl's health, but she was so turned on deep down. Her face went beet red as she listened to this amazing cacophony of farts. The sounds reverberated against the walls, almost making her eardrums vibrate.

The girl's moan at the end was the icing on the cake. Jenna could tell that the girl was trying hard not to make a sound, but she probably couldn't help it. Jenna wanted to feel the relief with her, whoever she was. She wished she was there rubbing her belly and seeing her face as relief washed over it.

Jenna lost track of how many farts this girl ripped and how long it lasted. A minute? That couldn't be. That was amazing. She HAD to know who this was. But it would be very weird to leave the stall at the same time. Jenna might not care, but the other girl would be deathly afraid of coming into eye-contact with a stranger who heard her most intimate and vulnerable moments in the stall. Jenna wanted to spare her the embarrassment.

When it ended, the other girl sighed. There hadn't been any sounds of poop falling into the toilet – it had ALL been gas. Just gas. Amazing! Jenna was so hot and bothered that she had to loosen her collar. Her pulse was racing a thousand beats a minute.

The girl pulled down her dress, stepped outside, washed her hands, and left.

The second the bathroom door closed Jenna rushed up to shadow her. She HAD to know who this was. What did she look like? She would fantasize and dream about this person for days.

There was a bit of a crowd out in the hallway since another movie had ended, but Jenna caught sight of a nice figure in a blue dress making a bee-line from across the bathroom. Jenna's heart stopped – she knew that figure. It couldn't be. The Universe was playing a cruel joke on her.

Nicole turned to the theater she was attending, and realized that the movie had ended while she was away. Mark stepped out and looked bummed out. Jenna was close enough to hear them and know that it was definitely them.

“Aw, you missed the end! It was so good!” Mark said.

“Sorry. I really had to go. You can tell me what happened on the way back.”

They left through the side entrance, and Jenna watched them leave from behind a pillar.

IV.

Nicole couldn't contain her excitement. She was ACTUALLY going to prom with Mark Lawrence, captain of the volleyball team. She was ACTUALLY in his car on the way there now. He was ACTUALLY smirking at her as he drove. She was so jittery with butterflies that she hardly said anything coherent.

"Are you sure you're not coming?" she asked Jenna, on the last Sunday before prom.

"I wouldn't be caught dead there," Jenna said, counting the cash before they closed.

"But it's PROM! You only get to go once, you know."

"Prom is just a bunch of drunk kids dancing and screaming. Plus, they're all proper and shit. You know I'm not proper." She belched aloud to prove a point.

"What are you gonna do then if you're not going to prom?"

"Get high with my friends."

"Will you be at the after-party here at least?"

"No."

Nicole sighed. "Alright. Suit yourself."

Jenna had been nervous during their entire conversation about prom. She was a wild mix of sad and angry at the same time. She would love to see Nicole at prom, and loved the idea of seeing her drunk and possibly even burping. But she knew she couldn't have Nicole. Seeing her that night would literally break her heart. It wasn't worth it.

She was better off not being around her.

#

The dance at the venue was more nauseating than Nicole imagined. The ballroom was packed shoulder-to-shoulder with people dancing and riding on each other. This wasn't exactly

the romantic experience she had dreamed about. Eventually, after about ten minutes of grinding on each other, Mark and Nicole walked out to take a breather in the foyer of the venue. All the kids who wanted to be cool and “non-conventional” hung out in the foyer. Nicole’s eardrums felt a little dumb, but she could finally hear people.

There, they met up with Mark’s volleyball team. Nicole quickly became uncomfortable because many of Mark’s teammates, especially Michael, were already drunk, so drunk that they were whooping and cheering and staggering. They had their ties and waistcoats already unbuttoned, their faces sweaty and red and flushed. She had never been to a house party or even drank alcohol, and so watching people be so drunk was frankly a little scary. She couldn’t predict their behavior. One moment Michael was whooping and the next he was commenting on her dress and then calling out to a random girl that she wasn’t sure if they knew or not—

“Jenna?” Nicole said.

She wasn’t sure if it was Jenna at first. She hardly imagined Jenna ever dressing up anything, but when the figure who entered the venue swerved at her voice, she realized that it was indeed Jenna.

She eyed her up and down, then reached in for a hug. “Wow, you look nice!”

Unlike the other girls who wore dresses, Jenna wore a tight tux with a cummerbund. She wore a bowtie and her hair was sleeker than ever. Jenna had a deer-in-the-headlights look and didn’t respond. Nicole wondered if she wasn’t meant to call her out for some reason.

“H-hey,” Jenna said.

Mark pointed at her and winked. “We still good for tonight?”

Jenna scratched the back of her neck. “Yeah. We good. I got the keys.”

“O-Oh, right,” Nicole said. “We’re still going there tonight. Yeah.” She had completely forgotten, and had a worried look on her face that Mark noticed.

Mark eyed her. “You two promised!”

She chuckled nervously. “Yeah, we did.”

#

Mark drove some of his drunk teammates along with Nicole in the car. Nicole didn’t say a word. She was very uncomfortable at many of the conversations that they were having, even with Mark. The boys were constantly sharing pictures of the girls from prom, sometimes saying really mean things about them, and some of those other girls were even meeting up with them at The Ice Cream Barn.

“I thought it was just going to be us,” Nicole said.

Mark did a double-take. “Ah. No. I thought I mentioned there’d be other people.”

“No, you didn’t.”

Michael tapped Mark’s seat from behind. “Hell yeaaaaah. Those chicks from St. Elizabeth’s still coming too?”

“Yeah, man!”

Nicole looked up at them. “Wait what? We’re inviting people from other schools?”

Michael gave her a look. “Of course yo.”

Nicole was so nervous she could have farted.

#

Jenna drove alone to The Ice Cream Barn. She cursed at herself over and over on the way there. Why did she bother going to prom? She thought that there was some fantastic, remote

possibility that she could be with Nicole. It was dumb. SO DUMB. The girl was straighter than a No. 2 pencil. There was nothing Jenna could do about it.

Ugh.

Now she had to watch that jock bro screw her over. She might have been biased but she never liked the guy. Any guy who went through a thousand girls a semester wasn't to be trusted. But Jenna didn't want to poke her nose in Nicole's business. She kept it bottled up inside and let it be. How would Jenna like it if someone kept telling her not to see Nicole, the girl of her dreams?

At any rate, Nicole looked dazzling, as usual. She went with a navy-blue evening gown with some sparkling diamonds on it. Were they diamonds? Jenna didn't know shit about fashion like that, but it was hot as hell. Unlike the other girls at their school who tried hard, Nicole didn't overdo her makeup. Nicole's dress complemented her body too, and her booty was popping as usual. Nicole was so innocent though; Jenna wasn't even sure if Nicole was aware of her great ass. She looked straight out of a Bond film. Jenna wanted to worship her. The fucking goddess.

Jenna arrived there first, turned off the alarm system, and made sure every security camera was off. Something told her though that even if Larry ever did find out about this party, he wouldn't have minded. At least somebody was using the space for something.

She went to the mini fridge to stock up some alcohol from her parent's liquor cabinet and from a few of her older friends. She paused when she noticed that she had left the pot brownies in there. She had been so distracted lately by her emotions that she actually left drugs here overnight. She wasn't sure if it was a good idea to keep them there for the party. All these jocks taking up her pot? No way. She was worried they might go bad if she left them in the car in the warm night, so she used an older fridge in the kitchen, the kind of fridge that looked like it would

repel anyone from thinking about looking inside. They stored the rejected and soon-to-be-expired ice cream in there. She stuffed the pot brownies behind a wall of those pints.

Once she prepared the storage room for everyone, she cracked open a beer and sat on a chest freezer, sulking and waiting.

The caravan from prom arrived with a loud roar of tires and even louder music. She muttered, “Fucking idiots. The whole town will know you’re here.” The cops knew it was prom and were out there lying in wait with their speed traps.

The door burst open, and Mark led the way. A clamor of seniors and some college students immediately flooded the storage room with their drunken laughter.

Jenna was about to show them around when they all spread around the entire building anyway, not taking notice of her.

“Aight, fuck me, I guess,” she murmured.

Nicole looked nervous. Jenna knew because she always did that thing where she twirled a few strands of her hair and had a mile-long stare. Nicole was probably worried at how many people were here. Even Jenna was surprised, thinking that it would only be contained to them and a few of Mark’s friends. But this was prom – everyone wanted to have a good time from across towns.

Someone brought a portable speaker, and The Ice Cream Barn served as an official continuation of the hot mess at the gym. This time, they all had ice cream. Everyone greedily dug into the freezers and snatched what they wanted.

Nicole went up to Jenna. “Uhhhh, this is bad. This is really bad. They’re going to eat EVERYTHING.”

Jenna didn't care anymore, frankly. She'd be in college in another state a few months from now anyway. She didn't tell Nicole yet, because she hadn't felt the need to. They'd part ways after high school and probably only vaguely recall each other on Instagram and Facebook.

"Jenna?"

Jenna sighed. She got up, stood on the freezer, and whistled to get everyone's attention.

"HEY! ASSHOLES! LISTEN UP! Don't be greedy. You know we're having bad business so don't fucking eat everything. Two cones the minimum for everyone, got that?"

She received a collective groan of disapproval.

"HEY! If you have a problem with that, then you can get the fuck out! Two cones! Come on, we got all the booze already. McDonald's is open right down the street if you still get the munchies."

People seemed receptive to the idea, and went back to partying.

Nicole sighed. She patted Jenna on the shoulder. "Thank you. Thank you so much. I was really getting worried."

Mark then drew her into the crowd. "Come on. We got a beer pong table set up!"

"Beer pong?"

Jenna watched them go off. She sat alone on the freezer and drank a couple beers before realizing she was having trouble fighting back some tears. She needed to be alone.

She went to the break room, but there were so many people there that she couldn't have a moment alone. She had to step outside. She was about to head out when she found a very inebriated Michael stuffing his face with a brownie in the kitchen.

Jenna's eyes widened.

"Where did you get that?" she snapped.

Michael spoke with his mouth open, bits of chocolate brownie dropping. “Mmmmmover there. There are so many!”

He pointed to the old fridge.

Jenna tore it open.

It was empty. The fuckers not only ate all the pints of nearly expired ice cream, something she vastly underestimated, but they nabbed the pot brownies too.

“FUCK!”

She looked around and traced her pot brownies being passed around from person to person, and nobody had any idea what they were.

Worse yet – Nicole was eating her second one.

Jenna rushed to her and was about to whack the pot brownie from her hands when she already gobbled up the last bits. She wiped off the crumbs from her dress and then looked at her with a dumb stare.

“What is it?”

“Uhhhhh.”

V.

Having never drank alcohol before, Nicole started to get inebriated fairly quickly. She only had two beers and started to feel tingly all over. The beer was also very filling. With all the food and soda that she already had at the prom, she felt full. Not so full that she needed to undo anything, but getting there.

Mark showed her the ins-and-outs of beer pong. Older friends of his who were already in college said this was all the rage. Guess Nicole was getting a head-start on college life.

She really appreciated Jenna calling out everyone not to eat all the fucking ice cream. That calmed her nerves. She knew Jenna was confident they wouldn't get fired, but the last thing Nicole needed was some bad reputation before entering college.

This really thin girl named Marissa played with them. She was one of Mark's friends. They had met in French class, and she was tall and tan and looked very stunning in her yellow dress. Very few people could rock yellow, but somehow she did. She had a striking look in her eyes that Nicole couldn't tell if she was judging her or interested in her. Marissa spoke little too, so she was hard to decipher.

Marissa's boyfriend was a swimmer – Terry. He looked like he hit puberty way earlier, possibly in middle school. Anyone could have mistaken him for a college senior. The guy was just massive – jacked and ripped with a deep voice.

Nicole started to feel out of place. All three of these people were gorgeous...what was she doing here? She didn't have a widow's peak or a thigh gap, and she still had somewhat of a baby face. Everyone else looked so angular and chiseled.

"You're the one who works here?" Marissa said out of the blue, pointing to Nicole.

"Yeah."

“Cool. Thanks for getting us in.”

“Yeah. No problem.”

Mark put his arm around her. “She’s the best, ain’t she?”

Mark and Marissa exchanged a glance. Nicole didn’t know why or how, but she got a weird vibe. That was when Michael interrupted them and offered them brownies. Nicole’s stomach was close to filling up, but she couldn’t resist some good chocolate. The brownie looked fresh too.

She gobbled it up and continued playing beer pong. She made a bit of a mess with crumbs dropping on her dress. She laughed awkwardly and tried flicking the crumbs off her dress.

“Guess I have an eating problem, right?”

Nobody laughed. Marissa just stared blankly at her. Nicole continued playing beer pong and nabbed another one of those brownies that Michael was passing around. They were too damn good.

Next thing she knew, Jenna appeared in front of her with a worried look.

“What is it?”

Jenna’s eyes never looked so big. It started to freak out Nicole.

“Uhhhh,” was all Jenna could say. Then she just said it. “You just had pot.”

Nicole was mortified. Her eyes were now as wide as Jenna as she realized what she just ate.

“Oh my god…”

“Nicole…”

“Oh shit. What’s gonna happen? Am I gonna die?”

Terry looked up from his phone. “Hey, so we gonna continue playing or what?”

Nicole started panicking. She had pot. SHE HAD POT! What if the cops came in right now and demanded a drug test? Do they do that on the spot? Her life would be ruined. She wouldn’t get to go to college. She would have to attend a community college, and her father would hate that and hate her forever.

Jenna didn’t need to read her mind; she knew it all by her look. She gripped Nicole by the shoulders and said, “It’s okay. It’s going to kick in rather quickly.”

“Oh my God. And I had TWO. I had TWO!”

“I know. Um. That stuff is really concentrated. It’s also a different strain.”

“Different strain? What does THAT mean?”

“The key thing is to calm down or else you might have a bad trip.”

Nicole put her hands to her forehead. “Ohmygodohmygodohmygod.”

She turned to Mark for help but realized he wasn’t there, and neither was Marissa. Terry was too busy looking at his phone. So far, nothing felt strange or bad. Jenna took her by the hand to the break room to sit down.

“You never had pot before, right?”

“NO, JENNA. I HAVEN’T.”

“Right, dumb question.”

“What’s going to happen to me?”

“You’re going to feel weird. It’s really kind of different for each person. I mean, of course you’re going to get high but getting high feels different for most people. I say sit down and relax and just air out any negative emotions you have right now. You DON’T want to have a bad trip. Your emotions will really fuck with your high. Stay here. Lemme get you some water.”

Jenna went to fetch some water from the jug at the other end of the room, but there was nothing left, so she hurried to the kitchen.

Nicole meanwhile twiddled her thumbs and felt her heart race. She kept thinking the cops would barge in any minute. She had to find Mark. He would know what to do. Maybe she could ask him to drive her home and that would be it.

She got up and felt a little wobbly. She reached out with her hands to feel the air, thinking she was wading through something. The walls looked a little funny, like they were widening or stretching out a bit. Nicole's spatial awareness started to deconstruct. Hallways, rooms – they both sort of melded together, and she forgot if she was still in the break room or not.

Nicole found herself in the middle of the party in the storage room. The music blared and people were grinding up against each other. Was she back at prom? No, wait, they left prom. Did they? Where did Mark go again?

She stumbled through the back exit. The warm spring air hit her. It sort of sobered her up but only for a couple minutes. She needed a good five minutes to realize that she was staring up at the streetlight thinking it was a star. She giggled when she figured it out.

In a fleeting moment of sobriety, she blurted out loud, “Oh shit! I'm fucked up.”

Nicole tried to find her way back into the building. She heard voices and went in their direction. She tripped and caught hold of an SUV door handle. She recognized it as Mark's car. Two figures were inside. They were on top of each other.

Nicole pressed her face up against the glass to make faces at them.

Mark turned to her.

Marissa screamed.

Nicole wasn't sure how to react at first. The high stopped for a very brief moment as the sight shocked her. She stared dumbly at them as they freaked out and tried to get their clothes back on. Nicole was thinking how she should have been inside the car with him, and then it hit her.

No words – she just welled up with tears and raced back inside.

VI.

“Ah shit,” Jenna murmured.

She had no idea where Nicole went. Two pot brownies really weren't meant to be eaten up all in one go. She already passed through a sea of highly stoned classmates. They were sitting on the floor and could hardly get up.

Jenna went around asking for Nicole. Terry finally looked up from his phone and jerked a thumb across the storage room.

Nicole sat on one of the chest freezers – and was gobbling up vanilla ice cream straight from a gallon with a giant spoon.

“Hey! Nicole!”

Nicole's eyes were glazed. She stared off into nothing and robotically kept feeding herself more and more ice cream.

Jenna reached out to stop her take another bite. “Hey, aren't you lactose intolerant?”

Nicole seemed to process for a moment before saying, “Hm?”

“I know you're really high right now, but here have some water.”

Nicole smacked her lips. She shook her head. “Nah, I'm good. I have water.”

“Nicole, that's a Corona.”

“I know.”

Jenna was finding it difficult to calm her fetish. Her biggest crush was not only fucked up beyond belief, but stuffing herself with the one thing that made her rip ass like a foghorn. A part of her wanted to just sit back and let it happen, but the other part reminded her that Nicole hadn't consented to being stoned, much less cross-faded.

“Errr, Nicole, let's just put that down for a moment.”

“Nnnnooooo,” Nicole moaned aloud, picking up the gallon of ice cream.

“Nicole—”

“No! I SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO HAVE ICE CREAM. I KNOW IT’S BAD FOR ME BUT I DON’T CARE. I DOOOOOONNN’T---urrrrrp---CARE!”

Her sudden outburst made a few heads turn. That belch in the middle of her sentence made Jenna weak in the knees. Nicole was at that stage of inebriation where she had no control of her bodily functions. Ungh. This was killing her.

Nicole was seeing double, and couldn’t focus on Jenna. She swayed in her seat. “I’m gonna eat this fucking gallon and you can’t stop me. Not you. Not Mark. That fucking bastard.”

Jenna narrowed her eyes. “What? What happened?”

Nicole looked as though she was going to cry. She continued digging into the gallon of ice cream, but instead kept stabbing at it. “She’s prettier than me. I know she is. That’s why he’s fucking her in his car right now!”

Jenna held back a surge of both anger and sadness. She placed a comforting hand on Nicole’s shoulder. “Ohhhh, Nicole. I’m so sorry. I’m---that fucking dick!”

“Yeah! Exactly.”

Jenna watched her take another spoonful of ice cream and shove it in her mouth.

“So I deserve this! I deserve to just fucking eat what I want!”

Jenna let go and stood back. “Y-yeah. You’re right.”

“Damn straight!”

Jenna sat with her on top the chest freezer. She wanted to go right outside, find Mark’s car, and pummel him to pieces. A small part of her gloated, *There’s a chance then*, but she suppressed it as hard as she could. Nicole had to ride out her feelings. Attempting to get in the

way would make things worse. Jenna didn't want to leave her alone either, so she sat with her and watched her eat an entire gallon of ice cream.

Jenna's pulse quickened. She leaned back against the wall watching the gallon disappear before her eyes. It was quite impressive. The fact that Nicole was a tank made her so much more enticing; Jenna couldn't imagine her being more perfect than she already was, but here she was doing the impossible. This girl was just above and beyond.

The effects of the ice cream weren't visible. Nicole's dress was so tight that it held up her belly. Somewhere around halfway through the gallon, Nicole gave up. She dropped the spoon in the bucket and Jenna had to catch the bucket before it could fall on the floor.

"Uggggggghhhh," Nicole moaned, swaying in her seat. She felt across her abdomen and looked for something. She reached around but was too inebriated to hold up her own arm. With great effort, she motioned to Jenna at something underneath her armpit.

Jenna said, "Unzip your dress?"

"Mmmm," Nicole said, nodding.

Jenna perspired.

Don't think of it that way. Don't think of it that way. You're just helping out a friend.

The zipper struggled at first. Jenna fiddled with it, and was also afraid that she was going to either break it or hurt herself. It was really jammed in there. Jenna could see the seams of the dress wanting to rip apart. Jenna finally got it to budge with both hands. The zipper came down violently, and Jenna thought she broke it at first.

Nicole's bloated belly finally revealed itself. With the dress loosened, her belly popped out and hung free. She slumped, and almost immediately Jenna heard a loud gurgle that sounded in her stomach and coursed its way up her throat.

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RR
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PP!**

The belch was so loud that everyone heard it over the music. Everyone. They all turned around wondering who had belched so loud. Some thought it was Terry or Michael, but they all looked at Nicole and were shocked by it. They laughed, but not in a mean way.

Jenna didn't really pay attention to them anyway, because all she could think about was how relieved Nicole reacted to the unzipping of her dress and the massive belch that followed. The second it ended, Nicole let out a satisfied moan that sounded like an orgasm. She rested against the wall and patted her belly.

“Yeaaaaah. That’s better.”

To Jenna’s shock, Nicole dug into the ice cream again and continued eating.

Mark and Marissa entered the storage room again. They looked frazzled and disheveled. Mark in particular looked concerned, and scanned the crowd. Jenna already knew he was going to try to talk to Nicole and spew some bullshit excuse.

When he spotted Nicole, he walked on over. He realized Jenna was there and hesitated, then continued.

“Hey, Nicole, can we talk? In private?”

Nicole didn't seem receptive to Mark's presence, both because she was high and also because she didn't want anything to do with him anymore. She kept eating and looking at the party.

“Nicole?”

Jenna spat, “Whatever you have to say to her you say it here with me.”

Mark glared at her, but then continued trying to get Nicole to respond.

“Hey, Nicole. I need to explain myself. I uh--”

Nicole flung some ice cream at him. Mark stood there, completely flabbergasted. He looked down at his tuxedo and tried wiping the ice cream off. He went from nice guy to explosive asshole in zero-point-five seconds.

“Nicole...what...the...FUCK? This COST ME like NINE-HUNDRED DOLLARS! What the HELL is wrong with you? Why are you being such a BITCH?”

Jenna was about to retort when Nicole stood up and cried, “ME? What the hell is wrong WITH YOU? You FUCKING CHEATER!”

The clamor of the party had gone silent. A Billie Eilish song kept playing in the background – that was the only thing anyone heard in the moment. All eyes were on the drama that was unfolding.

Nicole jabbed Mark in the chest with the spoon. “You fucking lied to me! You didn’t care about me! You just used me to have your sweet fucking prom party!” Nicole belched, not a loud as before of course but loud enough to act as a sort of insult to Mark. “You fucking fuck---fuck---fuck! All you do is fuck and fuck!” Nicole ran her mouth off incoherently. She staggered into the crowd and yelled at everyone.

“EVERYONE’S FAVORITE CAPTAIN IS A FUCKBOY! YOU HEAR ME! JUST A DUMB FUCKBOY!”

Jenna honestly enjoyed watching this, not because it turned her on, but because fuck everyone else here – honestly.

Nicole didn't stop there. Among the disgusted and amused clamor, she went to one of the chest freezers and raised one leg on top of it so that everyone could see her open asshole. She then farted a second time in everyone's general direction.

Marissa stormed out, pulling Terry by the arm. Jenna realized that Terry probably had no idea yet that Marissa cheated on him, being that he was on his phone the whole time.

Jenna intervened when Michael started recording Nicole on his phone.

"Alright, that's enough!" she bellowed. Michael tried back away but Jenna stormed up to her and slapped his phone out of his hand, interrupting the recording.

"Hey! What the fuck---"

"Party's over."

Nobody moved.

"NOW!" Jenna yelled.

With a few disgruntled murmurs, the crowd started thinning out and left. Mark was the last to leave. He turned to them both and tried to say something, but then shook his head and left.

Nicole sat against a wall and dug away at another gallon of ice cream – chocolate this time. Jenna made sure everyone had left. The sounds of muscle cars and SUVs roared off into the night, and everything was silent.

The back room was a mess, and Jenna gradually put things back in place – all the chairs and tables and trash. When she was done, it was almost midnight. She sighed and looked at Nicole moaning sitting on the freezer, lips messy with ice cream.

I need to get high, Jenna thought. She dug into her jacket for a joint.

VI.

Before Jenna became wholly inebriated, she called up Nicole's mother and said they were staying at Jenna's house. She bit her lip the whole time hoping it would work, and it did.

Nicole's mother said, "Oh, have fun you two! You only get to go to prom once!"

She didn't need to call her parents. It wasn't like they cared much where she was at any given moment anymore.

She and Nicole were sitting on the floor against the front counter of the ice cream parlor - and drank, ate, and smoked - all while bitching about the cliques in school.

"Jesus Christ," Jenna said, taking another hit. "I haven't been THIS fucked in such a long time."

Nicole smiled. The alcohol-induced rage and stupor had kind of worn off in favor of the high. She gladly took Jenna's joint and took a longer hit this time, coughing and hacking. "I can't believe I never did this before with you. I should have."

"You'll get to in college."

"I won't get any work done."

"You're smart."

Jenna felt a belch coming up. She patted her chest and it finally rolled up and erupted into a violent explosion. It gave her a bit of comfort, but not much.

"Nice one," Nicole said, dreamily.

The two of them were thoroughly stuffed. Jenna's pants were undone entirely, and she even had to undo her waistcoat and the last couple buttons of her shirt. Her belly was perfectly round and full, and she caved in sharing this with Nicole. The two of them - bellied up and full of

gas. Even if Nicole had no idea how much this meant to her, Jenna would treasure this moment forever. No pics. No videos. Just her memory.

Nicole kept farting every now and then. Jenna loved feeling the vibration against the floor. Each fart was a tremendous deep rumble. She didn't think Nicole was capable of having weak farts.

Jenna rubbed her belly, so taut and round, and really wished she could just reach out and rub Nicole's belly. That would be crossing the line though. Too weird.

They had pretty much killed the joint and the remaining beers. There were only two left. They were just out of arm's reach for Jenna. She struggled to get them.

"Last ones. You ready?"

Nicole moaned. "I'm so fucking full."

"Can't keep them here. Gotta get rid of them. Can't let them go to waste."

"Jenna," Nicole said, hardly able to keep her eyes open. "I'm soooo goddamn full. I can't. You drink 'em. You can handle it."

Nicole reached out and patted Jenna's stomach. It was a short pat meant to be playful. Jenna blushed immediately. The feeling of Nicole's soft hands on her belly was now embedded in her memory.

"Alright. If you say so."

The first one took a good minute to get down. Jenna couldn't remember the last time she felt so bloated. She almost looked pregnant. She was thinner than Nicole, so her bloated belly was way more apparent.

The second one was a struggle. She moaned trying to finish it. When she did, she tossed the can aside and tried to burp but it was stuck. Too much food. So many pockets of air and carbonation were trapped underneath.

The struggle.

Jenna tried massaging her belly, but nothing worked.

She nearly gasped aloud when Nicole did it for her.

“You gotta rub here, underneath,” Nicole said. She rubbed Jenna’s underbelly.

As an excuse, Jenna reached for Nicole’s belly and mimicked the same motion. “You mean here?”

Nicole winced and sighed. “Ah yes. Wait, keep doing that. Keep doing that and I’ll keep rubbing yours.”

They rubbed each other’s underbellies in rhythmic, sensual motions.

All at once, they both began burping. The air pockets inside both of them finally broke free from all the food and ice cream inside of them, and they both created a chorus of disgusting, eardrum-shattering burps. Jenna couldn’t even stop to take a breath – they all suddenly came out and demanded that they come up.

She turned to Nicole to say how amazing this felt but only burped in her face. Nicole didn’t seem to mind and burped in her face too accidentally.

Their faces came closer, and closer, until they started making out. Nicole had to stop and pull back in order to burp again. The smell of Corona hit Jenna’s face front and center. She loved that intoxicating scent of cheap beer.

“Sorry,” Nicole murmured.

“I don’t mind.”

They continued kissing, wet and sloppy drunk kissing. To Jenna, it was the best kind of kissing – the kind that went wild without any inhibition.

When they stopped, Nicole looked impressed. She said, “Shit. That was way better than Mark.”

Jenna blushed.

Nicole smiled. “Let’s kiss again.”

VII.

Nicole awoke slowly, groaning at the early morning light that was peeking through the blinds. She was resting on a pillow and cuddled with a blanket, neither of which she remembered getting. A part of her still felt a little high. She was drooling on the floor still in her prom dress. She imagined herself at home though, ready to go downstairs for breakfast, when it all hit her like a ton of bricks.

“FUCK!”

She sat up straight.

She was still in the main room of The Ice Cream Barn. Judging by the light outside it must have been 8 or 7 AM. That meant—

“Shit, shit, shit! Jenna?”

Jenna popped out from the break room. She was already dressed for work with her cap on and uniform. She had been sweeping the last remnants of the party from the floor.

“Morning!”

Nicole staggered as she got up. A wave of alcohol surged through her head, and she needed to lean against the counter. “What—shit—no—oh my God—how are we still here? My mom. She must--”

“All taken care of,” Jenna said. “I just said we overslept and had to go to work.”

Nicole was still processing everything, her eyes still squinting in the light. Everything hurt. Her belly kept making noise. She was bloated, but her stomach was ready to expel everything from last night.

“How much time do we have?”

“Thirty minutes.”

“Shit.”

Nicole nearly tore off her prom dress and changed in the bathroom. She hung her dress on the hangar behind the door and sat on the toilet. Her stomach immediately gurgled. She feared she was going to be stuck there for a while, but once again it was all gas. Every single fart she ripped was a loud, grotesque expulsion of the smelliest kind. Every fart vibrated in the toilet seat. She groaned aloud and sighed. It was like exorcising a demon from her belly. She even had to lift up from the toilet a bit to get the bigger ones to come out.

At last it ended. Her stomach was fine and stopped gurgling.

Jenna meanwhile had been listening against the bathroom door. She touched herself lightly, but stopped short realizing the time. She was flustered, and thought about all the things they did together last night. Did Nicole remember? She was afraid to bring it up after she exited the bathroom. It didn't seem like she remembered. Nicole sat at the cash register and planted her face on the counter, exhausted.

Nicole looked up and said, “If I fall asleep just wake me up.”

“You got it.”

Nicole cradled her head in her arms.

She thought she was going to cry thinking about Mark, but she couldn't quite put into words what she was feeling. She thought she would be more upset about Mark, but no, this was something different. She longed for Jenna, and mourned the time she could have spent with her all throughout high school, and somehow was also hopeful. She tried to steal a glance at Jenna, who was busy cleaning the soft-serve machine.

Did Jenna remember?

Of course she did. She got fucked up all the time. Also, the dead silence between them gave it all away.

In the midst of their intoxicated fondling last night, Jenna had told her about her eproctophilia. She blurted it out loud. “Nicole, I love it when you fart! Like oh my God you fart like a man and I love it. It’s so fucking weird but I’m into that shit but I get it if you find it gross.”

Nicole burst into a fit of laughter. Attracted to farts? That was a new one. But she found joy in being with someone and not having to hold back. They continued making love right there on the floor of the ice cream parlor, massaging their bloated bellies and belching and farting into each other’s faces.

As far as Nicole was aware, she never had a fetish. Her sexual tastes were as plain and “vanilla” as the ice cream she served. But there was a certain excitement in seeing a girl like Jenna get so turned on by something she did. Nicole never experienced that sort of adoration before; she wanted more.

Jenna sniffed and tried to fight back tears as she scrubbed the soft serve machine. She had exposed herself to someone who probably didn’t want to do that sort of thing with her ever again. She fought hard to keep it together, knowing that they were opening very soon.

She jumped when Nicole appeared at her side. She gave a flirtatious, sexy look, a look that Jenna never thought Nicole could pull off.

Nicole bent her head below the spigot of the soft-serve machine, opened her mouth wide, and pulled the lever. She swallowed the long stream of vanilla that poured through.

“N-Nicole!” Jenna exclaimed, blushing.