

RED FLAGS



A STORY BY
AREKU

COVER AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY
BETTER WITH SALT

RED FLAGS

A story by
Areku

<https://www.pixiv.net/en/users/717322>
<https://www.deviantart.com/arekualeku>

Cover and illustrations by
Better with Salt
<https://www.patreon.com/bws>

Special thanks to
Just-SomeDude
Sullied Grace
Ultraguest
Undertaker33

I always felt like a person's life could be defined by nothing more than chance. In a single instant, a stroke of fate can send someone down an irreversible path, their previous self fated to disappear forever - Even when the effects aren't obvious at first.

The first time I saw her was on the train to work. She was hard to miss - Tall and fit, flowing red hair, brilliant green eyes behind square-rimmed glasses. An outfit intended to be formal, made less so by the curves it struggled to contain. Maybe her clothes had shrunk in the wash, maybe she'd picked the wrong ones when leaving in a hurry, the results were the same. If her imposing figure hadn't already made her the center of attention, the gaps between her shirt buttons certainly did.

Oblivious to the occasional looks from the other passengers, she glanced at her watch and tapped her heel in impatience, readjusting the heavy bundle of papers under her arm. I understood her worries all too well - My boss was sure to chew me out for arriving late, even if the fault lay with the train company.

Minutes passed. The muggy summer atmosphere in the railcar was oppressive, and I felt glad that my station was approaching. Her increasingly frustrated expression made it very clear that the same was not true for her. She made to sigh, then tried to hide it by breathing in-

Ping. A button skipped against the train floor like a pebble on the surface of a lake, and another hung uselessly down a stretched length of thread. Her pale breasts surged forwards, opening her shirt in a diamond shape from her collar to her navel, then bouncing back and forth as her lacy black bra took up the sudden shift in weight. Her hourglass figure was on full display, and I could only marvel at how devilishly attractive she looked.



She looked around in surprise, seeming to notice the stunned looks of the crowd before fully grasping the situation. Confusion turned to horror, and she muffled a shriek with a panicked gasp, papers falling every which way as she dropped to her knees, struggling to cover herself with her arms. It was a futile effort, as her bust was large enough to overflow her grasp, and squeezing into it only made the unintentional spectacle even more erotic.

Some looked away in embarrassment. Others made to help her. Most could not keep themselves from staring. Even as the doors opened and I had to hurry out, I found myself stealing one last glance at her plight. And in her wide open eyes, darting from person to person in shame and adrenaline, I thought I saw something more. Something that at first I could not place.

Something like an awakening.

Later that day, I found my thoughts drifting back to her, perhaps as a way to escape the monotony of the office. I'd always had something of an overactive imagination, and the events of that morning provided it with ample material to build upon. What thoughts had raced through her mind, under the prying gaze of that crowd of strangers? Had she just felt humiliated, or was there perhaps a sliver of guilty pride, that she could so easily turn the heads of so many? And afterwards, where had she gone? How would she have escaped that situation?

Inspired by my brief stint at the high school drama club, I began to dream up scenarios. In one, she tearfully took the train back home, running back to her apartment to hide and process her shame, reliving the events of that morning again and again until she could not think of anything else. In another, she had no choice but to continue onwards if she wanted to keep her job, scandalously exposed or not, and endure the incessant gossip from her coworkers. A final possibility briefly crossed my mind - Her rushing to the nearest washroom, ostensibly to repair her outfit, but instead using the opportunity to admire her voluptuous body, having realized just what kind of effect her curves could have, flushing up in arousal-

I stopped myself, feeling a bit guilty. She was just a stranger who'd been put in an unfortunate situation, and I shouldn't be using her misfortune as fuel for my daydreams, no matter how humdrum the rest of my day might be. Seeing as we were unlikely to ever meet again, I gave her one final thought of support, hoping that things went okay for her.

In the end, my boss did tell me off - both for my tardiness, and for sitting lost in thought in my cubicle for far too long.

The second time happened a few months later. As usual after working late, I found myself at a convenience store, hoping a can of hot coffee and some instant noodles would give me enough energy to stumble back home.

The time meant the place was mostly empty. A pair of customers slowly browsed the shelves, and a bored-looking clerk whiled away the hours looking at nothing in particular - Until something woke him up from his stupor. My gaze followed his, and I realized what had caught his attention.

Her.

I could barely recognize her without her glasses. She'd grown - That was the first thought that came to mind. Where before her curves served as accents to a lean build, now they felt ever-present. Her jeans stretched against plump thighs, a belt causing her lower stomach to slightly fold into itself, the beginnings of a muffintop. A button-up shirt struggled to contain her much fuller bust, the resulting overhang obscuring what I could only imagine was a belly that curved gently outwards. It was grossly undersized, to the point no unintentional mistake could explain it. I wondered if it was the very same one she'd worn on our previous encounter.

Walking forwards with hesitant haste, she unceremoniously deposited a pile of junk food onto the counter - ice cream, chips, chocolates, a large soda. A can of beer rolled off the edge, and the sudden clatter made everyone jump, before she very slowly and deliberately bent over to pick it up. The pudgy contours of her glutes and crotch pushed tightly against the denim, and I thought it a small miracle her pants did not immediately rip apart.

"A-ah, sorry... I've been buying *so much food* lately, I always end up dropping something, heheh..."

It was the first time I'd heard her speak. Her tone seemed to vary with each word, trying to sound confident but dripping with anxiety and anticipation. Behind her dust mask, I felt I saw the contours of a trembling smile.



"A-anyways, I'm gonna have all that to go. Ah, would you mind if I had that soda now? I'm feeling... *Parched~*"

The speechless clerk could only nod, and she happily twisted the cap open, placing the two liter bottle's neck under her mask. Tentative sips turned into full gulps as she craned her head back, throat pulsing with each swallow. I'd thought it impossible that her top could

get any tauter, but it was visibly stretching with every moment, an increasingly round belly peeking through the button gaps. I subconsciously braced myself for the moment of release, for when it'd snap and bare its contents for the world to see...

"Aaaah, delicious... Thanks. Let me get my wallet..."

She breathed out contently, seemingly unphased by the sheer amount of sugary liquid she'd downed, and casually put the empty bottle onto the counter with the rest of her haul. My tensed-up shoulders began to relax-

SNAP. Reaching for her back pocket had been the final straw. One button after another slipped from its housing as her shirt violently flew open, the hem pulling itself free from under her belt. Breasts and belly lurched forwards, the former's trajectory only being stopped by the pull of a similarly undersized bra.

Everyone stared.

No one could look away.

She shivered, pupils constricted as a full flush rose up her cheeks, hands fumbling to open her wallet.

"O-oh no... I'm so sorry... Ah, this stuff keeps happening... You must be so uncomfortable- I'll- Oh no- Y-you can keep the change!"

She slammed a random handful of notes and coins onto the counter, grabbed her bags, and stormed out as quickly as her legs could take her. Though dazed, I couldn't help but notice she had at no point tried to turn away or cover herself up.

The clerk was similarly stunned. Looking down confusedly, he muttered to himself.

"But... There *is* no change?"

For one reason or another, I worked overtime quite often in the months that followed. The store's bitter coffee grew familiar, a moment of lucidity in my uneventful routine. Yet I never saw her there again, on any of those many nights. By the time winter rolled around, I decided sticking to the afternoon shift would be better for my health.

The sun had begun to set, its orange glow slowly sinking in the horizon, making the shadows of skyscrapers dance like gossamer across the street. The wind was harsh and chilly, even bundled as I was in a wool cap and muffler. Ducking into a small cafe, I sought to find some reprieve in a cup of hot chocolate. I retrieved my steaming prize from the counter, and slowly made my way to the upstairs seating area.

The room was cozy, private, and most of all warm. Old-fashioned tungsten lamps contrasted with the twilight outside, the last wisps of sunshine dying on the faux wood panels of the walls. Finding a table in a corner, I slowly let the heat of the styrofoam cup awaken my numb fingers.

"Hmm... No, not like that, either..."

I was not alone. The high backs of the booth seats had concealed them from my view coming in, but someone else had clearly had the same idea as me. Their voice was low and soft as they talked to themselves, yet I felt I recognized it from somewhere. Curious, I discreetly adjusted my sitting position to face more to the side, and stole a glance in their direction.

It was her.

She sat casually, resting her cheek on the back of one hand while twirling a mechanical pencil in the other. Her hair was tied in a loose ponytail, and she'd draped it over her shoulder, perhaps a subconscious gesture in search of warmth. A heavy tweed coat obscured her body, making me wonder if she was still as plump as in our previous encounter. That question was swiftly answered as my eyes drifted over to the table in front of

her - beside a small notebook lay a collection of cookies and donuts far too large to belong to a girl concerned about her weight.

She reached for a cup of her own, taking a small sip before writing a few words. Her narrowed eyes betrayed some level of inconvenience, and I wondered if she'd forgotten her glasses or elected not to wear them that day. There was a large shoulder bag on the seat beside her, which left me a bit confused - It sported a colorful mishmash of charms and pins, something I'd associate with a trendy student rather than an employed woman.

"Ugh, this weather... Maybe the subway, again? Or is it too soon?"

She was completely lost in her musings, and I felt an impulse to approach her, start a conversation. But then, what would I say? Break the ice by mentioning that I was there when she exposed herself in public? The notion was laughable. Social interaction had never been my strong suit, and the memory of her half-nude in the night only added to my apprehension. I stayed firmly planted in my seat, thankful for the anonymity my scarf provided.

"Okay. Hm. Hey there, *misteeer*. No, not like that. *Heeey* there, mister~"

I instinctively tensed up, before relaxing as I understood that she was not calling out to me. Instead, she was reading her notebook out loud - Maybe for proofreading, or perhaps to rehearse for something? It felt a bit nosy, but my interest was piqued, and I couldn't stop myself from trying to make sense of what she said.

"Chilly? No, not really... These are my everyday clothes~

Hm. Would that be too much? Maybe I'm not focusing enough."

Her train of thought was not easy to follow. Without skipping a beat, she'd switch between mumbling to herself and carefully enunciating sentences. Moreover, I could not tell which parts were written down, and which were her reflexive comments. Every so often she would stop to graze on another donut, and I drank my cocoa at a snail's pace, trying to disguise my snooping. I began to consider asking her directly - her acting presented a reasonable excuse to approach, and I could present myself as a harmlessly curious bystander. Still I hesitated, worried I would come off as intrusive.

By that point, the heat of the room had finally reached me, and I began to find my heavy clothes quite stifling. I could tell the same was true for her, as she absentmindedly reached down to unbutton her coat, still focused on her writing. I started to wonder what would be underneath, then almost choked on my drink as the garment finally fell open, revealing what she'd chosen to wear on that frigid evening.

To call it a shirt would have been a gross overstatement, as her white top was barely long enough to reach past her bust, and decidedly impossible to button over it - Instead, she'd tied the edges into a tight bow, pushing her ample breasts together and up in an audacious display of sex appeal. The stretched fabric left little to the imagination, so she'd added another layer underneath, in the form of a wine-red bikini top that was similarly sparing in terms of coverage. A black choker and a loose tie completed the set, emphasizing her neck and cleavage while doing nothing for her modesty.

Below, a sweater wrapped around her waist served as her only concession to the weather, though I doubted it was ever intended to be properly worn. Her belly, plump and soft, wrapped itself around the tied sleeves in a voluminous roll, almost like a second muffintop above the one created by the hem of her pleated miniskirt. Two black strings straddled the space between her love handles and pelvis, no doubt belonging to an indecent set of highleg panties. Finally, her legs were mostly bare, covered only by a pair of loose socks that bunched over her brown loafers.

It was an outfit completely inadequate for daily use, and so far removed from the office lady fashion I'd first seen her wear that I could not help but gape. If anything, it felt more like a costume, carefully designed to be as provocative as possible. It dawned on me that her long coat was not just for fighting the cold, but also to make sure she would not stand out until the appropriate moment.

Still unaware of my gawking, she finished the last of her donuts, wiping her lips gently with a napkin. Her gaze went to the now-dark exterior, and she stored her notebook in her bag with a sigh.

"Not about to get any warmer... It's now or never, I suppose."

She got up, calmly buttoning up her coat and slinging her bag over her shoulder. As she walked toward the exit, for the first time she took notice of my existence, freezing in her tracks for a split second. She blinked multiple times, trying to hide a hint of panic, then turned away.

“Ah. Excuse me.”

I could not find the courage to say anything as she darted to the exit, and just sat there stunned, looking at the empty cup in my hands. Seconds of hesitation turned into minutes, yet at last I found my resolve, stumbling out onto the street in search of her. I can't claim to know what I intended to do - Talking to her was likely beyond what I could manage.

Night had properly fallen by then, and the chill had redoubled its ferocity. Walking hastily down the deserted streets, I racked my brain to guess where she could have gone. Somewhere public, but with not too large a crowd, and sheltered from the weather... I thought back to her mention of a subway, and raced to the nearest station.

The platform was mostly empty, with only a few unlucky souls braving the cold. Scanning my surroundings, I saw no sign of her. A train was there when I arrived, and I found myself faced with decision paralysis. Was I too early, or too late? Was it even the right place? Should I hop aboard a train to a random destination, just hoping to meet her? And even if I did, and she was there - What would I do then?

“Heeeeeeey there, Mister~

Mind if I sit here?~”

I turned toward the sound, and caught a glimpse of a fiery redhead with outrageous clothes and a full shoulder bag, shamelessly hitting on a passenger in one of the wagons.

Then the doors closed, and she was gone.

I stopped by the cafe a few times afterwards, and even worked up the courage to ask a barista if she was a regular. No such luck - Like an urban legend, she'd visited only once before disappearing into the night. In the end I convinced myself it was probably for the best, and took solace in the possibility I'd stumble upon her again on some other lonely evening.

Instead, the fourth time happened the following year, in broad daylight. The pleasant weather had made me decide to spend my lunch break at a local park. Having bought a hot dog at a cart, I sat on a bench and watched the crowds filter by.

The meal was tasty, but decidedly too spicy and filling. Very soon I began to regret my purchase, and wondered why such portions even existed. Surely no one would be able to finish that unwieldy lump of bread and sausage in one sitting-

"Hey there~ Can you get me... How about *ten* of the big ones. Plenty of chili and mustard too. The works."

"Huh. You sure you can carry all that, miss?"

"Ah, don't worry. I'll just sit on a bench and enjoy them here~"

I recognised the voice instantly. It sounded... Different. Confident and mature, slightly deeper, with a husky tinge. Would her body have changed just as much? I felt goosebumps at the thought, and a strange dread when I heard her approaching footsteps.

As she strode confidently into view, I realized her appearance did not just match her voice, it exceeded it in every aspect. Denim shorts did an exceedingly poor job of covering her venus-like hips, culminating in a round derrière that swayed and bounced with every step. A black t-shirt with a band slogan was stretched over her massive bust, and a pair of sunglasses hanging from the scoop neck collar made sure it never came close to covering her cleavage. A hoop of pale midriff was proudly visible, and a plump navel made its presence known by the indent in her top, the pronounced curve of her belly leaving no

doubts that the meal in the large paper bag she carried was not the first she'd be having that day.

She was fat now, in every sense of the word, yet she carried her weight with such poise and flow that it felt entirely natural. Similarly, though her outfit seemed casual and slapdash, it showcased her features in a brazen and efficient manner that betrayed careful planning and thought. Dozens of eyes followed her as she sat down at a bench, reclining contently with her arms spread at her sides. She reached into the bag beside her, and licked her smiling lips as she retrieved the first of many chili dogs.



She lifted the snack to face level, gazing at it longingly and seeming to take in every detail. Brushing back her bangs with the side of her hand, she gently kissed the tip of the

sausage, licking away a tiny fleck of sauce. A long sigh of approval followed, and were it not for the sounds of traffic, I was sure I'd have heard her stomach rumble in anticipation. She opened wide, and eagerly enveloped the sausage with her jaws, all but inhaling a third of the massive hotdog. What had taken me several minutes to get through, she devoured in no more than three bites.

She considered the second hotdog for a few moments, then ran her tongue over the length of the wiener, scooping up the excessive pile of toppings before consuming the rest with little thought. The third one was devoured in a series of small bites interspersed with yelps of pleasure, and she took out the sausage from the fourth one, dangling it tentatively above her open maw before letting it drop and disappear into her gullet. Her voracity seemed as boundless as her creativity, and each morsel was consumed in a more novel and suggestive manner than the last.

Elsewhere, a different spectacle was unfolding. Her gut, already round and soft, seemed to grow ever larger with each bite, the plump navel roll gradually morphing into a taut hemisphere. Her shirt began to ride higher and higher, slipping to expose more of the swelling surface, the slogan stretched into unreadability as her belly pushed up against the base of her bust. Her posture shifted to accommodate her growth, thighs spreading wide under the sheer weight of her stuffed stomach.

A sudden worry came over me. Her nighttime escapades were one thing, but surely she wouldn't risk public indecency charges by exposing herself in a crowd like this. Was another wardrobe malfunction incoming? I ran my eyes up and down her outfit, and relaxed as I concluded that it would be impossible. Though tight, her top was far too stretchy to tear apart, and even if she did pop the button on her shorts, her hanging gut would hide it from prying eyes.

She began to slow down around the eighth chili dog. Cheeks flushed, she'd pause to breathe heavily in between bites, or lick the sauce from her stained fingers. Every so often, she'd embarrassedly cover her mouth and look away as she stifled a tiny, surprisingly delicate burp. I had to do a double take as she crammed the ninth one into her mouth with

apparent difficulty, for her bulging throat was accompanied by twin bumps suddenly appearing on her top, puffing up into flattened domes as she swallowed. Her plan had become clear at last, and I faced the situation with renewed amazement.

Though fully clothed, she might as well have been nude. Even the boldest onlookers hesitated as we collectively realized what we were gazing upon. She bit and licked the final footlong with barely restrained passion, rubbing her engorged belly with her other hand to quell its roaring gurgles. An errant finger found her navel and seductively explored its depths, leaving red sauce stains in its wake. At last she let out a long, satisfied groan as she looked down at herself, a confident smile dancing on her lips.

A part of my brain screamed at me to walk up and talk to her, but the thought of acting out in front of so many was terrifying. It was to be expected - Each time, her looks and actions grew bolder and more memorable, while I was still the hesitant spectator from the day we'd first met. We had started out as strangers, and that gap would only widen as time marched on. The role of bystander suited me.

Heedless of the crowd, she stretched, stood up and sauntered away, one hand resting on her swaying hips, another supporting her massive gut. I watched her as she turned a corner and disappeared.

A long time passed. Several times I thought I'd glimpsed her unmistakable vermilion mane, only to turn and see some other redhead that couldn't possibly be her. It even happened at work, and I felt annoyed that I'd let her image cloud my thoughts so much. Yet at last, the fifth time arrived.

It had been a frustrating day. First I had slept through my alarm, then wasted several minutes looking for the keys I'd already put in my pocket. A station closure meant I'd have to walk several blocks to work, and I found myself getting pushed around by the shopping district crowds. Yet in the sea of repeating faces and unremarkable pedestrians, I briefly caught sight of her. I craned my neck to take in the view, interrupted as it was by the hundreds of passerby, anticipating her inevitable disappearance amid the throng.

Like every time before, she seemed bigger - Not just fatter, but somehow larger and more imposing, standing head and shoulders above the background cast that surrounded her. I wondered if she'd somehow grown in height, or was simply wearing unreasonably high heels. The latter would have made sense, as the rest of her outfit was fittingly elaborate, if not outright extravagant. A fur trimmed jacket hung over her shoulders despite the heat, and a front-lace bustier hugged every curve on her torso, so that the eye naturally followed the gap down along her massive cleavage to the soft abyss her navel had become. A pair of cutoff shorts was made slightly less indecent by the black pantyhose beneath, torn in convenient places so as to show the pale expanse of her inner thighs.

She was clearly having a conversation, though I could not hear it over the din of the city. Her expression shifted between amused and confident as she pointed at something in the distance, before settling into narrowed eyes above a predatory smile. As I saw her walk into a nearby restaurant, I finally noticed the shorter figure holding her arm - No doubt a date or boyfriend. I did not catch his face.



It was an unusual feeling that accompanied me as I bumbled down the street, eyes unfocused. I did not know her but for a handful of chance sightings, and she was likely completely unaware of my existence. Eroticism be damned, why did I care so much? Why did I yearn so badly for another chance to meet her, when I knew I'd squander it like all the ones before?

Still... An all-you-can-eat might as well be an amphitheater to someone like her, and it somehow felt deeply unfair that I couldn't be there to witness her exploits. I couldn't help but picture it in my mind, clear as day.

She would stride in boldly, scanning the rows of self-service tables with barely restrained hunger. At that very moment, she was most certainly filling her plate with all kinds of food, each morsel richer and larger than the one before. With her usual gusto, she'd savor every bite yet devour it all in record time, before sashaying for seconds as if she'd not just

eaten enough to sustain a small family. Her repeated trips to the buffet would quickly catch the attention of every other diner, as would the continuous swelling of her belly.

Her companion would serve as the perfect foil to her exuberance - Small, unassuming, restrained. Yet halfway through her feast, she'd turn her greedy eyes upon their meager plate.

"Oooh, I *love* those dumplings... You don't mind sharing, do you?~"

Recognising their cue, they'd eagerly hand feed her every single remaining one, then hurry off to fill their plate with seconds. In the meantime, she'd alluringly rub her full belly, maybe even let out a contented burp to make sure no one could forget about her presence. Larger and more lavish dishes would be set on the table, and she'd dig into each one with wild abandon, growing fatter with every bite.

"You know... I could certainly do with a belly rub, right now~"

Eager hands would immediately volunteer. Gently but firmly, she'd guide them across her full belly, drawing lazy circles around its vast expanse and exploring the folds that formed along the edges of her bustier, leaving a glistening trail as their fingers wiped the tiny droplets of sweat.

"Can you feel how *full* I am? Here, stroke a bit harder - Let your fingers sink in... Here's my stomach... There's my womb... Mmmmf, perfect. Keep going, just like that..."

Her sultry, husky voice would carry the commands and purrs across the silence of the restaurant, the nature of her pleasure now unequivocal. She'd start eagerly scarfing down the heap of food, chewing noises turning to moans as each new flavor enveloped her tongue. Her already taut gut would swell to impossible proportions, and each grope would cause another aroused burp to leave her lips. Similarly, the gap in her bustier would grow wider and wider between her engorged breasts, pink areolae peeking through the gap as soft flesh began to overflow the lacing. Eyes half closed, she would whisper a plea.

"Please... *Hnn*, it's so tight... Take it off for me..."

I blinked and shook my head, disappointed in myself. She wouldn't ask for help or put herself in a position of weakness, much less remove a piece of clothing instead of letting her

expanding body tear free of it when least expected. Delusion or not, she had to stay in character. Instead - She would look at her companion in aroused anticipation, swinging her ponderous body into a straddling position, pushing them against the seat with the entire surface of her belly.

“Hnn, it’s so *tight*... Any moment now... Are you ready?~”

Ignoring the speechless stares from the other patrons, she’d bounce up and down while devouring ever larger amounts of food, the vigorous reverberations of her gut shaking the building itself. She’d stuff the final handful down her gullet and let out a drawn-out wail of pleasure as the lacing finally snapped and her corset all but exploded, letting her colossal breasts and gut slam into me with full force.

Into... Me?

With some embarrassment, I realized that at some point during my flight of fancy, I had substituted myself for her faceless escort. I felt a short pang of guilt for having such juvenile thoughts, even if her presence was so conducive to fantasizing. I tried to rationalize it as a thought experiment, a way of trying to figure out how she would act in a situation like that to best fit the persona she had built, and in doing so-

CLANG.

A sudden pain in my nose roused me from my daydreams. Dazed, I stumbled for a few steps, narrowly missing another collision with the signpost I’d just walked into headfirst. A few odd looks from passersby were enough to make me deeply self conscious, so I quickly composed myself and continued on my path.

...And then immediately turned around, realizing that I had absentmindedly walked past my work no less than three blocks before. I sighed at the extent of my infatuation - It seemed the mere sight of her was enough to turn me into a reckless fool.

If only I’d known how right I was.

The sixth time I saw her was over a year later, or so I thought at first. At the insistent suggestion of my more social coworkers, I made the ill-advised decision of accompanying them to what could only be described as a nightclub of the lowest caliber. It was a slow night, or so they told me, but the cavorting throng was still dense enough to make me hastily retreat to the basement bar, away from the sensory overload of electronic music and strobe lights. And so I found myself sitting alone at a booth, nursing a bitter cup of cheap liquor, grumbling at my erstwhile colleagues who'd chosen to stay above in search of company of easier virtue.

Bored, I let my eyes wander across the dark room, taking in the meager sights. Layers of band posters lined the gray concrete walls, nigh unreadable under the unhealthy glow of tired neon tubes. The droning hum coming from the ceiling was an ever present reminder of the cacophony above. A few grizzled regulars played cards on a table, while exhausted revelers made ample use of the worn leather couches. A single waiter hurried around with full trays of snacks and alcohol, and a sleepless-looking bartender made small talk with... Her.

Hair a deep burgundy under the low light, she sat on a barstool far too small for her immense hips. Gargantuan breasts, wider than her torso, hung heavily against a bikini top and bounced with her every movement in a hypnotic manner. Her rotund stomach was framed by a pair of leather suspenders, which were very much necessary - Not only were her micro shorts woefully undersized, she had elected not to button them, leaving the hang of her belly as the only thing protecting her modesty. A number of belts and straps adorned her limbs, either holding up her long gloves and stockings, or simply serving as convenient restraints for her plump flesh to squeeze and fold against.

She flashed a toothy grin before lifting a fruity cocktail to her lips, sipping the final drops of pink alcohol from the martini glass. The bartender gave her a nod as she rose from

her seat, scanning the room for prey with the calm confidence of a habitu  . At first she fluttered towards a group of salarymen in a booth, then seemed to change her mind and started chatting up a muscular fellow standing in a corner. In the span of five minutes, she'd started and ended a dozen conversations, showing just enough to entice whoever she spoke to before her attention drifted elsewhere. To an introvert like me, it was a mesmerizing spectacle, and before long she noticed my gaze.

Her eyes narrowed, and she licked her lips before sauntering in my direction, gait swaying and playful, each step punctuated by the click of her platform boots against the tile floor. She put one hand on the table and bent forwards to speak to me, putting just enough momentum in the action that her bust swung forwards and slapped back against her torso with a loud *plap*, hanging dangerously close to my face.

"Hey there~ That's a face I hadn't seen before. What's a cute guy like you doing in a place like *this*?"



I'd like to say I responded with a clever quip or a pickup line of my own, but I was too taken aback and distracted with the sight before me to manage anything more than a hesitant, barely coherent mumble. Yet somehow that seemed to be the right answer, as the corners of her smile curled up into a distinctly catlike shape, and she unceremoniously flumped onto the seat beside mine, very purposefully putting herself between me and the exit.

"Do you mind if I sit here? Mhm, standing around all night long always leaves me exhausted... What with all this *extra stuff* I'm lugging about."

"Ah... I-I imagine."

Unsure of where to look, I focused my gaze on the drink I held. She noticed this, and gently pried my fingers from it, lifting the shot glass at eye level and examining it sagely.

"I'll never understand it. So many tasty options on the menu, and everyone's first choice is always this bland swill. Tell you what - How about you buy us a round, and I show you how good an *actual* drink can taste like?~"

She signaled for the waiter without waiting for my response, and before long we were served a pair of oversized mugs, filled to the brim with rum and coke. She nudged my shoulder and winked.

"Give it a sip. I promise it's sweet and delicious."

I did so, and very quickly realized she was right. The velvety rum contrasted well with the fizz and kick of the coke, and the result was a pleasant, if excessively sweet, concoction. I turned to thank her, then went silent as I saw her in the process of chugging down her own drink. Her throat bulged rhythmically with each gulp, straining the clasp of her choker as a liter of sugary alcohol flowed down her gullet. She kept an eye open and fixed upon me, seeming to savor my open-mouthed surprise even more than she did her drink. She set her mug down with a loud clunk, and breathed out a sigh of satisfaction.



“Aaaaah, that was good! I feel like I could have a *dozen* of those and still feel thirsty for more. Then again-“

“I-I’d love to see that!”

I’m still unsure what prompted my sudden moment of bravado. Maybe the absurdity of the situation overwhelmed me, or maybe I instinctively wanted to seize an opportunity that might never present itself again. No matter the root cause, my outburst had an effect - she paused in her tracks, blinking for a moment, then flashed the most dangerous grin I’d seen her display yet.

“Oho? Someone’s feeling brave. Maybe I’ll play along, then. Though... You can’t expect me to drink *that* much on an empty stomach. You’re lucky this place has a pretty good cook.”

“I’ll be happy to order you something!”

“I’m afraid I’m a big girl with a bigger appetite. ‘Something’ doesn’t quite cut it.”

“Then I can order you everything. I-I think.”

It took me a moment to realize what I'd gotten myself into. As if sensing my unease, she reached over me to grab the menu, smirking mischievously as her body brushed against mine.

"That's more like it. I hope you're not having second thoughts~"

I was. I quietly mourned my wallet's impending demise as she described a gargantuan order to the waiter, who wrote it down with a nonchalance that betrayed the customary nature of her request. Yet as the plates began to pile up in front of her, each loaded with a larger portion of burgers and finger foods, my hesitancy quickly gave way to excited anticipation. Rather than catching glimpses of her from afar, this time I'd have a front row seat to her hunger, close enough to see the thin wisps of steam from her breath, or smell the subtle strawberry shampoo fragrance that hung around her crimson mane. I began to wonder why she'd chosen to act like that - Put on a private show when her previous exploits had all been so open and public - but all my doubts were dispelled as she winked at me and lifted a french fry to her lips.

My daydreams could not hope to stand up to the real deal. The way she brushed her bangs back, the loving way she regarded the fry before kissing it with a soft bite, and craning her head back to break it in half... Each movement was carefully thought out, then precisely executed. Midway through the second hamburger, she gently ran the back of her index finger across her lower lip to catch a few droplets of sauce, then licked them away like a lioness cleaning her paws, all the while shooting me the most alluring sideways glance I'd ever experienced in my life. I wasn't just a witness to her gluttony, I was a spectator to an intricate display of performance art - And I was about to become a participant.

"What, you want a bite? Heh. You should have just told me~"

She offered her bitten burger in my direction with a playful wink. I briefly worried about the implications of an indirect kiss, but the assertiveness of her tone made it clear that there was no option but to accept.

In that moment, I could taste it all - behind the juicy burger and overpowering barbecue sauce, I felt the sugary tinge of the rum, the delicate hints of sweetness from her cherry lipstick... I could only dream what it'd feel like if that intense bouquet of flavors was joined by the intense warmth of her breath, and felt a sudden pang of longing as the sandwich was pulled away after that single bite. Without skipping a beat, she took another one directly on top of mine, and I felt my hair stand on end as her chewing was interrupted by a muffled moan.

"Mmmm... Look at that, you *actually* taste pretty good."

Unsure of how to process that sudden boost to my self esteem, I instead turned my attention back to her eating. For all her flair, she was actually quite methodical in her gluttony. She would focus on a particular dish and consume it in its entirety, pausing only to wash it down with generous gulps of rum. There would then be a short interval as she picked what to devour next, during which she'd make short comments, readjust her sitting position, or perform poses that required both hands to be free. One of her most common moves was arching her back to puff out her already impressive gut, then fondling it between her palms as if trying to calm an overfull stomach. Her look of abject pleasure, however, betrayed that she was simply enjoying her ballooning size.

By then, she was five mugs and twice as many dishes in, and I marveled at how little of an effect it was having on her composure. That amount of alcohol would have sent me to the hospital, yet was unable to give her anything more than a faint blush. I commented on how well she held her liquor, and was rewarded with a playful look as she slid back on her seat, splaying her arms against the back of the booth.

"Funny you'd say that. If anything, I feel a little woozy right now. How about... I relax for a second, and you help me finish that plate of chicken fingers?~"

I briefly considered trying one out, before her open mouth made me realize what kind of "help" she was asking for. I gingerly grabbed one of the battered snacks and held it a respectful distance away from her lips, prompting a snicker.

"Come on now, I don't bite. Get closer."

With her pose, and the difference in our sizes, the only way to do so would be to all but climb onto her, a proposition as enticing as it was embarrassing. Terrified of somehow making a mistake, I managed to sidle up onto her thigh, her sudden moan making me nearly jump as I inadvertently pushed a hand into her belly in an attempt to steady myself. Finally within reach, I placed the food on her outstretched tongue and waited for her to take it. Instead, she moved forwards, gently closing her jaws against my finger and thumb, grinning fangs placing the slightest amount of pressure on my skin.



“Actually, I do~”

Her outstretched arm went around my shoulder, in a soft embrace that would have been relaxing were it not so assertive and sexually charged. In truth, I wanted nothing more

than to bury my head in her cleavage then and there, but managed to keep that impulse in check as I continued to feed her her snacks of choice. Without fail, each one would be accompanied by a gentle bite or graze of the lips that sent shivers down my spine. The moment the final morsel went down her throat, she suddenly grabbed my wrist and began to lick the remnants of sauce and grease from my fingers, sucking on each one like a lollipop while looking me straight in the eyes. I froze up like a deer in the headlights, sliding off her lap as she chuckled and sat upright once again.

“Mmmm, that perked me up... Let’s get back to the main event. Watch closely now~”

Reaching for a plate of sliders, she resumed her feast with redoubled pace. The spectacle now was no longer just her movements and sounds as she ate, but the sheer pace she effortlessly kept, practically finishing a sandwich with each bite. Even with both hands constantly reaching for new treats, the stream of food seemed woefully insufficient to match her boundless appetite. Two, then four, then six full plates were quickly devoured, her gut visibly growing until its swollen bulk was pushing against the edge of the table, forming a single large fold on its otherwise round surface. She reached for a trio of mugs and chugged them one after the other, adding nearly a gallon of liquid to the unbelievable amount she had consumed thus far. The final gulp caused one of her suspenders to snap, and the sudden shock sent her reeling back into her seat.

I heard the roaring gurgles of her stomach, saw the surface of her belly visibly vibrate like a taut drum, and realized that a burp of truly monstrous proportions was about to happen. On the edge of my seat, I looked in awe as she massaged her protesting belly with one hand, while raising the other to her lips in a futile attempt to muffle the thunderous sound she was about to produce. She puffed her cheeks, and then -

“Hic!”

I couldn’t help but pout at her smug look, silently judging me for doubting her control. Still, her binge had clearly had an effect on her - Her breaths came deep and heavy, droplets of sweat forming around her neck as she gently caressed her gut. The smile dancing on her

lips gradually grew softer, and she looked down at herself in a manner less salacious than it was introspective. Her husky voice formed a question.

“Hey... What do you like about this stuff? This whole situation... The way I look, seeing me eat. What does it do for you?”

I was a bit taken aback by the question, and looked down as I organized my thoughts. I considered just admitting it was arousing, but that felt too simple. Then came the evolutionary approach - Like the prehistoric venus statues, a plumper female was more likely to survive the winter and bear more children... Yet that didn't seem to tell the whole story, either. At last I thought back to when I first saw her, so long ago. Was that the origin? Or would I still feel like this either way? I felt the urge to speak out.

“You're... Capable. Of things that others aren't. You're larger, curvier, more voracious than the rest. You know how impressive you can be, and all of the ways you can make everyone take notice of it. That confidence in itself is attractive. And most of all, the way you keep growing larger and bolder, every single time I've seen you - Just last week, you were-”

I stopped myself, but it was too late. An eyebrow was raised, and a strange look passed over her face, but it quickly dissolved into alluring confidence.

“A *fan*, I see~ Odd, I'd have thought I'd remember your face. Still... Explains why you were so quick on the uptake. I guess you know what comes next, then. People's eyes are on us. Can you feel them? Following us around the whole night, stealing glances whenever they can, unable to focus on anything else. Taking notice of every sound, every movement I make, what I've been building up to. They know something's going to happen, something *indecent*.”

She moved closer, looming over me with her bulk, then plucked the straps of her bikini, making a sound not unlike a guitar string. Her massive bust swayed side to side, straining the already stretched fabric.

“Except they don't know what it will be. I do - But even I don't know when. It could be at the end of the night, or just next minute. And every moment, we move inexorably closer towards it-!”

Her pupils contracted, and her wide smile took a manic edge.



“The anticipation, the suspense, the gradual stretching, the increasing tightness... It’s all *exhilarating*. I can barely control myself!~”

I was afraid she was about to jump and ravish me, but instead she fell down heavily onto her seat, and reached again for the food. Savagely tearing a footlong in half, she spoke through full cheeks.

“Let’s make this a night to remember!”

Continuing to eat at that point was clearly a colossal effort. Every movement was slower, heavier, ever more ponderous than before. For the first time she had to stop to breathe in between bites, or stifle small burps after swallowing. Yet she continued to gorge herself, every part of her outfit growing tighter and tighter, the seams of her shorts impossibly

stretched against her thighs, puffy nipples plainly visible through the fabric of her bikini... It was a sight like no other, and I felt compelled to participate. Reaching forwards to grab the last plate of fries, I offered a handful in her direction, and she was quick to catch on, feasting on them in between bites of her remaining main courses. With me feeding her, she could continue to eat even when her hands were occupied rubbing her overburdened stomach, or greedily reaching across the table to pull the remaining dishes toward her.

We were almost at the end. Piles of dirty dishes stood atop the table, a grim testament to her gluttony. Her belly was stuffed to its absolute limit, its bulging top pushing her breasts apart and stretching the cups of her bikini into thin strips, pink areolae escaping through the edges. All that remained was one last mug of rum and coke, and the atmosphere of the room was thick with tension as she lifted it to her lips. The noises from the rest of the bar seemed to die down, and the quick glance I dared to spare showed every onlooker at the edge of their seats. Thin rivulets of alcohol dripped down the edges of her mouth as she began to drink. *Gulp*. Her hips rocked gently back and forth in anticipation. *Gulp*. A small shiver fluttered across the skin of her neck. *Gulp*.

SNAP!

The noise of her tearing clothes might as well have been a gunshot amid the silence of the room. Both sides of her bikini failed at once, her engorged breasts slamming down against her belly before bouncing back up. Her shorts ripped apart at the inseam, a massive tear sending the open zipper forwards like a whip, while the stitches on the sides stretched into uselessness, torn fabric falling apart around her pale thighs. She let out a long, echoing moan of release, eyes half-closed in exhibitionist ecstasy. Every single patron, me included, could only gape at that shameless display of the female form indulged to its limits. Only the bartender rolled her eyes, betraying a certain familiarity.

It was over.



Suddenly bereft of the curious boldness that had driven me forwards, I felt a wave of self consciousness wash over me. Glancing across the room, I became acutely aware of the dozens of eyes that were turned in my direction, menace hanging heavy in the air. Gently setting the mug down, she spoke, her relaxed tone for the first time betraying a tiny hint of inebriation, just enough for her to break character.

“So you get it too. They’re jealous. They wish they could have done *so much more* than just watch from afar. The question will burn in their mind for days - ‘Why him, and not me?’ - It’s just... *perfect*. Thank you for helping me make this happen. I mean it.”

She smiled sweetly, and the pieces suddenly fell into place. The patrons she chatted up. Her circuitous route around the bar, her enthusiasm at my awkwardly muttered responses. Why she would skip over so many to choose someone as unremarkable as me. My preferences had been a welcome surprise, but not for a moment the original reason. I

clenched my hands and felt my shoulders tense up, and the words left my lips before I had the chance to even acknowledge my thoughts.

“That’s not fair.”

“...?”

“They were just onlookers. They sat there all night, barely aware of what we were accomplishing. They didn’t feed you, or act with you, or understand any of the thoughts and impulses that drive you. So why do they get to see you now, as you are? You’re... That moment, when you broke free, you looked so *beautiful*... I wanted that view to be mine alone.”

My gaze shifted embarrassedly to the side as I was hit by the irony of it all. Despite everything, I couldn’t keep an awkward chuckle from coloring the end of my bitter confession.

“Heh. I guess I’m jealous too.”

I looked up, and for the first time saw genuine surprise in her eyes. She blinked several times, the corners of her mouth twitching as a wavy smile did its best to remain hidden. Our eyes remained locked together for an eternity, and several times her lips began to form the contours of words before she thought better of it. At last, she reached for one of the bands around her thigh, uncoiling it to reveal its nature as a long leather belt, wrapped around itself multiple times. She held the accessory in front of me for a moment before tying it vertically around her belly, synching down until deep folds formed around it. She got back on her feet with surprising ease, majestic in the low light, wearing nothing more than her shoes and belts.

“You’re a lucky one. The night’s young, and I haven’t snapped *this* buckle yet. Come on, let’s go find somewhere more private. Oh, but don’t forget to protect me from prying eyes along the way, mister knight in shining armor~”

Her tone, the affectionate smirk that danced upon her lips, her narrowed eyes... They all felt mocking, but also intensely genuine. I would be lying if I said I wasn't unsure. But I stood up and took her hand.

I very quickly realized the magnitude of my task. She bent over to retrieve the tattered remains of her shorts, and I had just moments to position myself behind her to keep the rest of the bar from being casually mooned. The sheer difference in our heights meant her bust would be near impossible to cover, but I vowed to keep her waist protected no matter the cost. Even as I stood at the front counter to pay my exorbitant tab, I had to be vigilant and ready to block the line of sight of any approaching patrons - unless they happened to be my coworkers, in which case I'd have darted behind her for cover at the earliest opportunity. Thankfully they were either long gone or still at the dance floor, and that terrifying possibility never came to pass.

The brisk air of an Autumn night greeted us as we emerged from the nightclub. Cleaning the condensation from my glasses, I was once again awestruck as I saw her silhouetted in moonlight, moisture glistening across her bare body. She seemed to not mind the chill, yet her nipples perked up in clear proof that she felt it just as much as I did. Running a hand down the distended surface of her belly, she breathed in deeply, then let it out through her mouth in a billowing cloud of steam.



“We’re gonna need some supplies. I know a place that’ll be open this late~”

Hand in hand, we walked in silence across the empty streets, now devoid of the crowds that filled them by day. I saw our reflections on the windows of a closed cafe and blinked in surprise, amazed at the contrast between our shapes. Every few blocks there’d be a wanderer or passerby, and she giggled as I immediately interposed myself between them, orbiting her bulk like a satellite around a star. We cut up and down the platform of a train station to avoid a busy crossing, then through a park at her suggestion.

She was clearly used to maneuvering at her size, but her stamina was not infinite, and she let out a sigh of relief as she sat down at a bench. Closing her eyes, she placed both arms on the backrest and opened her legs wide, letting the massive weight of her belly rest on the seat instead. I began to wonder how often she’d stuff herself to such absurd proportions, and briefly entertained the idea that this outing was her largest binge to date. All the signs were there - The sweat, the rosy blush around her cheeks, the deep, exhausted

breaths... She'd clearly gone right up to her limit. And yet, as I looked at the distended surface of her gut, I couldn't help but feel it looked slightly smaller than when we'd started our walk. It was still clearly taut and full, the skin a deep red where her vertical belt compressed it into a near-spherical form, but - as it heaved up with each breath, I saw the tiniest deflation, almost as if it was slowly compressing under the pull of its own gravity.

The implications raced through my mind. How fast was her digestion? How much space had she made? When would she be hungry again, or - was she, already? Would I be able to feed her to her limit all over again? And if she was so quickly absorbing all those calories... How much larger would she get? Was there an upper limit? I pictured myself surrounded by a veritable sea of her flesh, continuously growing in every direction, as I struggled to scale her massive form to deliver her next meal-

"Enjoying the show?~"

One of her eyes was open, and she stuck out her tongue playfully.

"A-ah! Uhm... I was just... I mean-"

"Popping a fat one over a sleeping girl while looking completely out of it."

"You weren't asleep!"

...But other than that, y-yes. You're... Stimulating."

Her flowing laughter was like birdsong, each honeyed note echoing through the empty park. Yet again I felt privy to a rare spectacle.

"You would say it like that, wouldn't you? C'mon now, I've made some space. Help me up and let's get going, we're almost there."

Nodding, I grasped her outstretched hand and pulled. It was like trying to heft a boulder, and I saw her take ample pleasure in the sheer difference in our sizes and physical strengths. It was only after enjoying several moments of struggling that she cheerfully sprang back to her feet, nearly causing me to tumble backwards. Fingers intertwined, we set out once again.

I was hit with a wave of nostalgia as we finally reached our destination. How long had it been? The illuminated "24/7" sign was the same, as were the fluorescent tubes that lined

the ceiling, casting a sterile light over the rows of shelves, stocked to the brim with discount snacks of all kinds. Even the cashier had that same lifeless look as his colleague from years ago. But she had changed.

No more dust mask on her face, or hesitant words disguising the thoroughness of her plan. She entered the store calm and decisively, fully aware of the effect her nude body would have on any onlookers, yet completely unbothered by it. I exhaled in relief as I determined we were the only customers, so I could focus on dealing with the clerk.

His empty gaze slowly turned in our direction as we walked in, then suddenly focused back into life when he grasped the situation. I was prepared, and made a beeline up to the counter, asking a dozen distracting questions about chewing gum brands and payment methods. My immodest companion, meanwhile, loaded a basket with the goods she was looking for.

I was quite pleased with my quick thinking, and felt a tinge of satisfaction at the clerk's muted frustration, his eyes struggling to look past me and at the beauty browsing the shelves. My triumph was short-lived, however, as she strolled back to the counter to deposit her haul and gave him a cheerful wave. I began to raise an eyebrow in annoyance, which quickly turned into red-faced embarrassment. Beside the pile of sugary snacks, beers and sodas, she'd also picked out an excessive number of condoms, that left no doubt as to what we'd very soon be doing.

"Think that's everything we'll need for tonight, or should I grab *more?*~"

Once again I was reduced to self conscious muttering as she leaned closer to wink at him, squeezing me against her chest with her arm. I realized that this, too, was a way for her to share her performance - In that moment, I felt I might as well be nude. To the man's credit, he managed to ring up all items correctly despite a complete lack of eye contact, and minutes later I was back on the street, arms heavy with grocery bags, yet driven forwards by a renewed sense of anticipation.

We walked past a couple of love hotels, which left me confused at first, until she dispassionately listed out a series of problems each one had, from itchy bed sheets to cold

showers. Deferring to her experience, I followed her into a small building in a side street, the unadorned door all but invisible under the red neon glow of nearby signs. A very small elevator followed, and I was thankful for the opportunity to see her struggle to get in - even more so when it was my turn to squeeze myself between her belly and the walls of the cabin. At last we reached a long hallway with several doors, and she punched a code into a digital lock before walking in.

The darkness beyond beckoned me. Reasonably, logically, I should have felt apprehensive at that moment. On a whim, I had joined a stranger in debauched and frankly irresponsible behavior, and was now about to step alone and unprotected into her den. A sane person would have trembled with dread, or refused altogether to stride into the grinning maw of the unknown.

Instead, all I felt at that moment was expectancy. Perhaps I did wish to be devoured whole.



The lights were turned on, and I blinked as my eyes adjusted to the glare. The room was cozy, modern, and surprisingly large - Much more like an upscale apartment than the dingy exterior had made me expect. She visited the washroom for a moment, then kicked off her boots and let herself drop onto the king-sized bed, her crimson mane spreading out to cover nearly half of the white sheets. She stretched, sighing comfortably, then turned to look at me as I dropped the bags onto a table, a catlike smile dancing on her lips.

“Care to join me?~”



I did. Placing my glasses on a nightstand, I approached with a swagger I'd never thought myself capable of, and began to anticipate the myriad things I'd do to her. Instead, she stopped me with a finger on my sternum, and that delusion of dominance evaporated in an instant. Even sitting on the edge of the bed, she was still taller than me, making her all the more intimidating as she tutted quietly.

"Not thinking of getting in bed with those dusty clothes, are you? C'mere, let me give you a hand..."

Her fingers were deft and decisive. Button by button she freed my shirt, then turned me around to pull it off my arms. Grabbing the sides of my body, she lifted me onto her thigh, squeezing against me as she unlaced my shoes. After unceremoniously unclasping my belt and pulling down my pants, she regarded the bulge in my underwear with some amusement, gliding her fingers along the fabric for what felt like an eternity, before giving it a playful flick. I winced, then felt her breath in my ear.

"All in due time. Walking so much has left me *famished*."

She pushed me off her lap unceremoniously, then raised an impatient eyebrow as I stood there, surprised. The other shoe dropped, and I turned to the open bags, retrieving a footlong sandwich and rushing it back to her as if my life depended on it. She grabbed it disdainfully, then devoured it in a pair of bites.

"More."

She'd reached the next act in her performance - Aloof, assertive and domineering, and I had to scramble to satisfy her desires. I'd bring her sandwiches or pastries, and she'd wordlessly inhale them, before loudly proclaiming she was not satisfied, just to see me panic to try and decide what to offer her next. Eventually, she leaned back on her seat, hands pushed deep into the soft mattress, and boredly gave an order I could not refuse.

"Quit fooling around and feed me already."

I jumped on the opportunity, grabbing the fullest eclairs I could find, and eagerly climbed on the bed beside her. Touching one to her lips, I shivered as she ate it despondently, then growled at me to go faster. The ritual repeated itself, until by the end of

the fifth one, I had to all but push it into her full cheeks, then quickly pull back my fingers before her jaws closed around them. Covering her chewing mouth with the back of her hand, she struggled to form words.

“Soda. Wash it down.”

It took me a few moments to open one of the two liter bottles, the cap nearly seized against the pressure within. Lifting it to her lips, I gingerly held it up as she began to drink, then tipped it ever further. Her head was craned all the way back, yet she looked perfectly calm as the whirlpool of sugary liquid flowed down her throat, as if she wasn't already thoroughly bloated from her previous meal. The bottle was emptied, her massive gut stretching further against her belt. She casually opened her mouth.

“BoooooouuuuuUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRR-“

The sheer volume and length of her burp took me by surprise as it echoed around the room, but most of all I was struck by her complete indifference to the violent roar she was producing, her face relaxed and neutral. Clearly her stomach had held enough air to put an olympic swimmer's lungs to shame, yet she looked almost bored as it escaped in a long, thunderous barrage. While her previous hiccup at the bar had been carefully crafted to tease and arouse, this was a primal, guttural display of release and self-indulgence, and she seemed completely heedless of my presence beside her as she immersed herself in the results of her boundless gluttony. Compared to the magnitude of her pleasure, I was a speck.

Never had I wanted to kiss her more than in that moment. And so I did.

She blinked in surprise as our mouths pressed together, my lips finally experiencing the softness of hers. Her warm breath filled my airways, sweet and humid and inebriating. My position was somewhat precarious, and so I clung tightly to her shoulders, trying to maintain contact for as long as possible before I inevitably slid down. I felt all tension leave her body, and she let out a feminine laugh, smiling excitedly as our faces parted.

“Oh, you *rasca*! Couldn't wait, could you? Okay then, let me switch things up!”

She immediately pushed me back in, lifting me up with her knee so our face levels matched, and squeezed her mouth against mine with animalistic excitement. Her tongue dove deep within my throat, exploring every corner of my mouth and lathering it with her womanly taste, all the while her eyes remained locked onto mine, unblinking. Not wanting to be outdone, I pushed back with my own appendage, until they were intertwined in a loving embrace, fighting for dominance within the moist cavity we now shared. I couldn't say for how long we stayed locked together like that, but I do know that I was filled with deep longing the moment we broke apart, even as my ragged breaths assured me I'd have passed out had I continued for a moment more.

She licked her lips, also breathing heavily, as a lustful grin plastered itself across her face, a completely different guise than the one she'd worn moments before.

"God, you're *so fucking delicious*... I wanna taste all of you."

Her meaning became very clear as she spun around, pushing me down onto the soft mattress and showering me with kisses. She ran her tongue up and down my ribcage as her hanging breasts brushed against my crotch, then crawled up to gently bite my neck and shoulders. I at last could feel her weight upon me, and the sensation was euphoric, even if I could tell she was holding back slightly to not crush me under her bulk. Soon enough she had savored every part of my body... With one notable exception.

I was pulled up by my shoulders and made to sit on the edge of the bed. She knelt on the floor before me and pulled down my briefs, eyes sparkling as my manhood sprung forwards, freed at last. For a few moments she devoured me with her eyes, and I blushed deeply at the thought she'd be so entranced by something I had always considered average. Brushing back her bangs, she began to hungrily lick it, running her soft tongue up and down the shaft with practiced skill, then alternated between kissing the tip and enveloping the body with her cheek, an experience far too stimulating to resist. She spoke in between mouthfuls, her breath feverishly hot against my flesh.

"*Mmmmf*... C'mon... *Slurp*... I can smell it already, quit holding back..."



Her lips closed against my member as she began to suck it, and the sudden shift in pressure was the last straw. Grabbing the back of her head, I thrust deeply into her throat, releasing my load in a long stream followed by several sputtering bursts. I felt lightheaded, and even more so as she began to suck again, using her tongue to massage me and extract every last drop she could, swallowing it all without hesitation. At last she pulled back, stifling a short, cutesy hiccup. She bounced her belly between her hands, cocking her head and smiling smugly.

“Now a bit of you is mixing with *aaaaaaall* the food sloshing around in my belly. How’s that make you feel?~”

I was too breathless to answer, but something else took the job of responding upon itself. Returning to a neutral role, she gave it a look that was too flippant to be described as awe, but a bit too surprised to be just amusement.

“Huh. That perked you right up.”

“You... Have that effect on people. I’m- I’m gonna need a few minutes, though.”

“Hmm. I suppose I could do with a snack break before the main course~”

Nonchalant and cheerful, she skipped over to the grocery bags, and I fell back onto the mattress, head still spinning. Closing my eyes for a moment, I let the sounds of her movement fill my ears. The crumpling and tearing of plastic packages, and the subdued growling of her stomach. Satisfied humming, interrupted by the shrill hiss of a can being opened, then a short burst of glugging. The heavy and ever so slightly unsure footsteps of one balancing far more mass than usual, followed by a little hop. The springs of the mattress squeaked, and I found myself rolling towards her side of the bed, as the whole surface curved towards her mass.

I opened my eyes to find her half-sitting, propped against a hill of soft pillows, and hugging a pile of candy bags. She ate at a relaxed pace, alternating between chomping down handfuls of skittles and flicking M&Ms up in a tall arc before catching them with her outstretched tongue. Every so often, she'd grab an open bottle of soda on the nightstand beside her and take a large swig, before returning her attention to the sweets. I marveled at how casually she continued to stuff herself - The sheer size and fullness of her belly were nigh incomprehensible, and in her seated position its bulk threatened to reach past her knees.

Again I felt galvanized by the situation, rising up to my knees and tentatively approaching. The taut, red surface felt so alluring, I couldn't help but wonder how it felt. Slowly I grazed it with my fingertips, then my palm. Like everything else about her, it was so warm... Through my hand, I could feel the gentle vibrations of her stomach, echoing around her bulk with every mouthful she swallowed. I felt a profound sense of peace and belonging, impossible to fully describe.

“You could be more forceful, you know.”

Her matter-of-fact tone seemed more suited to giving stage directions than foreplay, yet it was enough to snap me from my daze, and I looked to her for guidance.

“Give it a squeeze, play around with it a bit more. The navel is a really sensitive spot, then afterwards you can move up to my boobs.”

Nodding at her instructions, I gave her gut a comfortable pat, then another. Despite its round shape, it still gave way under gentle pressure, and my hands sank deeply into her thick layer of blubber. Like supple gelatin, it would spread out when squeezed, then bounce back into shape with a jiggle. I placed my ear against the surface, taking in the low growl it seemed to produce continuously, then realized I could modulate it with my touch. Soft prodding would yield gentle rumbles, while by bouncing it around between my hands I could elicit intense gurgling and bubbling, as her stomach protested against having its contents jostled and sloshed so carelessly. I ran a finger along the edges of her abdomen, exploring at the deep fold created by her belt. It was tight enough that I could not reach under it, and I wondered what sort of tension the thick leather was under. Finally my hand moved up towards her navel, and I let my thumb slide into its depths, turning my palm to feel the fat rolls above and below it. I felt the plump walls tighten up around my digit, and she let out a short sigh of approval that had me positively invigorated.

A bit more confident, I turned my attention to her breasts. Unlike her gut, they did not have the mattress for support, and so hung pendulously to the sides. Placing my hand under one, I was surprised I could not lift it, so massive and dense it was. And yet, the flesh was incredibly soft, folding against my fingers in large rolls, like overfilled water balloons. I was mesmerized by their shape, and the silk-like texture of her pale skin as it gradually plumped up into puffy areolae, faintly bumpy under my touch. My fingers reached a nipple, already full and rotund, then massaged it until it perked up, pink folds engorging visibly against my touch. I had no idea such huge ones could even exist, as each was big and fat enough that it'd barely fit an adult's mouth. In a fit of moxie, I put that theory to the test, enveloping one with my lips and tickling the depression at its center with the tip of my tongue. She shivered and sat up straight, grabbing me by the scruff of my neck and pulling me away, laughing.

"What are you, a baby? That tickles, you know! Alright big boy, enough faffing around. Grab some rubbers and the rest of the food, and show me what you can do."

I nearly jumped at the opportunity. Setting the remaining sandwiches and bottles of coke on the bedside table, I grabbed a strip of condoms, and began to unwrap it with shaky

hands. To my embarrassment, my clumsy efforts took long enough that she snatched it from my hands and tore the wrapper herself. I began to protest, but she silenced me with a wink.

“Shush, it’s more fitting if I do it~”

Reaching for my member, she deftly unrolled the latex tube over it, taking the opportunity to run her fingers down the shaft and give it a hearty tug, clearly enjoying every twitch and shiver she could squeeze out of it. Satisfied, she gave it one final flick before looking up at me in anticipation.

“Alright, the stage is yours. What you got in mind?”

I actually had to pause and consider my options. With the size of her gut, missionary would be all but impossible. I could approach her from behind, but asking her to balance on her stomach just sounded awkward. I was certainly too small to hold her in any more exotic positions, and while she could certainly lift me with no difficulty, my remaining pride would not allow me to let myself be manhandled like that when she’d just given me the lead. As if to hint towards her preferred solution, she began slightly leaning back, and I was quick to catch on.

“We could, ah... Maybe, if you laid down on your back, and lifted your belly up... I could kneel down between your legs and do it from there?”

“Sounds like a plan~”

Using the belt as a handle, she levered up her midsection, then let herself drop on her back, arms open. Once again I was stupefied by the expanse of her gut, rising up towards the ceiling like a colossal boulder of fat, gradually swelling up and down with every breath. Below it, I finally saw her crotch - Like the rest of her body, it was soft and plump, a healthy upper pelvic roll sitting over a large pair of lips, fuller than I ever thought possible. I had to stop and admire it for a moment, until a gentle prod from her foot made it very clear that I was missing my cue, and her patience had its limits.

Kneeling closer, I hooked my hands around her thighs, stretching as far as I could to reach her parts. The tip went in, then the shaft sunk up to its midpoint. I heard a quick gasp from across her body, and it gave me the courage to go all the way in, plunging into her

nethers until my face was pressed against the base of her gut. I began to slowly rock my hips back and forth, and was rewarded by a wavy tightness I had never experienced before, her insides thoroughly massaging me with each thrust. As the rhythm grew more and more frantic, I pushed my ear against her belly, and heard a veritable chorus of growls and gurgles, the contents of her stomach reverberating profusely under my intense assault. I stretched my neck to look at her face, catching glimpses of an entranced expression, eyes half-closed as she continued to stuff herself, reaching for whatever snacks she could grasp, powerful throat muscles pushing calories into her stomach even uphill.

A few minutes of vigorous lovemaking later, I paused to switch condoms and breathe. I asked her if she was enjoying it, and received a sassy look in return.

“Hmm... It’s okay, I guess~”

I hadn’t anticipated the effect her playful words would have on me. Irritation turned into resolve as I moved closer once again, gripping her love handles as firmly as I could. *Okay* was not enough, not by a long shot. I rammed into her once again, using her belly as a pivot to direct my movements. Overcoming the layers of fat that pushed back against me took every fiber of my being, yet I continued my frenzied thrusts. Her muffled gasps turned into long moans and finally wild cries of pleasure, and I grinned madly as her stoic facade broke down.

I felt her whole body tense and relax repeatedly under me, suddenly understanding that she was beginning to arch her back, before being pushed down by the massive weight she held upon her abdomen. Over our extended session, I was confident I made her climax several times, each accompanied by a tighter and tighter squeeze of her flesh against mine.

At long last I felt spent. Each thrust seemed to take more effort than the last, and my hands shook as I struggled to hold her body. I let myself fall forwards, resting against her in exhausted contentment, and breathed out a satisfied sigh.

“Got it out of your system? Good... Now it’s my turn~”

I was taken completely by surprise as that massive belly suddenly surged forwards, and was pushed down by what felt like hundreds of kilograms, squeezing every part of my

body against the mattress. She'd been a quivering mess just moments before, so how could she still move? And most of all - How could she sound so nonchalant about it?

I did not have the time to consider such matters. Over the bulging curve of her enormous gut, I saw her smiling, domineering face, a lewd smile stretching ear to ear. In a moment she'd taken the leading role and trapped me completely under herself, straddling my crotch with all of her mass.

"Can you feel it? All of me, as huge as you've made me tonight, bearing down on every inch of you... You can't move a muscle, can you? No... All that's left is to enjoy the feeling of being crushed by my gigantic fat belly. Cowgirl is my favorite position, you know~"

She enthusiastically slapped her midriff with both hands, and I felt the aftershocks resounding through my entire body. The sheer sensory overload immediately made me hard again, and she quickly adjusted her position to sink my rod back into her, an overwhelming feeling of tightness and pleasure coursing through my nerves. She began to rock up and down, gently at first, then ever stronger in an unending crescendo, until she was bouncing up and down on top of me, the full magnitude of her weight impacting against my pelvis. Yet somehow the actual release never came, as her practiced technique kept me just on the cusp of ejaculation without ever crossing that threshold.

I looked in awe as she grabbed a two-liter bottle of soda with her free hand, nimbly twisting the cap free despite her jackhammer-like motions. In her signature move, she chugged it in mere seconds, then reached for another, and another... With every second, I felt her weight and size expanding against me, enveloping my body, stretching her belt further and further... Carelessly throwing away the final empty bottle, she used both hands to knead and slap her gut as fiercely as she could, eliciting a cacophony of roar-like gurgles that echoed through my entire body. Her groping coaxed the dozens of gallons of carbonated drinks she'd guzzled throughout the night into fizzling up in a single burst and her abdomen swelled further with each moment, droplets of sweat running down the cherry-red surface, the folds around her belt growing deeper and deeper...



It all happened in the span of a second. Her belt snapped, the broken buckle shooting off like a projectile and disappearing in a dark corner of the room, never to be found again. I blew my load deep within her, the condom tearing from the excessive friction it'd been subjected to. She climaxed one final time, her moan of pleasure quickly morphing into an earth-shattering burp that shook the very foundations of the building.

The feelings that came over me at that moment were too intense to properly put into words, yet I feel compelled to try, if only to relive them in memory. The pressure, the vibrations, the sudden release - every physical sensation had been building up to it, culminating in an instant of boundless emotion. I can still see her radiant face, eyes half-closed and mouth agape in the throes of hedonism. The way her colossal body jiggled and bounced against mine as it broke free from its restraints, like a primal goddess of hunger and desire, unbound by the tiresome laws of modern society...

I could only thank my good fortune. More than just a glimpse into her life, I'd been given a chance to enjoy that moment with her. I would treasure it forever.

Finally satisfied, she dropped into a sitting position beside me, and I could at last move, though I wasn't sure I'd ever be able to feel my legs again. Fighting the sheer exhaustion that threatened to knock me out cold, I propped myself up on my elbows, wanting to steal one last look at her. She wiped the sweat from her forehead, breathing heavily.

"So... Was that as good as you expected?"

"That was... That was amazing... You, you looked so beautiful..."

She chuckled, resting her chin on her hand, though the slight waver in her voice made it clear that she wasn't quite as unflappable as she tried to appear.

"Heh. You weren't bad, either. Not everyone can handle it when I go all out."

"Oh, I... I never even asked your name..."

"Pfft. Some gentleman you are~

Call me Scarlet."

"That... That fits you."

Her pleased smile was the last thing I saw before sleep took me.

Cold sunlight filtered through the curtains. Outside, a sleepy city prepared itself for another unremarkable weekend. In a way, so did we.

The shower stall was larger than average, but much less so than Scarlet, which made turning around an inconvenient chore. Similarly, the sheer size of her stuffed gut meant that reaching below her navel was all but impossible. So it was that she recruited me to wash her soft underbelly, while she occupied herself with shampooing her flowing locks. I couldn't help but marvel at the prodigious speed of her metabolism - where the day before her stomach was a taut red ball, now it felt soft and fluffy, a large horizontal roll beginning to form. Running my hands across the padded surface, it was almost as if I could feel the already generous layer of subcutaneous fat growing thicker in real time. I stepped forwards to grasp one of her buttocks, and had no doubt that it was significantly plumper than the day before.

"Hey. Less groping, more scrubbing, or we're gonna run out of hot water."

"Ah... Sorry. I was just, uh, impressed by how you've grown already."

"Mhm, happens pretty quick, doesn't it? Most people don't get to see it, since it takes a few hours to kick in."

The only way I could think to respond was to rest my head against her plush belly, closing my eyes to hear it gurgling gently as it continued to digest a meal heavier than my entire body. I suddenly felt it shift, and stumbled back to see her squatting down in front of me, pouting.

"Did you listen to what I just said? C'mere - If you're just going to sit there, I might as well get started on washing your hair."

I approached as much as I could, but she still had to stretch her arms uncomfortably to reach past her gut. After a few moments of ineffective shampooing, she lifted me by the armpits and pulled me closer, until I was essentially sitting on her, straddling her lower roll.

“Lift your legs up a bit, press in against the sides. Like you’re riding a motorcycle. There you go.”

I did, and suddenly found myself in a very stable and comfortable position, my thighs softly enveloped by her love handles, while the top of her belly provided a pillow-like surface for me to rest against. Satisfied, she began massaging my scalp, humming quietly. Locked together like that, I noticed that my crotch was pressed tightly against her navel, and I considered the technique’s original purpose.

“You... Use this position a lot?”

“Here and there. Can’t really do it when I’m stuffed, people just slide off. Feels pretty good when pulled off right, though.”

Her next sentence came with a certain level of resigned impatience, as if anticipating a question she’d been asked too many times before.

“Be quick about it, and you’re washing it again when you’re done.”

“Ah... Thanks, but this is plenty good already. We can try it some other time.”

“...Huh. Alright then.”

I wondered if she thought I was just being considerate. In truth, I did not want to risk interrupting my hair care session. The warmth of her body, the water pooling and flowing where my skin met hers, the gentle motions of her fingers on my head... It was as if all my worries were melting away. It was a strange thought, but I felt sure she was not an older sister - Her movements were too careful and uncertain, often stopping to make sure she didn’t get shampoo into my eyes. For once I had found something she was inexperienced in.

Several minutes of washing and drying later, I found myself sitting on the edge of the bed, in the process of slowly buttoning my shirt back up. Scarlet had retrieved a loose white t-shirt and a set of stretchy yoga pants from a corner wardrobe, and was busy tying her hair into a loose ponytail. Finally satisfied, she sat beside me, breathing out with a serious expression on her face, that was quickly covered by her usual facade of alluring confidence. It was there for only a moment, but I felt sure I’d seen it before, somewhere. She put a hand around my shoulder and leaned close, a seductive smile on her lips.

“So, that was pretty good, huh? Hard to believe you’d never done the whole feeder thing before.”

“Thanks.”

“Mhm. I’ve had a ton of experience, and last night’s performance was still up there. You know... If we end up meeting again someday, it could be fun to go for a repeat. Though I guess we never know what paths life will take, right? Also...”

By that point, I was barely cognizant of her words. The pieces suddenly fell into place in my mind, and I took off my glasses.

“Either way, I’m sure you got plenty to do today as well, so-”

“Excuse me for a moment.”



She let out a short gasp of surprise as I slid the frame over her head. The square lenses fit her eyes almost perfectly, despite the plumpness of her cheeks, and I could scarcely believe how different she looked with and without them. A look of realization must have plastered itself all over my face, because I suddenly saw genuine confusion in hers, and yet I couldn’t stop myself from exclaiming excitedly.

“So it *was* you!”

“E-eh?”

“At the quarterly inter-department meeting! I saw your presentation on market dynamics!”

A full flush rose to her cheeks, and her pupils contracted to pinpricks. For a moment she tensed up and looked ready to jump to her feet and run away, then grimaced and raised a hand to her face, rubbing the bridge of her nose. She let out a pained groan.

“...I knew it. The moment you mentioned last week - I, I was preparing for that damn meeting for so long I didn't have time to go out. You wouldn't have seen me on the street. I'd just assumed you misremembered... *Ugh.*”

“No, I... I'm pretty sure I'd seen you before then, too. Weren't you in charge of the financial task group, late last year? I just didn't put two and two together until I saw you on and off the job at the same size.”

Two strong hands grabbed me by the shoulders, and she looked at me straight in the eyes. I'd never seen her so upset.

“Promise me. Promise you won't tell *anyone.*”

“O-oh no, no no no, absolutely - No worries! No one in the company will know about your nightlife!”

“Who cares about that? Promise not to tell anyone at the bar about my day job!”

“...Uh. I don't think I follow.”

Her intense expression quickly turned bashful, a demure look I'd never expected to see.



“It’s... I need the job. I have bills to pay - God knows I spend far too much on clothes, what with the growth, and the apartment- and... Everything.”

“But... What’s wrong with that?”

“It’s boring! And plain, and unremarkable! It’s an average desk job for pencil pushers and nerds! Ah, uhm, no offense. It’s just... Could you imagine, all those people that saw me last night, if they knew that most of the time I’m just another office lady, typing out spreadsheets for a living? They wouldn’t get aroused when I hit on them, they’d just... Laugh. I wouldn’t be able to seduce anyone ever again.”

“But I liked your presentation? I thought it was very informative.”

She sighed and slumped back onto the bed, defeated, completely unable to meet my gaze.

“...Of course it was, I spent four whole days on the damn thing. A-anyways, that's beside the point. Ugh. Well, now you know who you *actually* spent the night with. Sorry for, messing up a good memory, I guess.”

“Why would it mess it up? That was *literally* the sexiest thing that's ever happened to me.”

“...Sure it was.”

“No, really! All the scenarios worked incredibly well, and you always exuded this feeling of confidence that was really hot! Like... If anything, it makes it better - it's like it's another role you're playing, on top of it all. Another layer to the performance.”

She couldn't help but smile at that, doing her best to look as if she wasn't convinced.

“Heh. What are you even saying? You... You're a really odd one, you know?”

“I just know what I like, I guess? Either way, don't worry - Not a word from me. To be honest, that nightclub isn't really my kind of scene, in the first place...”

“Well, you *did* look like a fish out of water at first~ What department are you even from, anyways? R&D?”

“Hah, I wish. No, I do data entry in Logistics.”

“What, *really*? Didn't you guys move into the new building at the start of the year? How come I never saw you at the water cooler?”

“Heh, you know how life is. Some times things line up, some times they don't...”

We chatted for quite a while, jumping subjects between work and pleasure without even noticing. Noon came and went before we bid each other farewell.

The following Monday, I didn't bring a water bottle to work. Going into the break room, I saw a familiar face.

I walked up to Scarlet and said hello.

THE END

