

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

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Contains: *Weight Gain, BBW*

6 - Kouhai Epilogue

Rikei smoothed out the front of her pale blue bridesmaid's frock before rapping gently on the door.

"Knock, knock? They said you needed some help?"

Her friend stood in front of a trio of full-size mirrors, draped in a snowy gown. Well, packed into the gown, to be precise.

"I can't get this zipper up," she whined.

The woman's meteoric weight gain had plateaued somewhat in the past few months. Rikei chalked it up to a combination of a "bride diet" and the fact that money was a little tight since they'd quit their jobs. Or maybe she was just getting more "exercise" with her husband-to-be. Nevertheless, Rikei's calibrated eyes estimated that her friend had passed 75kg. The oppai that tested the embroidered silk of her bridal gown were R-cups, if she hadn't finally gone up to an 80cm band.

"Hold still."

Rikei tugged the zipper up her friend's lower back, careful to avoid damaging her delicate, squishy flesh. "Breathe out, and suck in," she ordered.

With her friend's body quivering, Rikei zipped her up to just below her shoulder blades, where she met increased resistance. "Can you, um, squeeze these in?" She asked, poking a finger knuckle-deep into her overflowing cleavage.

“No!”

“Well, hug them or something.”

Her friend wrapped her arms around her boobs, which simultaneously gave Rikei more material to work with while pulling the flaps wider.

“But keep your shoulders back.”

“Ugh, how?”

Rikei pulled on her friend’s shoulders. She moaned and whimpered, but Rikei quickly slid the zipper up to her collar.

“Okay, you can relax, but carefully!”

Rikei winced as the zipper strained. Every part of the gown, from waistband to neckline, creaked and stretched—but it held. She stepped around to face her friend, taking her in. “You look amazing. He’s a lucky man.”

Her friend smiled, making her even more gorgeous. “Thanks...”

Rikei tapped the curve of her friend’s tummy. “Just, uh, keep it to one piece of cake at the reception, eh?”

The woman laughed, and Rikei winced as ripples of tested seams washed over her bodice. Once again, they all held. She shook her head. “Why didn’t you get this let out a little bit?”

Color rose in her cheeks. “I did! But that was... last week.”

Maybe her friend hadn’t plateaued as much as Rikei thought. “Well, just try not to laugh or move around too much.”

She grabbed items from the nearby dressing table to touch up her friend’s makeup and erase the trails of sweat from her zipper ordeal. “How are things going with the new firm?”

Her friend’s eyes brightened. “Super well! It was pretty scary at first, leaving such a stable company. But Darling is so talented... He even convinced some of our old clients to follow us.”

“You don’t mind taking on more responsibility?”

“That’s the best part! Without all that bureaucracy around us, landing a new contract feels like a much bigger accomplishment, you know?”

Rikei murmured her agreement as she traced a liner pencil around her friend’s eye.

“How are things going with Shota-kun?”

Rikei’s hand jerked, nearly taking her friend’s eye out. “He’s turning twenty-one in a month. I wish you wouldn’t call him that.”

“Fine, fine.”

“It’s going well. We’re planning a hot spring trip for the semester break.”

“Ooh, it’s like that, is it?”

“It’s not like that!” Rikei switched to the other eye. “Well, it’s not, *not* like that. I’ve never met a man so boob-crazy.”

“Mmhmm...” her friend purred.

“Although, I’m sure he’s got nothing on your ‘Darling-kun...’”

Her friend’s mouth tightened into a pleased smirk. “No comment.”

“Alright, I’d better get back out there, it’s almost time. You look amazing, I’m so happy for you.”

Moisture welled in the lower lids of her friend’s eyes. “Thanks.”

With a hand on the doorknob, Rikei added, “Remember, go easy on the snacks... at least until after the reception.”

Her friend giggled, patting her tummy. “Don’t worry about that. Darling is taking me to Kyoto for our honeymoon. I’m saving my appetite.”

Rikei shook her head as she walked down the hall. It was a good thing her friend didn’t need to keep as many skirt suits that fit anymore. For the sake of Darling-kun’s wallet.

