Written / commissioned by Naomi aka Naomeister

Crumbs everywhere: Strewn about the table, resting on the couch, and nestled in a young woman’s cleavage. A box sat on the ground, completely emptied of its contents. Plastic wrappers were stacked neatly in a pile at the foot of the couch, ready for the trash. The scene looked like something out of a horror movie for cookies. Amidst it all sat a young, dark-haired woman with a satisfied look on her face. Her hand rested contentedly on her small but distended paunch, poking out just a smidge from underneath her shirt. Her diet was completely thrown out the window. It was too much work to restrain herself and the allure of food was just too enticing.

And there it was; my first encounter with a changed woman. My best friend had always been a carefree kind of woman, willing to do things that many other people would be too scared to do. There were even a few points in her life where she’d let herself go just for the sake of being able to enjoy herself. But this? This threw me off guard. I couldn’t help myself. I just stared.

The weeks that followed were like a whirlwind in my mind. The meals just kept growing. At first, it was just an extra side dish with her meal here and there, or an extra snack in the afternoon. It wasn’t a big concern, I thought, even as it resulted in me ending up with a heaping pile of food to eat every time I came over. It was just a phase, I’d tell myself, but yet it didn’t stop. If anything, it got ‘worse’. Those extra side dishes turned into extra meals after the first month. A second helping of roast beef here, another plate of spaghetti there; I never saw anyone pack food away so efficiently and voraciously.

The effect on her figure was like night and day. She used to be small, even petite. An average waist, E-cup breasts, a flat butt. She was even couple of inches shorter than me, a mere 5’3”. Yet every month, she looked bigger somehow. Rather than making her fat, all that food just made her bigger. Taller, bustier, bigger butted, just fuller all around; and deep down, I loved watching every minute of it.

“No way, Ash. There is no way.” Reddish-brown hair swished back and forth as I shook my head. “This is way more than just a meal with seconds.”

“Oh really?” Almost double my height, Ashley looked down at me from her seat next to me. It was still hard to get used to looking so far up at someone who was shorter than me just a year ago, “You don’t think I can do it?”

“Have you SEEN the turkey, Ash? That thing is bigger than I am.” My eyes looked suspiciously toward the oversized roast turkey rising high above the table, “I don’t even know where they possibly got such a thing. Not to mention all the rest of this stuff.”

My arms spread wide over the scene before us. Plate after plate of the best Thanksgiving food the restaurant had to offer was being placed onto the table. Mashed potatoes, steamed carrots, Yorkshire puddings, stuffing, cooked hams, broccoli with cheese sauce, pickles, heaping tubs of gravy; it was a feast fit for an entire royal family, let alone a queen. Her family and I sat around the table, looking upon the scene before them with delight. After the smaller turkey we were meant to eat at her place mysteriously ‘disappeared’ somewhere the previous night, this was the next best thing.

For her part, Ashley was looking particularly radiant today. Her olive-tanned skin was smooth and supple, not looking even the slightest bit stretched in spite of her rapid ascent. Her cute face was eager, her hair pulled back into a ponytail so it wouldn’t get in the way of her eating. Clothing had become such a pain to find for her figure that she had become used to just cobbling together what she could, leaving her in a white tank top strapped to a tight, blue skirt that barely did much of a job of holding her enormous self inside of it. Breasts twice as big as her head nearly spilled from her top, unrestrained by any bra, while her rotund rear bulged partially out of the top of her skirt as she sat.

She leaned in intimidatingly, her plunging cleavage inches from my face, “Even after all this time, you have no idea what I can do.” She gently prods my forehead with her giant finger, “Just watch me, Naomi.” She sat back up, arching her back to give a stretch, “You and me, right now, eating contest.”

I cocked my brow. After all of the excessively large meals she had been shoveling my way over the past year, even I had been surprised by how much I could eat, but an eating contest? The thought intrigued me, but there was just one issue.

“Alright, you’re on...but you’re kind of bigger than me, so we’re going with how much we can eat compared to our body size. Deal?”

“Geez, technicalities.” She chuckled and rolled her eyes, “Deal.”

Luckily for her, Ashley’s family didn’t hear a word of what we said, too busy chatting amongst themselves. The stage was set for the battle of the century, and none of them had any idea it was about to happen. She wasted no time in digging in, slicing off a huge hunk of turkey. With expert movements, she took platter after platter and piled a mix of everything she could get her hands on onto her plate, before slathering on a heaping pool of gravy. She flashed me a smile as I was still busy trying to fill my plate. It was going to be interesting.

She didn’t even waste a second in digging into the food. A slice of turkey as big as her hand, completely covered in gravy, went into her mouth like it was nothing. She didn’t even bother to chew before it pushed down her throat, to be washed down with a huge fork full of mashed potato. It was amazing watching her eat. Shoveling mouth full after mouth full into her mouth, lips glistening with the grease, it was like she had turned eating into an art form. I sat in awe of her. It was amazing how far she had come.

Suddenly, she paused, breaking me out of my reverie. She glanced to her right, over at her family sitting around the table. None of them were looking our way, so she looked back at her fork, then to me, “Screw it.” She tossed the fork back onto the table, grabbed the rest of her mashed potatoes into her hand, and thrust it in her mouth.

It was then I realized she was absolutely serious, “Oh, it’s on.”

We both tore into our food, cutlery thrust aside. I, too, thrust sizeable slabs of turkey into my mouth, though being unused to such things, I still had to chew my way to victory. Piles of broccoli poured from the plate into my open mouth, quickly being chewed so I could get them down. Globs of potato slid into my awaiting gullet, swallowed time after time. Yet no matter how much I ate, I just could not keep up with the behemoth beside me.

When she had the broccoli, she grabbed the entire container off the table along with the tub of cheese sauce, brought both to her lips, and simply up-ended them. An avalanche of green and orange gushed into her, pouring between her lips, dripping around the sides of her mouth. She moaned softly from the feeling of it going down, taking it all in like as if it was nothing to her. I could see her throat working to swallow it all down, but she didn’t even so much as chew a single bite.

I could barely believe what I was seeing. What had she been doing over the past year that she was able to do something like that? She ripped off both of the legs from the turkey, leaving me to scramble to peel off the other drumstick in order to get any for myself. She tore into hers while I still tried to clear the chunks I carved off, tearing apart oodles of delicious white meat off and stuffing our mouths full of it. We ate diligently, but she always swallowed first without needing to chew, taking it like a champ. Grease dripped from her lips and little bits of turkey fell onto her chest. It was like watching a medieval barbarian ripping it to pieces, but she finished it even faster. Her teeth shredded the drumstick like it was nothing, so fast I almost expected her to bite right through the bone as well, but she merely tossed it aside after picking every last bit of meat clean.

I felt my own stomach getting full already, pushing out against my jeans and leaving me breathing heavily. I placed a hand against it, feeling its fullness, but Ashley’s was already bigger. It was spilling into her lap, spreading over thighs each as thick as both of my legs combined. Her shirt was being strained by turkey juices, her skin visible through it. Her family had started to realize what was going on and more than a few shocked expressions were looking her way.

She didn’t even slow down. I just managed to grab a pile of potato and carrots before she grabbed both bowls, dumped them in together with one of the containers of gravy, and started scooping the combined mess into her mouth with both hands. Her mouth opened wider than I even thought humanly possible, her neck visibly bulging to take it all down. I couldn’t even come close to that, try as I might, but I wasn’t quite ready to give up yet. Even though I wasn’t keeping up with her, I found myself eating more than I thought I could, my belly pushing out against my shirt enough that it was riding up.

Her stomach rumbled audibly, helping to drown out her mother trying to tell her to leave some for everyone else. All eyes were on her, if only because she was so big that none of them could see me trying to keep up with her. Her shirt was already too small to begin with, but was rapidly becoming completely useless in covering her belly, exposing virtually the whole thing as it neared her knees. She even started grabbing plates off of her family beside her before they could have a bite. From the look on her face, she was enjoying it far too much, but far be it for me to stop her.

I just couldn’t keep up. She was cleaning off the whole table, leaving piles of empty plates and platters laying about, and I was running out of things to eat. I was struggling, sweat beading down my forehead as I gulped down a pile of stuffing, chugging my glass of water to push it all down, but she hadn’t even broken a sweat. I still had half my turkey left since I was stuck scrambling to grab things before she could finish them off.

I could feel myself giving up, sitting back in my seat and flopping my hands down on a belly that made me look positively pregnant. With a sigh, I was about to tell her I was done when my eyes opened wide. She was reaching out and grabbing the entire rest of the bird. It was the only food left on the table and she was taking it all. She took a moment to pour the last of the gravy over it before she picked it up. I could even see her straining a bit to pick it all up. It had been filled as far it could be with stuffing and cranberry, packing it tightly and making it a solid mass of food, and yet here she was casually lifting it up in front of her mouth. She gave me a side glance and a wink before pressing her lips up against it.

What I saw next, I didn’t even think was possible. Her lips spread over the rest of the turkey, stretching beyond what is humanly feasible. It was like her jaw came unhinged, but it didn’t. She simply opened wide and the turkey slid inside, inch by inch. She took it slow, savouring the feeling of it and enjoying the taste. She slurped up bits of gravy, her hands becoming coated in the creamy brown. Globs dripped down, soiling her shirt even more, her throat bulging as she forced the oversized beast down. She didn’t bite down, she didn’t chew, she simply pushed against it with her finger and the entire thing disappeared down her throat.

Watching her neck bulge as it passed down was like watching a snake trying to swallow a deer. It must have been impossible for her to breathe like that and yet she barely even looked like it was taking any effort. Her throat muscles worked it down gulp after gulp, pushing it into a stomach already packed heavily with food. I let out an astonished breath as her belly pushed out with a sudden surge, the fabric of her shirt and skirt both creaking loudly from the strain. A split appeared as her middle weight down on her skirt between her legs, and then another rip arose in her shirt, material pushed beyond limits that were already being tested before she started. Everyone was gobsmacked, staring with open mouths, pointing it her and whispering. It took my breath away.

“Wow...” It takes a few seconds for me to gather my thoughts enough to say anything. “Okay...you win. You really win.”

She was an utter behemoth. Grease and gravy trickled down her body without a care in the world. Clothing looked like it could explode right off of her if she were to so much as get up. Her belly pushed out just beyond her knees, filling out a lap that was itself rather oversized. She looked like she had swallowed a person or two, but yet carried it like it was nothing to her. And here I was, barely looking like I was pregnant, though that alone was impressive for someone so uninitiated. It was a complete and utter defeat, one that was only compounded when she leaned in over me and plucked the uneaten turkey off of my plate.

“Something tells me you aren’t going to finish this.” She smirked, giving me a gentle nudge, before pushing the last two scraps of food from the table into her mouth.

After what she just did, it was hardly even impressive anymore watching a nearly head-sized chunk of turkey and an oversized drumstick sliding into her mouth at the same time. I didn’t look anymore, simply too astonished at what just happened, trying to catch my breath. I heard her mouth working, her soft and contented moans the only things breaking the stark silence of so much shocked family.

That is, until her distant cousin piped up with his light accent from the head of the table, pointing toward the rotund woman forcing turkey down her throat with a wide grin on his face, “You see, son? Now THIS is what Thanksgiving is all about. Not that hogwash granny told you about Indians.”

I couldn’t have said it better myself.

It took the restaurant staff another ten minutes to make enough food for the rest of the family, and even then, portions were only a tiny fraction of what Ashley and I had eaten. I would have felt worse about it if not for her sitting beside me. I could overhear them blabbering on about how Ashley was like a vacuum now, eating like there was no tomorrow.

“Screw her job. She needs to get into eating contests. She could make millions!”

“Yeah, no shit. She’s like the Usain Bolt of eating...”

“What if she’s not the only one that can do this, though?”

“Then we start a new craze and rake in the dough once she’s famous. Win-win.”

The thought of it left me bemused, though I had barely been listening. While everyone else ate their small plates of hastily prepared turkey, the two of us were entirely focused on her belly. Our hands ran over its soft surface, exploring its smooth and enticing girth. Fingers poked into it to see how full it was, sinking in enough to show that she could have kept on going for a while longer if she wanted to. We didn’t even notice the time rushing by, we were so lost in her newfound abilities.

She just chuckled as she struggled to pull herself out from behind the table without breaking it. I had to help hold her clothes to keep her from tearing right out of them, both of us forced to waddle our ways out of the restaurant. A duck through the door and into the open air, and we both giggled to each other, lazily winding our way back to the car. She smiled the whole way, at every remark about how big she got, whispering in return of how she could teach me to be as well. I knew the coming year would be just as interesting as the last.