

## Pear In The Dead Mall: Dinner Date

Happening onto that random obscure t-shirt store might have been the best thing to have happened to me in a while.

Just a few hours ago I was having a moody walk through a dead mall, and now I was getting ready to go on a date with an attractive, slightly older sales clerk who was a bit of a bookworm with one hell of a monster truck ass.

I wondered if I could get her to squeeze into a booth with me so that I could be up against that giant booty as much as I could. Chances were that she wouldn't fit at all though, and it would definitely make things awkward in that case.

Better to play it safe and get a table so her mega wide backend could have as much room and as many chairs as it needed to fully and comfortably spread out.

15 minutes is all it took to make the drive from the dead mall where Julia's Tees was located to Legendary Fred's, and my date's extra conspicuous physique made her a large, easy figure to spot as she waddled through the parking lot.

"Hi there~" Hailey was all smiles as she sidled up next to me, putting butterflies in my stomach when her humongous rump bumped into my side as she happily offered her hand for me to hold.

I discreetly tapped the handicapped automation button for the double doors leading into the place while Hailey entered first, observing prior on our approach that some careful navigation that she'd likely not undertake would be needed to squeeze her monstrously wide ass through just one door opened manually by yours truly.

As we got checked in and sat down for a brief wait to be seated, I noticed that Hailey had gotten herself dolled up just a tad between our fast befriending of each other while she was on the job as a clerk and right now as my happy, earnest date accompanying me in the barbecue restaurant.

Realistically, there wasn't much she could do (or that I noticed at least) during the short drive other than touch up her foundation and hastily apply a little liner and shadow to her eyes, but I appreciated the gesture as perhaps proof that she cared about how our time here together was going to go. That being said, the small bit of work she did do to her rotund features did serve to make the lack thereof to her lips stand out in my perverse mind.

Not even gloss to make them shine a bit...her purposefully bare lips were those of a fully realized glutton who knew better than to pretty them up when they were going to get steeped in meat, grease, sauce, and every other sloppy barbecue thing else that would simply wipe away any cutesy work she'd put onto them prior.

"Hehe, are you getting all nervous on me now, Trina?" Hailey wryly nudged me with her arm in unknowing response to my extended, thoughtful silence, and an apologetic curl graced my lips.

"Sorry. Been a bit since I've been out and about with a pretty girl." I supplied honestly, and she grinned appreciatively towards my sentiment.

"Then that puts us in the same boat. Relax." Hailey urged kindly, moving in closer to me as she continued to try and ease my nerves, "We're eating barbecue, and I'm still dressed in my plain ol every day work clothes. Don't think you've got to be sophisticated or suave for me, okay? That's not what I'm about. Just be my pal, eat some good food with me, and we'll go from there."

I chuckled softly at how casual and relaxed she remained about our date, "You sound like you've done this a lot more than I have."

“Nope.” Hailey shook her head, her soft, bouncy black curls cutely fluttering about her face as she did so, “Just old enough to know what I want during my night out with a cute little someone~”

That was just what had me so giddy about the whole thing though; Hailey was that special kind of laid-back, casual cutie with the bench filling booty of my dreams. I yearned to make this work out so I could see her adorable freckled face poked nose-deep into her latest book again, her simple, somewhat geeky appearance lending her the same cozy, unassuming sense of welcoming familiarity that her chatty, self-assured personality had endeared me to.

“So I guess I’m maybe seeming nervous all of a sudden because I’ve realized that I kind of like you quite a bit, Hailey.” I awkwardly let my thoughts just spill out directly to whom they concerned in response to my gorgeous date calling me a “cute, little someone”.

She giggled softly to that, a visible blush on her plump face, “Then like I said already: that puts us in the same boat~”

Hailey’s hand fondly squeezed over mine as she got up, leading me along behind her to follow the waitress that I hadn’t noticed had appeared to guide us to a table.

Of course, even when Hailey was leading me by my hand, there was no way that I could resist the temptation of letting my gaze wander downward when I was behind my date with that super-sized real estate of hers rocking around so close to my legs.

It was still amazing to me that she was totally unaware of how truly heavy she was down below. Her ginormous, bloated thighs had a noticeable effect on her gait, keeping her waitress-following pace slowed to an easygoing waddle since the thunderous thickness of her blubber-encased legs forced her feet to stand apart a noticeably broad distance from each other.

Add to that the sheer volume of swinging, sloshing booty that dragged behind her like a pillowy pair of overstuffed camping packs, and it was downright baffling that Hailey hadn’t picked up on how cumbersome and wide she’d actually become.

Instead, my kindhearted and oblivious date just let her gelatinous truckloads naturally swing her center of balance far left and far right, either unaware or unable to prevent how much her behemoth, dominating butt meandered her forward momentum while she was moving.

She was perfectly content to just instead lazily go with the flow of her incredible hips, letting the massive wrecking balls of excess baggage drag and wag her entire physique enough to make onlookers cower in awe as they only barely avoided getting their chairs and tables slammed by her surging mountains of jiggly bun dough.

It took control of her, forcing her footsteps to be sluggish and small as her ridiculous rump’s side-to-side momentum distractingly shuddered and shook like the biggest, heaping bowls of pudding I’d ever laid eyes on.

Even viewing her from the front once we’d arrived at our table, I could observe Hailey’s humongous ass bouncing up and undulating softly behind her chubby waist because of how extraordinarily her perpetually jiggling hips swelled outwards from the rest of her. She had by far, the fattest, most magnificent ass I’d ever had the blessing to watch in live motion.

“Is it possible to just have you bring me out a pitcher of lemonade like you do with water? Don’t worry, it’ll get drank for sure.” Hailey’s casually greedy request pulled me out of my hypnotized hungering over her ten ton booty to put me under anew at how shamelessly hedonistic she was already gearing up to be with her dinner.

“Umm, sure Ma’am!” The young waitress attempted a smile to mask her bewilderment as my date thoughtlessly plopped down her daunting doughball buttocks to spread out and spill over onto part of one chair on each side of her, fully engulfing the third where they joined at her pudgy torso in the middle directly across the table from me, “You do know that we’ve got free refills on non-alcoholic drinks...right?” She informed Hailey, to which she brightly smiled.

“That’s why I asked for lemonade instead of hard cider! I’ll be placing a few appetizers once you get back to me with that, alright hun?”

The bewildered waitress nodded slowly in compliance, briefly glancing to me who offered no solace as my expression cheerfully mirrored Hailey’s.

“How often do you swing by here?” I inquired innocently to break the ensuing silence in her absence, all of which my date was too eager to fill like her bottomless belly soon would be.

“Y’know? I don’t do sit-downs all too often unless I’m hanging out with Julia.” The older sister admitted, “That diner I was telling you about with the cinnamon rolls I love? Probably the only exception when I’m looking for breakfast before work. Otherwise, I’m kinda just too lazy to go out by myself. I’d rather just hit up a few fast food places and haul home a nice spread to eat curled up with a book on the couch. I definitely don’t have the energy to cook for myself after work, so I’d be wasting away if I couldn’t get my daily cheap trash burgers!”

*“Sounded like a fair trade-off to me; shovel in the fatty fast food to stave off wasting away, and accidentally achieve the opposite by letting her hips blimp up like a parade float instead.”* I thought sinfully towards her remark of how totally reliant she claimed to be on take-out.

“I’m pretty aware of how much of a creature of habit and comfort I’ve gotten to be now that I’m in my thirties, but hey! You learn to value what gets you relaxed and unwound after spending the better half of your twenties wrapped up in teaching stuff with no downtime!” Hailey told me with a weary sigh of reminiscence.

“Yeah, but it’s good to learn early what speed you run best at, honestly.” I chuckled, her unabashedly homebody inclinations endearingly breaking apart the ice that had temporarily frozen up my nerves.

“Is it? I feel like you know me so well already!” Hailey snorted, instantly grabbing the pitcher of lemonade that the returning waitress set down to guzzle it with unrestrained glee.

“O—oh.” The visibly mortified young woman watched as the significant majority of the tangy, sugary drink disappeared down my date’s ravenous throat before meekly turning to me, “...Did you want lemonade too, Miss?”

“Nah, I’ll take a tall of whatever the house special today is on tap.” I answered, gleefully acting as though what was unfolding in front of us was something I’d seen her do many a time before this.

“I—mmp...urrrp, scuse me, before you go, let’s get those appetizers on deck too if you don’t mind.” Hailey removed her face from her mostly downed lemonade pitcher to hastily interject, to which the waitress tenuously produced a notepad and pen in fearful preparation.

“I’d like to start us off with the BBQ pulled pork nachos, the deep fried onion strings with honey aioli, and a chef salad with extra buttermilk ranch, please.” Hailey requested, and I watched as the waitress nervously glanced between the two of us.

“S—sure...and are the bills separate or together?”

“Together, of course!” I merrily supplied immediately, and Hailey beamed brightly too as she thrust the now empty lemonade pitcher at our awestruck server.

“You’ll be wanting to refill this too when you get the time.”

“R...right...I’ll put those in for you two...” The youthful server briskly trotted away without another word, downed pitcher in hand.

“I hope you know that I think of barbecue as a social kinda food, Trina! That’s why I’m so glad that we’re gonna be getting to know each other better over a big fat plate of ribs and meats!” My date grinned heartily as she reclined into a comfortable position with her arms stretched across her side’s triad of chairs, “I figured maybe a couple appetizers would be better for us both so I’m not hogging it all to myself.”

“Good plan. I’m glad you’re thinking ahead on this kind of stuff.” I simply answered, immensely curious to see just how much she’d let herself go if I encouraged her to eat to her heart and belly’s fullest content.

“I’m here to treat you, so order anything and everything that you feel like eating, okay? We’re here to enjoy ourselves.” I assured her, and her smile’s size was only rivaled by the width of her mammoth, nearly 3-chair ass.

“Oh, I can tell you’re a spoiler, aren’t you Trina?” Hailey responded, eagerly grateful for my indulging attitude towards her extreme appetite, “But really, don’t be afraid to dig in too! I’d like to eat something that I think we’d both enjoy together!”

“I got you, no worries. Everything you got sounded good!” I returned brightly, continuing, “But go ahead and handle all the ordering for us both to share. I assume you ordered the salad for just you though?”

“Aww, I’ll give up a bite if ya want some!~” Hailey magnanimously offered, to which I politely declined, “I just think it’s a good idea to get some greens in you too on at least a daily basis. Helps keep the figure trim.”

I smothered a snicker of delight at my date’s concluding comment, Hailey’s complete cluelessness to both her physique and its unknown correlation to her inhuman appetite serving as an endless source of amusement to me.

Our first round of food, as it really should be called instead of appetizers, arrived with pleasantly surprising haste.

“Oh, goody!” Hailey cheered, her triplet of chairs creaking in fear as she scooted forward towards the table to grab the nearest pork-loaded tortilla chip from atop the pile of our nachos.

“Oh! Hold up, hun! I haven’t even given you our entrée orders yet!” Hailey’s chairs dangerously groaned again as she leaned her monumental booty weight over to one side to hastily grab the sleeve of the discreetly retreating waitress.

I stifled a snort at the mortified expression that dawned on the young woman’s face upon realizing that what she’d brought over legitimately were just my ravenous date’s appetizers. She turned around to face us with nothing further to say, simply waiting in silence for Hailey to proceed with pen and pad at the ready.

“We’ll have the Massive American Pit Meal please, plus a—“

“M—ma’am?” The waitress meekly interrupted.

“Yeah hun?” Hailey’s roly-poly face grinned brightly at her in an oblivious attempt to ease what she perceived perhaps as something like the young woman’s first day on the job anxiety,

“The, uh, Massive American is for 3-4 people...?” She glanced uncertainly to the two of us present.

Wow, by no means was this girl getting a good tip, I thought to myself.

Wasn't it considered unprofessional to outright *question* someone's order?

Besides, there were 3 to 4 chairs being occupied between the two of us at this table. With that much woman to feed, the Massive American seemed to me to be an aptly named, aptly sized order, I thought while stifling another gleeful snicker behind my forearm.

“Is it? For *real*?” Hailey, of course, took the remark directly at face value with a notable dash of disappointment to top it all off, “Man...Fred's portions just aren't what they used to be, huh?”

She looked to me for reaffirmation, to which I was all too happy to simply shake my head in disappointed solidarity, much to the jaw-dropping dismay of our impudent little server.

“Anyways,” My mega doughy assed date proceeded to shrug it off without a second thought, “Get us that, plus I'll be ordering a loaded baked potato for myself and the Classic Double Fredburger too.” She licked her lips in ravenously anticipatory glee, “Love this place's burgers. Does that meal still come with the cup of cheesy chili and steak fries as sides?”

“Yes it does...” The young waitress faintly murmured in resigned astonishment.

“Sweet.” Hailey's jolly grin continued to take no notice of our server's reactions, nothing but barbecue on her blubber-butted brain, “You get that stuff down, hun? And is my lemonade pitcher refilled?”

“...Here.” The waitress unceremoniously thrust the giant drink into my date's gleeful hands, not even saying anything as she excused herself.

Why was she even getting all out of whack about this, I wondered. Either way, she'd be lucky if I gave her a tip at all if she carried on like this. At least my huge, hungry new ladyfriend wasn't bothered by it.

I took my opportunity to have some of the nachos while they were all still mostly outside of Hailey's deceptively spacious belly, having not eaten much of anything since the early afternoon.

There was quite a bit to them: saucy pork, beans, cheese, sour cream, and jalapenos for that extra little kick made the nachos alone quite easily sufficient as a meal in and of themselves.

I found the onion straws to be more of my thing, their greasy, oily goodness cut perfectly by the cool, creamy sweet of the honey aioli.

I knew though for certain that both orders were very heavy starters, especially at the rate that Hailey single-mindedly consumed, thus I calmly paced myself so as to not fill up pre-emptively and leave Hailey wondering why I wasn't eagerly eating alongside her once our excessive entrée arrived.

“So...here I've been gabbing on and on about all of my business; how bout you let me into a lil bit of yours, Trina?” Hailey questioned me with a playful air, dangling an indulgently large, greasy haystack of honey creamed, deep fried onion strings over her face before they got ploughed into her cakehole.

“Aww, well...there's not too much to hear.”

“I'll hear it anyways~” Hailey sweetly prompted, sticking a heaping forkful of ranch-soaked salad into her chubby face.

“Heh, okay...” I murmured through a faint smile before going on.

“I work an 8 to 5 weekday shift in a nearby manufacturing plant's lab where I do lots of R&D-type stuff all day. Nothing special there, just concocting and creating like window cleaners and stuff like that. Household products.”

“Ooh? So you’re more of the science type, huh?” Hailey vocalized considerable intrigue nonetheless, our nachos disappearing into her at an alarming rate alongside her newly refilled pitcher of lemonade.

“Yeah, I guess.” I agreed faintly, “Though it’s kind of the route you have to take nowadays unless you’re already rich or willing to live out your days in a run-down apartment in the inner city slums.”

“Like where I taught back in the day!” My date revealed after happily wolfing down her latest mound of onion straws.

“Was it?” I curiously prompted her to elaborate.

“Yeah. Taught at the same high school that I went to; may have been why I decided teaching wasn’t for me.” She answered, thoughtfully chewing on another greedy faceful of salad.

“I feel like going back to teach at your own high school in the first place would have to be a deliberate choice though?” I noted, to which she nodded before inhaling the rest of our onion straws,

“For sure it was, but I didn’t realize how different things would feel from the other side, so to speak.”

“Hmm.” I murmured in relative understanding.

“Kids starting to try to be the adults they think everyone expects them to be have got a lot going on, and it’s a transition period that I didn’t seem to initially realize I just don’t have the energy to continually go back to and repeatedly, thanklessly deal with en masse, honestly. I don’t envy those who keep at it every day, but I will commend them for it. Heavily.” Hailey concluded her insightful mouthful with a complementing mouthful that comprised the last of her salad, glancing around afterwards with a hint of concern.

“You think our food’s on the way? I haven’t seen that waitress in a minute now…”

This girl truly was the quintessential bottomless pit, or rather she couldn’t actually see down far enough to observe what had been piling up massively down at the obscenely overstocked bottom of hers.

“I know our food’s running low, but don’t worry too much about it.” I told her, watching her worriedly scraping up the last of our barbecue nachos with the remaining chip crumbs, “I’d rather have them cook our stuff up right rather than having them rush everything out.”

“Fair point.” Hailey agreed readily, though I was shocked by how legitimately unsated she seemed after nearly single-handedly polishing off our hefty appetizers, “You cook at all, Trina?”

“I live by myself, so yeah pretty regularly.” I replied, and her gluttony driven features lit up brightly.

“Oh so do I, but I’m just *terrible* at cooking for myself. Mama gave all her culinary skills to Julia while I was too busy just eating it all up! Hence my crippling fast food habit now.” She gave me a delightfully blasé little smile to the sentiment, “Oh well. I’ve long-since accepted that I’m a consumer, not a producer. You think you’ve gotten any good at cooking yet?”

“Depends. What do you like?” I reflected playfully, and Hailey seemed ever more tickled pink for the implication.

“Comfort food. All day.” She answered with a dreamy, glowing look, clearly fantasizing about it already, “Pasta, burgers, stew, casserole…make me something that’ll stick to my ribs so much that I can’t even keep my eyes open to read afterwards. Put my ass to sleep!”

She shook with merry laughter, and I mirrored her, “Well damn, I don’t know if I can make good on that, but you’re welcome to come over and have me try!”

“Oh, I will, if that’s an open invitation I just heard~” Hailey’s plump countenance became alluringly pleasant, tantalizingly receptive to the suggestion.

“You’re welcome to if you can muster up the energy to drop by sometime after work.” I happily extended the offer again explicitly, “Just let me know beforehand so I can whip you up something proper and not keep you waiting.”

“What a proper lady you are!” Hailey sounded both thrilled and impressed, “Still on our first date, and here you are already offering to cook for me, take care of me, and just cozy me all up!”

My monstrously heavy, pear-bottomed date leaned in towards me, an intimate glimmer present in the warm, chocolate irises behind her softly reflective lenses, “I’ll have you know I’m all about being close and cuddly when someone gets me all sleepy and full~”

My pulse raced to life following her confiding in me.

Just then, a team of 3 waiters headed by our own young little waitress came our way as they carted out our opulent barbecue feast.

“This the table?” I heard one of the similarly young-aged male waiters ask his female co-worker, his subtly awestruck gaze directed towards the now visibly exuberant Hailey eagerly reaching towards them to help put down the numerous plates faster so she could stuff her face again.

“Uh huh.” The waitress answered flatly, sighing at the other male server’s distractedly dumbfounded gaze trailing along my date’s outrageously oversized behind spilling over onto the seats of the two chairs next to her, and creating visible bulges of pliable booty lard that melded through and around the bars of the middle chair’s backrest.

“Ah! I see you brought out another replacement pitcher for my lemonade!” Hailey remarked heartily as everything was laid out across the table between us, trading the old empty one for the freshly filled one.

“Uh huh. Enjoy.” The waitress remarked shortly, wasting no time in departing with her two distracted assistants in tow.

Dear Lord...with our dinner served, I finally got to take in just what exactly Hailey ordered for herself (and me as a small afterthought). A full, beefy rack of short ribs, an entire barbecued chicken, 3 plump smoked sausages stuffed into sauce-coated buns, an entire dinner bowl of both coleslaw and baked beans, 4 ears of corn on the cob, and 4 thick, dense cornbread muffins comprised the entirety of the Massive American Pit Meal. Add to that the additional loaded baked potato plus the big, juicy double 1/4 pound Fredburger with fries Hailey ordered, and I knew there was no chance in hell that any single human’s stomach could have the capacity to finish this monster-sized personal barbecue buffet.

No concept as trite as “too damn much” could deter my truck bottomed date’s appetite though, and I just quietly shook my head in a silent stupor as she dove right into it all.

“Here, you like these Trina?”

I came back to Earth when I saw a sauce-covered hand clutching a sausage in a bun held out towards me.

“If not, I’m gonna eat all 3 right now.” Hailey informed me, busily heaping mounds of coleslaw onto the other two.

“Y—yeah, I’ll take it. Thanks for thinking about me...” I slowly accepted it while Hailey’s chubby upper body moved with mechanical mission-conducting efficiency in ecstatically funneling as much meaty, barbecued goodness into her blubber bunned body in as little time as possible.

She was actually remarkably considerate in ensuring the meal was shared with me despite her otherwise totally hedonistic, unfettered gluttony. I decided to take it as a hallmark of how sweet and generous my adorably freckled, couch cushion bottomed date truly was.

“So what do you do for fun?” Hailey suddenly asked after an extended period of silently gorging on most of the chicken breasts,

“Like on the weekends?” I returned and she nodded affirmatively, tearing next into a sauce-slathered rib with a type of glee akin to that of a carnivorous predator.

“Eh, just stuff to relax and unwind typically. Not too different in theory from you, I guess.” I answered with a shrug, “Marathon whatever T.V. series I’ve fallen behind on, sleep in, go on lonely strolls through dead old malls and hit on the t-shirt shop’s sales clerk~” I added a devious grin to that last one, and Hailey giggled appreciatively with a plump chicken leg in her grasp,

“Oh yeah? How’s that last one working out for you?”

“Better than I ever could’ve imagined.” I answered with sincere satisfaction, and my date seemed very mutually pleased in return as she wolfed down her extra thick barbecue burger.

Really, I was over the moon with how things were going between us so far. I’d been on a small handful of dates with mainly other women in the past, and I couldn’t recall any of them being as legitimately happy and engaged in a casual sort of back and forth with me that Hailey had been from the moment we’d hit it off.

Her giant, hypnotic hips aside, I seriously was seeing the two of us having a really nice, cozy, and friendly kind of romance together if she was legit down for it.

I’d take it patiently, however, because we’d only met today, and I understood that getting better acquainted was a vital first step. Couldn’t move too fast and get either of our nerves up too badly.

Based off of what I’d seen of her, Hailey was a relaxed, slow-goer who needed to be gently eased in and out of most new things, otherwise she’d shy away before long. I wondered how she’d feel about me once my company had soothed out the sense of loneliness that solitarily tending to the tee store had fostered in her.

“Thinking hard over there. I can tell!” Hailey lightheartedly called out to me with a thick steak fry pinched between her chubby fingers, dropping it down the hatch to meet the same fate as the rest of its starchy brethren.

“Thinking about *you*~” I answered with playful truthfulness, and her cheeks colored as she glanced away,

“Hehe...most of my dates usually end up sprinting for the hills when they see a girl eat like I do, y’know.”

“Weaklings.” I waved it off instantly, “They haven’t seen how sexy a girl chowing down on a big plate of chicken, burgers, and ribs really can be.”

“Ooh, *hey now...!*” Hailey’s cheeks were flushed a vibrantly delighted red as she giggled at me from behind a napkin, “I dunno if *sexy’s* the right word for what I do at the dinner table, but A-plus for attitude, Trina~”

“Nah, it is though.” I pondered the premise a little further.

“Like you said when we got here, it’s not gonna be sophisticated or suave when barbecue’s involved, but if we can relax like this and just have a good time enjoying each other and the food, then maybe we’re just the kind of company we’re both looking for.”

Hailey paused for once in eating upon hearing that, and I knew that had gotten her gears turning on the topic finally.



“Y’know...? You’ve got something there.” My date agreed with a measured, honest nod before taking a hefty bite out of an ear of corn.

“I’m gonna buy some racks of baby backs after this so I can fire up the grill tomorrow and bring you over to eat ribs all sexy again.” I joked, and the solemnity on Hailey’s face broke apart into amusement and mirth.

“Snnrk, you’re too much~” She giggled, shoveling a bunch of baked beans into her chubby cheeks.

We went on for a good long while further, hitting it off like a couple of old friends despite our brief time knowing each other. Miraculously, I got to witness the humongous bootied Hailey finally becoming sated too, slowing down once she’d eaten all 4 of our muffins.

“Oof...that cornbread sits heavy on the gut...” She murmured, leaning back wearily to take a break from the constant chowing down.

I remembered her giving a hearty laugh as she shamelessly undid her pants to “free up space” about 2 corn on the cobs, a chicken thigh, and half of a bowl of coleslaw ago. That deceptively spacious pudgy paunch that Hailey sported was now visibly close to capacity with how round and prominent her immense meal had made it sitting in her lard-swaddled lap.

As it would deflate and digest, I could only imagine the pool of calories currently churning around within it gradually draining away to slowly inflate and accumulate instead inside of the bountiful bank vault-like storage present throughout her titanic ass and thighs.

“Dessert though.” I smiled simply, and she placidly licked her lips.

“Dessert though~” Hailey mirrored with a little giggle, resting a hand over her incredibly stuffed gut.

I pushed a menu back over her way, and she leaned forward with a groan to desirously pore over her options.

“Mmm...banana pudding and bread pudding both sound awesome right about now...” She mumbled dreamily.

“Sounds like you’re getting both.” I innocently suggested, and she groaned again.

“Ooh, but I really did eat too much. For real.”

I scooted a chair over to her side of the table, listening to her hiss softly as my hands gently laid over her sensitive tummy.

“Ah, what’re you—ohhh...~” Hailey’s questions immediately ceased as I gently caressed its swollen girth, laying her head back quietly.

Caring for a woman with an overstuffed belly just so happened to be something that I’d quite a bit of experience handling thanks to my particular tastes, and I was glad to see that Hailey was right in line with that.

I listened to her shallow breaths of pleasure, gliding my digits along the firm surface until she suppressed quiet moans. Her soft, lovely curls fell across my face while I worked, the subtle sultry scent of whatever product she used to keep them so luscious mingling with the heavy smoke of the barbecue permeating the restaurant.

“Oooh, *Trina*...don’t make me make those noises here...! Hee hee~” Hailey mewled through a faint guilty smile, and I chuckled softly as I relented.

“My bad. Just thought you’d appreciate a little old remedy I like to always keep handy for soothing a sore, stuffed tummy.”

“Oh I definitely appreciate it~” My pleased date whispered, sighing gently as she resituated herself in her chairs, “In fact, I think I *will* get both puddings since it made me feel that much better!”

Success. I secretly applauded my work.

Nothing like a good, quick bellyrub to free up that little extra space for dessert.

I noticed that a different server came out to take Hailey’s order; had we been in Fred’s for *that* long?

I looked around and noticed that most of the people around us had left, and most of the people still wandering around were staff cleaning up.

“Damn...didn’t realize how late it was.” I remarked aloud to Hailey next to me after she’d put in her double dessert order.

“Julia always rags on me about how oblivious I am to the time.” Hailey commented in affirmation to my sentiment, doing a similar survey of our surroundings, “Y’know one time I left the store open so long that the mall security came in worried about why we were still open?”

“Because they were starting to close the mall for the night?” I suppressed a snort, and she smirked back.

“Uh huh. I’d gotten so into what I was reading that I forgot where I was! It really does get bad sometimes, so you’ve gotta look out for me, okay?”

“I’ll see if I can’t swing by after I’m off of work on the weekdays.” I half-promised, and my date practically inflated with glee.

“You know I won’t be doing much of anything else, so hit me up!~”

Her desserts arrived promptly, and it didn’t really take much in the way of coaxing to get both of their sweet, rich sugary bounties snugly contained in Hailey’s calorie-conquering belly.

“Oof...those were *so* worth it.” Hailey mumbled around the last decadent bite of custardy bread pudding, allowing herself to slump back uselessly into my arms.

She turned her head around to partially face me with a quietly shameful look, “I still feel like I was greedy tonight...”

“Don’t give it a second thought; food’s easy, Hailey.” I gave her a cordial smile as I slapped down my card to pay our hefty bill for the evening, “There’s nothing greedy about it if you’re full and happy; I’ll make sure you’re eating good like this every day if it makes you feel just as good.”

“Ooh, you *are* a spoiler, Trina!” Hailey grinned lazily as she allowed herself to fully lean her fluffy torso onto my own much more slender one, gladly taking her sweet time to indulgently digest and rest a bit while our bill got taken, “But if that’s you telling me that you’re down for bringing and making me food sometimes, then I think you might just be a keeper too~”

“Easy way to the heart’s through the stomach, huh?” I chuckled, accepting the receipt alongside my card back, “Creature of habit loves her creature comforts.”

My super pear-shaped date amiably agreed to the sentiment before waving down the retreating server that had brought back the bill, “Can I get a box for this stuff?”

She gestured to the leftovers of our impressive family worthy feast consisting of her uneaten cup of chili, an ear of corn, and half of the rack of short ribs before turning to me, “It’ll make for a nice late night snack so I don’t go to bed hungry.”

“Wouldn’t want that!” I smiled ingratiatingly, though behind that I was honestly astonished beyond belief that she was entertaining the mere thought of somehow eating again today.

Beyond just this enormous dinner that I had only contributed modest dents to (and consequently still felt stuffed for my meager efforts), Hailey had easily eaten four large meals’ worth of food prior to this gluttonously grand finale to her day. The concept of full to her must have just meant her stomach needed a break for a few hours before she got to tantalize her tastebuds anew.

She was constantly eating whenever she could. I was legit starting to wonder why she wasn’t bigger than her amazingly expansive ass already was.

“Oof...better get myself up before I fall asleep right here...” Hailey murmured, blinking a few times to rouse herself before laboriously rising to her feet.

“Will you be okay to drive?” I checked in with her uncertainly, getting up also and handing her the boxed up dinner’s worth of leftovers while she gently cradled her sustenance gravid tummy.

“Yeah, I’ll be good since it’s only a short drive.” Hailey huffed softly, clearly feeling much too stuffed for any measure of physical activity.

Nonetheless, as we made it out to the parking lot, she smiled softly at me, “You gonna gimme your number, Trina?”

“Oh, uh, yeah!” I hastily agreed upon realizing we hadn’t exchanged yet.

“Hehe, I guess we’re both a lil spacey, huh?” Hailey giggled as we gave out a quick text back to the other.

“There.” I smiled once the deed was done, “I’ll keep you occupied for a bit if books aren’t cutting it.”

Another giggle from my new ladyfriend, “Much appreciated. Then...”

My heart raced as her massive thighs slowly started flanking my legs, her soft chubby upper body suddenly laying into mine as her pleasantly padded arms came closer to wrap around me, “Will I be seeing you soon...?”

There was a palpable trace of yearning behind the question, so I answered her emphatically as I brought my arms around her as well.

“Consider our hangout today the first of many more to come.” I promised, and I felt her exuberance spilling over into me as she squeezed tighter.

Mmm...holding Hailey close felt right and good...real good.

All fun and games aside, I sincerely felt a sudden strong desire to make her happy.

“You know where to find me~” Hailey purred before finally letting go and proceeding her separate way away from me for the night.

I proceeded back to my car as well, dropping down in the driver’s seat with a pronounced sigh.

What a whirlwind of a day.

Guess I’d be taking a lot more strolls through that dead mall than just today on a Saturday afternoon. Hoped it at least hung around for a good while yet.

My drive home and the rest of my night would most certainly be filled with lingering, pleasant thoughts about that cute, special certain sales clerk I befriended at the tee store today.