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Contains: *Breast Expansion, Weight Gain*

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“Do I really have to do this again?” The office lady asked her friend. “It’s so embarrassing...”

“Don’t be like that,” Rikei said, “Remember how popular you were at the last Comiket? You practically went viral.”

The woman closed the bathroom door behind her, looking at her costume skeptically. In the months since she’d gone back to working in the office, she’d been less than successful at shedding the extra weight she gained over the holidays at her Senpai’s place. Indeed, she failed so hard at losing weight that she’d actually gained a little more. She saw the scale stuffed into a corner of the bathroom and glared down at it. The woman had no intention of stepping on the horrible machine today—the last time she’d done so, it said she was up to 60.8kg, which she found profoundly mean and judgmental. She started undressing to change into her costume.

It was a disaster. She could see her 70M bra through the white shirt, which could be fixed easily enough if she switched to a white or tan bra, never mind that the red one she wore was the only one that fit properly. But getting the miniskirt to slide up her thighs had involved far too much jumping, and she *still* couldn’t get the button closed—forget about getting the belt to fit. The suspenders warped around her chest, which they’d done last year, but now they also outlined her bare tummy. The woman was mortified.

“Hey...” the scientist called. “Did you fall in, or what?”

The woman sighed, then scowled at her reflection. She could try to explain it to her friend, but it would be easier to simply show her. She opened the bathroom door.

"It, uh, looks great!" Rikei said slowly.

The woman didn't believe her for a second. "Are you kidding? Look at this."

She turned to the side, giving her friend a better angle at her overfed silhouette. "There's no way I can go out in public like this!"

"Didn't you have a whole plan to go to the gym more?"

"I tried," the woman whined. "But Senpai and I are so busy with new clients and projects..."

"What about posting progress photos like I suggested? I hear it helps a lot of people with their motivation."

The woman scowled. "I deleted all those posts because I kept getting comments saying I should just eat celery and how I'd never get married."

Rikei clicked her tongue with a frown. "Probably a bunch of *Hikikomori* who wouldn't even know what to do with a real woman."

"Maybe..."

"Well... I guess it's better to make something new than go as Tifa again, anyway. What other characters could you do..." She grabbed her phone and started swiping through photos and fanart. "What about this one?"

"The *Tomb Raider* girl? That's just as tight as this one."

"Fine, fine..." Rikei tapped in a search and swiped through more photos. "Ooh, this would be epic."

The next image was fanart of Mai Shiranui. "The front part is loose; that'll help, right?"

"Are you crazy? I'd be practically naked! What if someone from the company saw?" A thought entered the office lady's mind, wondering how her Senpai would react to seeing her in that outfit. She pushed the thought away. "I could lose my job!"

"I doubt there are many otaku at your stuffy office, but fine..."

The scientist swiped through page after page of photos and fanart. Nami was too thin, as was Yor Forger. Adult Anya got an immediate veto, as did Power and Frieren. "Oh, perfect!" Rikei cried.

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The best thing about the costume the office lady and her friend agreed on was that it was mostly her own clothes. She had a full closet of skirt suits for her job. All but the two she'd bought right after the holidays didn't fit, and even the new ones were starting to get a little snug, but she wasn't thinking about that. When the rest of the pieces arrived—a pale blue sweater, cyan tie, half-wire glasses, and a short black wig with pink-dyed tips—Rikei went to the woman's apartment again for the big try-on.

The woman's suit jacket had gotten even tighter over the past few months, and with the added bulk of the sweater, it looked ridiculous buttoned up. The material strained and puckered, and she saw flashes of blue sweater in the gaps when she moved. Opening the bathroom door, she said, "I don't think this is gonna work."

Rikei pursed her lips tight, obviously holding back a laugh. "Lucky for you," She said. "A jacket that doesn't fit is the best part."

Her friend got up from her chair and stepped right up to her, reaching for her overworked buttons.

"O-oi!"

"Relax, I'm fixing it..."

Rikei undid all but the lowest button on the woman's suit jacket, tugging at the lapels until they framed her sweater-clad oppai. The woman checked her reflection. "Really? I look ridiculous."

Her friend grabbed her phone, pulling up an image of Elma. The colors weren't an exact match, but even she couldn't argue that her boobs sticking out of her suit was anything but a near-perfect match for the ever-hungry dragon woman. She pouted. "It still looks silly."

"Come on," Rikei said. "People will love it—I bet you go viral this time."

"M-maybe..."

"Let's try the wig, you'll see."

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True to her friend's prediction, the Elma cosplay was a big hit. The bewigged office lady was thronged with photo-takers, more than a few who wanted selfies beside her, and even several Tohrus and Kobayashi-sans gleefully giggled at how well she embodied the character and insisted on group photos. There was even one Ilulu whose generous oppai almost rivaled her own.

The weirdest thing that happened at Comiket was when the crowd of fans spotted her taking a break with a crêpe in her hand. After seeing that, many of her more bold admirers behind cameras called out for her to pose with other snacks. The office lady nibbled on treats both sweet and savory, and by the time she and her friend retired to their hotel room, she felt stuffed to bursting.

"What do you want to do for dinner?" Rikei asked.

"Ugh," the woman moaned, lying supine in the hotel bed with her suit jacket undone, stuffed tummy rising almost as high as her plenteous bosom, "I can't even think about food right now."

"Well, some of us didn't spend the whole afternoon roleplaying Elma as well as cosplaying," Rikei said.

"People kept giving me stuff to pose with; what was I supposed to do?"

The scientist held up both hands, "Hey, I'm not complaining. You're already trending on some of the socials. But *I* still need to eat."

"Go get some food then—I'm not stopping you."

Her friend tossed an extra pillow at her. "Come on, you big baby. Get changed; I don't want to go out by myself like a loser. You can at least have a beer."

The woman sat up in the bed, wincing even as her eyes lit up. "Beer?"

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A few months after Comiket, the office lady and her friend met up for drinks after work. Rikei could see at a glance that her friend had put on a few more grams. Her shirt and suit weren't as screaming tight as they were at the con, but the material was so bright and crisp that she could tell they were new, likely in a larger size. On top of all that, the woman already had a very large beer stein that was half empty and a basket of tortilla chip crumbs beside an empty dish of cheese dip.

Risking her friend's wrath, Rikei asked, "So... how's the diet going?"

The woman waved her off with a click of her tongue, then took a long gulp of her beer, letting out a joyous gasp as she slammed it back on the table. "What's the point? You saw the comments on my cosplay posts. I'd rather just enjoy myself."

"I'll drink to that," Rikei said, holding up her own beer to clink with her friend. "Kampai!"

The pair chatted about small things as they drank and snacked, though the office lady did most of the latter. Rikei found herself pondering her friend's online popularity and made a suggestion. "Have you ever thought of doing more online content?"

The woman paused with a dumpling halfway to her open mouth. "What, like being an influencer or something?"

"Well, not quite that. I was thinking, like, ASMR or mukbang. Or both."

The woman's eyebrows drew together. "I don't know... what if someone at the office sees them? The cosplay was bad enough."

Rikei suspected her friend was most worried about a specific 'someone' at her office but said nothing. "Lots of people have secret accounts. You could wear a mask or something."

"How am I supposed to eat on camera wearing a mask?"

"Fine, fine. Just aim the camera so it only shows the bottom of your face. No one will know it's you, especially if you wear costumes or otaku shirts."

The woman stuffed a dumpling into her mouth, tapping her lips thoughtfully as she chewed. "I'll think about it..."

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A few weeks later, Rikei got a message from her friend.

{I did it!}

The message had a link attached, so the scientist opened it on her laptop. As she'd suggested, the camera was positioned perfectly with her table at the bottom, her mouth and chin at the top, and her massive bust filling the space in between. She was wearing a backup top they'd bought for Comiket, a long-sleeved white shirt with big blue letters spelling out "EAT" across her bosom. It fit well enough when she'd tried it on back then, but now it was more than a little tight. Rikei could see the outline of her friend's bra, and the spillage from the cups made it clear that the undergarment was too small for the oppai it held.

"Hey guys! Welcome to my very first ASMR mukbang video! I've got a whole box of cookies to try, so I hope these sounds will help you fall asleep and get lots of good rest!"

Her friend was talking far too loud for an ASMR video, but Rikei watched on. The woman slid a box of cookies in front of her and picked one up. She held it up to the camera, said what flavor it was, and took a huge bite. Watching her friend cutely eat was part of the reason Rikei had suggested making videos, but the woman was making way too much noise as she chewed. She hummed and moaned with each bite, smacking her lips and reaching eagerly for more. Rikei wondered how much more weight her friend would put on if she made videos like this regularly.

It was possibly the worst ASMR video Rikei had ever seen. The noises her friend made were nowhere near soothing and didn't even come close to giving her tingles. But for reasons even she didn't understand, the scientist found herself unable to stop watching. Every time her friend moved, her breasts shifted and jiggled in her tight top. Crumbs fell with each bite, dusting her shirt with multicolored debris. The tight camera angle meant she couldn't see her friend's lower half or even her soft tummy; she simply looked like a woman with very large boobs chowing down on cookies.

Rikei's analytical mind took over. She couldn't be certain from the tight camera angle, but she estimated her friend weighed 61 or 62 kilos by now. Her bust was easier, just under 110cm. That meant if she still wore a 70 band size, she'd need an N-cup to carry those monsters. Watching her devour cookies one after another, Rikei knew her friend's weight was only going to increase, and if the recent trend continued, a large percentage of that excess adipose would settle in her bosom. The thought tickled subtly at the back of her mind. She glanced down at the controls and stats of her friend's video. It had been up for less than a day and already had over fifty thousand views!

The office lady was about to become a big star in the ASMR scene, or the mukbang scene, possibly both. Maybe even a *huge* star. Why did that thought intrigue Rikei so much?