

Chapter 2 - Kaguya wants to be curvier

Kaguya was determined.

Her plan to gain weight and finally grow the curves she desired has already shown some results, but apparently it was still too little for Shirogane to notice her. Still, she wasn't the person to give up after the first hurdle. If her assets were still too small to notice, she just needed to gain a bit more weight. It was all going to the right places, so there was no need to worry after all, right?

Kaguya decided that, to burn less calories that could end up in her *assets*, she would stop going to her archery lessons, which were now just an obstacle to her plan. Instead, she decided to join the cooking club, a perfect place to sneak in extra meals. Plus, becoming able to cook would definitely enhance her feminine charm even more. She then started to snack a bit more in between meals, and she also started bringing more and more food to school, which she would devour in the student council, to the dismay and confusion of everyone around her.

Hayasaka's plan to stop her clothes from getting constantly adjusted took a bit more effort to enforce, prolonging the time Kaguya could keep up her delusions about still being just curvy quite a bit. Still, thanks to her prodigious rate of growth even she started to complain about her clothes feeling tight. Much to Hayasaka's chagrin, the fact that Kaguya was very bottom heavy meant that her one piece school uniform dresses were still fitting surprisingly well, despite riding up her belly and butt a little bit more each day. Still, the day where the dam breaks and her dress couldn't keep up any longer was inevitable.

The inevitable day started as usual, with Kaguya checking herself out in the mirror, admiring her growing *assets* and ignoring other growing parts.

"You really outdid yourself this time." she complimented herself in the mirror, wearing only her underwear. "I've grown up two cup sizes since I've started my little project~" she continued, holding up her C-cups. "I never knew that breasts are this soft and jiggly... Maybe it's just my great genes?" she continued, finding a perfect excuse for why her mostly fat filled chest was less perky than Fujiwara's DD-cups.

"I know that my posterior was always my greatest *asset* but I wish my curves were more balanced..." she continued as she ran her fingers around her massive, bouncy butt. "Well, I guess I'm doomed to be one of the *thicker* beauties." She glanced at her heart shaped hips and perfectly plush thighs. "Not that I'm complaining~".

Finally, she took a look at her paunchy belly, already starting to split into two flabby rolls when she bends forward. With her underwear being the only part of wardrobe consistently updated, her usual, comfy panties still managed to hug it tightly, creating an illusion of smaller size, enchanted by Kaguya's recent obsession with finally officially graduating to C-cup bras. "Well, I guess that's the price I have to pay for my new assets. I'm glad I'm a natural hourglass. A tiny bit of softness isn't even noticeable." she thought, running away from reality into her daydreams.

After this check into her own looks, Kaguya grabbed her uniform and put it on. The dress was, at this point, barely covering her at all. It was just long enough to cover her belly and ass, and it hugged her 'curves' very tightly, something which started to bother Kaguya a bit. "It probably is because of my growing body" she justified to herself, ignoring the fact that it was specially tight in her middle, almost as much as it was at her bottom.

The school day went as normal. Kaguya went to all of her classes and to the cooking club, as she usually did. But this time, she hadn't had enough time to taste-test a cake she had just baked, so she had to take it to the student council with her.

"Good morning, president" said Kaguya, as she entered the student council, with the cake in her hands.

"... Good morning, Shinomiya... May I ask what that's for?" The president stared directly at Kaguya. She couldn't be called 'pudgy' anymore. She was outright fat. Shirogane was very alarmed by how Kaguya's clothes barely even covered her at all. 'Is this another trap of hers?' he thought to himself. 'If that's the case, I have to remain calm'.

"Oh. This? I didn't have enough time to taste test this in the cooking club, so I had to bring it here. I hope it doesn't bother you" she said.

"... No, it's OK."

Kaguya then walked to the couch, but this time, she bumped into a table with her legs on the way. She still wasn't used to her rapidly growing frame, so she had to be more careful. She sat on the couch and put the cake on the table. Shirogane couldn't keep her eyes off her. What was it about Kaguya's new body that made him want to just keep looking at her? Why was this *squishier* Kaguya so appealing to him? Whatever it was, this new feeling was forcing him to stare directly at Kaguya, who was about to start eating a giant cake that was way too big for a single person.

Kaguya took out a fork and a knife, and started taking bite-sized pieces of the large slice of creamy dessert in front of her. Every single one of her movements was precise and classy, as if she was a princess attending the most prestigious banquet ever known to

mankind. Shirogane was mesmerised by the elegance given off by Kaguya Shinomiya. Elegance that was only put into question when he noticed how fast Kaguya was eating the cake. It seemed to vanish before his eyes, while Kaguya's belly continued to grow. What was a soft tummy at the start of her assault, was now a rotund gut as hard as a rock, and growing larger still. Her dress, already too small for her, started riding up her belly, slowly lifting up, until Shirogane could finally see Kaguya's hard stomach pressing against the table, but most alarmingly, a piece of black underwear peeking underneath.

Kaguya noticed how the president was looking at her. Last time this had happened, the president told her that she didn't look any different. Surely, by this point he had already noticed her new *curves*, right? If that was the case, this was the perfect opportunity to strike again! Kaguya tried to stand up from the couch, though she found some difficulties in doing so... like she had a big backpack strapped to her middle. Then, she approached the president's desk. His face looked redder than last time, only more proof that he had noticed her *assets*. Kaguya was ready to make a seductive pose, until she noticed something weird. A cold breeze tickling her underbelly.

She decided to look at the mirror to find out why, but was horrified by what she saw. Kaguya looked at herself in the mirror, but there was something off. Her cheeks looked a bit rounder than normal and her arms were thicker. Her eyes continued to slowly move downwards, stopping at her midsection. There, she noticed how her stomach was dissented like a nine months pregnant woman's, but even more worryingly, that it was so big that her uniform could only reach to her belly button, leaving the bottom part of her belly exposed. Then, she saw the worst. As her eyes waltzed just a bit downwards, she could see how her black panties peeked a bit under her large stomach. Kaguya's face turned red.

Surely, it must have been a nightmare. Yes, definitely. She was in a nightmare and that big fleshy balloon stuck to her stomach was just an illusion. Still unable to fully face the reality, she tried to push her overstretched dress down only to encounter the all too real resistance of her overfilled gut. Pushing through the discomfort of suddenly squeezed overfed stomach, she was putting all of her strength into pushing the fabric down. Finally, she started to make progress shoving it past her belly button, only to hear the unmistakable sound of the overstretched fabric tearing. As her dress pushed downwards, the already fatigued seams in midsection finally gave in, causing small tears to open up in the front, quickly merging into a large hole. With Kaguya's final, desperate push causing her belly to pop out from the torn midsection.



"Shinomiya... Are you alright?" Shirogane said, his face frozen in shock and consternation.

"I-I... Y-yes, I'm alright president." Kaguya responded on instinct. Too confused and scared to think, she knew that she needed to get out of there as soon as possible. "Though I could use some resting time... Am I allowed to go home for today?" she blurted out the canned response.

"Uh... Sure, go ahead" blurted out Shirogane, in the same shocked, mechanical way.

Kaguya turned back as fast as she could and ran out of the council. She now noticed how her thighs rubbed against each other and how her ass wobbled as she ran. She felt sick as her overstuffed belly painfully bounced with each step. It wasn't just about Shirogane anymore... Everyone around her had seen it! On the verge of tears, she called her driver to pick her from school and get her out of that living hell of shame and embarrassment.

As she got home, she rushed to her bedroom and shut the door. Inside her room, she undressed as quickly as she could, and stared at herself in the mirror. There she was,

Kaguya Shinomiya, the model for the best human being ever alive, turned into a literal lardass. Her belly protruded forward making her look like a pregnant woman if not for the clear lovehandles sticking out of her sides. But the concern of this inspection was her posterior: her thighs were like two juicy pieces of meat big enough to touch each other, while her ass looked like two massive memory foam pillows. And then, last and definitely least: her boobs, which even if they *did* grow, they didn't grow enough for the rest to be worth it. She stared at herself for a long while. "The president must think I'm some sort of *pig*. He even saw my... my..." saying Kaguya was embarrassed would be an understatement. The amount of shame she had just experienced would be something that would definitely haunt her for the near future. Not only did she flash her panties to Shirogane, but she also demonstrated how much of a gluttonous animal she had become, an animal which couldn't be compared to what Kaguya Shinomiya once was. What would she do now? How would she turn back from... *this*?

Then she remembered her conversation with Hayasaka: The plan had backfired, so she had to lose the weight. Kaguya had nothing more to do than admit her defeat and ask for help.

"I told you this would happen" Hayasaka said in a monotonous tone.

"You don't need to rub it off..." Kaguya said, slightly annoyed.

Hayasaka didn't feel it was correct to just rub Kaguya that she was wrong, not in this context. While, sure, her plan had worked, and Kaguya was now aware about her weight, it was a larger 'punishment' than she thought Kaguya deserved.

"... I wanted to apologise, Miss Kaguya."

"... Apologise? For what?"

"Well... You see... What happened today was in part my fault... I asked all of your servants to stop adjusting your clothes to your *growing* body. I hoped that if you noticed how small your clothes had become, you maybe would have started worrying about if your plan really was a good idea after all. But it seems I overdid it. I'm sorry, Miss Kaguya."

Kaguya didn't know how to react to this. Hayasaka had made her go through a great deal of embarrassment in front of the whole school, and even more importantly, in front of Shirogane. But, on the other hand, it was Kaguya's fault Hayasaka needed to take such measures to snap her out of her delusion. It was Kaguya's fault that she had grown so fat. It was Kaguya's fault that she was such a pig. There was nothing left to do but just find a solution to this problem.

“... *sigh*. You're forgiven, Hayasaka. Now... How do I get rid of all of *this*?” Kaguya grabbed her belly and squeezed it with her hands.

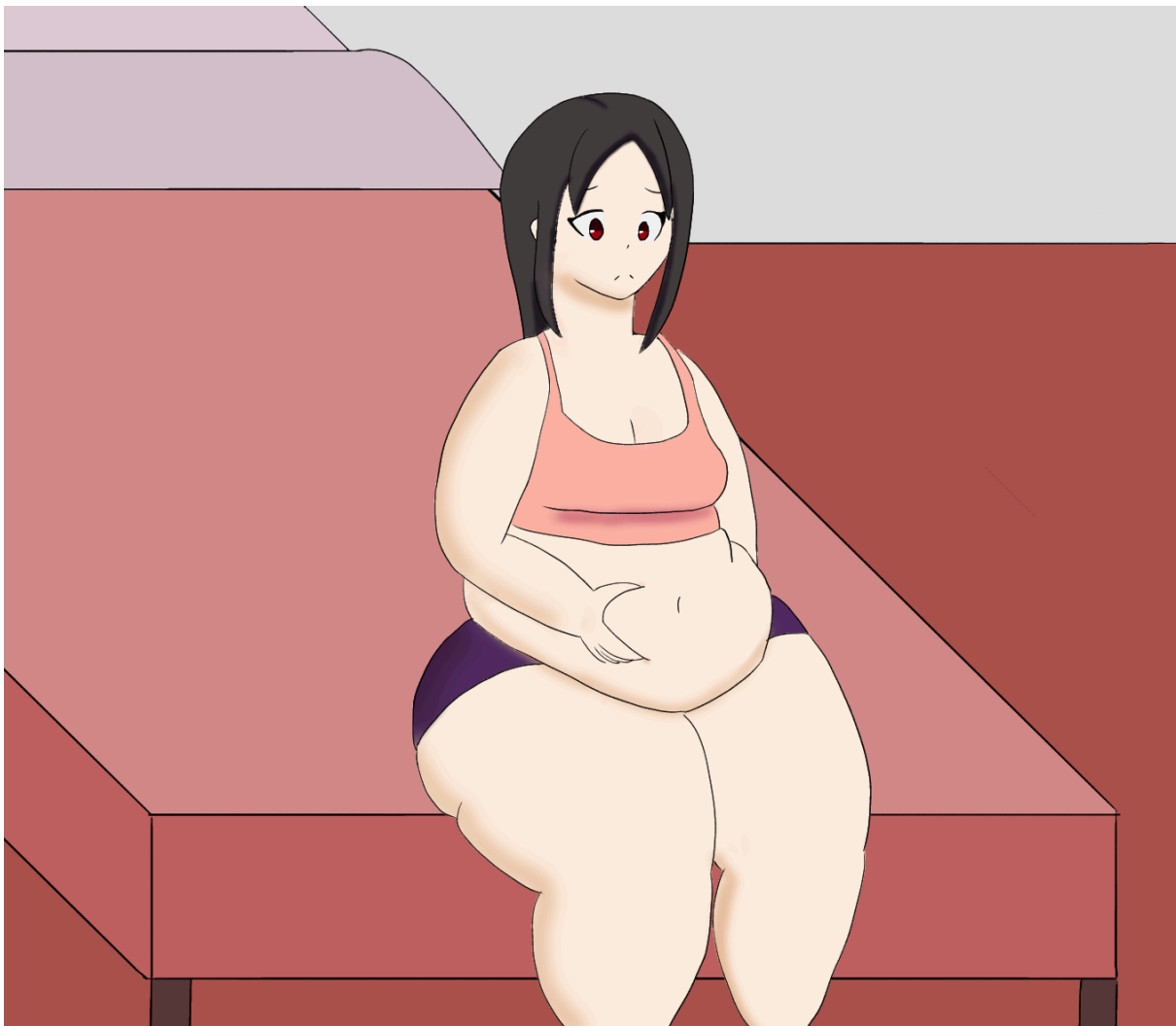
“Well... Have you considered starting a diet? Maybe you could even start retaking your archery lessons.”

“A diet doesn't sound very fun...”

“It is that, or you stay with your marshmallow of a body.”

“... Alright. I'll start the diet tomorrow. I'll also start doing some exercise, it'll probably help.”

“That's great to hear. Goodnight, Miss Kaguya.” said Hayasaka, and then left Shinomiya's room.



Kaguya was left alone, in her big room. She decided she had enough of that day, so she was going to sleep. She walked to her closet and grabbed her loungewear: a pink blouse and purple shorts. She grabbed it and tried to put it on. It went normally, until she noticed she was having a particularly hard time making her blouse go down her bellybutton. She tried forcing it a bit, but then remembered what happened in school. Had she become so fat that not even her loungewear fit her? No. That couldn't be. She grabbed her shorts and tried to slide them up her legs, but as they reached her ass, it seemed impossible to get them to go upwards. Kaguya used all her strength, and finally made her shorts squeeze through her ass, and looked at herself in the mirror. What were formerly baggy clothes that were meant to be as comfortable as possible, were now hugging tightly her soft and squishy body. "I can't fail this diet." Kaguya thought, and went to sleep.