

Science Got Fat and Tried to Prove It WG

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Art by Belka-Dog

Ayame Himuro adjusted her oval glasses and frowned at the strain she felt around her waist. Standing in the quiet Saitama University lab, she tugged at her snug skirt. Strange, she thought, this skirt fit perfectly a month ago. She pulled her white lab coat tighter, hoping to hide the small gap forming at the skirt's button. Across the room, Shinya Yukimura glanced up from a graph he was plotting. Noticing her fidgeting, his light gray eyes narrowed with analytical curiosity. "Himuro-san, is something the matter with your attire?" he asked in his typically serious tone.

Ayame's cheeks warmed. "It's nothing," she lied, trying to sound as logical as always. But Yukimura had already stood up and walked over, lab notebook in hand. Before she could protest, he gently poked the side of her waist where a tiny sliver of pale skin peeked between blouse and skirt. "Interesting... The calibration of your clothing seems off," he murmured. Ayame swatted his hand, face flushed. "I've... put on a little weight," she admitted softly. Saying it aloud felt oddly momentous. She was a scientist; data was king. And the data point was undeniable: Ayame Himuro had gained a few kilograms.

Yukimura's expression lit up, not with disgust or disappointment, but with interest. "Weight gain, hm? Fascinating." He adjusted his glasses, immediately slipping into an analytical mode. "How much gain are we talking about?" Without waiting, he grabbed a digital scale used for lab equipment calibration. Ayame balked as he set it on the floor. "H-hey! You can't just... weigh me here!" she protested, face reddening at the idea. But Yukimura tilted his head, genuinely perplexed. "Why not? It's an easy measurement. We'll record it as baseline data." His matter-of-fact tone was somehow comforting and infuriating all at once.

Sighing, Ayame kicked off her heels and stepped on the scale. Yukimura crouched to take the reading. "55.3 kilograms," he announced. "Up from your previously self-reported 53.0 kg last semester. That's a 2.3 kg increase." He jotted the number down in his notebook with the same satisfaction as if he'd discovered a new formula. Ayame's face burned. "It's just a small change," she mumbled, stepping off and hastily re-buttoning her skirt. Yukimura adjusted his glasses again, a tiny smile tugging at his lips. "Small, yes. But perhaps significant. It begs investigation."

Ayame crossed her arms over her ample chest (even at her previous weight, she'd always been busty). "You can't be serious. It's probably just water weight... Or maybe all those late-night snacks Ena keeps bringing." She tried to brush it off, but Yukimura was already scribbling ideas on the board. "Himuro-san, think about it. We've been attempting to quantify love, but mostly under static conditions. What if we test how physical changes affect love? Specifically, how my

feelings for you may or may not change as your body changes.” His voice had the excited edge it got whenever he proposed a new experiment.

Ayame’s heart skipped – partly from the mention of his feelings, and partly at the audacity of the idea. Trust Yukimura to turn something as mortifying as her weight gain into a research proposal. She pursed her lips in thought. It was embarrassingly on-brand for them as a couple of nerds in love. “You propose... using my weight gain as a variable in a love experiment?” she said slowly. Yukimura gave a confident nod. “Precisely. Hypothesis: my love for you is independent of your body mass. To prove it, we can deliberately increase that mass and collect data on both your physical changes and our emotional responses.”

Ayame’s stomach fluttered with both nerves and a strange excitement. It was a lighthearted comedy of an idea, and yet the implications made her oddly warm inside. “If we’re going to do this, we’ll do it scientifically,” she declared, pointing at him. She was equal parts competitive researcher and flustered girlfriend. “I won’t have sloppy methodology.” Yukimura’s eyes shone. “Agreed. We’ll need controlled caloric increases, periodic measurements, and perhaps observational logs of any physiological difficulties you experience as you...grow.” He said the last word without any malice – purely as an objective term.

Thus, the Weight Gain Experiment began. In the ensuing weeks, Yukimura meticulously increased Ayame’s calorie intake. He approached it like feeding a subject in a controlled trial: calculating her daily caloric needs and then systematically exceeding them. Ayame found herself eating far more dessert than she ever had. At first, it was difficult – she’d pat her flat tummy after meals, feeling uncomfortably full. But soon her stomach seemed to adapt (perhaps even eagerly, she admitted in private). Late one evening in the lab, Yukimura presented her with a homemade high-calorie “nutrient shake” he engineered. “For efficiency,” he explained, watching intently as Ayame sipped the creamy, sweet concoction. It was delicious, flavored with chocolate and peanut butter. She raised an eyebrow. “Are you sure you’re not just trying to spoil me, Shinya?” she teased, using his first name coquettishly. He coughed, cheeks tinting the faintest pink. “Strictly scientific. I ensured it has 1200 calories to maximize your daily surplus.”



Within a month, Ayame's slim figure began to soften. At 170 cm tall, she had always carried herself with a statuesque grace; now that figure was visibly changing. One morning, she stood before her dormitory mirror, astonished. Her lab coat, always loose, was now snug around her shoulders and upper arms. Her bust, already generous, looked positively enormous – her bra digging in by late afternoon as she filled out. Below, a small tummy pooch had appeared, rounding out over her skirt's waistband. Ayame experimentally prodded the soft flesh at her belly and felt it give under her finger. I'm... getting chubby, she thought, half shocked, half curious.

Yukimura took careful measurements every week. Tape in hand, he circled her waist, hips, and bust, announcing numbers with clinical precision despite Ayame's blushing. "Waist circumference: 75 centimeters, up from 68. Bust: 102 centimeters, up from 98. Fascinating...your bust has grown as well," he remarked, pushing up his slipping glasses. Ayame nearly squeaked when his hands accidentally brushed the side of her breast during the measurement. "Yukimura-kun!" she scolded, face red. "S-sorry, scientific rigor," he replied hastily, though she noticed his ears had gone red too.

By the experiment's third month, Ayame had crossed the threshold from merely plump to undeniably overweight. At roughly 82 kg (180 lbs), her body had blossomed with plush curves. Her belly formed a noticeable soft dome that pressed against her blouse. She'd switched to stretchy pants for comfort, having long abandoned her old skirt suits. Even so, each morning was a comedic struggle pulling the pants up over her widened hips and generous backside. "Must have shrunk in the wash," she'd mutter ironically – a classic excuse they both knew wasn't true. Yukimura observed these changes with academic delight. He frequently ran gentle fingers along the curve of her hip or the swell of her tummy – purely in the name of data collection, he insisted. Yet Ayame noticed the tender way he sometimes smiled during these "inspections." It sent fluttery feelings through her, even as she grumbled about being treated like a research subject.

Despite the lighthearted tone, Ayame occasionally struggled with her self-image. Late one night after a hearty dinner, she attempted to put on one of her favorite dresses from before. It was a sleek black number she had worn on an early "non-experiment" date with Yukimura. Now, it wouldn't even go over her thighs. Ayame huffed, face hot with frustration as fabric bunched around her widened hips. In the mirror, an unfamiliar chubby woman pouted back. Her once sharp jawline was soft, a slight double chin appearing when she tilted down. Tears pricked her eyes unexpectedly. Is this really me? she thought. Will he... still find me beautiful when I'm so different?

As if on cue, her phone buzzed – Yukimura, texting a graph of her weight trend with an excited note: "Trend fits exponential model with $R^2=0.98$. Amazing progress! How are you feeling?" She couldn't help but chuckle through her sniffles. Trust Shinya to text something so nerdy and supportive. She replied: "Feeling okay, just... large. Come over?"

Yukimura arrived at her apartment lab in minutes. Ayame stood there in the ill-fitting dress, trying to yank it down over her bulging tummy. Yukimura's eyes widened at the sight. "Himuro-san...you look..." He paused, and Ayame's heart sank, expecting a tactless

observation of her size. But he finished softly, "...beautiful." She blinked. "Beautiful? Even like... this?" She gestured at her body – the dress stuck half-up her thighs, her plush midsection on display. Yukimura stepped closer, his gaze sincere behind his glasses. "The dress doesn't quite fit, true," he said, matter-of-fact. Ayame winced. "But," he continued, "the beauty I see isn't diminished. If anything, it's amplified by the... fullness of your form." He placed a tentative hand on her bare belly where the dress hem had ridden up. Ayame gasped quietly as he gently squeezed the soft flesh. Her tummy yielded under his fingers. "Soft," he murmured in fascination. "Your body has changed significantly — an 82% increase in mass since we started — yet my affection hasn't wavered. My heartbeat is still spiking at 30% above baseline whenever I'm near you." He spoke with the same data-driven conviction as always, but there was a trembling warmth to his words now.

Ayame's face burned at his touch, but her worries eased. She wrapped her arms (a bit more cushioned than before) around him in a hug. Yukimura responded immediately, though his arms could no longer fully encircle her thick waist. He didn't seem to mind, holding her as tightly as he could. "Thank you," she whispered, burying her face in his shoulder. "I needed to know you weren't just obsessed with the data." Yukimura gently stroked her lavender hair. "The data is important, but so are your feelings. In truth, I find your new body...extremely interesting." He pulled back to look her in the eyes. "Perhaps that's not purely scientific interest." His own cheeks were red now. It was the closest he'd come to admitting he liked her fattened figure. Ayame's heart fluttered, a giddy mix of relief and bashfulness.

Over the following months, Ayame's weight continued to climb relentlessly. Yukimura ensured their experiment remained rigorous: he graphed her growth, kept food logs, and even started a formula to predict her future weight based on caloric intake (though Ayame accused him of sneaking in extra snacks to skew the results in favor of more gain). By the sixth month, Ayame weighed over 113 kg (250 lbs). Her proportions had shifted dramatically. Her belly was now a heavy, round gut that surged outward and drooped slightly over her waistband when not supported. She often rested a hand on its slope, an unconscious habit from carrying around that added weight. Her breasts had grown beyond even her own large handspan, making button-up shirts essentially obsolete – she lived in stretchy tops and custom larger bras now. Her hips and rear had broadened lavishly, giving her a wide, wobbly gait. Walking down the lab hallway, Ayame's generous hips would occasionally bump into door frames or knock stacks of papers off desks, much to her embarrassment and Yukimura's secret amusement.

One afternoon, Kanade (their junior colleague) stopped by the lab and nearly dropped her coffee upon seeing Ayame. "H-Himuro-senpai?!" Kanade stammered, eyes wide at the sight of Ayame's expanded figure pouring out of the lab chair. Ayame flushed and tried to stand up quickly to greet her, but that was a mistake. The chair beneath Ayame gave a ominous creeeak. Before she could fully rise, there was a sudden snap – the metal legs splayed and the chair collapsed under her weight, sending Ayame plopping to the ground. She yelped in surprise, landing on her well-padded bottom (thankfully the extra cushioning prevented any injury). Kanade gasped, and a silence fell. Ayame's face went scarlet; she was mortified beyond belief.

Yukimura rushed to her side. "Ayame! Are you hurt?" He looked genuinely concerned, kneeling next to her. Ayame blinked; it was the first time he'd used her first name without honorific in front of someone else. Stunned and flustered, she shook her head. "I-I'm fine... just my pride," she murmured. Kanade helped her up, apologizing profusely as if she were at fault. Yukimura, meanwhile, had a far-off analytical look even as he steadied Ayame on her feet. "The structural failure of the chair suggests your weight has exceeded its design limit," he said, almost to himself. "Noted: standard lab chair supports up to 100 kg. Subject is now well beyond that." Ayame shot him a glare, and he coughed. "I-I mean, I'll get a stronger chair, Himuro-san." Kanade just stared in disbelief, finally blurting, "What on earth are you two doing?!"

Ayame straightened, as much as she could; her belly pressed against the edge of the lab bench in front of her, pinning her in place until she stepped back. She adjusted her glasses and tried for a dignified tone. "Science, of course." Yukimura nodded vigorously. "Our research has taken a... niche turn." Kanade opened her mouth, then closed it. Ultimately she sighed. "Well, as long as you're both happy (and healthy)... I won't ask." She left shaking her head, muttering something about "crazy lovebirds." Ayame exhaled, tension broken, and soon she and Yukimura were giggling like kids at the absurdity.



By the time Ayame's weight passed 150 kg (330 lbs), nearly a year into the experiment, everyday life had transformed into a new normal. Simple tasks required new strategies. Ayame's mobility had slowed; walking across campus left her panting for breath, face flushed and dewy with sweat. She often carried a hand fan to cool herself, and Yukimura took to bringing a small towel to gently dab her forehead when she overheated – an act that always made her simultaneously grateful and shy. Climbing stairs became an ordeal, so they took elevators whenever possible. "Data point: subject experiences breathlessness after 1 flight of stairs, with heart rate spiking to 140 bpm," Yukimura noted after one ill-fated attempt at the stairwell. He recorded this while Ayame leaned heavily against him, catching her breath. She glared up at him through loose strands of her lavender hair. "You... gasp ...don't have to record every embarrassing thing," she pouted. Yukimura offered a slight, apologetic smile and rubbed her back soothingly. "It's valuable data, Himuro-san. And for what it's worth, I find your endurance impressive given the... circumstances." His hand lingered on the wide expanse of her back, which was stretching her poor lab coat to its limits. Ayame felt a mix of exasperation and affection. Leave it to her boyfriend to compliment her stamina while indirectly acknowledging she was, beyond any doubt, very fat.

The final phase of Yukimura's grand experiment arrived as Ayame approached 500 pounds (around 227 kg). This number had loomed in Yukimura's theoretical calculations as an ambitious upper bound – and to Ayame's astonishment, they were on the verge of reaching it. In truth, she was now immensely fat. The term could no longer be danced around with polite euphemisms like "chubby" or "curvy"; Ayame's body had expanded into pure, unadulterated obesity. She occupied nearly twice the width of a normal chair. Her belly was gigantic, an apron of soft fat that hung down over her lap when she sat. It surged outward in front of her, so large that she sometimes underestimated how far her body extended – bumping into desks or people unintentionally with her stomach. Her hips and buttocks were so broad that standard doorways were becoming tricky; she had to turn sideways to squeeze through some, and even then her belly and expansive rear would brush the frame. Her thighs were hefty pillars, rubbing together in a perpetual soft caress when she walked, forcing a slow waddling gait. Even her face had become round and cherubic, with full cheeks and a slight double chin that deepened when she smiled or spoke. And Ayame's breasts, good heavens – they were colossal, resting heavily atop her belly like two plush globes. Yukimura once joked (with great admiration) that they followed an exponential growth curve. That earned him a flustered swat, though she couldn't deny they'd gone from merely large to almost too large for her comfort.

Despite all the challenges, Ayame had grown oddly proud of her new size in certain moments. There was a luxurious comfort to being so soft and pillowy. In private, Yukimura had taken to cuddling up to her abundant body at every opportunity – often falling asleep with his head pillowed on her marshmallow-like belly or using her ample thighs as a cushion while reading papers. His genuine appreciation for her larger body gave Ayame confidence. Still, she was nervous when Yukimura announced the final part of the experiment: a public outing to gather "field data."

"A mall... seriously?" Ayame raised an eyebrow, munching on a donut (second breakfast) as Yukimura outlined the plan. They were in their apartment living room – Ayame occupying a

custom-built reinforced armchair (after outgrowing or breaking several pieces of furniture, Yukimura had commissioned heavy-duty replacements). Yukimura clicked through a checklist on his tablet. "Yes. A shopping mall provides a rich environment to observe common scenarios and social feedback regarding your size. We need to document external reactions and practical challenges outside the lab." He spoke with professor-like authority. Ayame groaned and sank deeper into the cushy chair, which creaked under her shifting weight. "You mean you want to parade me around to prove beyond a doubt that I'm fat?" she asked, half teasing, half dreading. Yukimura paused, then gave a tiny nod. "In essence... yes. I want definitive, observable evidence. Though," he added softly, "I already know it to be true. You are... undeniably fat, Ayame." He said the word "fat" without hesitation, yet without cruelty – it was simply the truth, tinged with affection. Ayame felt a jolt in her chest at hearing him say it so plainly. God, I really am fat, she thought, an odd mix of shame and thrill swirling inside her. She finished the donut and licked a bit of glaze from her finger, which did not escape Yukimura's attentive gaze. "Alright," she sighed. "For science. But you owe me, Shinya. This had better be worth it." He smiled gently and leaned in to kiss her forehead (having to bend a bit; seated, she was quite the large presence). "It will be," he promised.

That weekend, they ventured to the city's largest shopping mall. The trip was an event in itself. Yukimura had to help Ayame into a taxi van because their own car was too snug for her now; even in the van's backseat, her wide hips pressed against the doors. She felt a pang of self-consciousness as the suspension dipped noticeably when she heaved herself inside. At the mall entrance, Ayame hesitated. The glass doors suddenly seemed narrower, and people bustling inside seemed to cast curious glances her way. Yukimura placed a reassuring hand at the small of her back (or where the small of her back would be, if she still had one – now it was just broad, plush expanse). "Ready, Himuro-san?" he asked. She took a deep breath and nodded, stepping forward.

The first challenge came immediately: a standard turnstile gate at the entrance of one department store. Ayame stared at the rotating bars and then at her hips. "Nope," she declared flatly. Yukimura quickly guided her to the accessible side door, which she managed to get through, though even that single-wide door brushed her belly on the way in. Observation 1: Narrow entryways are nearly impassable. Yukimura duly noted this on his clipboard, murmuring about "spatial occupancy issues." Ayame rolled her eyes. "Yes, I occupy a lot of space. Got it."

They strolled (or rather, she waddled) through the mall's first floor. Before long, Ayame's breathing grew labored. The distance that would have been a light warm-up for her a year ago now left her winded. Her chest rose and fell rapidly, and a light sheen of sweat appeared on her forehead and neck. "Let's... hah... take a break," she panted. Yukimura guided her to a bench. Ayame sat down heavily, the bench creaking ominously beneath her. She tensed, fearing another collapse, but it held—albeit protesting loudly. Two passing schoolgirls giggled at the sound and whispered to each other, eyes on Ayame. Ayame's face burned; she pretended not to notice, but Yukimura's jaw tightened. He ticked something on his checklist: breathlessness and public reaction, confirmed.

After a few minutes, Ayame caught her breath. They continued into a clothing store at Yukimura's insistence – "We must test garment fitting," he said. Inside, bright posters of slim models surrounded them, making Ayame acutely aware of her size. She tried on a flowy blouse in the largest size available, 4XL. Even that pulled taut across her expansive middle. When she attempted to lift her arms, the fabric overstressed and – to her horror – rip! A seam split under the armpit. Mortified, Ayame quickly changed out and apologized to the clerk, who was polite but wide-eyed. "It's fine, really!" the clerk insisted, though she did suggest, "Perhaps our online range has bigger sizes... or maternity wear might fit..." Ayame grimaced at the implication. Waddling out, she hissed to Yukimura, "She basically suggested I shop in the maternity section. She thought I was pregnant!" Her face was a mix of embarrassment and amusement at the absurdity. Yukimura nodded thoughtfully. "Mistaken pregnancy trope: check." Ayame delivered a soft punch to his arm, too out of sorts to do more.

Next, Yukimura steered them to the food court – a trial Ayame didn't mind. By now, all the walking had built up her appetite. She ordered a large lunch: two servings of curry rice, extra naan, and a milkshake. Under normal circumstances, that amount could feed three people. But Ayame dug in with gusto. Yukimura watched, fascinated, as his girlfriend demolished every last bite. Her belly visibly swelled, pressing tighter against her waistband. Finishing with a satisfied sigh, Ayame patted her tummy, which gurgled contentedly. Only after eating did she notice a few onlookers gawking – a mixture of awe and disbelief at the sheer quantity she put away. One little boy innocently commented to his mother, "That lady ate a lot!" Ayame covered her face with her hands in embarrassment. Yukimura, however, was busy jotting notes: overeating capacity, confirmed. He also slipped in a genuine compliment: "That was impressive, Himuro-san. Your consumption rate has definitely increased." She peeked at him between her fingers. "You realize praising my gluttony isn't exactly normal boyfriend behavior," she teased weakly. He simply shrugged, smiling. "Normal is overrated. I prefer honest data."

As they made to leave the food court, Ayame attempted to stand up from the picnic-style bench. With her stomach full and her bottom spread wide, it was a tight squeeze. She wedged slightly between bench and table. "Um...Shinya...a little help?" she murmured, cheeks hot. Yukimura quickly came to her side. With a gentle tug (and Ayame sucking in her tummy as much as possible, which wasn't much at this size), they managed to extricate her, the bench scraping loudly. A concerned older man nearby asked if she was alright; Ayame forced a smile and waddled off, mortified. Yukimura added stuckage to his checklist with a sympathetic wince.

Their final stop was an upscale furniture store. Ayame was hesitant – she'd had enough public embarrassment – but Yukimura insisted on one last test: seating durability. Spotting a display of reinforced armchairs (the kind meant for plus-sized users), Yukimura suggested she try one out. Ayame lowered herself into a huge plush armchair, grateful for the chance to rest her feet. It held her comfortably, no creaks. She sighed in relief, settling in. "This is nice..." she murmured, momentarily forgetting the experiment as the chair supported her weight without complaint. Yukimura smiled, seeing her relax. But fate had other plans: a moment later, there was a sudden CRACK from across the showroom. A salesperson had rolled out an identical model on a wheeled platform, not realizing one wheel lock was loose. The chair slid and toppled into a display shelf with a crash. Startled, Ayame tried to jump up – a slow process – and as she did,

the chair beneath her gave one loud groan and collapsed! One of its legs, perhaps faulty, bent under the impact of her shifting weight. Ayame ended up on the ground, cushioned by the remains of the seat and her own ample padding.

She closed her eyes in utter humiliation, fighting back tears. Not again. And this time in front of a crowd of shoppers who were now gasping and murmuring. Yukimura was at her side in an instant, worry etched on his face. “Ayame! Are you hurt?!” She wasn’t, physically – the embarrassment hurt far worse. Ayame’s composure finally cracked. “I-I’m fine,” she managed, voice trembling. Yukimura, disregarding all protocol, wrapped his arms around her right there on the floor, helping to shield her from the stares. “It’s alright,” he whispered, guiding her up gently. With surprising strength, he helped her to her feet. Ayame leaned on him, sniffing. A couple of attendants rushed over apologizing about the chair, but Yukimura waved them off, leaving some cash for the damage. He led Ayame out of the store, one arm protectively around her wide waist.

Outside, behind the mall near the quiet loading dock, Ayame finally let her tears flow. “Shinya... I... hic... I’m so fat I broke a chair in public,” she sobbed, hiding her face in her hands. It all hit her at once – how far she had come from the slim, confident scientist she once was. Yukimura turned to face her and gently pulled her hands away from her face. She tried to avoid his gaze, but he wouldn’t have it. With a firm yet tender expression, he stated, “Yes, you are fat.” Ayame’s breath caught. He placed a hand on the side of her belly, which was still quivering from her heavy breathing and crying. “Extremely fat. All the data confirms it.” She opened her mouth to protest or wail, she wasn’t sure, but then he continued, voice shaking slightly: “And I love you. I love all of you – every kilogram, every centimeter.” He pressed himself closer, burying his face against her soft shoulder. “I’m sorry today was hard. But please know, Ayame, my feelings have only grown along with you. You are the woman I love – now in a larger size.” He gave a short, nervous laugh at his own awkward phrasing.

Ayame’s tears turned from sorrow to something else – a messy mix of laughter and relief. She sniffled, wiping her eyes. “You...you really mean that?” Yukimura nodded and looked up at her earnestly. “I have empirical evidence of my elevated heart rate and endorphin levels whenever I hold you.” To prove his point, he pulled out his phone where a custom app displayed his heart rate from his smartwatch. It was currently soaring well above resting. Ayame giggled wetly. Trust him to have data even in a romantic confession. “You big nerd,” she whispered affectionately. She leaned down (or rather, he leaned up, given she was quite a bit wider and softer but also a little taller than him in her shoes) and they shared a gentle, heartfelt kiss. It was sweet and salty (perhaps from her tears), but it melted away her embarrassment. In that moment, in Yukimura’s arms, Ayame felt truly loved and desired.

Two days later, back in the familiar lab, Yukimura presented Ayame with a formal report bound in a folder. “Final Results: Adipose Accumulation and Love Proof – Yukimura & Himuro Study,” the title read. Ayame’s hands trembled slightly as she opened it. Yukimura stood beside her, practically vibrating with excitement. Inside, he had compiled charts, tables, even photos (where did he get those sneaky candid photos of her at various sizes?!). One chart plotted her weight gain trajectory; another showed a scatterplot labeled “Yukimura’s attraction (qualitative) vs

Himuro's weight," which amusingly showed an upward trend. Ayame's eyes skimmed to the conclusion section, and Yukimura cleared his throat, gently taking the report to read the conclusion aloud:

"Conclusion: The subject, Ayame Himuro, has undeniably achieved a state of obesity, reaching a mass of 228.6 kg (503 lbs) as of last measurement. All proposed 'fatness indicators' were observed: significant breathlessness on exertion, increased appetite and food intake, structural challenges (e.g., furniture strain and breakage), clothing fitment issues, and notable public attention to size. These data points confirm beyond any doubt that Ayame Himuro is, in scientific terms, extremely fat.

However, contrary to any hypothesis that such a transformation might negatively affect the romantic feelings of the researcher Shinya Yukimura, the results indicate the opposite effect. The researcher's affection, physical attraction, and emotional attachment to the subject have only intensified. In empirical terms, heart rate data, frequency of affectionate gestures, and self-reported satisfaction are all positively correlated with the subject's increasing size.

Therefore, we reject the null hypothesis that love diminishes with weight gain. In fact, we conclude with 99% confidence that Shinya Yukimura's love for Ayame Himuro is positively correlated with – if not outright enhanced by – her weight gain.

Addendum: Shinya Yukimura hereby states for the record that Ayame Himuro is the most beautiful, intelligent, and captivating woman he has ever known, at any size. This study unexpectedly became as much a testament to unconditional love as it is to scientific curiosity."

Ayame's eyes blurred with tears by the end, and she had to remove her glasses to wipe them. "You... you really wrote that... in an official report?" she whispered. Yukimura's face was red, but he nodded. "It's not a traditional publication, but it's rigorous in its own way." He gave her a shy smile. "And every word is true."

In a surge of emotion, Ayame flung her arms around him. This time, she didn't worry about her bulk; she pulled him flush against her soft, pillowy front and hugged him tightly. Yukimura laughed as he was nearly engulfed by his giant love. "Careful, I might suffocate in all this evidence," he teased, poking her belly. Ayame responded by playfully smooshing him deeper into her softness until he yelped. They ended up collapsing onto the loveseat (specially reinforced, thankfully) in a heap of giggles. Once they caught their breath (Ayame taking a bit longer to do so, of course), Yukimura cradled her cheek and kissed her. "I love you, Ayame," he said softly, still marveling at how her name felt on his tongue without any honorifics. "Every part of you."

Ayame's heart swelled. She straightened up with as much dignity as a 500-pound scientist can, and placed her hands on her wide hips. "For the record," she announced in a faux formal tone, "I, Ayame Himuro, am fat." She stated it proudly, no hesitance. "Exceptionally, ridiculously fat." Yukimura nodded in agreement, eyes bright with adoration. Emboldened, Ayame continued, "And as a woman of science... I vow to continue this experiment." Yukimura raised an eyebrow,

a smile tugging at his lips. “Oh?” She grinned, poking her belly which jiggled under her finger. “I’ll keep gaining and growing, purely to test the limits of how much Shinya Yukimura can love me. For science, of course.” Her tone was playful, challenging.



Yukimura’s pulse quickened – she could almost hear the scientific excitement in his voice. “A longitudinal study on love and adipose accumulation? That sounds...groundbreaking.” He took her hand, interlacing his fingers with hers. “Hypothesis: My capacity to love you is boundless, no matter your size. But I’m very much looking forward to collecting more data.” He winked, a rare cheeky gesture that made Ayame laugh. In that moment, she had never felt more cherished or more eager for the future.

Snuggling into Yukimura’s arms (or as much of her as could fit in his arms), Ayame felt a joyous sense of victory. It was a romance only they could have – a perfect blend of nerdy academic banter, heartfelt emotion, comedic mishaps, and yes, an unabashed dash of fetishistic fun. As they cuddled in the lab amid scattered graphs and empty cake boxes (rewards for hitting the 500-pound milestone, naturally), Ayame closed her eyes and sighed contentedly. The scientific proof was in: She was fat, loved, and happier than ever. And the experiment in love would continue – with even larger results to come.