

“You know? I don’t think I could ever stop loving you.” Vi smiled happily as she looked at Caitlyn across the dining hall.

“Oh yeah? Even if I do this?” Caitlyn gave a cheeky grin as she hiked up her leg.

Ppffbbbt

In a surprising display of unladylike flatulence, Caitlyn loosed a trumpeting fart from her meaty backside.

“Yeesh, even if you do that.” Vi stifled a bit of laughter as she took a bite of a chicken leg.

It had been a year, maybe two, since the war for Piltover’s freedom; an unknown peace had fallen upon the land, and Vi had found herself with a surprising lack of things to do. She and Caitlyn had been staying in her family home, living the life of luxury that she’d never known, and it was showing. Vi hadn’t just put on weight in the preceding months; she’d gotten fat. A literal blubber ball that could burst from her clothes if she breathed wrong.

Poured into a white workshirt, her flabby stomach seeped over her pants like an ooze. A pillowy gathering of flesh that was large enough to be a bother. It brushed against the table when she leaned in for another bite, and snapped her belt when she exhaled, something that had already happened. Her current feast was double the size of last month’s, and she planned to finish it all, guzzling down ale between sloppy bites. Splashes of amber soaking her top as she wipes greasy fingers along her pants. Pants that barely fit, as her lower body has absorbed the brunt of her gluttonous weight gain.

Her thick thighs strained the leather of her pants, pulling apart the threads that bound them together. Plush tubes of flesh large enough that it took two hands to fit around them. Complete with hips that flared and sagged and an ass that flowed over her chair, she was the model glutton, a perfect fit for the nobility.

Hoouuwrpp

Vi paused her drink to let out a wet and rolling belch, an airy expulsion that slipped over her lips and perfumed the air around her.

“Good to see I’m rubbing off on you.” Caitlyn called out from the other side of the table, congratulating Vi’s belch. “Mel used to say it was a compliment to the chef.”

Caitlyn went back to her food, messily taking bites of her chicken, wiping grease and butter over her nice clothes. Both of the girls had picked up some unsavory habits from each other in their little cultural exchange. Caitlyn just so happened to pick up Vi’s disregard for clothes, along with whatever pounds she happened to be missing.

Caitlyn was just as fat, just as blubbery as Vi, but her fat had accrued in different places. While Vi remained pretty sparse up top, Caitlyn had gained quite a bit of fat in her chest. So much that her overblown udders would often pop loose from her top. Something that she only noticed when Vi pointed it out. During their time together, her wardrobe was getting surprisingly scarce, like she lost a piece of clothing each week. Which is why she was sitting bare-gutted at the end of the table. Her overflowing mass brushed the underside of it as she ate.

It was a cute little pillow of pudge, something that folded and rolled when she breathed, complete with the grand folds that added to the softness. It hadn't quite reached her lap, but it was trying its best. The underhanging folds rolling up on themselves as she lazily itched her stomach. The smallest bit of blue hair could be seen trailing its way up to her navel. A thin strip, almost invisible to anyone that wasn't Vi, someone painstakingly familiar with her body.

As the two of them ate and her stomach started to fill, Vi realized how much she loved this freedom. There was no fight to be had, no struggle for survival or grand cause, just her and her lover, getting fatter and fatter. Maybe that's what life was about? Living with your pig of a wife...

Fffpppbbtttt

Your gassy pig of a wife, and just seeing where things took you. Vi smiled to herself before the whiff of fermented air hit her nostrils, causing them to curl.

"Good lord, did something die in there?" Vi sputtered and coughed as she waved the rancid gas out of her face.

"I don't know? Want to have a look?" Caitlyn winked, clicking her tongue as she snapped open her belt.

"Let's finish eating, get the cannons loaded." Vi smiled as she took another bite.

"Get ready for a mouthful." Caitlyn's shout was both taunting and alluring.

Fbbppppppptttt

A gale of rancid, fetid gas blew from her voluminous backside, the flapping folds undulating as the gas funneled into Vi's mouth. Her cheeks puffed as she felt the hot air fill her mouth before she obediently swallowed. The gas flowed freely until Caitlyn removed her ass from Vi's face, letting her crinkled hairs scrape across her face.

Wrrooopp

“God i love that gas.” Vi smiled as she let out a belch that tasted and smelled like wet garbage.

Vi had lost track of how long it had been; days blurred together, but their bodies remained distinct. Tracking the days by how often they burst through their clothes was probably more accurate than a calendar. At least it was more memorable.

“Yeah? Well, stop being so greedy; it’s my turn for a prize.” Caitlyn puffed with a fake pout as Vi wrested herself from the bed, taking a second to admire her body.

In those many months, Vi had blossomed into quite the peach, complete with fuzz. She’d almost completely abandoned her hygiene, letting hair grow and gather around her blubbery body. Her apron of a stomach hung over her lap and almost to her knees, a draping swatch of flesh. Folds upon folds of soft blubber rested atop each other, divided by the grease stains and crisp body hair. Unwashed filth crept its way down her leg and mingled with the crimson bushels.

“Look who’s being greedy. We just swapped a minute ago.” Vi smiled as she held her arm high.

The rank odor of her pits filtered through the room as she grabbed Caitlyn by her blue locks, scrunching the greasy mess and shoving it into her bloated folds. Caitlyn took a deep whiff of that sweat-slicked patch, drinking in the sheer depravity of it. She dug her face deeper, nestling the bloated folds of Vi’s pits, digging so furiously that her eyepatch slipped off. The deep wings of fat on Vi’s arm brushed her head, the pockets around her breast nestled her fat cheek; it was like being wrapped in a smelly blanket. The heat of her body was making her sweat, making her so crazy that she started licking.

“Oi! Now that’s some greed, eating dessert before I’ve had dinner.” Vi chuckled as Caitlyn continued diving.

The two of them swapped places as Vi dug down deep between Caitlyn’s legs. Licking furiously at her greasy folds, grabbing hold of her meaty haunches. The underside of Caitlyn’s stomach brushed against Vi’s head as she furiously licked her unwashed unmentionables.

“Fish again? This is the second time today.” Caitlyn complained as she chomped happily on the breaded strips.

“At least they’re fried this time. Can’t get any more of the good stuff now; Zaunites won’t come within twenty feet of this place.” Vi snickered as she took a healthy bite of her food.

While time blurred together, they had at least counted three years since they started getting fat. You could count it by the pant size, as both of them had completely outgrown their clothes. Stripped down to nothing but their custom-made panties, tarps of fabric large enough to cover their sloshing asses.

Both sat near-nude at the dining table, noisily chomping away at a pond's worth of fried fish. The breaded nuggets spilled oil atop their crusty busts, collective busts, that sat on their shelf of a stomach like great blobs. Bulbous and collapsed under their own weight, their tita seeped over their stomachs like dough. Tits as tall as your head and as wide as a saucer, rising and falling with their labored breaths. Their vast stretch of cleavage splayed out into a diverging V as their blubbery breasts flowed over their stomachs.

They were closer to cows or whales than they were women; their billowing guts flowed down their fronts in waterfalls of flab. Each roll was larger than your hand; each fold was deep enough to snap your finger in. Bloated and overflowing bergs of fluff that curled over their knees and jutted out like balloons. The highest shelf of their mountainous guts were wide enough to hold plates and cups. The once pristine flesh had been dyed with streams of orange and faded yellow, the remnants of many greasy feasts. Tufts of hair poked from their yawning navels, bundles twisted like trees and knotted from poor hygiene. A pathway of fur that led from their navels and merged with their matted pubes below. Spindles of fur crept out from the skirts of their fat flanks, little speckles of growing underbrush.

Their bloating stomachs roiled as they shoveled greasy breading down their throats. Their double chins flopping and jiggling as they chewed ravenously.

Hooiuurrrpp

Pffftttt

Bblblbb!

Brrttt.

While Vi guzzled her beer and devoured her food at a lightning pace, Caitlyn was starting to slow. Her rapid eating was turning into slow and ponderous bites as she muscled through the dish. She tried to fight through the disturbance in her stomach, the uneasy rumbling that permeated her form, but it was getting too palpable. Her stomach was churning like a mixer as the farts from her backside turned wet. The smell went from her normal acrid waste, to something more pungent and feculent. She could feel it, feel something weightier pushing its way out.

Ffffttttt

Spplllssffftt

Ffrrrsslpphhlllssss

There was a wet and hot mass creeping through her cheeks as her sputtering gas gained bulk. Thick snakes of coiling scat pushed through her backside, painting her hairy crack a heavy brown. It seemed never-ending as the hot load pushed its way past her voluminous ass, parting the vast canyons as it deposited in her panties. The dulled gray fabric was turning a mushy brown as the unloading mass weighed against it. Lumps and coils of mushed filth piled out, stretching her fabric to the breaking point. The load sagged over the back of her chair, spilling out from the cracks in her underwear as Caitlyn stood there whimpering.

"It just keeps coming." Caitlyn was near sobbing, crying between bites of fish as she kept glutting herself on the upsetting dish.

Vi only perked up when she heard Caitlyn's whimpers, the smell wasn't enough to stir her from her meal, it was something she was used to. The sound of a whimpering Caitlyn outside of the bedroom, now that was enough to catch some attention. Vi peered past the rim of the table, watching the filth pour down onto the floor behind her. Vi wanted to say something to comfort her, but she was having trouble getting over how hot the whole situation was.

"Think you're hot shit? Well, take this shit." Vi smiled, reassuring Caitlyn as she tensed her stomach.

Fppppppbbbtttt

Fwwwssssppppllltttt

Sppbbblblblbl

Much like Caitlyn, Vi was unloading her insides as she ate, letting loose a thick and winding coil of scat that punched through the back of her panties.

"Are...you? Shitting in solidarity?" Caitlyn was pulled from her roiling bowels by the absurdity of it all.

"You betchya." Vi chuckled as she greedily shoved a handful of fish into her mouth.

Hhwoooooorrrllp

Frrllppppppptttt

Caitlyn and Vi had become absolute whales since their solidarity shit; their filth and slovenly behavior knew no bounds. The grounds of the Kirramen estate had become a wasteland of filth and grime. Grease and food refuse caked the floors; the carpet had been burned away from countless trips back and forth from the dining hall. The fact that either of them could still stand was a miracle.

Caitlyn was stewing in a pool of her own fat, her flabby body having blown into a blob, her gut seeping over her hips when she sat, her thighs were completely covered. Her whole body had the oozing consistency of a puddle of pudding, and she reveled in it. Sloppily devouring loose slop and crumbs from her expansive cleavage.

Sitting gut to gut with her was Vi, in very much the same state. Vi was wider than Caitlyn by a good margin, her bounding fat flowing into Caitlyn's gut and merging with it. Their folds interlocked like zipperteeth as they enjoyed each other's company. They reveled in the filth, in the smells, reveled in the twisting body hairs. There was nowhere they'd rather be than at each other's side. Both of them weighed near a ton together, and that's how they would stay.

"Booourrrrllp Babe, I love you." Vi gave the most lovestricken grin as she let out the hottest belch she'd ever given.