

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

<https://linktr.ee/spartacuswrites>

Contains: *Weight Gain*

Zom 100: Bucket List of the Sushi

Shizuka Mikazuki had a problem. She was living in a zombie apocalypse, and she'd attached herself to a bunch of idiots. Okay, maybe she had two problems. Three at least.

She stepped into a house-slash-restaurant to find a middle-aged sushi chef cleaning up behind his counter. His cold display case was notably lacking any fish.

"Good morning, Mikazuki-san!"

"Hello, Koyama-san," Shizuka sighed. "I'm looking for my friend."

The man smiled fondly. "Ah, Bea-san. My favorite customer. She left a few hours ago."

"Alright, thank you."

Akira was bad enough. Shizuka still sometimes wished she'd let him get himself killed at that convenience store. But in a moment of weakness, she'd gotten sucked into his cheerful optimism and joined him on his "bucket list" quest.

Shizuka still hadn't added much to the list herself. Akira and that idiot Kencho had enough ridiculous goals, like "Meet the girl of my dreams" and "Become a stand-up comic."

She didn't regret her choice to join their group. As much as she preferred her own company, living out a zombie apocalypse on her own would have been maddening. But they'd been holed up in this village for weeks.

It wasn't like Shizuka minded staying in one place that was safe and secure; that's what she'd been doing in the city. But Akira had infected her with his whole vibe, and now she wanted to be doing more.

Unfortunately, this village had everything the rest of her group wanted. Akira was going from one neighborhood to the next, attempting, unsuccessfully, to flirt with every daughter and granddaughter he could find. Kencho kept the children entertained while he worked on his jokes, none of which Shizuka found funny. And Beatrix... Well, Bea was Shizuka's biggest cause for concern, in more ways than one.

A few houses down was another restaurant, and another sushi chef.

"Hello, Terada-san. Have you seen my friend Bea?"

The chef was washing a stack of empty plates and bowls one at a time, and once again, there were no fish anywhere.

"Not since a few hours ago. Sorry, Shizuka-san."

"Okay, thank you."

It shouldn't have surprised Shizuka that things turned out this way. When they met Beatrix, she was hauling around coolers full of fish, trying to deliver them to the last sushi chef to survive the apocalypse.

Unlike Akira with his list of one-hundred goals, of which he'd only written the first forty or so, Bea had one goal. Not to avoid getting bitten by a zombie, not to make it back to her home country, no. Her goal was to eat sushi made by a real Japanese chef.

Why, when they'd finally found the chef and cleared out the zombies in the surrounding area, Beatrix had gobbled up more fish than the rest of them combined—even that giant Kencho-kun! Shizuka had always heard that Westerners ate a lot, but she was shocked. How was this woman not a hundred kilos? Well, back then, Shizuka was certain that Beatrix Amerhauser didn't weigh anywhere near one hundred K, but now... She wasn't so sure.

The third restaurant had tall stools at a bar like the others, but these had armrests on the sides. The chef seemed to be gluing a broken armrest back onto one of his stools when he saw Shizuka enter. "Hello, Mikazuki-san. I don't have any sushi for you, I'm afraid. We're all out of fish."

"I'm actually looking for my friend, Shinsato-san."

"Ah, of course." The dark cloud over the man's face lifted as he grinned with delight. "Bea-san was just here. Such a charming young lady—and such a healthy appetite... Anyway, she left about two or three hours ago."

"Okay, thanks!"

Sometimes Shizuka wished she'd talked the others out of helping that first sushi chef find his way back to his home village. If they'd never found this place, she wouldn't be stuck here. But she wasn't heartless, and even she had to admit that the sushi he made for them back in the city was the best she'd ever tasted at the time.

At the time, because the village they'd helped him find, the village in which she was currently stuck, was somehow the hometown of every noteworthy sushi chef in the city. And all of the chefs who didn't get turned into zombies had made their way back here, to be with their families and wait for the end.

Of course, only an idiot would complain about finding a village on the seaside that was zombie-free and protected by geography. The only way in or out was through a tunnel, so a simple barricade was enough to keep out the few humans in

such a remote area who'd been turned. They were safe, and they had a community. With an abundant source of fish and the best chefs from the city to prepare it, they had more sushi than they could eat.

Well, more than *most* of them could eat.

The fourth sushi chef was definitely repairing a broken stool, and a mountain of unwashed dishes waited for him on the bar counter.

"Sorry, Shizuka-san, Bea left about two hours ago when we ran out of fish. My sons are out catching some more, so if you find her, please let her know we should be open again in time for dinner."

Shizuka suppressed a sigh. "I'll tell her, Moriyama-san, thank you."

The first week or so had been pleasant enough. They were thrilled to find a safe place to relax for a while. To sleep in beds without needing to take turns keeping watch? To make conversation with strangers again? To have a break from canned goods or plastic-wrapped convenience store food? To stuff themselves on the best, freshest sushi they'd ever eaten? Made by four-star chefs who were thrilled to have appreciative customers again? It was luxury, it was opulence, it was pampering of the highest order. And Shizuka was sick of it.

Not so much for herself—Shizuka wasn't one to be waited on hand and foot—but for her friend. Bea's obsession with fresh sushi was fun for a few days, and Shizuka was more than happy to play along. They'd visited a different chef for every meal, comparing flavors, techniques, and styles. During that first week, it was as if the apocalypse had never happened.

Bea always ate far more than Shizuka, but she was a larger woman, so naturally, her body needed more fuel. Nearly ten centimeters taller, broader in the hips, and with a very full bosom—of which Shizuka definitely was not jealous—Bea had been the Tank to Shizuka's Healer, in the gamer terms Akira and Kencho used. Why, she'd barely fit in a men's size kimono when they visited a hot spring bathhouse!

But while Shizuka and even the boys eventually got tired of stuffing themselves with sushi at every meal, Bea's appetite seemed to grow by the day. None of the chefs seemed to mind. They were delighted to have such an appreciative customer to serve. A foreigner, no less, and one who was well-versed in Japanese culture and customs. They cooked and rolled and served, and Bea gobbled it all up, heaping praise on the chefs as their sushi brought tears to her eyes.

It was inevitable that Beatrix stuffing herself to capacity at every meal would cause that capacity to increase. The stomach was like a muscle, and Bea was giving hers three good stretchings a day. By the end of their second week in the village, some of the sushi chefs were running out of fish before Bea ran out of appetite.

The fifth house restaurant contained a mountain of empty plates, two stools with broken legs, and nothing but the fading aroma of sushi in the air.

"You just missed my favorite customer, Shizuka-san. She left a little over an hour ago. I need to find a better chair for her before tomorrow. I had no idea these stools were so poorly made..."

"Uh, sure," Shizuka said. "Thank you, Watabe-san."

Of course, all that food had to go somewhere. After their original sushi binge back in the city, they'd all been active enough just staying alive and fighting off hordes of the undead. Any excess calories were easily burned away before the next time they stopped to rest and eat.

Shizuka and the boys helped out with chores and other work that needed doing to keep the village running, and the whole group did morning workouts and sparring sessions for the first few weeks. After a while, Bea started choosing early meals over sparring sessions. Eventually, she even stopped showing up for morning calisthenics. For a woman who'd been wearing full Shogunate samurai armor and mowing down swathes of zombies with a naginata, the only fighting Bea seemed interested in was fighting her way through as many plates of sushi as she could stomach.

Within three weeks, she was emptying out a restaurant for every meal. Soon, even that couldn't satisfy her. When one chef ran out of fish, she'd visit another for a few plates to top herself off. After a month, it took two entire restaurants' stock of fish to fill her up. Boats were repaired and staffed, and more of the villagers were put to work casting nets and gathering fish. There were even a few dozen survivors from the city who volunteered to help. It really brought people together, but Shizuka wondered if Beatrix would still fit in her armor when they finally left.

The next chef's house was also barren, and Shizuka was getting concerned. There was only one restaurant in the village that she hadn't checked. This one had booth-style seating, so there were no broken stools, but Shizuka saw large splinters in the floor where one of the tables had detached.

"Hello, Nishikawa-san. Have you seen Bea?"

The lingering aroma of sushi answered her question before he did.

"You just missed her, Mikazuki-san. She left about half an hour ago."

"Thank you."

As Bea's appetite had grown, the rest of her had, too. Her hips spread wider, her limbs got thicker, her bottom plumped and spilled over restaurant stools, and her belly grew larger and rounder as it grew ever more capacious. And her breasts... Shizuka didn't know how the woman even stood, let alone prance from restaurant to restaurant gorging herself.

With Akira and Kencho busy with their lists, Shizuka had spent weeks with nothing to do but watch her new friend eat, and grow, and eat, and grow.

Shizuka heard the telltale sounds of Bea's eating: gulping, whimpering, and praising the last chef in the village, Sugihara-san. At last, she'd caught up with her. Shizuka crept into the house, beads of sweat forming on her nape.

A pile of broken wood in the corner was all that remained of the restaurant's chairs. Sugihara had found a bench somewhere wide and strong enough to support his sole customer as she feasted.

"Here's some more maki, Bea-san!"

"Danke schön! These are my favorite!"

Despite her size, Bea's entire body seemed in constant motion. Her massive rump wiggled as it spilled over her bench. Her arms quavered with excitement as she popped roll after roll between her teeth. She took time to savor each bite, pressing her fingers to her cheeks and blushing. The occasional tear even ran down her face.

Sugihara handed her another plate. "And more sashimi!"

"Yay!"

"I'm so sorry, Bea-san, but that's the last I have for you. If the catch goes well, I should have more before dinner time."

The elderly sushi chef bowed repeatedly as if a single woman devouring an entire shop's worth of fish was his personal failing.

"That's alright, Sugihara-san," Bea grinned. "Thank you so much!"

Bea held the plate of sushi in one hand. There was only room on the table for her tiny dish of soy sauce and a cup of sake. The rest of the space was dominated by her enormous chest. Rippling and jiggling like two party-sized bowls of pudding, the pale mounds of Bea's breasts seemed to Shizuka to be swelling even larger right in front of her eyes.

"Mmm! These are my favorite, too!"

Somehow, without rushing her way through them, Bea devoured the entire plate of sashimi in the time Shizuka would have eaten two of them. She clapped her hands together and said, "Gochisousama deshita!!"

Then, incredibly, she pushed back from the table and stood. Well, tried to stand. The table briefly tried to follow her. When Bea took another step back, Shizuka saw the problem. Bea's belly, which had previously been hidden from sight, was packed

and bloated so large that it lifted the table the first time she tried to rise. Shizuka thought Bea almost looked pregnant, but not even a set of twins at full term was the size of an entire village's worth of sushi.

"Ohayo Shizuka-chan," Bea grinned. She somehow moved lightly on her feet, squeezing first her gargantuan breasts and then the rest of her overfed body through the door.

Shizuka followed as Bea strolled back the way she'd come.

"Where are you going?" Shizuka asked.

"I'm just headed to lunch. Want to join me?"

Shizuka nearly tripped over her own feet. Everything Bea had already eaten was only *breakfast*? "Wha—where?"

"Oh, back to Koyama-san's. He should have more fish by now."

Forget her armor. If Shizuka ever managed to tear Bea and the boys away from this village, they'd have trouble fitting her in their motorhome!