Tasha swallowed hard. God, she loved this time of year.

Turkey, mashed potatoes, roasted vegetable medley, cranberry sauce, more bread than she could imagine, and so much more… and she got to have as much as she wanted. Ok, so she didn’t actually like turkey that much, but the rest was top-tier stuff. She only wished that she could have enjoyed it all with Kat this year…

She was awoken from her lesbian lamenting when a bowl knocked against her glass of wine, nearly toppling it. She put a hand on her glass and glared at the offender, her shitty little brother. “Stephen, what the hell!?”

The scrawny brat shrugged as he scooped some potato salad onto his plate. “My bad. Just wanted to make sure I got some before you inhaled it all.”

“I am *NOT* going to ‘inhale it’!” Tasha hissed. “When have I ever ‘inhaled’ anything!?”

“Last week. The leftover pizza from when the guys spent the night. You owe me fifteen bucks for that, by the way.”

“You said I could have it! Also, I ate it at a reasonable pace!”

“I assumed you would eat like a regular person and not a bottomless pit. There were two pizzas left. Then you inhaled them.”

“I-!”

The loud clearing of a throat silenced both Tasha and Stephen. Their father, a thing but intimidating-looking man with sharp features, was smiling across the table at them. “Kids, we let you live here rent-free and give you as much space as you need. The least you could do is be polite to each other on Thanksgiving.”

Stephen rolled his eyes, but even he wouldn’t argue against that. “Yeah, sure. Here, sis. This should still be enough to be an appetizer for you.”

Stephen handed her the nearly-full bowl. Tasha’s brow twitched, but she managed to fix a smile on her face. “*THANKS.*” She forced out through gritted teeth.

She helped herself to a *reasonable* amount of potato salad, then put the bowl back. Then she helped herself to a reasonable amount of turkey, and a reasonable amount of stuffing, and a reasonable amount of veggie medley and cranberry sauce and mashed potatoes and gravy. And just a little bit of glazed ham too, since it was there.

Tasha licked her lips as she admired her heaping plate. She had always enjoyed food, but she’d found herself getting hungrier and hungrier as she’d habitually stuffed herself with and for Kat. Her metabolism was still more than enough to keep her body from going soft, but she had definitely been getting hungry more often… not that she was particularly worried about that today.

The starving woman scooped up a generous lump of potatoes and shoved them into her mouth. Then another. And another.

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Tasha groaned mournfully, flat on her back on her bed. She should have stopped after her third plate. Hell, she should have stopped after her *first* plate. And all the pie she ate? She felt more sick than full by the end of it all.

Actually… it wasn’t actually that much, now that she was away from her family. She looked down at her belly, which rose a few good inches above her normally flat waistline even though she was lying down. Sure, it was still an absurd amount of food. But she’d definitely been bigger than this before, felt fuller than this, eaten *more* than this. And maybe she would have again today, but…

Without Kat, she just didn’t get the same sense of pleasure out of the whole stuffing thing. It still felt nice, but it wasn’t… *BOOM*, right? She sighed, patting her overfull belly. Her eyelids felt a little heavy. Maybe she’d just… close her eyes for a second…

Just as soon as she’d closed them, the intense sound of vibration near her head made Tasha’s eyes whip open. She scrounged around for her phone, which she’d left nearby. Finding it, she blearily looked at the screen. Her eyes widened. Without hesitation, she answered and put the phone to her ear. “Hey, Kat. What’s up?”

“Just waking you up, that’s all. I’m guessing you ate a *lot* if you ended up in a food coma, huh?”

“What are you talking about? I didn’t…” Tasha glanced around her room. It wasn’t midday anymore, which was when her family had Thanksgiving dinner (for whatever stupid reason). It was closer to evening than midday now though. Huh. “I… uh, how did you know?”

“I know ‘cause you sound like you just woke up. Also, I’ve been messaging you for a while now.”

Tasha tapped on her phone a few times. Yup, there were a good few messages here. Double huh. “I thought that it was weird that you were calling me. What were you messaging about?”

“I was inviting you over, dummy.” Kat’s voice was full of laughter.

“Don’t you have your massive family get-together thing today?”

“I do. I went, and now I’m home. Besides, I’m closer to you than I am to any of my ‘family’ except my mom and pop anyways, and they’re in Cancun right now. So it makes way more sense that I spend time with you today.”

Tasha felt her face start to redden. “R-Right. Yeah, I can come over.”

“Oh, but if you’re doing stuff with your family tonight, I don’t wanna interrupt that,” Kat mentioned. “We could get together tomorrow too.”

Tasha snorted. “As if. Stephen went over to his friends after dinner, and mom ate almost as much as I did, so she’s probably still sleeping it off with dad. It’d be weird if I even saw any of them before tomorrow.”

“Hmm? So I guess we know where your knack for eating comes from, huh?”

“Ugh… maybe?” Tasha groaned. She did *not* want to think about her mom and her stomach like that- especially not with what Tasha had been doing after her large meals lately. “I’ll be over as soon as I can. See you soon.”

“Heh. Love ya!” \**Click*\*.

Tasha dropped her phone and sighed. She heaved herself up onto her feet, then inspected herself in her mirror. Her stomach had shrunk notably, proving for a third time that she had closed her eyes for more than just a second. It was still rounded, but her lower belly was sticking out more than her upper belly now. She looked closer to being fat than pregnant.

The brunette sighed again as she pulled a warm sweater on over her bloated stomach. She would’ve loved to have let Kat see her full Thanksgiving belly… well, maybe next year. She grabbed her purse, wrote a note for her parents on the fridge, and left.

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Kat was already opening the door before Tasha even had a chance to knock. She had a wide smile on her face as she said, “Hey, Tash.”

Tasha blushed a bit. “You, uh, you’re really excited to see me, huh?”

“A whole day with my money-grubbing family will do that,” Kat groaned, rolling her eyes. She stepped forward and wrapped her arms around Tasha’s waist, touching her forehead to Tasha’s. “I’m just glad I won’t have to do it again until next year.”

Tasha put her arms around Kat’s neck, gently kissing her. “Why do you go at all then?”

Kat sighed. “As a favor to mom. It’s a bunch of family bullshit that I don’t really wanna get into right now.” She closed her eyes for a second, then shook her head. “But hey, you’re here now! And I think I feel what you were up to all day~”

Tasha’s belly was, indeed, pressed solidly into Kat’s- oh. Oh wow. “I- I think I feel the same thing.”

Kat grinned and pulled away from Tasha. She stepped a few feet back and posed, her hands behind her head, giving Tasha a full view. She was still wearing a nice flannel shirt and chinos from her family thing, but there was an obvious food baby making a bump under her shirt. Tasha still had a good bump on her, but Kat’s easily outdid hers. Tasha admired it for a moment, then got closer (shutting the door behind her) and gave Kat’s belly a few good pats. “I guess your family did *one* good thing for you today, huh?”

“You got that right,” Kat chuckled. She did a few more poses, emphasizing how tightly her pants were hugging her wonder waistline. Tasha laughed and clapped. Kat eventually stopped. “It’s just a shame that you couldn’t have seen it earlier,” She lamented, pulling her flannel up to show how it was muffining over the top of her tightly-buttoned pants. “I couldn’t even button it then, and it was *sooo* noisy.”

“I *know*, right?” Tasha agreed. “I was so full earlier, and I still kinda am, but…”

Both women were quiet for a moment. Then, seemingly at the same time, both of their faces lit up.

“Thanksgiving part two?” Tasha whispered, eyes gleaming.

“Thanksgiving part two!” Kat proclaimed. She licked her lips. “Any preferences?”

“Fast, tasty, and filling,” Tasha said, “But is there even gonna be anyplace open this late on Thanksgiving?”

Kat snorted. “Are you joking? It’s the number one day of gluttony! Any place that *isn’t* open is either a wholesome mom-and-pop place or straight-up stupid.”

“Fair enough. You order pizza and I’ll order Italian?”

Kat wrinkled her nose. “Not that place on third, right? Their noodles taste *wrong*.”

“No, Giorno’s over on Q street.”

“Oh yeah, no, totally do it then. Order a ton and we’ll split the cost later. Ooh, and make sure to get the pesto and shrimp ravioli! I feel like I could eat a bucket of that alone!”

Tasha grinned. “I’ll see if they have bucket portions, but I think you’ll have to settle for a pail.”

“Bucket, pail- so long as it holds a ton and can be poured into my mouth, it totally works!” Kat grabbed her phone from her coffee table and started furiously tapping away.

Heart beating fast, Tasha put in her own artery-clogging order. Her body was going to hate her for this tomorrow, but that was a tomorrow problem. And tonight was *much* more important than some stupid tomorrow problem~.

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“... Did… Did we overdo it…?”

Kat gulped hard, wiping a strand of drool away from her lips. “You better be joking right now, Tash. If you think there’s gonna be even a crumb left by tomorrow, then you don’t me well at all. Or yourself, for that matter.”

Tasha blinked. The coffee table was coated with food. Two large pizzas, as well as an assortment of take-out bags, left very little room for the two two-liters of soda and the two bottles of wine Kat had gotten out of the kitchen. “All that I know is that I feel full just looking at all this. I think we let the wrong brains order all this food.”

“Aww, c’mon Tash,” Kat crooned, grabbing Tasha’s arm. She guided Tasha’s hand down to her stomach, pushing it against the still-solid surface of her skin. “Don’t you wanna see how huge I’m gonna get after eating half of this?”

“Hnnngh…”

“And…” Kat brought her own hand to Tasha’s stomach, lightly tracing around her belly button with a finger. “Don’t you wanna know what I’m gonna do to you once you’re just as big as I am~?”

“*HHHNNNNNGGGH…*”

Kat sidled up close to Tasha, nuzzling her neck. “Besides… we can always stop if it’s too much. The extras can be for breakfast.”

Tasha bit her lip. She… she had a point… multiple points, actually… oh God, was she even gonna be able to move after eating so much…? Would she and Kat even be able to…

“...You better not vomit, even if I stuff you like a turkey.”

Kat nibbled on Tasha’s collarbone. “Gobble, Gobble~.”

Tasha shivered happily, then nervously sat down on the couch. She gulped. Where would she even start…?

Kat had no such indecision. Once it was clear that Tasha would be eating, Kat had sat down as well and pulled an extra-large tub out of a bag. Tasha had been joking about the whole pail thing, but for whatever reason, Giorno’s had actually had an option for a tub. So she’d gotten it. And Kat was very, *very* excited as she ripped off the lid and started shoveling whole raviolis into her mouth.

Well, she couldn’t let Kat outdo her too much, right? Tasha still wasn’t able to keep up with Kat when it came to food, but she still wanted to at least give Kat a bit of eye candy. She opened up the top box of pizza and took a slice. Sausage, peppers, and basil. Tasha’s favorite toppings. It seemed like Kat had planned for Tasha to have the pizza anyways. Clever little shit.

Tasha took a moment to savor the first bite of her pizza, then started gobbling the rest down as quickly as she could. The delicious greasy goodness momentarily reignited her appetite, letting her devour a third of the pizza without stopping. But there was no tricking her body. Her belly might have been mostly empty of her turkey-day feast, but it hadn’t left her body yet. It was all still in there, just… deeper. And so this new feast was already making Tasha feel stuffed.

Still, a little bit of fullness wasn’t enough to stop Tasha. It wasn’t *nearly* enough. So she kept chomping up slice after slice of pizza. She found her free hand gravitating towards her stomach, rubbing the round gut excitedly. For all her reservations, she really couldn’t wait to see (and feel) how big and tight she was going to get after all this…

With single-minded determination, Tasha polished off the entire pizza before taking a second to rest. She panted softly, leaning back on the couch. Her stomach felt unnaturally heavy underneath her sweater. Her fingers felt the smallest layer of pudge (the results of so much pie; it wouldn’t last, but it was nice to feel), but beneath that, it was already a hard layer of packed food. She pressed down hard. The ball of food shifted, gurgling. She covered her mouth as she belched softly. She giggled. That had cleared up a bit of room, so… what would she have next?

Feeling thirsty, Tasha decided that she could use a sip or two of wine. She looked over to grab a bottle and caught sight of Kat as she did. Jesus Christ, this woman! She was already almost done with the whole tub! Sure, Tasha had just eaten a large pizza, but that tub had to weigh at *least* three pounds! Tasha wasn’t sure how much pizza weighed, but it couldn’t be *nearly* as much as that, right?

And she wasn’t even slowing down. The monstrous brunette was still glutting herself, pesto all around her mouth. Her flannel was struggling to hide her whole belly by this point. Her pants seemed to be straining ominously as well. Tasha could clearly see a distinct overhang at the bottom of the flannel, showing just how far out her packed gut was hanging out over the top of her pants. But if the pressure bothered Kat, she wasn’t showing it. She just kept eating.

*Fuck*, Tasha loved this woman.

Moving carefully to not disturb her partner’s groove, Tasha grabbed the wine and helped herself to a sip. And by a sip, she meant a third of the bottle. Hey, it was great wine. Kat had a knack for finding tasty alcohol, and this was no exception. And Tasha was certainly no lightweight, so… down the hatch!

Tasha pulled the neck of the wine away from her lips with a *pop*! She sighed contentedly, her stomach gurgling from the recent influx of liquid. She set the wine down on the table, close enough to Kat that the rabid woman could see and grab it should she find herself needing a drink as well.

Next, Tasha decided to help herself to a generous container of vegetable capellini. She picked up a plastic fork and started slurping up the noodles, making sure to get plenty of the savory veggies in with them. Despite the noodles being so thin, they certainly weren’t keeping her waistline thin. She could almost feel her belly stretching as she sucked down mouthfuls of the light pasta. She winced as the first signs of tension started creeping up. Not yet, belly, c’mon… you can keep going…!

Tasha gulped down the last of the noodles and dropped her fork. She puffed up her cheeks, then let out a hefty \**BUUUOOOOORRRP*\*. Ugh… she was eating too fast… but it tasted *so good*… and if she slowed down, then her body might start to realize what she was doing and protest more adamantly… c’mon, Tasha, just one more bag… one more bag and you’ll have a belly worth showing off to Kat…!

The bloated woman grabbed the wine and up-ended it in her mouth. She guzzled down the remainder of the sweet liquid, which… wasn’t as much as she thought it would be. Kat had apparently had a few heavy swigs. Still, it was enough to make Tasha feel a bit sloshy, which was perfect. She steeled her nerves, then returned to the second box of pizza.

It was more of the same type of pizza, which worked just fine for Tasha. She crammed the grease-dripping slices into her mouth, barely chewing before swallowing the mess of cheese and dough down. She would pause between each slice to burp before continuing, the burps getting louder and louder with each slice. Her insides were *not* happy with her. All that grease and alcohol was making a lot of gas in there, bloating her up even more.

Tasha was starting to feel like she was going to explode by the halfway point, but she soldiered on. Her stomach was making it hard to lean forward, and each time she did, the extra pressure would force an extra belch out. She felt absurdly full, from the bottom of her belly to the top. But she could do it. It was so very tight and felt so good yet so bad, but she could… just a bit more…!

She picked up one last hunk of sausage from the box and popped it into her mouth, groaning as she wiped her hands off on a napkin. Her sweater was uncomfortably tight on her stomach now, and it was starting to ride up her gut anyways, so she just pulled it off. She was glad she’d had the foresight to put on the nice lace bra she’d taken to leaving at Kat’s place while waiting for the food to arrive.

She patted her stomach, admiring how packed tight it was. She considered going for another bag, but… if she ate anymore, she was going to enter ‘if I move, I pop’ territory soon, and that meant no fooling around. Well… technically, that wasn’t true, but if Kat did the same, *then* it would be game over. And with how Kat had been eating…

Tasha looked over. Sure enough, Kat was still chowing down. She’d trashed the rest of her precious ravioli tub and had even demolished two whole other styrofoam take-out containers of meals. Now she was working through a box of mushroom carbonara, albeit at a much slower pace than before.

Not that Tasha could blame her. She looked *massive*. Her flannel had risen up enough st this point that Tasha could clearly see the overhang of belly over the lip of her pants, and it looked *painful*. Honestly, it was a miracle that those pants hadn’t-

\**PING!*\*

After an extra-large swallow from Kat, the button of her chinos *FINALLY* gave way and flew into oblivion, getting lost somewhere over the mountain of delivery bags. The glutted woman moaned in bliss as her lower stomach ballooned outward, reaching out as far as her upper belly had been. She slapped her gut happily, took a few hefty swigs of cherry soda, then returned to her furtive feasting.

Tasha couldn’t take her eyes off Kat’s stomach. She was truly outdoing herself this time. Kat had always been great at eating, but… the only time she had ever gotten this big was after that whole beach-buffet affair, and that had been in part due to Kat eating her feelings away. Now she was just eating to be horny, yet was managing to outdo herself. Tasha gulped, now hungry for something entirely different. Or maybe ‘thirsty’ was a better word for it?

She stood up, wobbling slightly as her oversized stomach threw off her balance (the solid amount of wine didn’t exactly help either). The extra tightness from standing up sent a small wave of tension and warmth throughout Tasha’s body as well, eliciting a soft gasp. She bit her lip, then refocused. Her tum was great but at its limit for fun times. So she would just make a different tum even better~.

Stepping around the table, Tasha opened up another container. Ooh, it was the appetizers. Mozzarella sticks, bruschetta, and some lightly-sauced meatballs… perfect. She picked up a mozzarella stick and nibbled on it while waiting for the right moment. God, it tasted good. She was tempted to stuff her face with all of them instead, but…

Kat saved Tasha from herself by finally finishing up the last of her carbonara. Her gut rumbled loudly, but she didn’t burp. Instead, she took another few gulps of soda before sighing contentedly. She looked around at the other bags before noticing Tasha standing up. She raised an eyebrow questioningly. “What, you’re not \**urp*\* done already, are you?”

Tasha raised an eyebrow of her own. She gestured to her bare belly. “I ate enough to look like this and you’re saying ‘already?|

Kat gestured at her own belly, which had easily had a few inches of diameter on Tasha’s. “Until you’re a pinata like I am, yeah, I’m sayin’ ‘already’.”

Tasha grinned. “Really? You don’t look like a pinata to me. You look like you’ve still got plenty of room.”

“Well yeah, of course I-” her eyes caught on the open bag of appetizers and the mozzarella stick Tasha was holding. The gears in her head didn’t have to turn very much to figure out what Tasha was implying. She smirked flirtatiously. “Couldn’t stomach any more, so now I’ve gotta eat the rest, huh? I see how it is.”

Tasha waved the warm mozzarella stick in front of Kat’s nose, letting the rich smell envelop her nostrils. “Or maybe I’d just like to make sure you follow through on your promise. You said that there wouldn’t be a crumb left by midnight, right? I wonder how close you’ll get without using me to get rid of the extras…”

Kat gulped hard. She glanced around at the many food bags still untouched before her. “... You know that I’m supposed to be the clever one who tricks and overstuffs *you*, right?”

“So you keep telling me,” Tasha purred. She put her free hand on Kat’s stomach, feeling how hard it was. She ran her hand down the smooth gut, making Kat visibly shiver. “But if you have to keep telling me that, then doesn’t that mean that maybe I like to have my own fun sometimes? And if all you’re doing is reminding me and not stopping me, doesn’t that mean you like it when I have my fun?”

A bead of sweat ran down Kat’s brow. “You… you *might* be right. But it might take a few more times to really convince me.”

“Hey, that works for me,” Tasha said, bringing the fried cheese stick to Kat’s mouth. The hungry woman opened wide, letting Tasha push it inside. “I’m more than happy to play with my favorite kitty Kat~.”

Tasha fed Kat the mozzarella sticks one by one, rubbing her overtaxed gut as she did. After that came the bruschetta, which took both hands to stop the topping from falling off. But she could resume her rubbing with the meatballs since those only took a fork.

Kat ate slowly but determinedly, opening up her mouth for more after every treat. Her stomach gurgled dangerously, physically rumbling underneath Tasha’s fingertips. It was strange that she wasn’t burping at all, unlike Tasha who was still letting out the occasional unladylike belch. But she didn’t think about it too hard. All she cared about was making sure Kat’s pretty mouth was constantly occupied with more food.

After the appetizers, Kat chugged the last liter of soda in her bottle while Tasha readied the next order. Tasha watched as her belly almost visibly stretched outward from the flood of soda, then as Kat’s face screwed up. But she didn’t burp. She held it down for some reason, panting heavily. What was that about? Ah- again, Tasha, it doesn't matter! Just get the fettuccine ready!

It was difficult to feed the slick noodles to Kat without making a mess. Before she knew it, the pesto around Kat’s mouth was mixing with creamy alfredo sauce. But Tasha managed to make sure every last noodle made it into Kat’s hungry mouth, so she considered the endeavor a huge success.

While Tasha fed her, Kat’s now unoccupied hands busied themselves with rubbing her grumbling belly. As Tasha fed her more and more, her hands seemed to start to move faster and faster. More sweat started to pop up on Kat’s face and neck and she closed her eyes, her brow scrunching up. She was nearing her limit- and not just her usual one. Tasha had *never* seen Kat get so big before. She was definitely breaking some personal records right now, but she couldn’t possibly stomach much more. She was going to explode!

Tasha slid the last forkful of fettuccine into Kat’s mouth, which gladly accepted them. She seemed to just swallow them whole, then groaned mournfully as she clutched her belly. “*Oooooh FUCK, I’m so f-* \**hic*\* *full*…”

“No kidding…” Tasha said incredulously. She ran her own fingers over Kat’s distended gut. She hadn’t noticed while feeling her, but the mammoth orb nearly reached Kat’s knees now. And thanks to her Thanksgiving ‘dinner’ earlier in the day, it was a total orb all around, with both her upper and lower belly taut and heavy. Her stomach was rumbling and roaring constantly, vibrating menacingly under Tasha’s hand. She swallowed. “Holy fuck, you’re so… *fuck*…

Kat’s face twisted as her cheeks puffed out, but she swallowed hard and groaned again. She looked a bit green. Tasha pursed her lips. “Are you alright? I joked about you vomiting before, but I don’t think I’ve ever actually seen you get sick from food before.”

“I-I’m fine- \*HIC\*” Kat hiccuped, her whole belly lurching. She shook her head. “J-Just give me a- \*UURP\* sec…”

Kat scrunched up her eyes, pressing her lips together hard. Times seemed to stop for a moment as a bulge seemed to rise up her throat, and then-

\****UUUUUOOOOOOOOOOOOOUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRROOORRRRPPP!***\*

Tasha took a step back, her ears ringing from the deafening belch. Kat laughed, her stomach still rumbling from the sudden release of gas. “WOW, that was intense! Almost thought I was gonna lose a bit more than gas there for a moment. Man, I feel GREAT right- \*UUUORP\* now!”

Tasha just stared at her boisterous girlfriend. “...Kat… what the fuck?”

Kat reclined on the couch, slapping her gut (which seemed to have lost an inch or two). “I found out a cool trick the other day. If I don’t burp while stuffing myself then burp when I’m at my max, I’ll still be packed to the gills while getting rid of the gas leaves me just enough room left to move! Smart, right?”

“Smart?” Tasha asked, grimacing. “It’s gross, that’s what it is. Besides, isn’t the point of me feeding you like this for you to be too full to even think straight?”

“Nope,” Kat state, grinning.

She grabbed Tasha’s hand and yanked her forward. Tasha stumbled and ended up nearly collapsing onto Kat. As it was, their two rock-solid guts collided hard, putting unbearable pressure on her belly. Tasha gasped and let out a short moan as warmth flooded her lower regions.

From the look on the glutted woman underneath Tasha, she was feeling the exact same pleasure and pressure. Kat then said, “I’ve decided to follow my suggestion of leaving the rest for breakfast. I’d rather be able to at least kinda move for the rest of the night.”

Tasha panted hard. She leaned further down, putting even more pressure on her own stomach. She was inches away from Kat’s face now. “*Yeah?*” She whispered, “*What did you have in mind that you need to move for*?”

Tasha couldn’t see Kat’s lips anymore, but she could see her eyes sparkle. There was another hard tug on her wrist, and suddenly she was laying on the couch. She was stunned for a moment, then a heavy weight pressed down on her. She yelped as sparks shot through her overburdened belly. The pressure grew as Kat’s face hovered over hers, a mask of pleasure leaving her all but drooling.

“*FUCK*, *I- m-might have bit off more than I c-can chew! I can barely move without p-popping-!*” Kat gasped. Her knee was on the couch between Tasha’s legs, her belly pressing hard against the bottom of Tasha’s. Tasha was suddenly very grateful that Kat was a good few inches taller than her.

Kat just sat there for a moment, panting hard as her stomach grumbled loudly. She really must have overestimated herself if she was freezing up right at the good part like this. Though… actually, this was the perfect chance for Tasha, who was emboldened by both wine and her own berserk desires...

Tasha reached up and started undoing Kat’s flannel. She got it open, then used one hand to rub the apex of Kat’s swollen gut while the other began playing with the peak of Kat’s bare chest (Kat had opted to remove her bra instead of replacing it earlier). The dominant woman moaned as her back arched, putting even more pressure on both of them as her belly pressed harder against Tasha’s.

Leaving her belly, Tasha reached up and pulled Kat’s head down. She had to crane her own neck to properly reach since their stomachs were so heavily in the way, but she managed to reach the place of her desire. Her tongue sought Kat’s as her hand massaged her perky chest.

On either side of Tasha’s shoulders, Kat’s arms trembled as she returned Tasha’s passionate kisses. Her knees scooted further up the couch until it began pressing into Tasha’s nether regions, eliciting a sharp moan from the eager woman. She reciprocated by gently caressing the underside of Kat’s breast before pressing her palm hard into Kat’s gut.

Kat broke from Tasha’s mouth, gasping and grunting. With her mouth unoccupied, Tasha moved to Kat’s neck, kissing it gently even as she mercilessly kneaded her poor, stuffed belly. The taller woman was left nigh catatonic, her mouth agape in a wordless moan.

Tasha lowered herself for a moment, panting and hot. “*We should move somewhere with more room for our ‘cargo’. And you better not pop on the way.*”

Kat silently nodded, softly moaning under every breath. Tasha grinned. Looks like Tasha had finally managed to come out on top again… well, metaphorically speaking. Though with Kat like this, she planned to be physically top for most of the upcoming evening as well~.

*GOD*, she loved this time of year SO much.