

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*Girlfriend confessing that their "Love language" is food to their already obese lover.*

Contains: *Weight Gain*

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## Her Love Language

Alicia sat across the dining room table from her girlfriend, Mary. It was their third anniversary, and Alicia had a ring box in her pocket. Mary was scooping Fettuccini Alfredo into her mouth ravenously, as she'd been doing for a solid forty-five minutes.

Alicia thought back to when they'd met. Mary had been a fresh college grad—they both had—and just a chubby little thing just over one-seventy. Looking across the table now at her gorgeous quarter-ton lover, Alicia felt warm butterflies fluttering in her stomach.

She waited for Mary to finish eating, then spoke.

"Mary?"

"-hic- Mmm?"

"I love you."

"Hmm, I love you too, babe."

"You've made every day since I met you better just by being part of it."

"Aww, you're so sweet."

"I want to ask you something..."

Mary's eyes lit up, and she straightened in her chair, wood creaking and bowling-ball breasts wobbling, flesh jiggled everywhere.

"But first, I have to confess something."

Mary's eyes grew concerned, and she quirked an eyebrow at her girlfriend.

"I've been keeping a secret from you."

"W-what?"

"I mean, I haven't been completely honest."

"Are... did you cheat on me??"

Alicia's eyes went wide, and she held both palms out in denial.

"No, no! It's nothing like that. It's just..."

"Just what?"

"Well, it's something I've never told anyone."

"Aww, babe. You can tell me anything, you know that."

Alicia took a deep breath, calming her nerves.

"You're right, you're right. Okay. So, you know what 'love languages' are?"

"Of course, my mom is super into that stuff."

"Well, I think there's some truth in it, at least there is for me."

"Okay..."

"My love language..."

"Yeah?"

"My love language is food."

Mary let out a guffaw, arms and boobs and belly wobbling in a way that entranced Alicia for several moments.

"Food?"

"I knew you would laugh!" Alicia pouted.

"I'm sorry, babe, I'm sorry. How can your love language be food?"

"You know, like... cooking, and baking..."

“Well, you’re definitely *good* at those things...” Mary said, patting her bloated stomach with two chubby hands.

“It’s how I show my feelings for you, okay!? And I just thought I should warn you...”

“Uh... warn me?”

“Yeah... you know... if we stay together, you’re probably gonna keep having weight problems...”

Mary didn’t laugh this time. Alicia met her eyes again.

“Are you serious right now?”

“Y–yeah?”

“Do you really think I care about my weight? About all *this*?” Mary punctuated her words by hefting her massive gut in both hands, letting it slap back down into her lap with a thud.

“I don’t know...”

“Babe, I love you, and I love your cooking. And if you don’t mind the way I look, then I sure as shit don’t either.”

“Oh Mary...”

Alicia had tears of joy in her eyes now. She jumped up and crossed to kneel beside her partner. “I love you so much. And I love your body. Every inch and pound is a sign to me of our love...”

Mary leaned down and kissed Alicia like she meant it.

Alicia pulled the box from her pocket and opened it to her girlfriend.

“Will you marry me?”

“Of course I will, you weirdo.”