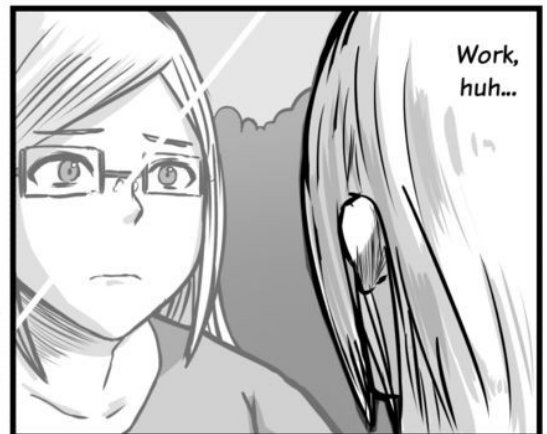
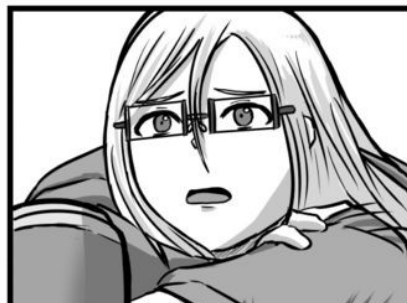




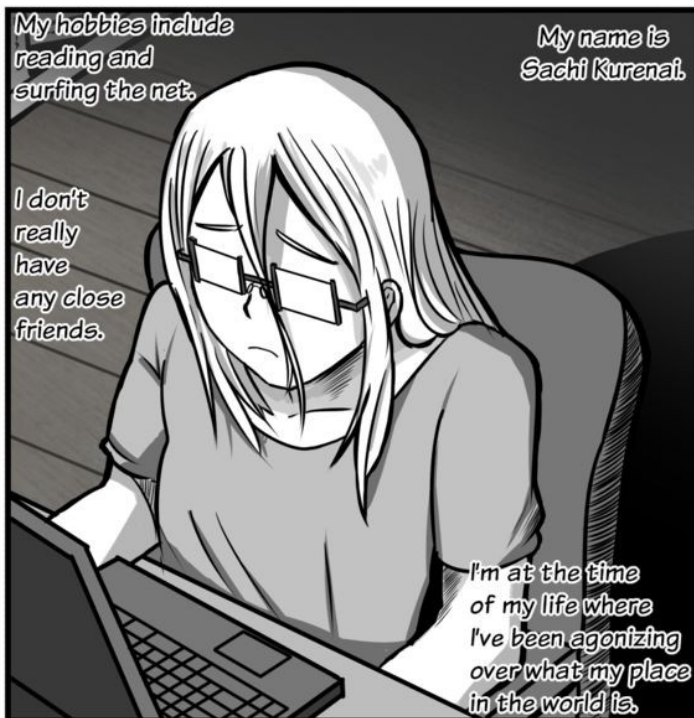
Work





That was six months ago.

I was on the lookout for job postings on the Internet, so I could afford my living expenses, as I was unemployed and no direction for my career path.



My hobbies include reading and surfing the net.

My name is Sachi Kurenai.

I don't really have any close friends.

I'm at the time of my life where I've been agonizing over what my place in the world is.



Over-sized

I found a job posting that seemed to just not make any sense at all.



While I was browsing around various job application sites, I came across a particularly suspicious job posting.

Click

Clack



There are all kinds of jobs in the world, but...

It was then that I found it.



Yes.

see.



And so, six months ago, I picked up the phone... and called that forbidden number

Hello?

Job: Private Secretary

Work Duties

To raise the president's morale, you will be continuously fattened up, without limit. Though it is assumed that you will be fattened up to at least weigh one ton. We ask that you please do not worry about health concerns, and please gain lots and lots of weight. Please listen to whatever the president has to say. We will guarantee you will be well taken care of and that you will not be in pain. Any woman who accepts these conditions may freely use as much money as she likes for carrying out these duties.

No company name was given in the contents, so there was no address either. There was only a phone number.

I think just about anyone would be suspicious about calling. But I was entranced by this job posting. Especially the moment when I saw the words "If you want to change yourself." That's how I felt, body and soul.

Telephone Number:

0X31(11299211)S111

*Please keep in mind: We will conduct interviews, including medical diagnoses, 10 or more times.



Six months have passed since that phone call.



I was "recruited" for the rather suspicious job opening.



And now we're at the present

I'm at the company that is housed in the largest building in the entire country.



Also, he had rather unconventional tastes in women.

A steady stream of cash and prospects. The young president possesses natural talent, which gives him insight to read into how to invest in the company.

The first step was to get the cooperation of the business.

Within the year, considerations had started.

How did the shareholders respond?



The job offer was posted by one of the world's leading companies. The young president of Yachipo Kemi:

Tatsumi Handa. He had set up a dummy company and recruited people through that.



Jiggle

Here you go.

Thank you.

I work under that young president.

Jiggle



I had fattened up just as was written in the job description, and even now I continue to get even fatter.

Huff, puff
I-It's my job.

Huff

Puff

It's embarrassing when you stare at me...

Now jiggling and bulging all over,



My belly sticks out in front of me, hangs, and jiggles. I never knew what that felt like six months ago.

After handing over the documents, my stomach, just like my butt, was splayed out to the left and right, but eventually I imagined to return to my seat...It really takes a lot of effort... because I'm so heavy



Jiggle

W-Well then... huff, I will return to my seat...

Jiggle



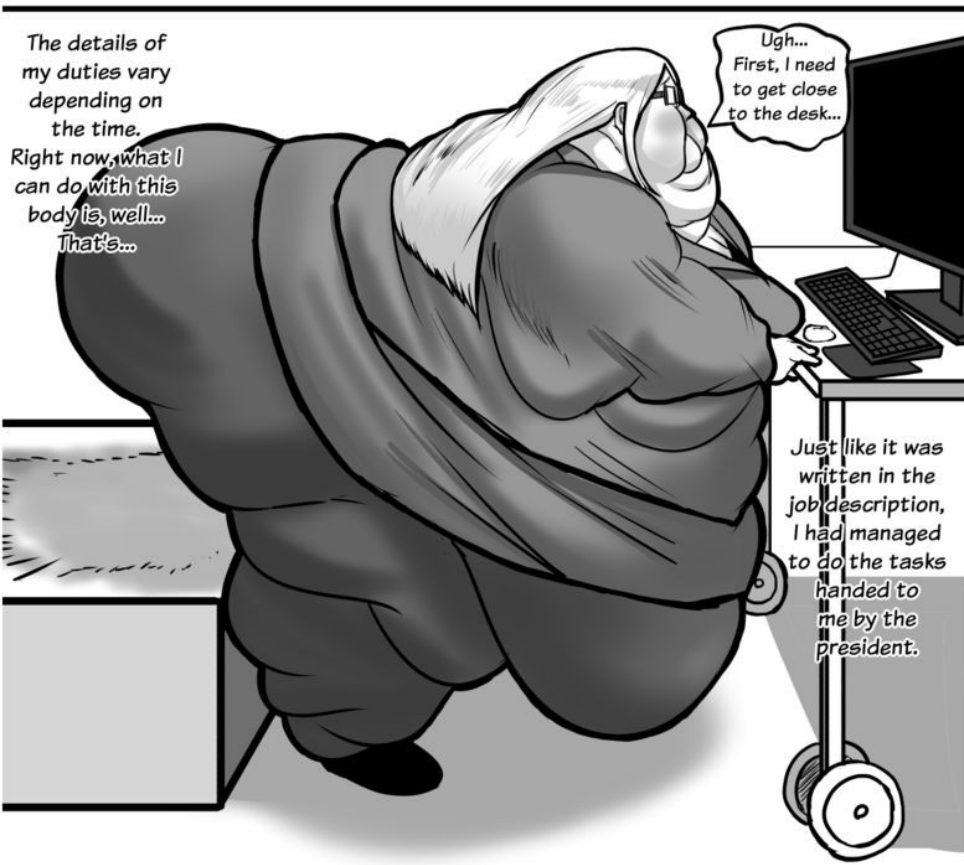
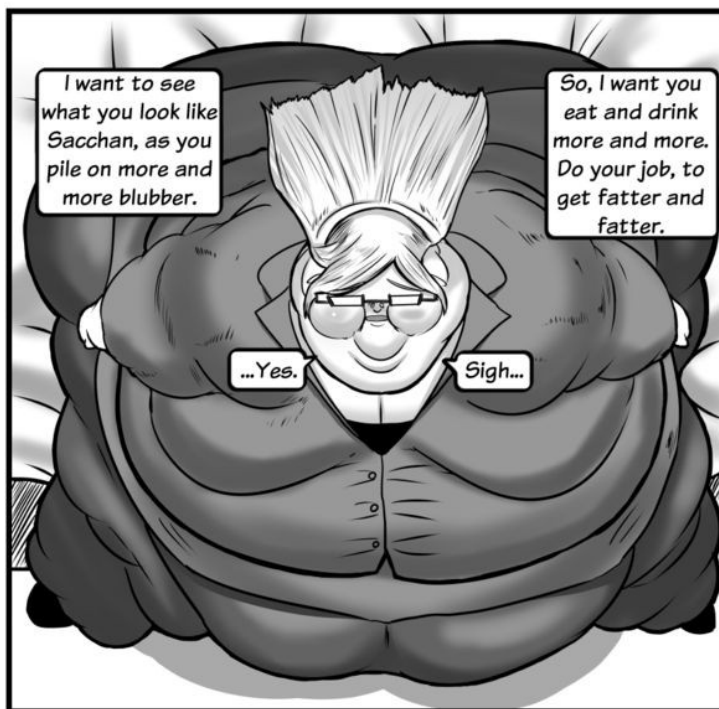
Even so... Sacchan... You've become quite stunning, haven't you?

The president says that I'm cute, but I have mixed feelings.



huff When I arrived at my desk, my stomach would rest between my legs while I was seated. Ugh, I'm so exhausted...that's because it's so much work.

I had showed the president a picture of me in an exhausted state. He thought it was an amazing sight, he thought I looked like a lump of melting ice cream.



When we receive a fax, I hand it over to the president.



Sometimes I eat fattening junk food while I kill the time in front of the computer.

Whew... there we go.



HERE ARE THE DOCUMENTS YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR...

HERE WE GO.

THE SIMPLE ACT OF MOVING LEAVES ME COMPLETELY OUT OF BREATH! EVERYTHING JIGGLES AND I'M DRENCHED WITH SWEAT.



NNGH.. That's really all I do. Even so, it's still a huge undertaking for me to do it.



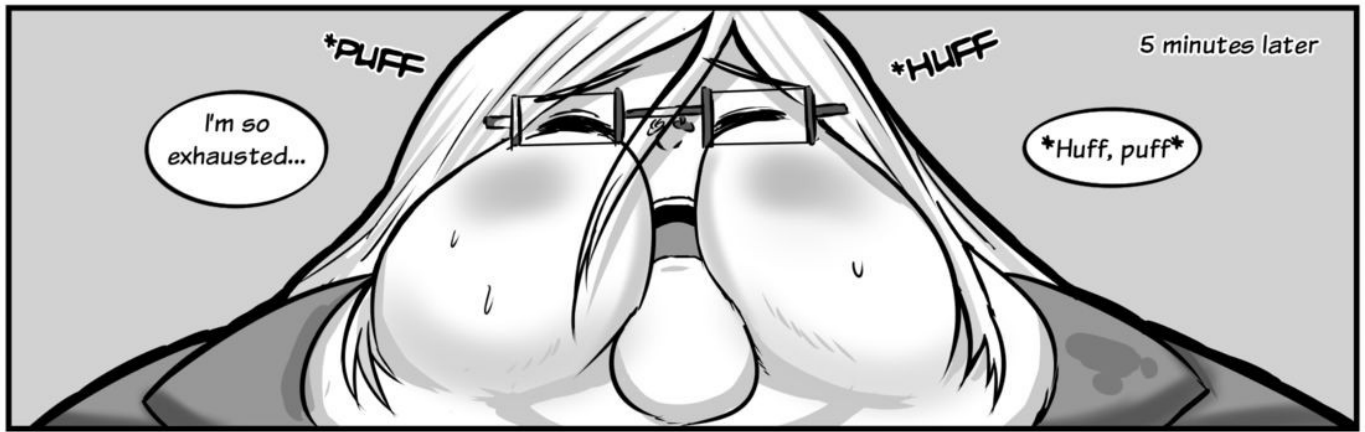
O-Ok, huff, I'm coming.

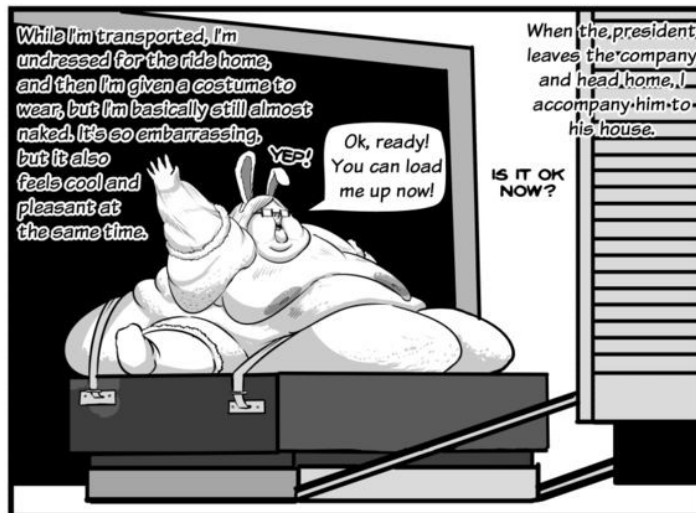
HUFF

Sacchan, hurry.

I have to squint my eyes when I look at people now. All of this blubber on me jiggles and trembles. It's my job to make the president get hot and bothered when he looks at my meaty, fat, jiggly, blubbery body.









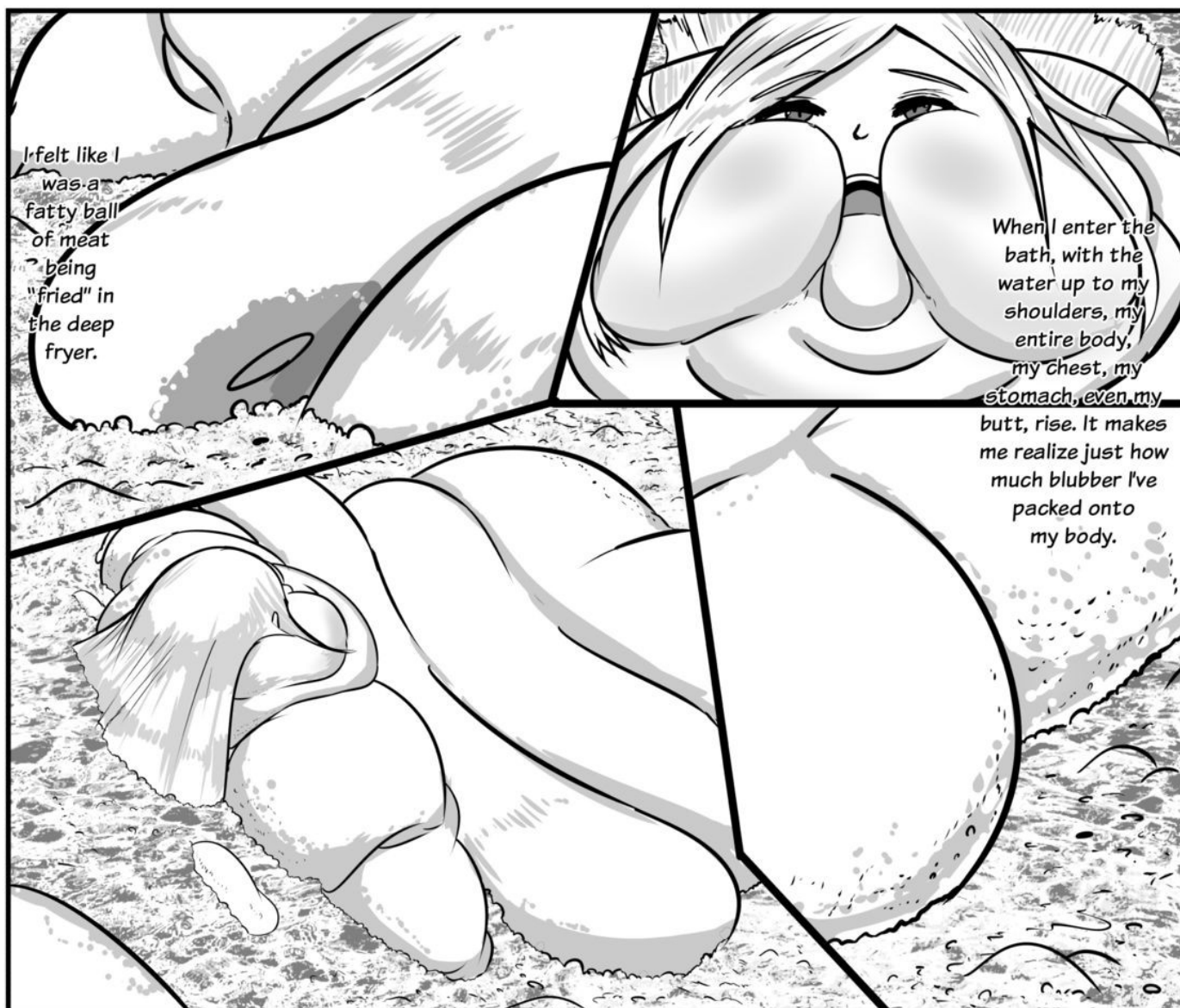
I've gotten so enormously fat that I can't wipe my own ass, so one of the maids wipes me down and I'm covered in soap, and then I'm dropped into a Jacuzzi bath that has been fitted with cleaning equipment. It's quite a sight. It makes me look like I'm a food being put into a deep fryer, so that's why I call it "tempura."

RUMBLE RUMBLE

After talking our walk together, I enter the changing room, and I'm undressed, I'm brought to the bathhouse and held like a piece of "tempura."

When I use the lift, my belly and butt are squeezed and I feel a bit stuffed and squished, and yet, the slight vibrations cause things to push down on my erogenous zones, so I let out pants and moans, like "Aaahh."

Placed in front of this oversized bath is a mirror, so I can check out my fattened figure every day. Sometimes, I think back on the thin figure I used to have when I joined the company...



I felt like I was a fatty ball of meat being "fried" in the deep fryer.

When I enter the bath, with the water up to my shoulders, my entire body, my chest, my stomach, even my butt, rise. It makes me realize just how much blubber I've packed onto my body.



After I've been satisfied (after I've been "fried" enough, I suppose), I'm brought up to my feet, with various tools.

NNNGH

JIGGLE

JIGGLE



FRIED FOOD

I really do feel like fried food...

Mmmm... ahhh! It feels so good...

It's embarrassing, but
there's no helping it...
Because this is
something that is
meant to protect my
health and ease my
burdens...
It makes me feel
like I'm being
treasured carefully,
so... I'm happy



As soon as I
stand up, the
maid begins
to wipe my
body down,
considering
that I can't
stand for very
long. Baby
powder is
rubbed into
places that
have been
wiped down
instantly
after, to
prevent my
skin from
getting rough
and from my
crotch to get
irritating
sores...

Since I would go
commando (without
my bra or panties),
you can figure
out that my
chest and
butt would
jiggle wildly
under my
clothes. After I
had
changed,
I would
move to
the next room.

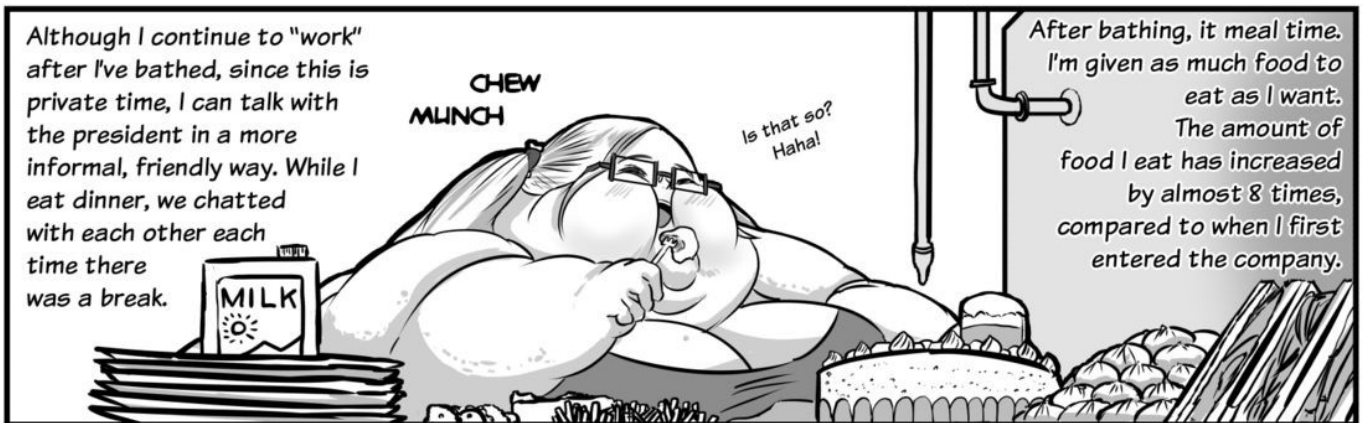


In the dressing room,
I can wear loose,
relaxing clothes
that hide
my stomach
and butt.

After my
body is wiped
down, I move
to the next
room.



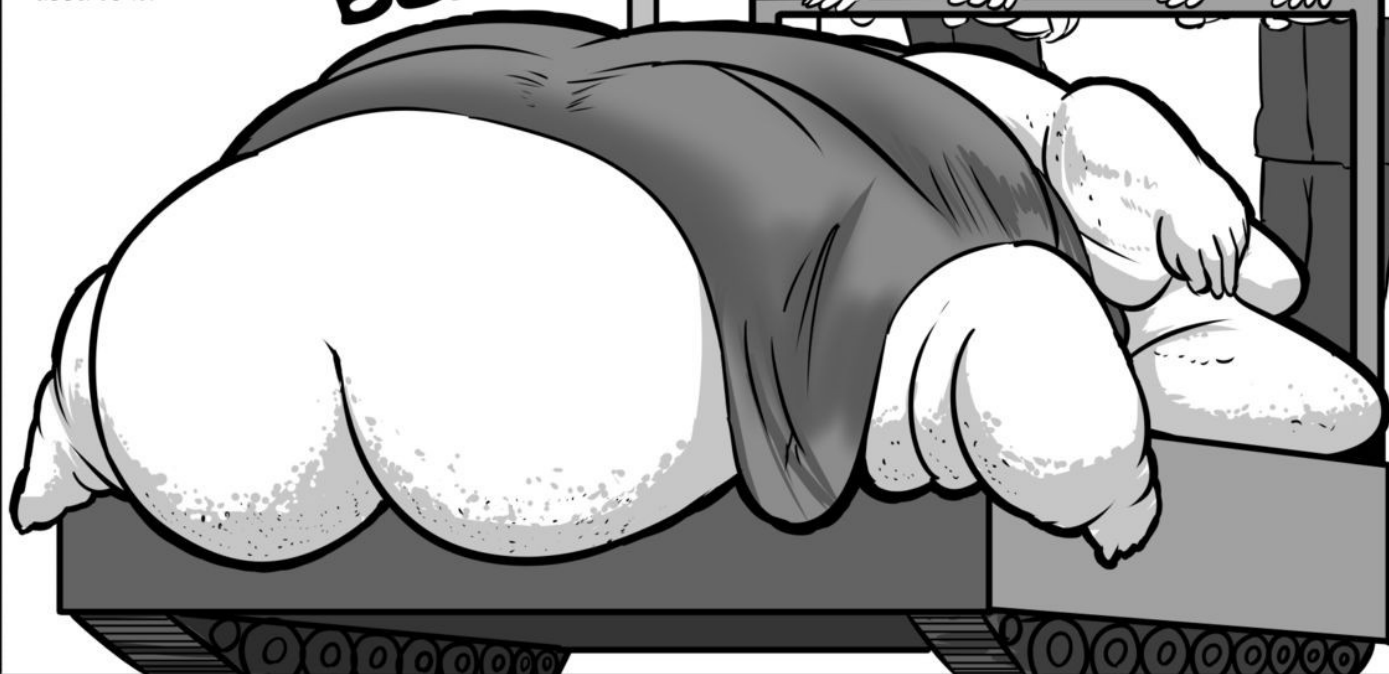
LUMBERING
WADDLING



And so, the servant boys of the manor transfer me, the slumbering ball of meaty blubber, from my seat to motorized cart. They cart me to my bedroom. My belly peeks out past my clothes and hangs over the edge of the cart. At first I was embarrassed by the sight of my belly sagging and jiggling over, but I've gotten used to it.

BELCH

After I've finished eating (an amount that would've been insane for one person), I get so incredibly exhausted, and lumbering my body around is such a big pain in the butt, so I just fall asleep.

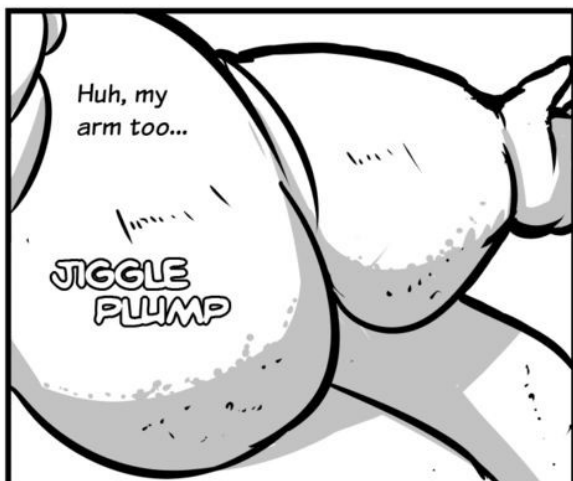
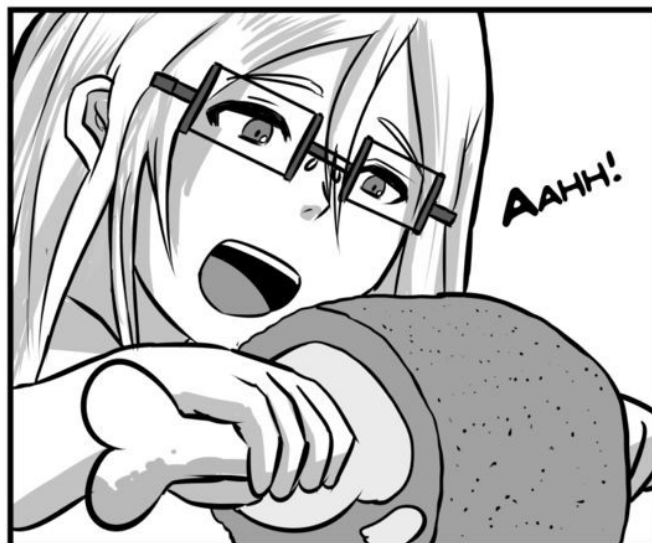
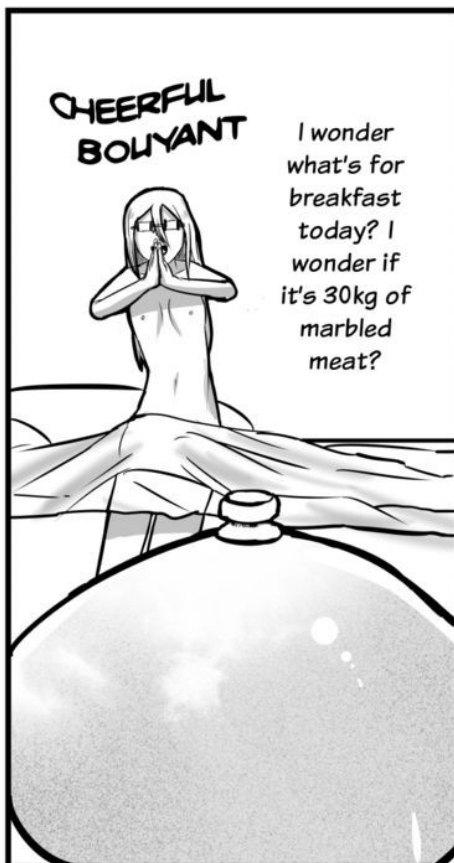


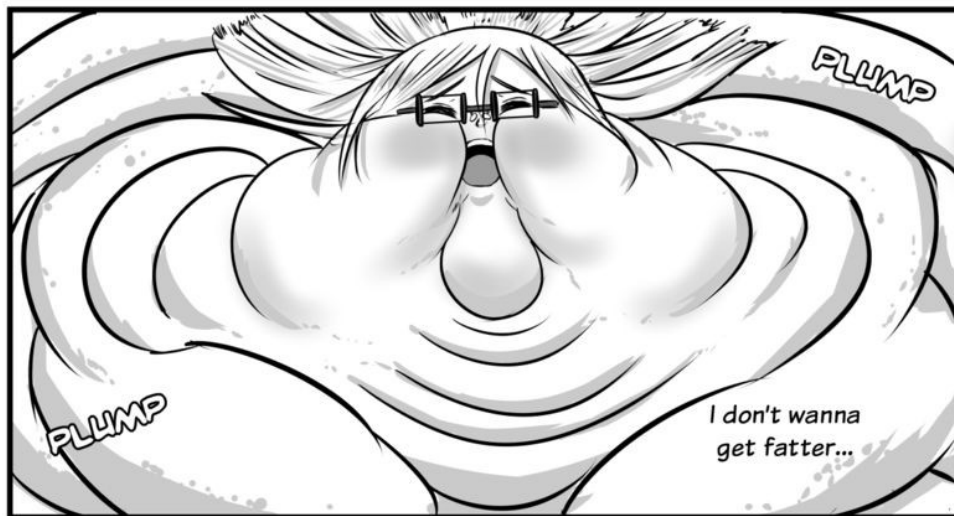
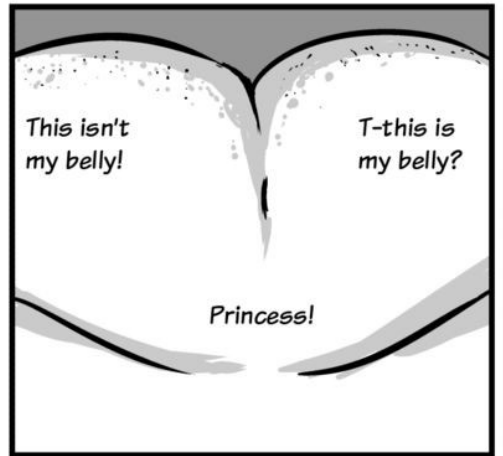
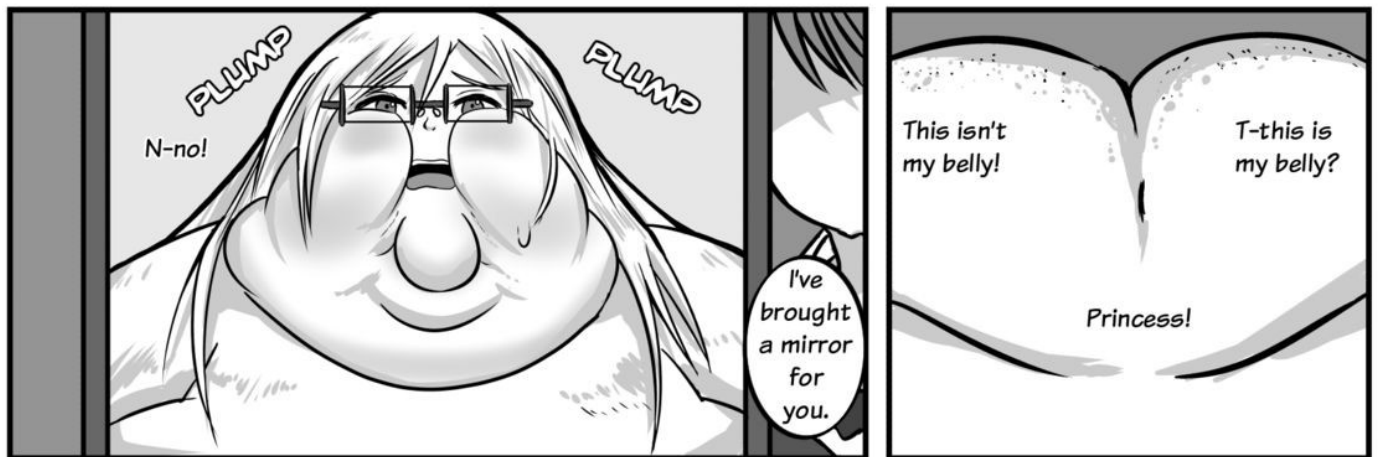
And so, after I'm brought to my bedroom, I can sleep without any problems at all. I feel like I could sleep forever.

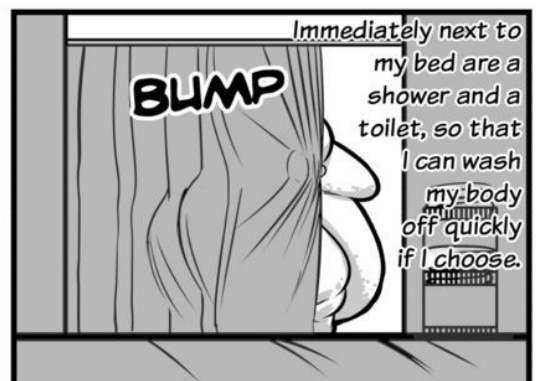
I... I don't wanna get fatter... mmmph

U-Uh, no... I can't eat any more...

But, this is also part of my job. I must work very hard for this. So, tomorrow, the current "me" must work her hardest. My belly, thanks to the massive meal I ate, has gotten bigger and overtaken the bed. I snored loudly from time to time throughout the night.







I must do my best today too.

Because I feel like I'm getting musky, I have to clean myself.

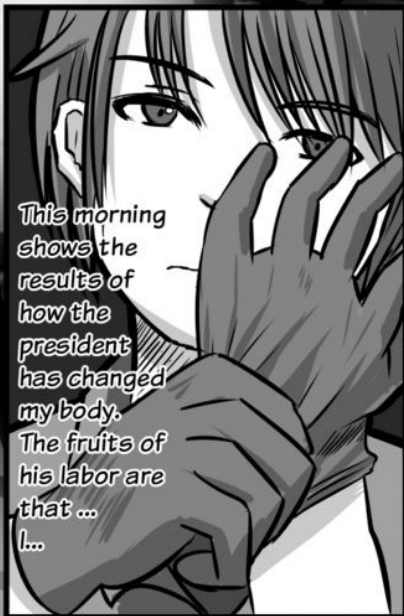
...For now, let's just take a shower.



I'm going to do my best today and get even fatter.

Yes.

I was upset by what I dreamed about, so at a time like this, I try to calm down before work in the morning.



This morning shows the results of how the president has changed my body. The fruits of his labor are that ... I...



Why is that? Well, to tell you the truth, after I had been "recruited," my body had been modified in another way in addition to being fattened up. It happened as I began to get fat, the more my chest swayed down:



Morning



After having breakfast with him

As I wait impatiently in the silent forest, my lewd moans carry through the air.

MOO!!

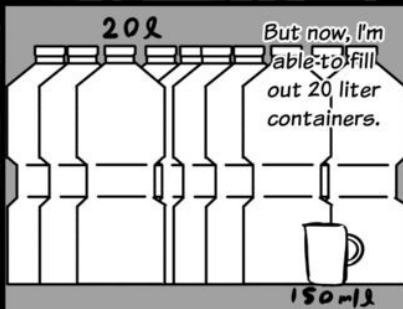


Human milking.

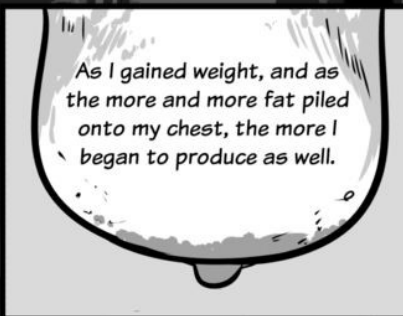
Whenever I'm milked, I'm wracked with intense pleasure, so I cry out in a lewd voice.



This figure, and my cries of pleasure, are both his orders and his hobby.



But now, I'm able to fill out 20 liter containers.



As I gained weight, and as the more and more fat piled onto my chest, the more I began to produce as well.

At first, only a little milk began to come out when we started.



I feel like something so unbelievable is rewarding. Six months ago, I couldn't even begin to imagine what this job and this body would be like, the embarrassment and the pleasure. My body, with a face, chest, belly, and butt that sag... The feelings of shame when I see those dreams, and the feeling of attachment and love I have for my fat body, the changing of my feelings... I have a sense of anxiety and excitement about it.



When he had started milking me, I felt a pleasure that I wasn't yet familiar with. But now... I've grown to love it, so I want it once a day. My body has changed, so that I feel uncomfortable if I go without being milked...

The milk I produce is sold directly at a nearby store. The fluids from my vagina are used for study. It can be used for further modification.

There have also been changes on the inside, thanks to the pleasures of the flesh. Aside from my breasts, I'm also gushing juices down below.

JIGGLE

I rest
afterword,
just like
livestock.

Ooh...
My tummy is all
springy and
doughy.

After I'm done being milked, I take
a short break on the mattress.
I rest my face and arms on my
belly and chest.

It seems that
my milk is thick
and tasty.

AHHH

AHH

Moooo!

Living as human
white pork
livestock...

That's my biggest
responsibility
in the morning
This is the only
job that I can't do
at the company.

SQUEAL

While I lay down on the
mattress, with my face
pressed into my own
fat, I clench my teeth as
my butt is wiped.

SQUEAL

CLINK

CLANK



After I've taken a good rest, I begin to change clothes so that I can head to work.

I'm measured and recorded during that time, and it seems like I've gone up a size again. I'm conflicted, but I'm happy.

After I've changed clothes, I sit on the mattress that they carry me on. I'm then bound and taken on the truck for the ride home.



And so, while I realized that my body gets heavier,

Sacchan, the clothes you have on today suit you.

Do they?

To be continued

"
No, no! I don't... I don't wanna get fatter!!! ... ahhh!"

When Sacchan opened her eyes and looked down, she saw a familiar sight. Her enlarged, hanging breasts drooped and sagged to the sides of her huge, jiggling, drooping belly, and settled on top of it. Her face and neck are inflated with fat, but they seem to be the usual size now. In her dream, just a minute ago, she saw fat billowing out all over; her butt, belly, chest, and even her cheeks blossomed outward and bloated to ridiculous size. She had dreamed about becoming lost in a sea of fat, rather than just being a fat lump.

"I've been having that same dream a lot lately...."

Unlike before, she had gradually gotten used to her fattened form. Though she wasn't as fat as the girl in her dream, Sachi was still quite big, fat enough to fill the king-sized double bed by herself. To let her stomach settle properly, she has to spread her legs 180 degrees. Her behind had become so soft that her rolls upon rolls of back fat became a substitute for pillows, and her soft, fluffy, ass is covered in cellulite.



If you look at her from the side, it almost looked as if she were a monster sleeping in the bed. But she's actually a beautiful human being. And for the man of the house, she was an idol.

"Here we go! Mmm, aahh! Ughh!"

After waking up from that nightmare, Sachi was drenched in sweat. However, getting up for her was no easy task thanks to her weight, so, she shook her body to the left and right while making desperate grunting sounds. Her belly and her butt gradually move, little by little, more than before, and after about 5 minutes, her stomach finally rose off the bed, and she was ready to stand.

"*huff, puff* Come on!!! Ahhh!! Uggghhh!!!"

For such an overweight person, the sheer act of getting up requires a considerable amount of strength. Rousing up enough strength to get out of bed and to move leaves her panting and out of breath. Sachi's pants echo throughout the quiet mansion. The servants in the manor don't particularly mind though, because they've gotten used to hearing her. The servants began to wake up anyway, because they were concerned they might have to be on shift.

"*huff, puff, squeal* Today, I think I can still stand, somehow..."



As she stands, she feels the pull of gravity on her.

When she lays down in bed to sleep, all her blubber settles down, but as she gets up to move, gravity pulls down on her. Though the weight of her stomach would likely ruin her posture, the jiggling and shaking of her sizable butt helps her keep her balance. Her stomach sags so low that it covers her knees. Sachi's center of gravity has changed to behind her, as well. So, because of her heavy buttocks, she can still stand.

Taking short breaths, Sachi gradually begins to waddle forward, slowly. Since Sachi had become so fat, the gap between her thighs has disappeared completely. She's now completely covered in blubber. Her range of motion was limited because of how large her legs have become, so she now has to take wide strides. Her walking speed has inevitably decreased, as a result.

"Ahh... that feels so goood"

As she took a cold shower and began to relax a little, Sachi looked over at her body in the mirror. Compared to how she looked six months ago, she was now a small mountain of fatty blubber. Fat hung down, from her face, to her chest, to her belly, in continuous, cascading rolls. Even if she moved only a little, her belly and chest would shake and jiggle left and right. She struck her belly with her hand, resulting in a loud "thump" sound.

Because of all the fat that had accumulated on her body, on her cheeks, under her chin, on her neck, etc., her appearance had changed. You could almost say she looked like a baby... Well, a 500-kg baby, anyway. However, when she moved her jiggling arms, the image of her, with her wet hair hanging down her fat face, seemed to have the sex appeal of an adult woman.



"*huff, puff* (Well, I'm glad to see that I have some sex appeal, but... I have some mixed feelings about my body... I do look really young because of this body, but I'm worried my cheeks make me look like an old lady...)"

Not only her body, but even her voice has changed with her added weight. Her voice was now deeper and huskier.

Because she had an especially fat face, she could feel the sensation of fat squishing every time her glasses or her hair moved.

(I had thought that I had a rather childish personality, but with this figure, I do look just like an infant... I hope I don't have that dream again, I don't want to see that...)

As she continued to shower, Sachi grabbed one of her ridiculously huge breasts on her supposedly "infant-like" body and pushed it up to her fat neck, and said,

"*huff puff* Well, not everything is bad, at least, I guess."

She sat on the stool in the shower room and continued to shower until she felt comfortable.

When Sachi stepped out of the shower, a maid wiped her down and helped her dry her hair. Afterward, she was given an oversized T-shirt to wear. It was placed over her head. The part where her head would enter is unnaturally wide, but this is to prevent her fat face from rubbing against the fabric, and to make it easier to put it on. Before, her breasts used to be the metric by which they determined how big to make the hole for the shirt.

When she wore it, instead of seeing her collarbone, more of her cleavage was exposed. Aside from her face, her meaty arms also sagged downward, and her arms looked like bags swollen with fat.

"*huff, puff*

Once the shirt was pulled on, her belly, which was just like her jiggy ass, poked out from under the shirt. However, if the shirt was made any bigger to cover her stomach, it wouldn't be a shirt anymore, but instead it'd be a dress. It was not the master's intention to do that though, so she had no choice to have her navel exposed.

"Next, we will put on your underwear."



After getting her shirt on, she put on her eyeglasses (which corrected her astigmatism). Putting on her panties came next. Just one leg hole of her panties was almost large enough to fit 7 adult males. This wasn't just because her thick legs were the size of tree trunks, but also because it had to accommodate her fat, meaty belly. It was difficult for Sachi to put on clothes by herself, but she could stand and get the especially large fabric placed over her. It was especially difficult though because of just how much her breasts and belly jutted outwards.

"*huff, puff* It's on... I need to rest a minute... I'm tired..."

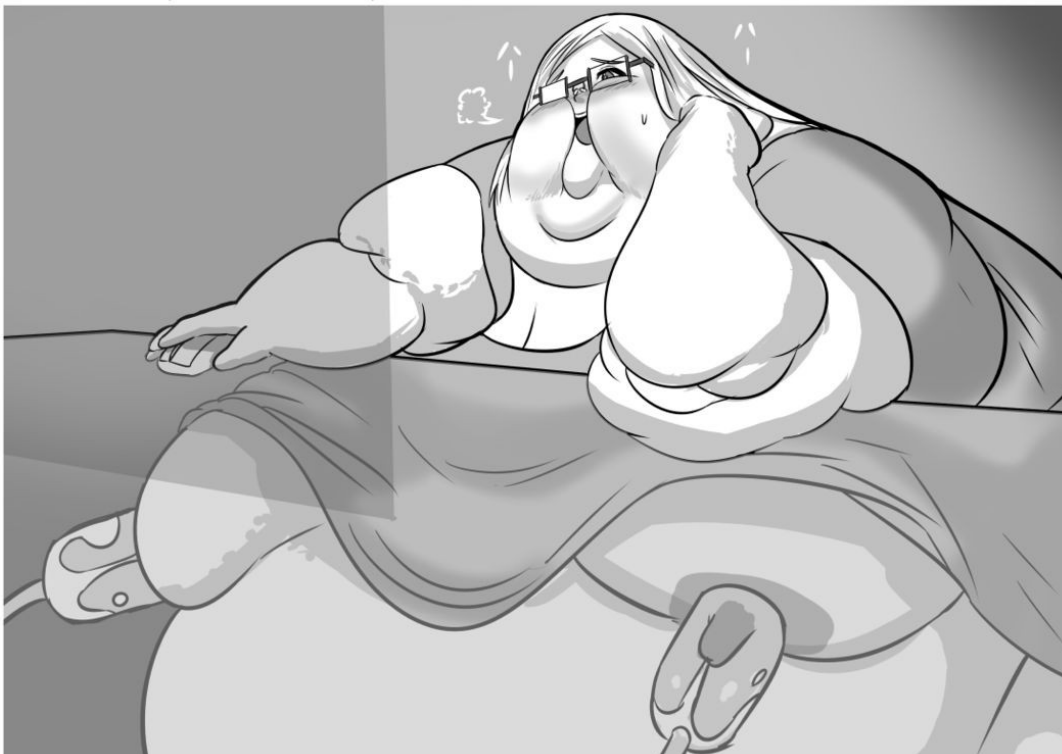
It had only been about 10 minutes since she got up from the shower room, but Sachi's muscles, which worked valiantly to move her body, began to scream in agony.

As she waddled, her gigantic, wobbling, cellulite-covered butt jiggled up and down, pulling her panties. As her panties shook, her belly did too, and as she struggled against the feeling of her fat body, she returned to her bed. Until breakfast time, she sucked on the tubes connected to the nutrient tanks placed next to her bed, and she ordered one of the maids to bring her a magazine. The maids fetched some magazines, and laid them out on a cloth that was placed on Sachi's buttocks, like a shelf. She was absorbed in reading them as she sucked.

Normally, on a weekday it would be time for milking after breakfast, but because Taakun was out on business trip, today was a day off. Compared to how he used to be, even he used heavy machines to bring me around, she thought that Taakun has been more considerate to her. Even though she was specifically hired to gain weight for him, she thought that she had changed in other ways. She wasn't used to it at first, but now, honestly, she had come to like him. In his passionate, sexual desires, there's also a sense of politeness and courtesy. Even though her body is changing quite a bit, she felt like he isn't treating her roughly.

Even if she wasn't being milked today by Taakun, she still had to be milked. She can get it to come out of my nipples naturally, and she hooked herself up to the milking machine. On the morning of her day off, while dressed in clothes that she had before she got fat, sitting in her chair, surfing the net, she attached the section devices to her fat, drooping breasts, which were buried in her shirt, and began to milk herself.

Even though she couldn't make herself orgasm, her cheeks flushed, and her breathing became labored. The image of Sachi, with her chest hanging out, was dripping with obscene eroticism that simply couldn't be matched by her previous, skinny self.



When the milking was over, the maids cleaned off the machine. And then she felt a familiar, uncomfortable feeling.

"Ahh, mm... I... I think I need to poop."

"Ugh, ugghh..."

As a bad odor began to fill the room, her butt was lifted and separated by various hands, and her fat ass was rubbed and wiped down.

"There we go, all finished, Sachi-san. Please don't make that face, okay?"

Said an older maid, in a quiet voice.

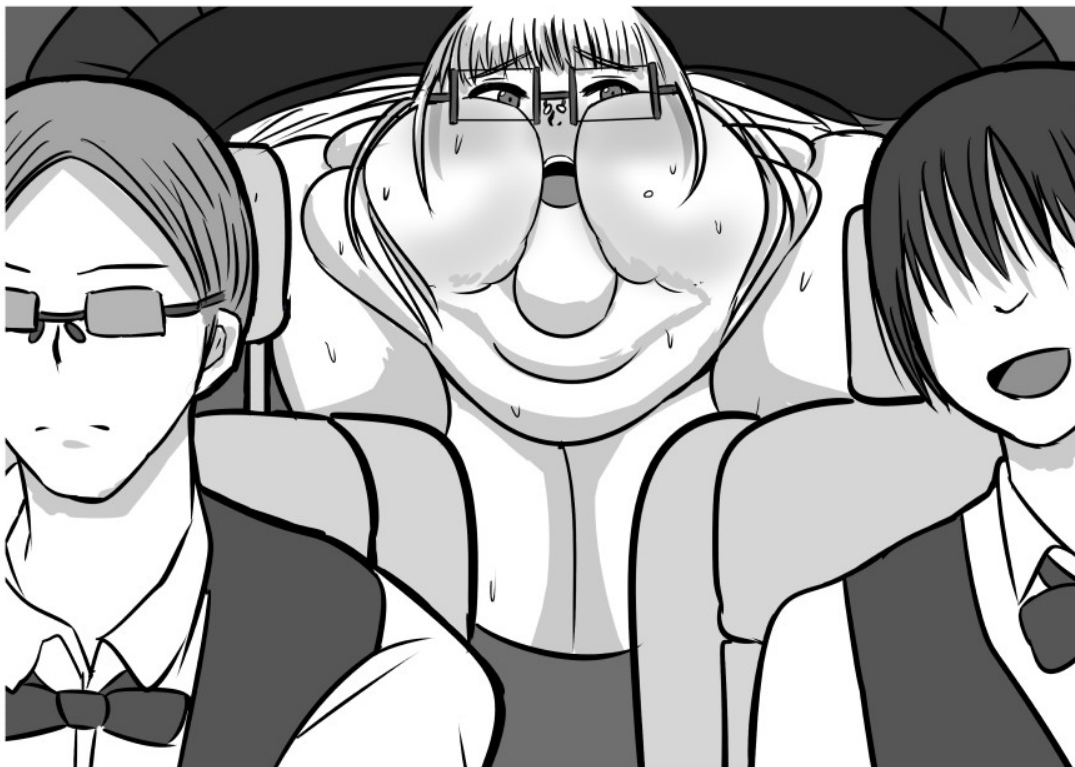
"A-Ahh... thank you very much."

After saying thank you, Sachi stood up, panting. The pull of gravity caused her huge belly and fat ass to shake and jiggle wildly from left to right. She hadn't yet gotten used to the feeling of having someone else wipe her butt for her.

That day, Sachi was stuffed into the back of a car to head down on the forest road. She was stuffed in so tightly that it looked like there was no room for anyone else in the back to ride at all.

"*huff, puff* Ahh, I'm so sorry, it's just so hot"

As the servant boy looked back, Sachi's face was right there. Sachi's fat face was framed by her twin tail hair, and she was pushed forward by her immense back fat.



"Please do not demean yourself in such a way Miss Sachi, we all feel that your fat face is actually quite adorable."

Sachi had wanted to go out to eat sweets in the afternoon, and she also wanted to go out to exercise. So she was packed tightly into a large car that could be parked anywhere in town. The rear seats were collapsed to make space for her to fit. She filled the front, while her ass completely obscured the rear windows. So, the back windows were covered in a black tint so she'd be hidden, and the drivers would use rear cameras to check behind the car.

If you were to look at the back seat from the front, you would see Sachi's flushed face, which was buried in her fat chest, and in turn pushed up by her fat belly. The car had a retractable roof and side doors, so it could turn into a convertible car. When it was open, Sachi's body was restrained, and she jiggled like a slab of boneless ham.

Whenever the car approached a curve, Sachi would audibly grunt with an "Ngghh," but the car had arrived at its destination safely. The car stopped at a secure, lockable flat parking garage, and then roof and sides were opened.

The servant boys removed the seatbelts holding Sachi in place, as she continued to quiver and jiggle like boneless meat. As she got up to her feet, the servants helped fix her skirt and her shorts.

Because her belly would be on full display if she were to wear the skirt by itself, the shorts were a necessity. Sachi had common sense, and she felt that she didn't want people to see her in her current state very much. So, she tended to choose her clothing based on her feelings of shame and embarrassment. However, at the same time, she had enough confidence in her body to choose a shirt that exposed her cleavage. Her heaving, jiggling breasts pulled down on her bra, creating amazing cleavage for all to see.

However, she was still concerned about having others see her, so as she got out of the car, she swapped her glasses for sunglasses.

After she got up, she slapped her cheeks and made an audible grunting war cry to psych herself up, and then she grabbed her walking stick from one of the servant boys. Her jiggle butt swayed side to side, visible above the skirt. As her belly, breasts, and arms jiggled, she began to lumber forward while imagining what the gigantic parfait she was going to eat would look like.

"*huff, puff, Let's go!"

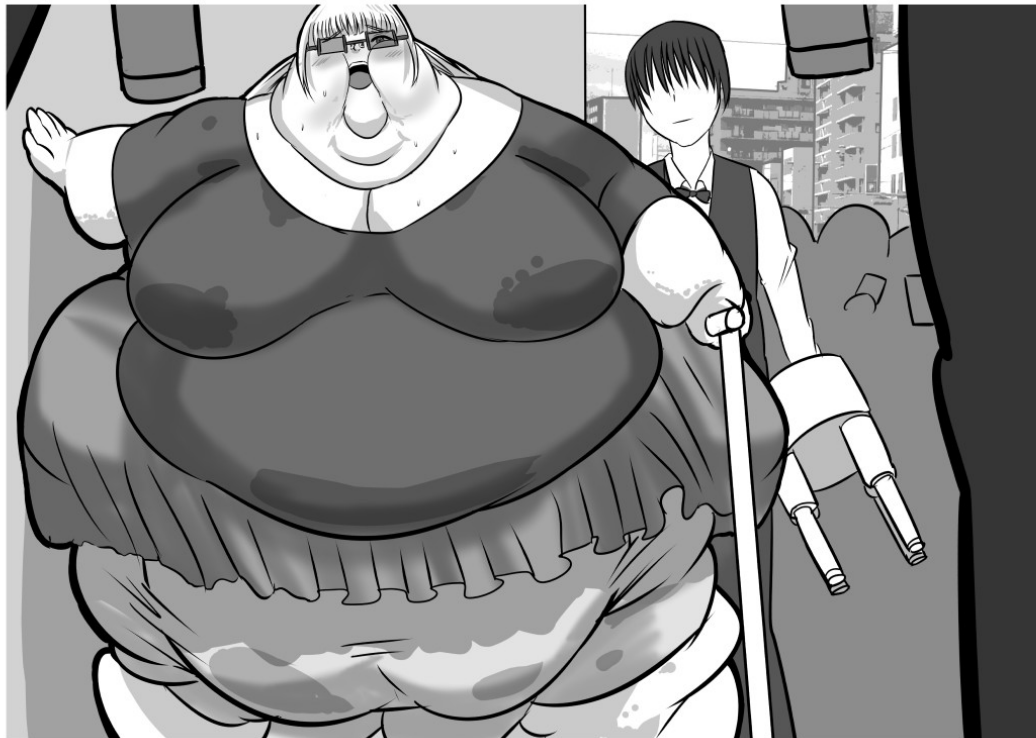
"Mmm... *huff, puff"

Sachi, who was now out on the town, had the urge to sit down right away, and wanted to avoid falling—and yet she managed to keep walking. She had wondered: Was it about 100 meters from the parking lot? Sachi had managed to surpass 500 kg last week. She was about 12 times as heavy as she was before. Thus, she gets worn out after only a short distance. Even though she takes supplements to strengthen her muscles, she still cannot move as well as she wants. Because her joints are hindered by the sheer amount of flab piled on her legs, she can only take very small steps, and her body sways to the left and right, her fatty blubber shaking and jiggling and quivering to and fro as she moves forward. Even her walker is drifting about. She was a delicate girl originally, six months ago. As she walked 10 meters from the parking lot, she began to feel short of breath. When she walked 100 meters, her breathing was considerably labored, and it was odd that she hadn't yet collapsed.

"Ahh, *huff puff* I need to rest a minute"

As she turned on the alley in front of the large crosswalk in the downtown area, she put her hands on the building wall, and one of the servant boys brought a stool for her, so she could rest her belly and butt.

There were quite a few people walking around. Some had ignored the spectacle, while others had made strange faces at her. It looked like there was a group of high school girls taking pictures of her. Others began to whisper to each other.



Sachi had wondered if they were saying things like, "Oh my God!"

She didn't think that would be such an unreasonable thing for them to say.

After all, it's not every day that you see a human being who has become so swollen with blubber that it's a miracle that they can even walk. Sachi began to walk again, desperately, her sizable ass and belly swaying. She was out of breath and drenched in sweat as she walked.

If you had heard about it, you might have an image in your mind before you even heard about it. Though every time you imagine it, it may not be necessary for it to become a spectacle really. She had thought maybe it would be okay for a 500-kg woman to stay in town. Fortunately for Sachi, she had 2 escorts with her, so she could show off her jiggy body to its fullest.

As she looked at the other people walking, she felt like she could walk more, and she began to walk with her cane. As she started to walk, a woman who looked like how she used to be walked right by her.



(You can still walk fast...)

Now, Sachi has to walk as though she were kicking her sagging, swinging belly. Her protruding butt and hips cause her belly to be visible. Her fat stomach now weighs more than what she weighed originally. Compared to how she looked a long time ago, her current self was wrapped up in luxurious fat, and

After taking a short break, she entered the karaoke bar.

Because it wasn't possible for Sachi to enter the karaoke room from the front, she had to turn sideways and enter, but her butt rubbed against the doorway as she entered. After confirming that the karaoke attendant was gone, she immediately rested her ass on the table, removed her sunglasses, and then lifted her shirt and skirt, and then lowered her shorts. She turned her belly towards the air conditioner, so she could cool down. Her hot belly, which was pressed down by her shorts, now drooped forward and hung down.

"Whew.... That feels so goood...."

Just then, one of the servant boys who had bought a drink that Sachi asked a male karaoke staff to come in with it, so he opened the door—and the staff member saw Sachi's panties and her cellulite-covered, flabby gut hanging out, for the world to see.

"Ahh...!! (Nooooooooooooo!!)"



"Ugh, come on! From now on, get the drinks directly from the drink bar!"

Sachi, furious, rested her jiggling, swaying belly on the table. Whenever she got angry, her face would tremble and jiggle. Being angry for even ten second would leave her tired and out of breath, so she calmed down rather quickly.

"Jeez... I am a girl, you know!"

Sachi lifted her belly up and off the table, and then positioned herself in front of the air conditioner again, so she could cool her belly off. While she cooled herself off, she looked at her reflection in the mirror in front of the air conditioner and thought to herself about how much she jiggled and shook uncontrollably when she walked.

(Although I bet it's a strange sight for the rest of the world... I don't think this body is all that bad... Besides, looking at myself now, I can see that my tits have gotten even bigger)

Sachi used to have such a flat chest that she developed a sort of complex over it, but now, her ample bosom was practically overflowing. One of her breasts weighed as much as a person.

(There's nothing wrong with these big bouncy tits, but they do jiggle a lot...)

Using her encumbered, meaty, fat arms that protruded to her sides, she dropped her panties down, revealing her gigantic, fluffy, cellulite-covered bare ass.

(And, I'm not used to having all this cellulite yet, but I have to say, this huge ass of mine isn't bad either)

The number of unfamiliar things and sensations have gone up for it. Before, Sachi ate far less, but as she's eaten more, her breasts and butt have gotten bigger. She felt like she had discovered a self that she hadn't noticed before, and that brought her joy. As she got fatter and fatter, she felt as though her fat body represented her true self, and she loved getting fatter. She pondered that as her belly jiggled and shook.

(...I'm a little overly conscious of how my body has changed)

Even knowing now that just half of her ass weighed more than her entire body weight before, she didn't quite know whether or rejoice or lament in the changes she had undergone.

She stared at her belly. After loudly drumming on her belly with her thick fingers, and making an expression that seemed like she confirmed something in her mind, she turned around, and sat down on sofa, with her hanging belly resting on the towel on the ground so it wouldn't get dirty, to rest her body and cool down.



"Ahh, mmm! This is delicious!"

Plump cheeks jiggling as she chewed, Sachi gobbled down a mountain of parfait.

Sachi was thoroughly exhausted from her 1 km trip from the parking lot, which took her two hours to cover. While she rested, she was successful in arriving at her intended destination. By the time she had arrived, the fabric of her T-shirt was drenched in sweat, sticking to her jiggling back fat, visible through the shirt, in rings. From the front, you could see that her breasts were also soaked with sweat. Her many chins were red.

Because Sachi had made a reservation for the time there, she wasn't worried about anyone's eyes upon her, so she requested that her clothes be removed on the spot and that she be changed. Because she was drenched with sweat, her shirt stuck to her body, making it hard to take off. So Sachi asked the servant boy to help. She also removed her shorts and panties as well.

The moment her bra fastener was removed, her chest jostled left and right and then sagged down, resting on the cold sofa. The cold sensation and the feeling gravity pulling down on her tits so suddenly caused Sachi to cry out in a husky, obscene voice, breathlessly moaning. "Ahhh!" The servant boy blushed, and stopped moving his hands, to watch her.

"Hey, come on now... I-I know that you're fascinated by my naked body, but keep those hands moving."

"Yes, miss."

a

After her clothes were removed, her entire body was wiped down with a towel. She wore her glasses that she always had, but she also wore heart-shaped nipple pasties so that her nipples wouldn't be visible even though she wasn't wearing a bra. She was then given a huge white dress to change into, which looked like a pure white curtain. Turning over the fabric of her one-piece dress, she waited for her parfait to arrive, with her belly hanging out.

After she spent an hour eating various parfaits, Sachi was finally satisfied, and she left the store.

"Ahh, mmm... Those parfaits were so tasty! My stomach is all nice cool and happy now."

"Or is that just because of my belly jiggling while I walk, I wonder?"

"That's just a joke *snort*"

Because she was no longer wearing a bra or panties, Sachi's breasts and belly were jiggling wildly, far more than when she walked into the store.

"Hey... hey, do you see my tits jiggling around?"

"Yes."

"Do you think that I'm sexy?"

"I'm absolutely certain that the president would be pleased"

"Hehe, but I'm asking you, do you think I'm sexy?"

"Yes, miss."

The servant boy answered immediately, but was very bashful.

"Hehe, I'm glad to hear that... But, I just hate it when it's hot out though."

She was wearing nothing but her white one-piece dress and a straw hat. Although her clothes gave the impression that you couldn't see her figure clearly, her ass and belly jiggled and quivered, bouncing and swaying, jumping out from her dress.

Sachi got back into the car parked in the flat parking garage, but rather she was... bound up and tied.

"Mmm, aahhh... thank you..."

After confirming that the belts wouldn't come off, the car took for a nice hill near the mansion.



As she headed down to the meadow, a cool wind blew, cooling off her body, which was still drenched with sweat. Today, Sachi Kurenai was going to meet with her boyfriend Tatsumi Honda.

Even though she had some mixed feelings as she looked at herself before in the mirror at the karaoke bar, she was happy to have found "work" at this company.

Although other people might have the habit of reacting with disgust when they looked at her dynamite body, Sachi felt as though her body was a blessing. But still, she would have dreams where she was happy to be thin again, and would wake up screaming in the morning after dreaming that she blew up to enormous size, lost in a sea of fat. It was because of how her heart was previously, and her sense of common sense, that prevented her from accepting this new world, so that's why she made the comparison even in town.

However, Sachi thought she may not have a hard time throwing anything away in the current environment. The male employees have the same preferences as Taakun, and the female employees respect them for it, so she felt like her identity was her fat self. She felt cute and beautiful. Before she had started to "work" there, she had never felt like she had a place in the world. But now, she felt like she does have a place for her, and she discovered it here. She had come to experience it firsthand.

She thought that she had experienced it quite vividly now.

So now, she wants to get even bigger, even fatter, so she can become even "cuter" and "more beautiful." Sachi wanted to be cute and beautiful as an obese woman, rather than the default kind of beauty that the world says you should have. She wants to get fatter, and she wanted him to love her even more...

"*huff puff* ... I want to spend time with him, so I'll just wait for him here."

As she told that to the servant boy, Sachi breathlessly moaned, her belly and my butt shaking greatly, taking a heavy, lumbering step forward.

Tatsumi Honda had wondered if she could be coming soon. He glanced at his watch, and thought she would be.

In the beginning, Sacchan was just someone who he had hired, but Tatsumi had been hoping that he would find a partner who would take to his fetish, and so he put out the job posting in the hopes that he would attract someone to fill the role. Then the phone call came. It was Sachi Kurenai who called. There were several other candidates, but after the 10+ interviews, she was the one who had captured his heart. She had fattened up as she was requested to do, to the extent as was outlined in the job description he had given, but she had continued to fatten up more and more. He began to freely modify her body more and more. Even though he had felt guilty, at the same time, he also felt an intense pleasure. He had met her for the first time once she exceeded 150 kg, and she could do things to satisfy his sexual desires other than have sex with him. He couldn't meet her right away at the beginning, because for better or worse, if this had been made known to the public, she would have probably left the company right away, so he chose to not get involved until later.

They had met and talked a little more every day, and they had gradually started to fall in love with each other. From that point forward, they had come to like each other and would hug. He had thought that being buried in her meaty, fat body would be enough at the time. So, she gradually began to do other things for him, she he started to pay even more attention to her. He had felt relieved, because at first he thought that he was being a cruel man. But in a way, he felt like he was being saved. But what about her, he wondered? What did she think about continuing to put on weight...? He had wondered if she hated it. He had wanted someone he liked to have a fantastic, fat, meaty body; that's what he considered to be the ideal body. But he understood that such a preference was a stark contrast from what common values dictated what was good...

"Aaaahh!! Ahh, I'm heeeeeeeere! T-Taakun!!"

He had heard a voice carried on the wind from the other end of the hill, as he was lost in thought.



He hurriedly ran to the top of the hill, and saw the Sachi was standing there.

Her huge white dress and her golden hair swayed in the wind, the wide blue sky spreading out behind her. Her fat face jiggled because of her labored breathing, and at the same time, her sagging belly jiggled constantly. Her jiggling butt, which jutted outward, was clearly visible. She was holding her straw hat with her fat, meaty left arm, while she waved with her right, causing her fat to jiggle wildly, her arm resembling a fleshy kimono sleeve. She was trying her hardest, staining her dress with sweat. Such a beautiful figure.

"Sacchan, thank you for everything you've done."

"*huff puff* Ahh, where you waiting for me long? I'm sorry it took so long for me to walk here."

"Oh, not at all, not at all. You look so adorable."

"O-Oh, thank you! I had thought that it would feel nice to wear these clothes, so I decided to change. Besides, with this dress, I thought I could show off my naked body to you, Taakun."

"...Sacchan, is it really okay for you to show your body? Do you mind?"

"Do I mind it?"

"Well, it's just that I hadn't ever asked you about how you felt about getting fat until now, Sacchan."

"...To be honest, I hated it at first, but..."

Sachi began to talk about her recent thoughts. She had plenty of experiences, but as of right now, she liked her body. And then Tatsumi also shared his thoughts about it.

Sachi suddenly stripped off her dress, letting her stomach flow outward, so she could show off her large, jiggling belly.

"*huff puff* Listen, Taakun, I don't regret becoming like this at all. I don't regret it. I was apprehensive about how much my body had changed at first because of my old perspective on things, but, I don't regret my choice at all Taakun, my choice for the job, my choice to love you, my choice to change my body! I wouldn't mind weighing 1000 kg or even 2000kg! I don't mind getting fatter!"

"...Sacchan."

"*huff, puff* ahhh, I'm, ugh... getting tired of standing, please... *wheeze* hold me, support me, my fat, blubber-filled body... please... always..."

As Sachi took her straw hat, she opened her arms wide, and she embraced Tatsumi tightly. Sachi's belly enveloped Tatsumi's lower body, while her breasts engulfed his upper body. Tatsumi held tightly onto Sachi's fat laden arms, which were like fleshy kimono sleeves. She was so heavy.

Sachi smiled at Tatsumi with a shy grin, even though she was clenching her teeth to bear the strain of standing. She hugged Tatsumi as tightly as she could.

(Thank you... Sachi)



To be continued



Absolutely... wonderful.

Hmm.

Taakun, what do you think of my outfit?



THUMP

My weight had increased just as my love for him did. They both kept increasing more and more, together.



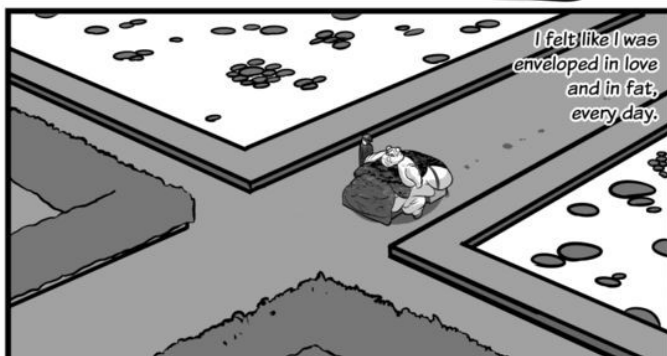
We had found our place in each other's hearts in that meadow



My face has gotten bigger than before, as have my belly and chest. They also jiggle and sag. I'd be lying if I said I didn't feel a little embarrassed about how much more my body jiggles and sags compared to before... but I don't have any regrets. I like it. I think it's precisely because I've gotten fat that I've become more appealing. I feel like I've gotten even cuter as I've gotten fatter. It's just that... I think that I get out of breath far too quickly, is all.

Hmm, have you taken my picture yet? Show it to me later, okay? Anyway, I'm really hungry now! I'd like to have 100 meat buns, please, darling. ♥

I now weigh 850kg, so naturally I need the assistance of a walker for everyday activities. However, I can still walk on my own... for only about 10 seconds, though.



I felt like I was enveloped in love and in fat, every day.



HEAVE

HEAVE

THUMP

THUMP

Thanks to that, we have gotten closer.



That night...
At a cottage,
far from home



Beautiful...



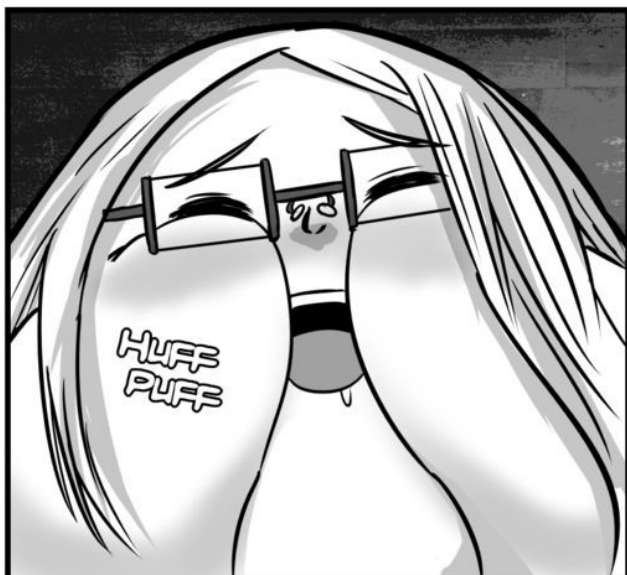
That's because
of you, Taakun...

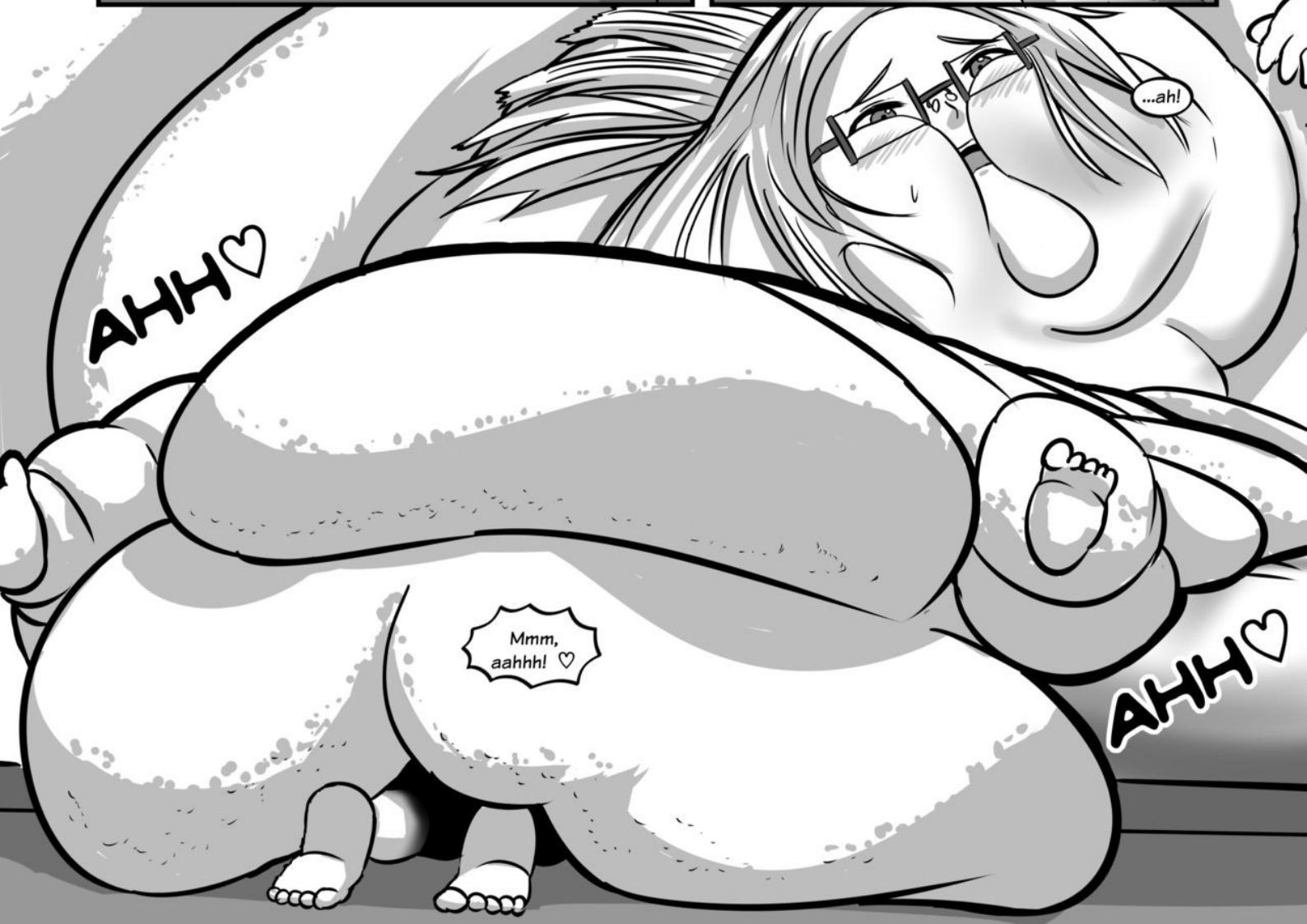
Sachi...
You are so
very beautiful.

Ahhh...

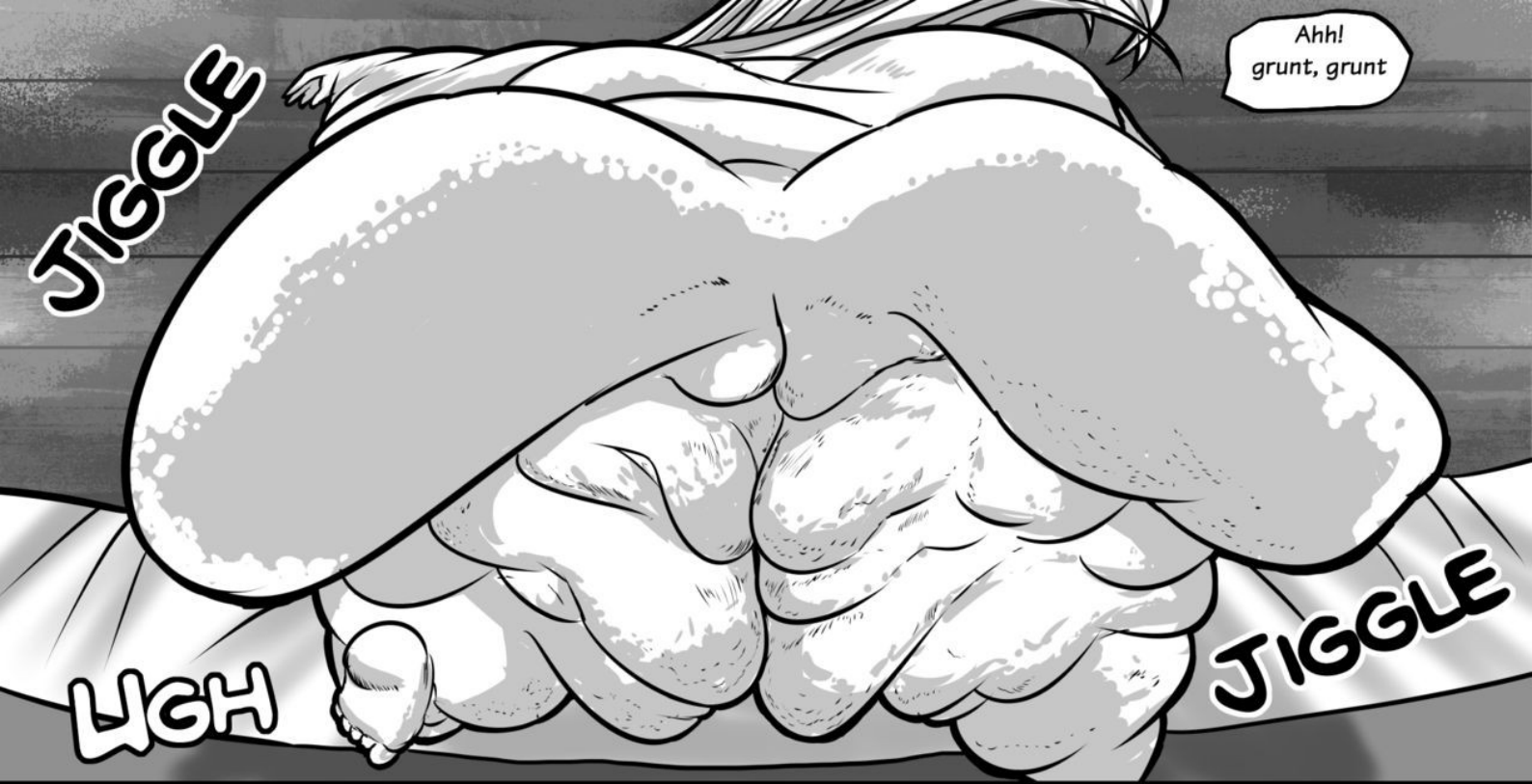


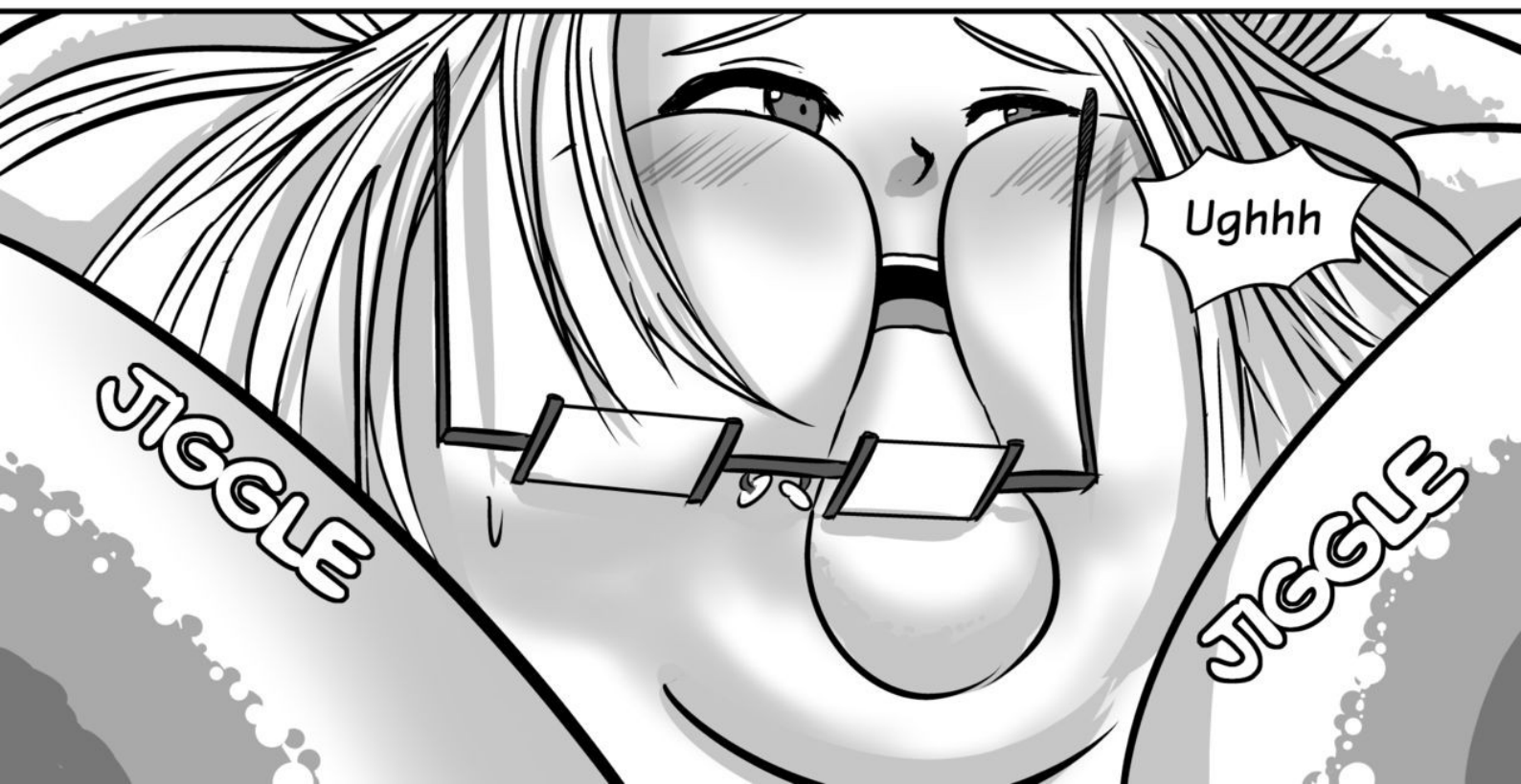
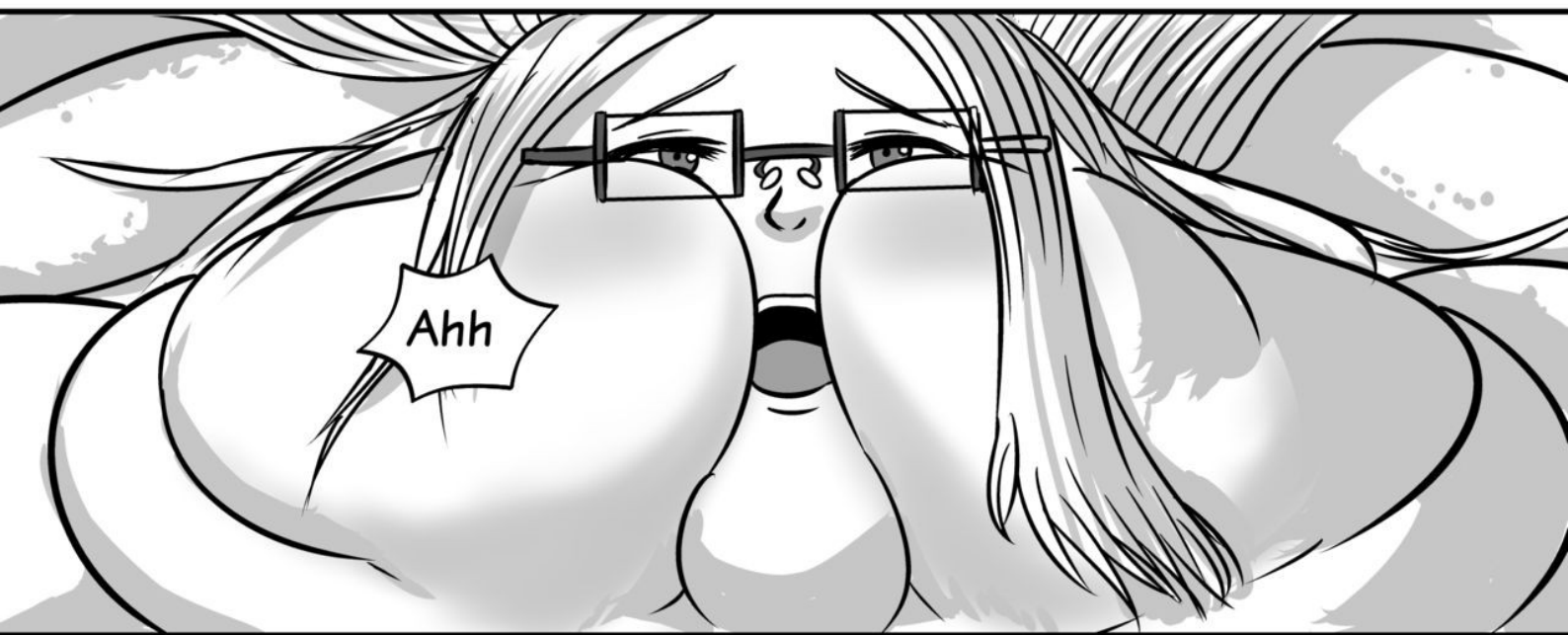
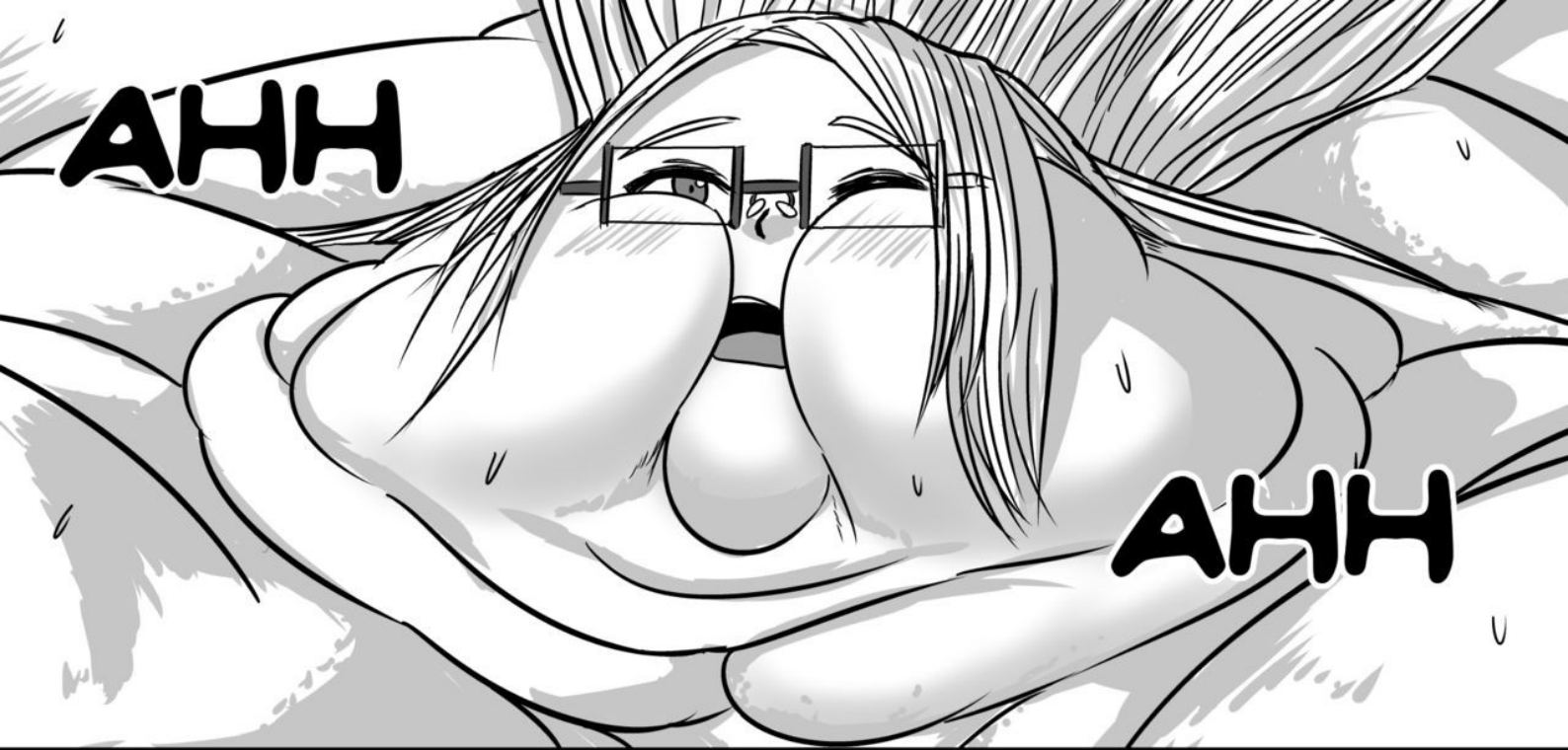
HEART
RACING

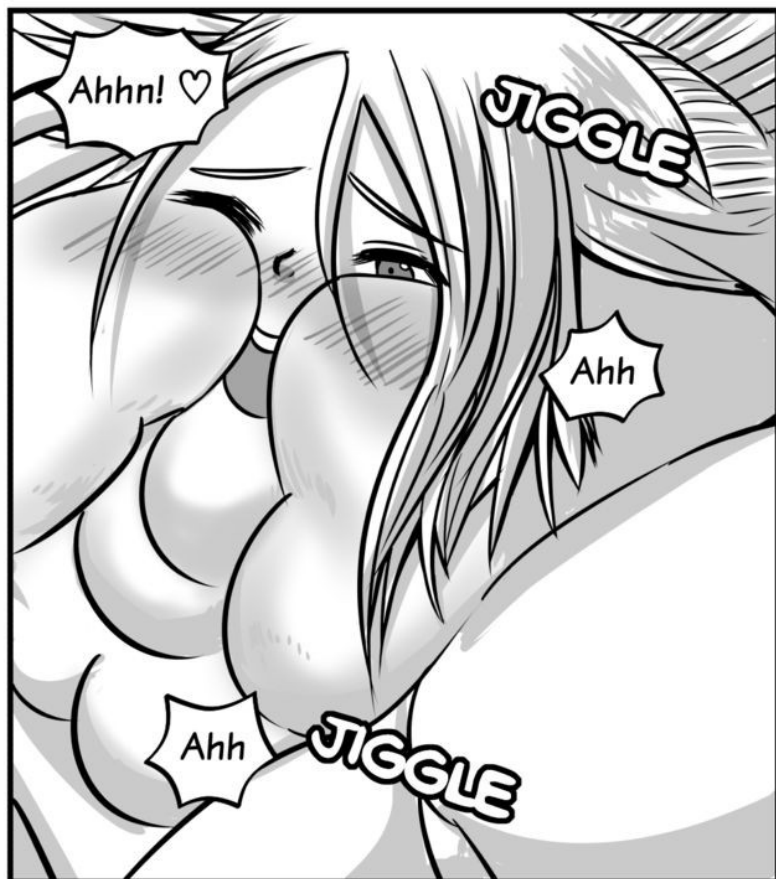
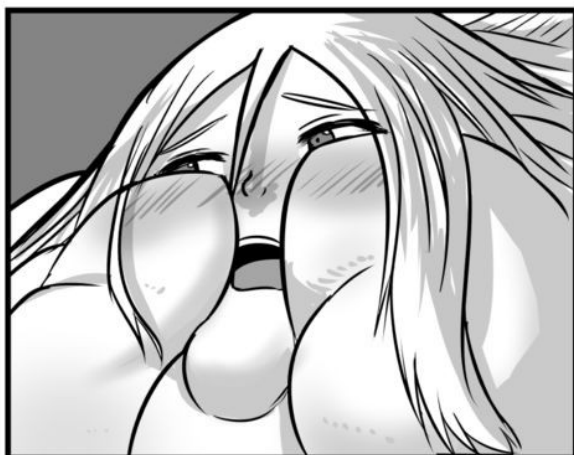
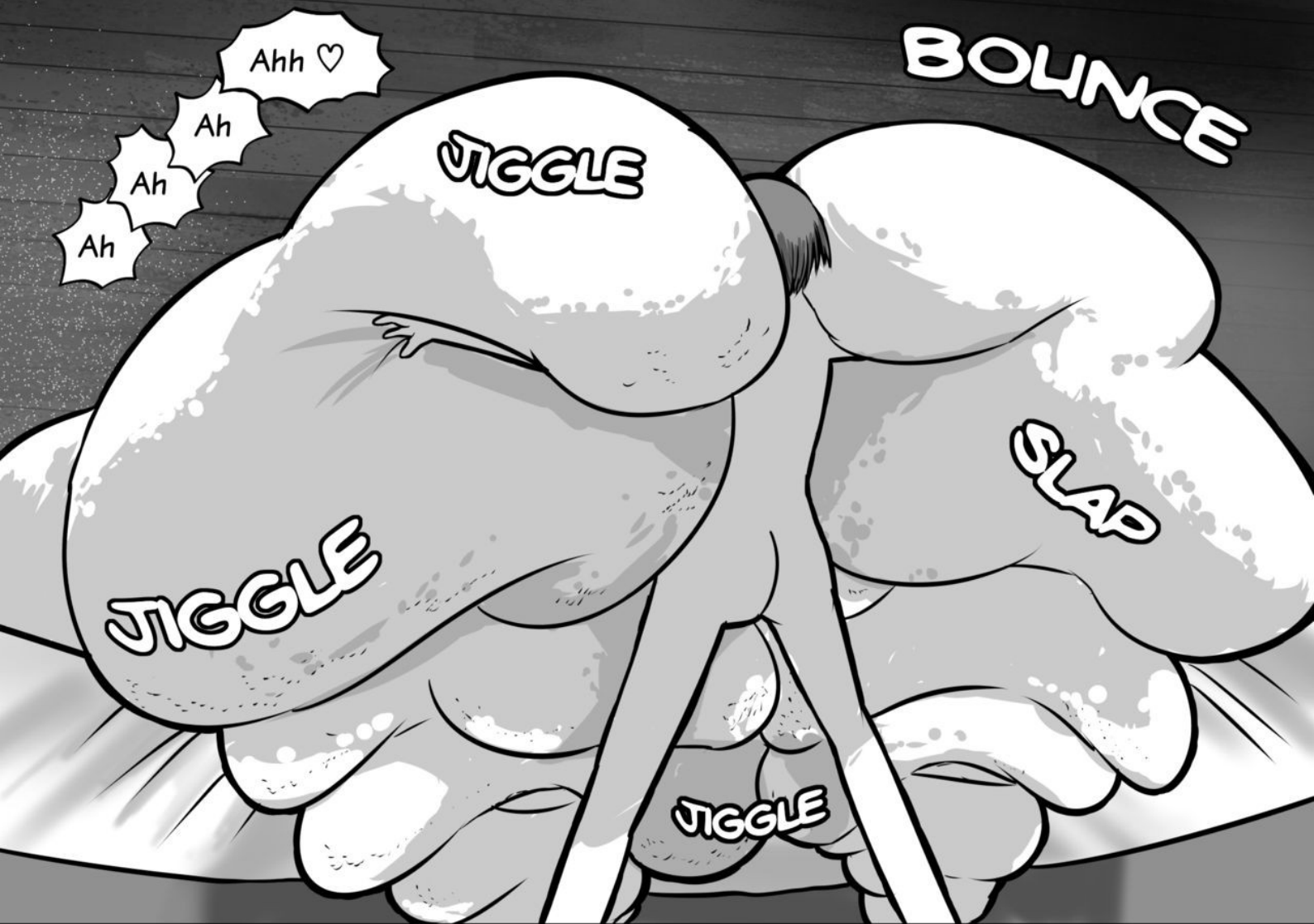












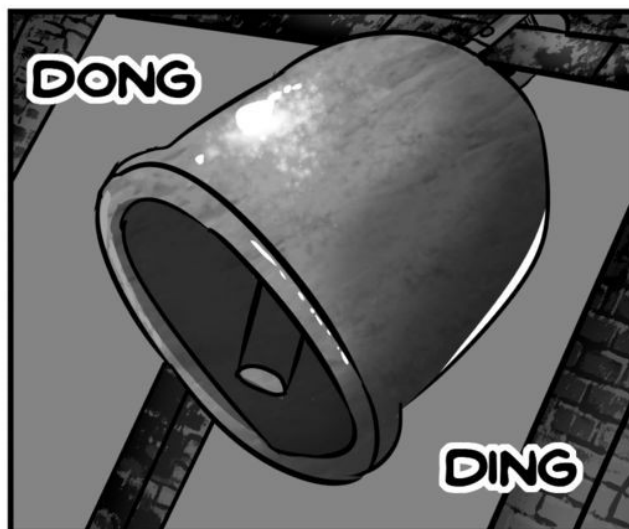
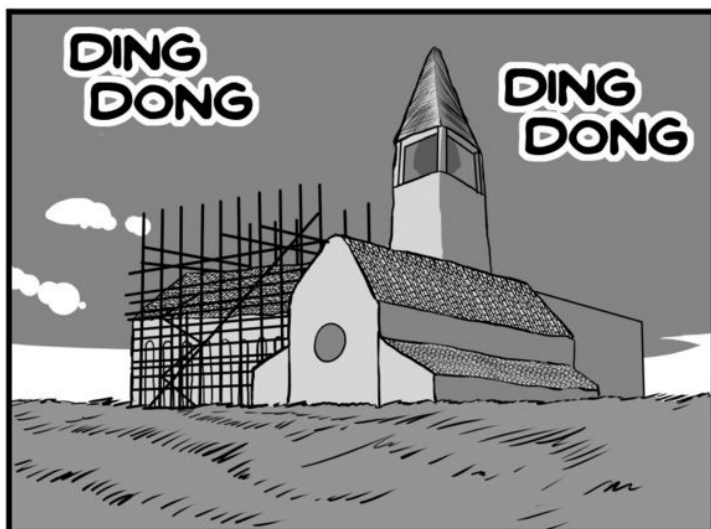


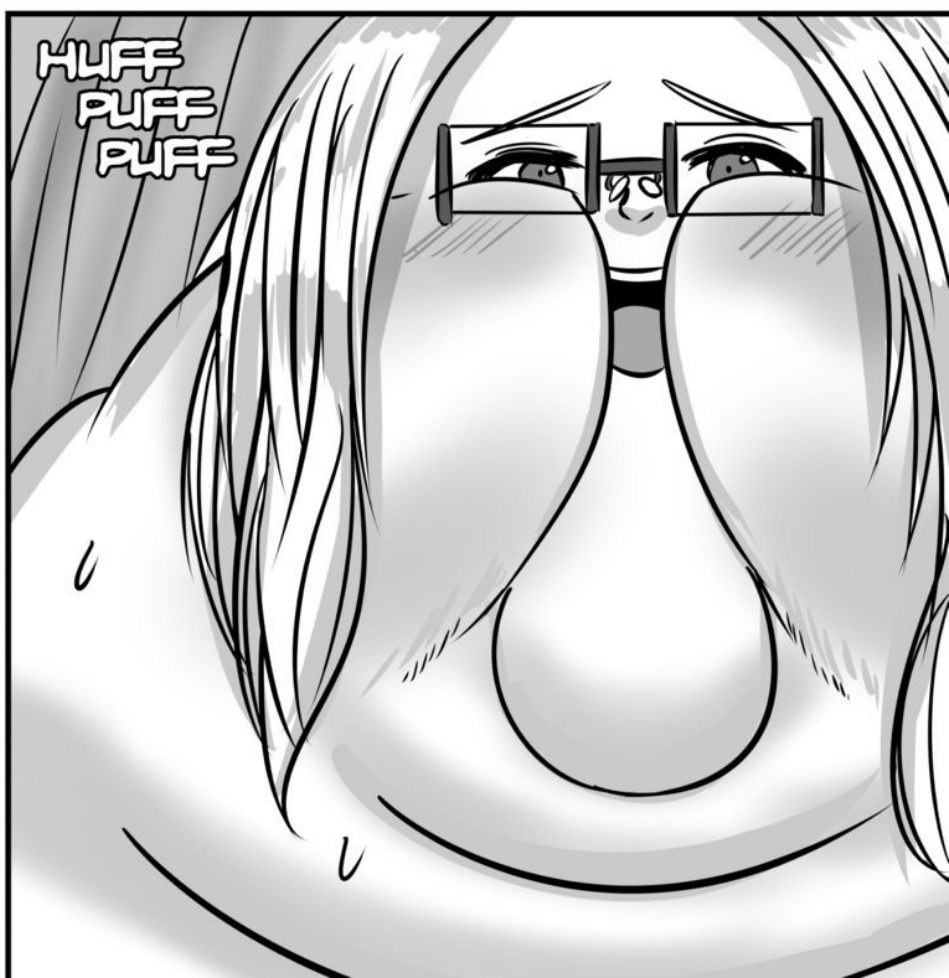
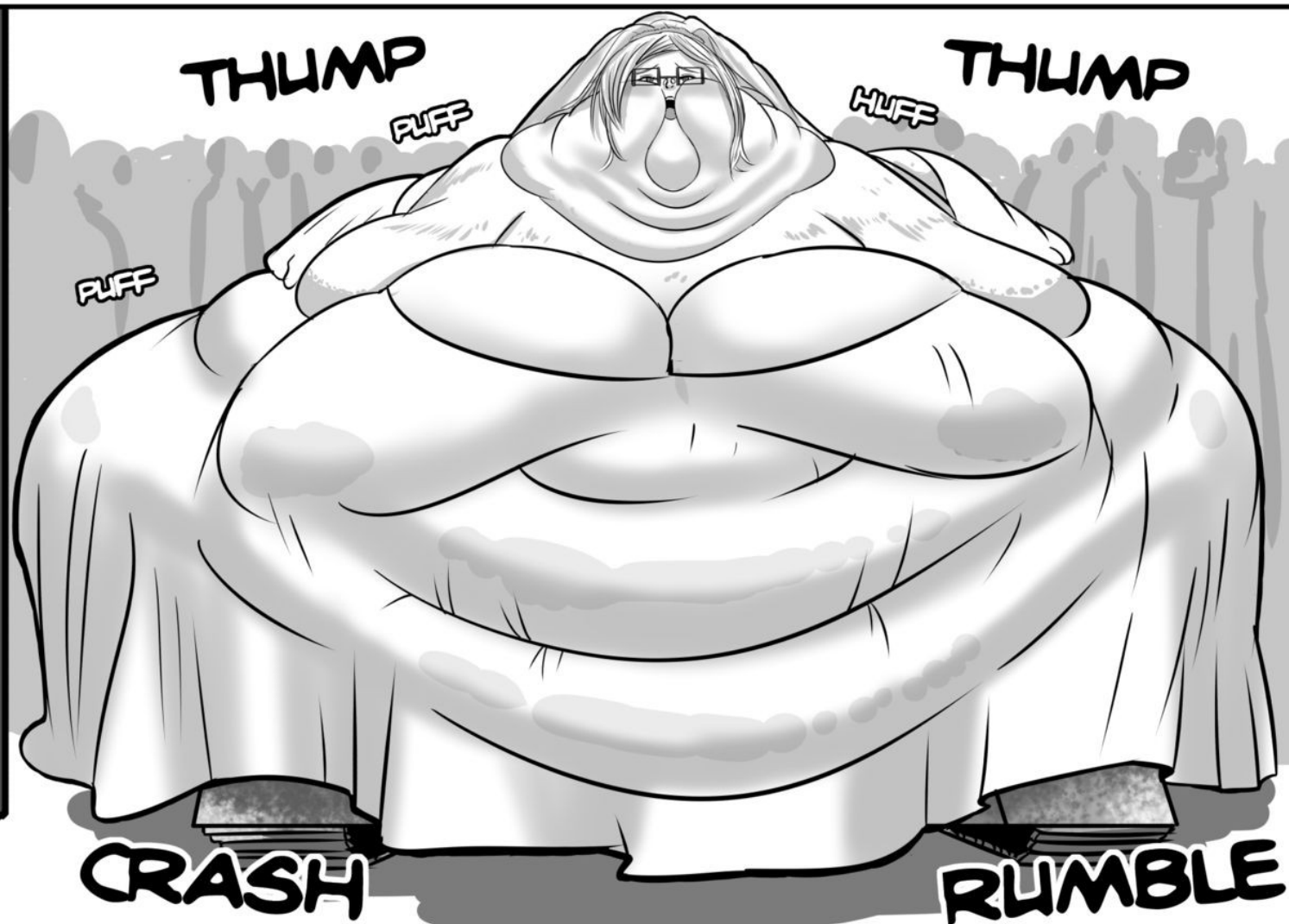


I had been employed by him for 1 year, but our hearts and minds have been connected. We kept going at it repeatedly until morning.



*And then,
1 year
later.*





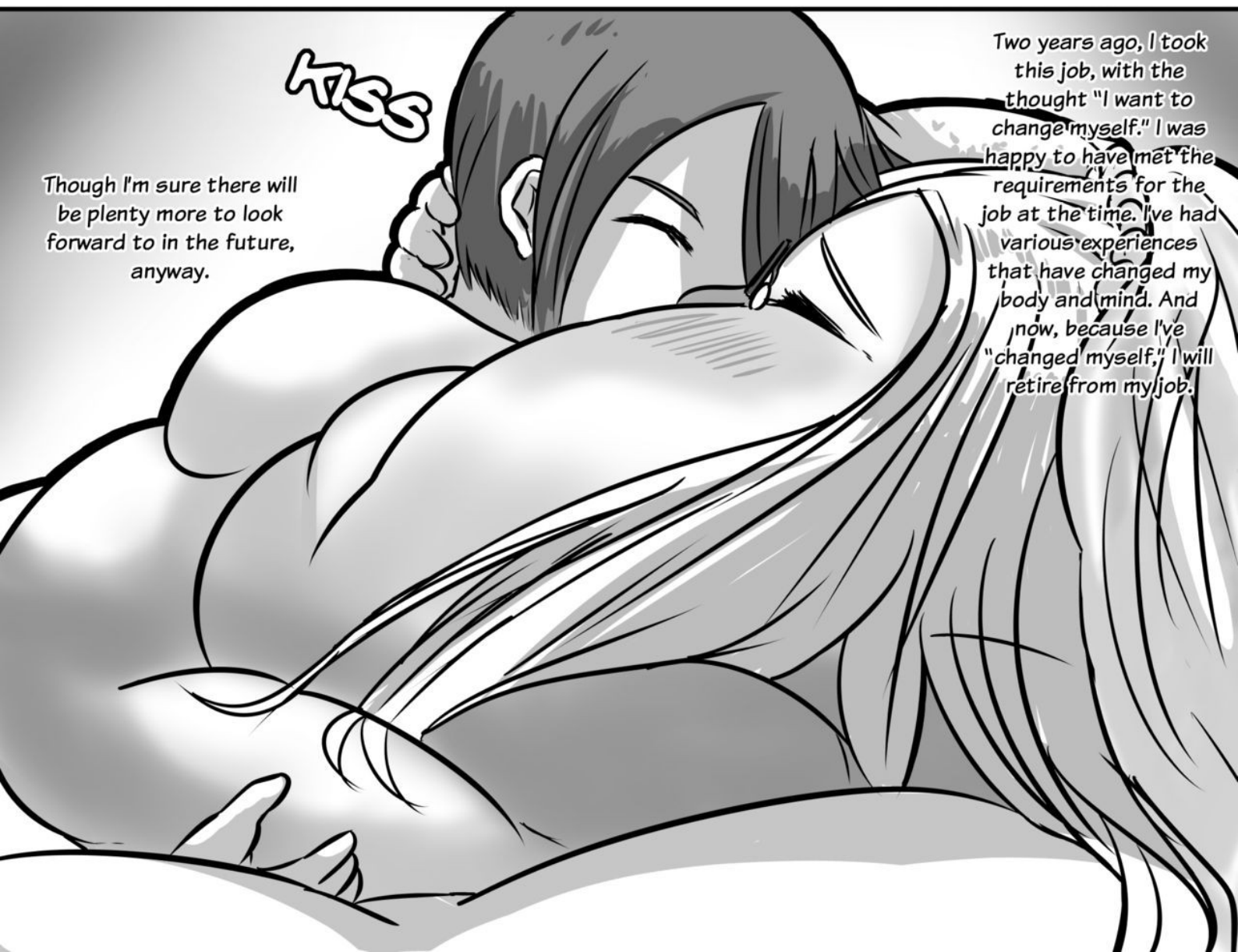


Even though I feel like I've turned into a gigantic ball of meaty blubber, I have so much confidence in myself now that I no longer have those nightmares. I want to get as fat as I was in those dreams. I want my whole body to jiggle like Jell-O.



It's difficult for me to walk on my own because of my weight, so I need to use the caterpillar machine to move.

From now on, I will nurture you, and foster our love. I pledge to take care of your body.



Though I'm sure there will be plenty more to look forward to in the future, anyway.

Two years ago, I took this job, with the thought "I want to change myself." I was happy to have met the requirements for the job at the time. I've had various experiences that have changed my body and mind. And now, because I've "changed myself," I will retire from my job.

I'm so happy!

HUFF

PUFF

HUFF

PUFF

End