

Monika's Weighty Workout

Entering the gym, Kenji optimistically kept his eyes peeled for his workout partner. His position as the main character of a visual novel had put in him the direct sights of the leader of the literature club. While at first this adoration had been shown in the form of manipulating others and the code of the game itself to destroy their lives, that was all put to rest when he managed to have a heart to heart talk with her. No longer driven by unhealthy obsession, the president said that she was willing to take things slow in the hopes of building a genuine relationship with him. The plan was working, but not without cost.

As Kenji entered the main exercise area, he spotted the coral brown ponytail of hair belonging to Monika. In direct contrast to her usual uniform, she had chosen a lime green tank top and matching pair of gym shorts for their workout session. The outfit was initially chosen as the perfect way to flaunt her body towards Kenji. However, judging by the look in her eyes, it was obvious that the clothing only served to exacerbate the main reason she was at the gym in the first place.

Going through her pre-workout stretches had Monika's prominent potbelly frequently trying to slip out of the hem of her top. Any attempts to adjust her clothing to cover her mid-section's pudge threatened to pop her meaty, sagging breasts out at a moment's notice. Further modifications had to be made around her rear to rid herself of the fabric digging into the crack of the bubble butt. It was only after she managed to free her waist-length ponytail from her back flab did she manage to notice Kenji staring at her.

"Sorry, I didn't see you there," she said, greeting him with a wave of her plump fingers and a soft smile on her chubby face.

“It’s fine,” Kenji said, scratching the back of his head to dismiss a strange, tingling sensation going through his mind. “You were just making sure you were ready for today’s exercise session.”

“Well, mentally I’m more than prepared,” Monika replied, longingly rubbing at her gut. “I can’t say the same for my physical form though. I had to spend half an hour this morning just trying to squeeze this cumbersome body into these shorts.”

“You’ll be alright now,” Kenji said, taking her chubby fingers in his. “That’s what we’re here for, right?”

“You do have a point,” Monika said, her earlier concern overwritten by his display of affection. “Okay then, let’s do this. I know just how I want to start too.”

Keeping pace with Monika, Kenji followed her towards a collection of exercise equipment. The plethora of different devices made it a challenge for him to figure out what she was trying to start with. Without speaking, she played along with the impromptu game; purposefully reaching out towards treadmills and weight sets, only to turn away at the last second. Giggling at the confused look on his face, she inevitably made a beeline to her true destination.

Climbing aboard an exercise bike, Monika had to shuffle back and forth to make herself comfortable. Though she did find a workable spot, she still winced at the realization that her butt cheeks hung off the sides of the seat. This fact wasn’t lost on Kenji, who couldn’t keep his eyes off of the way her bottom wobbled back and forth. Telling himself that it was nothing more than concern for her well-being, he refocused himself on the task at hand.

“Are you ready to get started?” Kenji asked.

“As I’ll ever be, I guess,” she replied, shaking out her pudgy wrists to pump herself up. “Would you mind keeping track of my progress as we go?”

“You can count on me,” Kenji replied. “Just make sure you don’t push yourself too hard.”

Taking a deep breath, Monika began to peddle. “You’ve got nothing to worry about. This should be an easy start to my routine.”

At first, the literature club president’s claim appeared to be true as she constantly peddled along. Her chubby thighs moved as fast as they could as if she were trying to bike through a marathon. Though she tried to keep up a conversation with Kenji during the exercise, she kept the majority of her focus on maintaining a steady rhythm. Looking between her determined face and the rising number on the device’s monitor, he was happy to see how well she was progressing.

Unfortunately, Monika’s initial burst of adrenaline hit a snag a little over half way through her set. Wheezing breaths began to leave her lips as she continued to push herself. On a few occasions, she had to remove her fingers from the handlebars to wipe away beads of sweat from her forehead. Judging by the strained noises that left her lips, it was obvious that she was really pushing herself to the limit.

As much as Kenji wanted to assist Monika, there didn’t seem to be anything he could do. He was left as little more than a spectator that could only watch as her speed gradually slowed down with each passing second. At a loss for anyway to assist, his eyes began to wander across her body.

Kenji took notice of the way Monika’s extra chub jiggled under the duress of her legs constantly pushing against the peddles. The top and shorts adorning her body strained against her curves to keep them in check. Seeing the way her sweat made her body take on a shimmering

sheen, he was left in a confused state thanks to the odd mixture of feelings that welled up inside of him as he continued to watch up until she came to a dead stop.

With a strained groan, Monika ceased her peddling to give herself a chance to recover. Swinging her legs over the side of the seat, she leaned against the monitor to ease her aching muscles. Snatching up her water bottle and twisting off the top, she guzzled it down in a matter of seconds. It was only after she had wiped the leftover droplets from her lips did she notice the way Kenji was looking at her.

“Is everything alright?” Monika asked.

The words seemed to break Kenji out of his trance-like state. “Um, yeah, yeah. I was just impressed by how hard you were going. It was really amazing how much effort you put into it.”

“Oh, well thank you,” Monika replied, a red blush on her cheeks helping to cover up some of the strain of her routine. “I’m going to need all the motivation I can get to finish up the rest of my exercises.”

“More than happy to oblige,” Kenji said, offering up a hand to help Monika stand back up. “So, what’s next on the agenda?”

“I’m not sure the equipment is really agreeing with me,” Monika commented, trying to subtly tug at the fabric that had gotten stuck between her butt cheeks over the course of her stationary bike ride. “Let’s try for something a bit more natural.”

With Monika once more in the lead, she led Kenji over to an area covered in exercise mats. Taking her spot in one of the open areas, she tried to get rid of the lingering soreness of her previous session by doing some stretches. Each flex of her arm or bend of her legs further exacerbated the feeling in the pit of Kenji’s stomach. Repeating to himself that he was there to help the president and not gawk at her, he got in position.

“Ready to go?” Kenji asked.

“Sure am,” Monika replied, swiveling her torso back and forth, incidentally scrunching up her belly rolls. “Make sure to keep count.”

Putting her arms to her side, Monika took a deep breath to try to mentally prepare herself. With a nod, she leapt up into the air with her legs spread apart. Reaching the apex of her jump, she clapped her hands above her head. Coming back down to the ground, she turned towards Kenji to make sure he was counting before moving on to her second jumping jack.

While it was true that Kenji was carefully watching her, at some point his ability to keep track began to falter as she went on. Each successful rep of her exercise had the adverse effect of frantically shaking around her extra heft. Her top and shorts did a poor job of keeping her pudge in line. If anything, the ill-fitting clothing served only to emphasize how her weight was making her struggle.

Monika’s movements began to slow down as sweat began to cover her once more. Though her deodorant managed to cover up the smell of her perspiration, there was an obvious downside in the way it stained her outfit. The moisture further tightened the fabric against her body to leave more of her gut and bosom on display. She couldn’t help from wincing as her shorts rose higher and higher into her butt crack as she continued on. Unable to take her self-made wedgie any longer, she forced herself to stop far from her original goal. Brushing back her hair to try and get a grip on herself, she turned towards Kenji.

“So, how did I do?” she asked.

“Um, it was, uh,” Kenji scrambled, trying to hide the way his eyes kept drifting towards her lower body. “Er, sorry. I think I lost count. I was... distracted.”

Though there was a hint of annoyance in Monika's eye, it was dismissed with a deep sigh. "It's fine," she said, shuffling her way over to her bag to take a gulp from her water bottle. "I don't think I could make it as far as I did anyway with this sorry, fatty body of mine." Spotting a few droplets trickling down, she grabbed hold of her bosom. "The only silver lining is that my bust size has gone up. Even then, these meat sacks aren't nearly as perky as they used to be. They're just like me; completely useless."

"Hey, don't beat yourself up like that," Kenji commented. "You're still the go-getting president of the literature club that the other members and I can rely on. That's one of the main reasons that I'm here to help. And besides, we can fix that chest of yours with the right kind of support. After we're done today, I'll go with you to a shop to help you pick something out."

"Thank you," Monika said with a small smile on her face. "I really needed that. Let's keep going. There's at least one more exercise I want to try out before we call it for today."

Returning to the mat, Monika put one leg in front of her and the other behind. While she was preparing to make the final push, Kenji tried to come to grips with whatever sensation kept distracting him. Even now, the slightest pinch of Monika's fat or jostle of her chub was enough to fill his mind with a plethora of indecent thoughts. Again he had to remind himself that he needed to remain in control. However, this notion only lasted until Monika began her next routine.

Leaning forward with one knee bent, Monika attempted to perform a lunge. As she brought her back leg down to the ground, the sound of her outfit straining against her body echoed through the room. She was very much aware of the fragile state of her clothing and the way it showed off more of her pudge. However, she was too far in to stop now. Sucking in her breath and wiping the sweat from her chubby cheeks, she went back down to continue her set.

While Monika was struggling to do one lunge after another, Kenji was facing his own challenge as he continued to watch. The more of her stamina that was put into the routine, the more her body seemed to rebel against her. Further and further her top rose up her pudgy torso to constrict her jiggling tits and reveal more of her chubby belly. Her shorts' constant movement sunk them into the depths of butt crack until they began to resemble a skimpy thong with how much of her ass cheeks they left exposed. It was only through Monika's perseverance to finish her exercise that she was able to ignore her embarrassing display.

Kenji wasn't so lucky.

Unconsciously chewing on his lip, Kenji could no longer stop himself from gazing at Monika's sweat-slicked form. The feelings he had been trying to hold back over the course of the gym visit threatened to overwhelm him with each slight jostle of Monika's flab. Unable to resist any longer, he tried to keep his urges at bay by allowing himself to stare at her figure. The grunts that left her lips coincided with the bunching up of her belly rolls to further strain his self-control. The droplets of sweat that fell from the tips of her tits lingered just long enough to let him see the impression of her plumped up nipples.

Though Kenji found every part of Monika's overweight form irresistible, there was a certain area he kept going back to. Each successful lunge treated him to the perfect view of her fat ass. Her struggle provided ample opportunity to gawk at the way her backside jiggled around its added heft and threatened to rip apart her overburdened shorts. Just as he was able to piece together exactly what was going on with himself, that was when Monika suddenly stopped.

Tilting up his head, Kenji found himself staring into the president's eyes. The look on her face showed that she had seen the way he was staring at her. Face becoming flush with red, he

attempted to shuffle away. He only managed to get a few feet before she managed to walk over and grab his wrist.

“Were you... staring at me?” Monika asked.

“Y-yeah,” Kenji replied, unable to think of a reason to lie to her now.

“Do you find me gross?” Monika bluntly accused. “You must find me pretty disgusting with all this sweat and flab.”

“Actually... I think I like it,” Kenji stammered out before he had time to regret it.

Monika blinked a few times to understand what he was saying. “Really?”

“Yes. I... think the extra padding makes you look really cute and... and... sexy.”

Clenching his hands together, he tried to avoid staring at her any longer. “I’m sorry, you must think I’m some perverted weirdo. I didn’t mean to make you feel uncomfortable or-“

Kenji stopped talking as Monika grabbed his hand once more. Turning back to her, he wasn’t met with a look of disgust or anger. Instead what he saw was a playful smile that was perfectly emphasized by her plump face. Without a word, she released him from her grasp and strolled back over the center of the mat.

Turning herself around to have her butt facing Kenji, Monika bent her knees to do a squat. Moving harder than ever before, she worked through her weariness to jiggle her body as fast as possible. Looking over her shoulder, she kept her vision on him. She special note of how he reacted when she managed to bring herself down to the ground and shake her ass.

“You like this?” Monika asked as she did another rep.

Kenji swallowed the lump of anxiousness in his throat. “Y-yeah.”

Monika giggled as she repeated the motion. “Is there a certain area that really grabs your attention?”

“Y-yes, it’s your... lower body.”

“Could you be more specific?” she asked, taunting him as she wiggled her hips back and forth.

“I... really like your butt,” Kenji blurted out, earning a playful giggle from Monika in the process.

“I can’t believe I didn’t figure this out sooner,” Monika said, finishing one last rep before standing up. “Guess this explains how I got this body.”

“What do you mean?”

Turning herself around, Monika shuffled her way over to press her sweaty, soft flab against Kenji. “I have to confess, I wasn’t playing entirely fair,” she said, purposefully squishing her bosom up against his chest. “My sudden weight gain was a result of me trying to hardwire my programming to align with your personal preferences. At first I thought I had made a mistake and caused a glitch considering you didn’t immediately latch onto me.”

Spinning around, Monika backed up to grind her butt up against Kenji’s groin. “Guess you didn’t really know your desires well enough yourself until you had a chance to get a good look at a body like mine. I can safely say that my skills with tweaking the game haven’t failed me. In fact, it’s given me the perfect form for you.” Taking him by the hand, she led him down to have his palm grasp her ass. “Although, we could go for a more in-depth exploration if you’d like.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Kenji said, finally feeling relaxed enough to copy her smile.

Taking Kenji by the hand, Monika began to lead him towards the gym. “Let’s go to my house. Once I get there and I take off these restrictive clothes, I’ll show you exactly what this

chubby body of mine can do. Just don't be slow, otherwise I might have to give your face an up close view of my butt while I use it as a seat."

Kenji let out a giggle. "Let's, uh, see how things go. Did you want to grab a shower first or--"

A low grumble echoed through the area. Monika's earlier confidence faltered a bit as blush appeared on her face. Grabbing hold of her sweaty gut, she stopped for a moment.

"Would you mind if we stop somewhere to eat first?" she asked. "I think that exercise took a lot more out of me than I thought."

"It would be my pleasure," Kenji said, pulling her doughy body in close to revel in its form and the euphoria he felt for having discovered his true desires through the help of his loving girlfriend.