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Gemma and Peter belong to the very talented [Halrion](#). This story accompanies the pic in the cover, but you can see the full version [here](#).

Contains: Weight Gain, Stuffing

The Dream Date

With one hand on the wall for support and the other cradling her overstuffed tum, Gemma staggered down the hallway to her childhood bedroom. As was tradition, Linda Patterson had plied her daughter with enough rum cake and cherry tarts to satisfy a whole choir of carolers. Gemma felt certain that the stitching on her stretchiest black leggings was one frosted gingerbread biscuit

away from popping free under her snug Christmas jumper, sending her taut tummy bounding forward in all its overpacked glory. The pudgy platinum princess crawled into bed, massaging her mounded middle with both hands. As she drifted off to sleep, her thoughts drifted to a certain young man, her co-conspirator in she and Holly's investigation of their greedy boss.

Far across town, said young man was just drifting off himself. Peter was slumped on the sofa rewatching George Bailey's antics with his dad for the thousandth time. As Clarence jumped into the river, Peter's eyes slowly closed. He was imagining a particularly portly Office Barbie.

Gemma sat in Peter's apartment, or perhaps a slightly nicer version of it. The light was all soft candles, and Gemma's mouth watered at the incredible smells coming from Peter's small kitchen. She wiggled in her seat and self-consciously touched the snug belt around her middle. She'd been dubious about adding the accessory to her outfit, but the shape wear under her red velvet dress wasn't quite up to the task of concealing her pesky autumn pounds. Luckily her breasts had absorbed some of those ounces, and she'd caught Peter glancing at her healthy cleavage more than once.

"I had no idea you could cook." She called.

"Oh, just a few things. I hope you like it." Peter replied.

"I'm sure I will, it smells amazing."

In short order Peter emerged from the kitchen bearing two plates. The one he set in front of his own chair held a modest portion, while the one he presented to Gemma was stacked high. Roast beef with just enough pink, dripping juices into a mound of mash and a pile of veg both glistening with an obscene amount of butter.

"Happy Christmas, Gemma." Peter smiled.

"Thank you!" Gemma's fork was already in her manicured fingers.

They didn't talk much as Gemma dug in like a woman starved, completely incongruous with her properly-pampered body. Peter ate his own food more slowly, warmly gratified by the sight of his date thoroughly enjoying his cooking. After Gemma popped the last bit of buttery carrot between her whitened teeth, she used one of Peter's cloth napkins to dab her lips with satisfaction, covering a tiny burp.

"That was *really* good, Peter."

Peter smiled. "Would you like some more?"

Gemma hesitated half a moment, then nodded. "Yes, please!"

The second plate fared no better than the first, nor did the third. The fourth wasn't piled quite as high, as Peter scooped the last of the feast from the roaster and presented it to the panting, wincing, platinum-blonde realtor.

Gemma was starting to slow as she worked her way through the last plate. Peter watched her with a warm smile, and when she started to flag he added, "I've a cheesecake in the icebox when you're done."

The echo of her mother's promises from her childhood sent endorphins rushing through Gemma's rotund body, and she picked up her pace, devouring the last plate of roast in short order. Leaning back in her chair, Gemma touched her fingers lightly to her bloated stomach. The snug belt was now like a girdle, crushing the pile of beef, mash, and veg gurgling away in her stomach.

He must think me a right pig. She thought.

Surprising them both, Peter slid his chair a few inches to the side, leaning very close to the overfed blonde.

"This doesn't look very comfy..." he whispered, hands drifting down to the tight black belt.

What is he doing!?

What am I doing??

Peter's nimble fingers tugged at the tail of Gemma's belt, popping the silver prong from its hole. When he released the ends of her belt, Gemma sighed, her pampered belly swelling out to its full size, and her breasts dropping a fraction to rest on her swollen middle. Peter touched the surface of Gemma's dress softly.

"Is that better?"

Gemma's cheeks were flushed pink, but she nodded, offering a small smile.

"Ready for dessert?"

"Yes, please."

The two small plates Peter fetched from the kitchen bore half of a tall layered cheesecake between them. Gemma found her second wind as the rich creamy pudding hit her tongue. Her red velvet dress seemed to grow tighter as Gemma scooped up bite after bite, her stomach stretching to hold ever more food.

When Gemma's fork hit the bare porcelain of her plate, Peter slid the second one in front of her. She eyed it dubiously for a second, then sliced another decadent bite between her lips. By the time she finished the second quarter of the cake, Gemma was breathing hard. She felt like a food balloon, packed tight and fit to burst. The Office Barbie let her plump bare arms drop to her sides, leaning back in her chair.

"Would you like some more?" Peter asked.

"I *-hic-* better not..."

"Are you sure?" He pressed.

Gemma lifted her arms slightly to feel the mass of food resting in her lap.

"I don't want to make a piglet of myself..." She whispered.

Peter leaned in and pressed his palm to Gemma's tummy, rubbing softly just above her navel.

"You're the most beautiful girl I know, Gemma. And you should have as much as you want."

Gemma flushed again. "Maybe just a small piece..."

Peter vanished into the kitchen again, returning with another quarter of cheesecake. Gemma opened her mouth to protest, but found it was already watering for more. Peter took his seat right next to her, and picked up Gemma's fork.

"Here."

He scooped up a bite of cake, and held it inches from Gemma's mouth.

Wait, really? She thought.

She met Peter's eyes, and opened her mouth.

For the next hour, Peter hand-fed Gemma. When the cake was gone, he rubbed her stomach again and fetched the last quarter. He kept offering her bite after bite, feeling Gemma's stomach swell larger and tighter with each mouthful. As her stomach grew, Gemma's breasts were pushed upward again, making her impressive cleavage all the more spectacular. When the cake was gone, Peter gave her a proper belly rub, urging the mass of food lower into her body. She made soft moans and tiny burps, apologizing each time.

"Don't apologize." Peter said. "I'm really glad you liked it."

Gemma met his eyes. "Pete..." She whispered.

Peter leaned in even closer, pecking a chaste kiss on Gemma's cheek. With both hands still on her taut tum, he whispered, "how about a little snack?"

"O—okay..." Gemma whimpered.

Peter returned with a platter stacked high with gingerbread biscuits. Gemma's eyes widened, and despite her stomach being more than well-satisfied, a low gurgling signaled its eagerness for more.

Peter smiled, resuming his place beside the beautiful blonde and pressing a hand to her full belly. Her greedy mouth was already open before he picked up the first biscuit.

Best Christmas ever... They both thought.

Back in their respective beds, Gemma and Peter smiled in their sleep.