

Disclaimer: This story contains adult themes. It is not suitable for minors or the easily offended.

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Contains: *Weight Gain, Stuffing*

5 - Kouhai's Christmas

The office lady leaned back in her side of the booth with a sigh. She and her senpai had just landed a new client for the company, and they were out celebrating. Her head was so warm and fuzzy from beer and sake that she didn't even mind the way her skirt was digging into her tummy. She'd bought a whole new set of suits and shirts in October, and she was determined to make these last longer than her last set. But celebrating was celebrating, and the restaurant had such great food. She wasn't stuffed like she'd been at the Oktoberfest, or packed to bursting like after her Thanksgiving stream, but her poor belly was definitely full.

It was all because of her friend. Rikei had run into them around the time the woman was starting to feel a good buzz, and her senpai invited the glasses-wearing woman to join them. The scientist proceeded to order her own round of plates and platters "to share," most of which ended up pushed in front of the woman.

How could she refuse?

Now her head was swimming, and her body felt tight—squeezed like an overfilled sausage by her office clothes. Her senpai was telling her friend about their big sale.

"...that cafe. They wear these uniforms..."

"Oh!" The woman said. "They's shuper *-hic-* cute!"

Something shifted in her shirt, and she clutched her hands to her chest.

"What's wrong?" Rikei asked.

She'd popped a button off her shirt, but it had been over her breasts, not her tummy. That hadn't happened since her college days. "My button..."

Rikei's cheeks brightened, and her analyzing eyes locked onto the woman's dress shirt. "I don't see any missing..."

The woman pawed and tugged at her shirt. The missing button was one of the hidden ones meant to keep any gaps closed. To her dismay, she felt it slide out of her untucked shirt and down to the floor. She had to find it.

She slid down in her seat, the table edge brushing against her full tummy and squeezing it tighter. Then she felt the table bump against the undersides of her breasts, making all the dishes clatter. Rikei and her senpai grabbed for things that had spilled.

"What are you doing?" Senpai hissed.

The woman pushed herself back into the bench. She couldn't go that way. She slid out of her seat and dove under the table amidst her friends' cries of protest. There, between Senpai's shiny shoes, was her prize.

"Hooray!" She clutched the button to her chest, sitting up until something smacked the top of her head.

"Ow, ow, ow..."

Why was the stupid table so low? She had to get back into her seat.

The woman reached for the bench in front of her and pulled herself upward. People were making strange noises. It was a tight squeeze, but she forced her chest through the tight space and saw...

"Senpai...? What are you doing on this side?"

"You were on the other side," Senpai growled.

"Oh... hehe sorry..."

She tried to slip back under the table, but her breasts were stuck... in Senpai's lap. She pulled and tugged, her chest brushing the smooth fabric of his pants.

"Stop that!"

"But I'm stuck," she whined.

Rikei laughed. "Here, both of you hold still." She slid off the bench. "Now shift to the side, together, slowly..."

When she was finally back in her seat, the woman hung her head, her whole face burning. "Can we get more sake?" She mumbled.

"I think you've had enough," Rikei said. "But this does give me any idea..."

Rikei stood in the alley around the corner from the cafe when she saw the employee approach her. The cute little redhead clutched a bag to her chest, looking this way and that as if she was doing something illegal.

"Yo," Rikei called.

The girl looked her way in terror, then relaxed slightly. "We only had one in the size you requested. I hope no one notices..."

"I'm paying for it, aren't I?"

She clutched the bag tighter. "Yeah, but... we're not really supposed to..."

Rikei put a hand on the girl's shoulder. "Hey. Breathe." She waited a count of five while the redhead visibly calmed. "I really appreciate this—my friend's going to love it."

The girl's blue-green eyes sparkled. "It's that business lady, right? She's so mature and put-together..."

Neither of those were ways Rikei would describe her friend. Giddy and chaotic, more like. She remembered a few weeks ago at the Halloween party when her friend had eaten so many sweets she blew a button off her costume. If by mature, she meant "ripe..."

"Yeah, it's her Christmas present. She does cosplay and loves your cafe."

“Really!?”

Rikei nodded and handed the girl a stack of bills. It had taken three times what the uniforms cost to convince her.

The girl took the money and handed over the bag. “Thank you so much. They’re getting so expensive…”

“Eh?”

The girl’s cheeks turned bright pink. “Oh, never mind! Um... have a nice day!”

The girl spun on her dark leather shoes and trotted away, leaving Rikei to call “Merry Christmas!” at her back.

Bing, bong

The man brushed his hands on his apron before answering the door. The sight of his kouhai standing on the balcony made his breath catch. Unbidden, his mind cast back to a similar day just over a year earlier. While they and most of their coworkers were working from home, she’d come to his apartment so they could work together more efficiently. The woman who’d appeared at his door all those months ago was half the woman who smiled up at him now.

It wasn’t as if her increased size was a shock or surprise—he’d seen her at the office only two days ago. That first day of remote work, she’d shown up dressed for the office in a navy blue skirt suit. The suit she wore when he last saw her was similar, but was the latest in a series of “upgrades.” She never talked about it with him, but it was a senpai’s responsibility to pay special attention to his kouhai, and he’d watched her suits get replaced by larger and larger sizes over the past year.

“Merry Christmas, Senpai!”

“Mmm. Merry Christmas. Please, come in.”

She wasn't wearing her suit now. Under her open coat, his blue-eyed kouhai was covered from neck to hips with a fuzzy sweater in deep scarlet, very fitting for the holiday. It was also enormous. He tried to picture the woman from a year ago wearing it, and imagined her swimming in knit wool all the way to her ankles. Tonight, it hugged every curve. Her full breasts, wide hips, and rounded belly pressed against the material. The wool was so fuzzy and thick that it seemed to add extra centimeters to every enticing dimension.

Enticing wasn't the word. Not the right word at all. He was her senpai. Such a word was wholly inappropriate. Alluring? No, that was worse. Plump? He could already see the red handprint on his face. Overfed? Well, that was accurate, if no less dangerous. He hoped he'd made enough food, especially with that other woman joining them.

"May I take your coat?"

"Oh! Thank you..."

She turned away from him and spread her arms, waiting for him to remove her coat. Heat rose in his cheeks, and his hands trembled as his knuckles brushed the fuzzy wool above her shoulders. Shaking himself, he threaded a hanger under her coat and hung it beside his own.

"I put some cookies..."

As the man turned, he saw that the woman had already plopped herself down beside his kotatsu. She held a half-devoured cookie in one hand and was petting his cat with the other. All her attention was on the cat and keeping her cookie well out of reach. The man sighed, but instead of exasperation, he felt oddly content. Something about the scene was comforting, normal.

Bing, bong

Before he had a chance to dwell on that thought, he was helping Rikei with her coat. She bounded over to his kouhai and held out a paper-wrapped package.

"Merry Christmas!"

"Huh? For me?"

Rikei nodded.

"But I didn't get you anything..."

"Never mind that—just open it!"

Needing no further encouragement, she tore into the package. The man perched on the edge of his couch. The paper revealed a bundle of white and blue fabric that looked vaguely familiar.

"The cafe uniform? But how?"

Rikei beamed. "Go try it on."

His kouhai dashed off to the bathroom, and Rikei plopped onto the couch beside him.

"Where did you get that?"

Her mouth turned up at one side. "I have my ways. It's a present for you, too, after all."

"For me!?"

"You're not fooling anyone, you know."

"It's not like that! We're just cowork—"

"For such a big shot businessman, you can be a real idiot sometimes."

"What are you—"

His kouhai was back. The cafe uniform fit her like a glove. The apron cinched tight around her middle, not quite hiding the curve of her tummy. But it made a frame around her chest, making her breasts look even bigger. Without warning, his mind replayed the memory of her first day at the office. She'd been remarkably busty even then, but her size now made her former curves seem modest.

"How do I look, Senpai? Does it suit me?"

The man's head buzzed, and he was entirely sober. "It's, ahem, very nice. I need to check on the roast!"

Rikei snuggled into her blankets, her belly full and her body warm from Christmas wine. That "Senpai" was a pretty good cook, even if he was a blind idiot. He didn't deserve her beautiful friend...

She was lying in bed, reading a scientific journal, when thumping footsteps grew louder outside her door.

"Rikeiiii, we're all out of food!"

The office lady was enormous. At least 110kg. Her hips nearly brushed the door frame, her belly pooched out full and round, but her breasts... They were beyond any letter sizes, squeezing through the door ahead of her.

"H-how much did you eat?"

"I ate everything, but I'm still hungry..."

Rikei saw a box of donuts resting on the pillow beside her. "Come here, then."

The woman waddled to the bed, her enormous breasts wobbling and quaking with each step. As she crawled onto the bed, they hung full and fat from her chest, reaching all the way to the blankets. She loomed over Rikei, meters of flesh pressing down on her.

Rikei plucked a donut from the box, and her friend opened her mouth. "Aaahh..."

She raised the donut to the woman's mouth, and it vanished between her teeth in a single bite. She chewed for mere seconds, and as she swallowed, her body grew. Rikei watched in astonishment as her friend plumped in all directions, seeming to gain over a kilogram from a single donut.

She fed her another.

One by one, Rikei pressed donuts into her friend's mouth. By the sixth, her friend's breasts filled the space between them, each larger than the pillow beneath her head. The woman's arms wobbled, and she collapsed on top of her. Rikei grunted as the weight of those breasts pressed her into the mattress. But the box was still full, so she kept feeding her.

Larger and larger her friend grew, covering Rikei's entire upper body with glorious oppai. They crept toward the edges of the bed, and still she ate. They lifted her head further and further upward, and still Rikei fed her.

Rikei lost count. The donut box seemed endless. Her friend filled the mattress. Rikei struggled to breathe. They'd never fit her friend back out through the bedroom door.

"Are... you full... yet?" Rikei gasped.

Her friend simply opened her mouth.

Rikei shoved another donut in.

The bedframe cracked, and she was falling.

Rikei bolted upright in bed, covered in sweat and panting.

On the nightstand, her phone glowed. She tapped it open and saw a photo of a grinning young man, holding a grade report and making a peace sign.

[Merry Christmas, Sensei! I passed my exams, and it's all thanks to you!]

She'd been his tutor at the university some months ago. She made a joking promise about his "reward" if he passed all his classes. Rikei decided it was time to focus her attention on someone other than her friend.

The man was walking to the train when someone called his name. It was that scientist lady.

"I was hoping to run into you. I wanted to let you know I won't make it for New Year's Eve."

As annoying as Rikei sometimes was, that meant the evening would just be him and his kouhai. "Oh... really?"

She nodded. "I have a date—" Her eyes dropped to the pavement, and she fidgeted. "—with a former student."

"A student?"

She glared at him through her glasses. "He's a college student—don't be weird!"

He held his hands up defensively. "Okay, sorry."

"Anyway, this is your big chance."

He stared at her in confusion.

Rikei rolled her eyes. "You idiot. Your chance to tell her how you feel!"

"I'm not... We're not..."

"Am I wrong? Do you not feel that way about her?"

"That's not the issue—"

"What's the issue then. Is it because she's gained some weight? If you say yes, I'll put poison in your beer."

The man's ears felt hot. "It's not that at all! She's lovely. She's..."

Rikei waggled her eyebrows. "Sexier than ever?"

His heart was pounding. He looked around, but they were alone on the sidewalk. "I guess... yes."

She leaned in close to him—too close. "You know... Her boobs have always been bigger than mine, even when we met at university, but they've gotten *huge* in the past year, haven't they?"

The man coughed nervously.

"If you promise to confess, I'll tell you a secret..."

"W-what?"

"Promise!" She hissed. "If I get a happy text tomorrow night, I might even send you her YouTube link..."

"You know about her ASMR channel?"

Rikei stepped back, mouth gaping. "You know about her channel??"

"I... it showed up in my feed, that's all..."

"I should have known you were a filthy pervert after all..."

"You were just talking about her—" He dropped his voice to a whisper. "—breasts."

"You can forget just forget about the secret, mister. In fact, I withdraw my blessing for you two."

She spun and stalked away. Without thinking, he followed her. "Fine, I'm sorry! I'll... I'll talk to her."

She stopped. "Promise?"

"I promise."

"None of your whining about her being your 'precious kouhai?'"

He sighed. "Yes, I promise."

She gave a wry grin, seeming to realize the hypocrisy of calling him a pervert. "Those oppai you love so much..."

"Y-yes...?"

"They're up to O-cups now."

On his TV, the party in Tokyo was ramping up. It was just a few more minutes until the countdown. His kouhai sat on the sofa a safe distance away, sipping her wine contentedly. He'd prepared plenty of snacks after dinner, but she'd been somewhat less ravenous than usual. She was relaxed, but not yet drunk.

It was now or never, and he'd given his word.

"So..."

"Hmm?" She turned those eyes on him, blue like the seaside in midsummer.

"I, erm, I've seen your videos."

Her eyes widened, and her rosy cheeks turned white as paper. "You have!? Are you going to tell the boss?"

He reached out a hand but stopped short of touching her shoulder. "No, of course not. I... I like them!" He withdrew his hand and stared into his lap. "ASMR helps me fall asleep."

The couch shifted as she slumped back against it with a relieved sigh. Then she let out a soft giggle. "I guess it's not surprising."

"Hmm?"

She met his gaze again. "That you like watching me eat. You've surely done it enough in real life..."

He had no response to that. She was quiet for several moments. "Does that mean... You don't mind..." She touched a few fingers to her rounded stomach.

The man sat back, astonished. How could this woman, this bold, fearless woman, one who chased the hobbies she loved with such abandon, doubt herself? Was it because of him? It could not stand. "Of course not! You're more beautiful than ever!"

They sat in silence as his declaration hung in the room. Her lips were parted, and the flush returned to her cheeks, spreading down her neck and up her ears.

Now he'd really messed up. This wasn't going how he planned at all. He'd have to change departments, maybe even look for a new job.

Her stunned expression faded, her mouth curving into a grin. She shifted closer on the sofa, then even closer. Her soft hip touched his thigh. He could smell her. Sakura blossoms and vanilla and rice wine... and *her*.

On his TV, the countdown started.

10...

She brushed a finger down his upper arm, and his hand touched her waist, drawn as if by a magnet.

9...

She swung one leg over his legs, planting her glorious bottom in his lap.

7...

Her breasts pressed into his chest. He felt surrounded by her, enveloped. Her body was against his, and he wasn't carrying her home or helping her walk to the train.

6...

He gazed into her eyes, the apartment around him fading to mist. He felt her heartbeat pulsing in time with his.

5...

Her tongue peeked out to slide across her lips. They were pink and shiny, plump like the rest of her. She was like the softest, warmest pillows he wanted to bury himself in, *was burying* himself in.

4...

The briefest flicker of shyness passed over her face, and she wrapped her small fingers around his wrists. She guided his hands upward until he was touching her breasts.

3...

He pressed and kneaded. How many times had he imagined how they would feel? His imagination, he decided, was a feeble substitute for reality. She was so soft, so full, so big...

"O-cups..." he breathed.

2...

She smiled more dreamily than her dreamiest drunken grin.

"P-cups, actually..."

1...

5 - Kouhai's Christmas

"Kouhai..."

"Senpai..."

Their lips met.

Happy New Year!

The presenters and crowds across the city cheered and sang, but the man and the woman didn't hear them.