

Kancolle WG Story - Nagato's Decommissioning
By Dr Black Jack

Entry 1: - Tuesday

I had never kept a video diary before in my life, but I suppose this would be best to document the changes to come. The admiral said it would help organize my thoughts, but I am still a bit embarrassed about the prospect of seeing myself on film. I will devote my mind, body and spirit to any orders made of me, even if they are to be my final ones.

“My name is Flagship Nagato, and I am the pride of the Admiral’s navy. Normally I would say ‘Leave enemy Battleships to me!’ as a bold declaration of my skills but I guess that will no longer be required. You see, the world has changed for the better and our long war has finally come to an end.”

I did my best to smile for the camera, arching my back proudly as I made my address. I was proud of my sisters and the effort we had made to put an end to the conflict. It was their bravery and sacrifice which gave me the confidence to stand tall and inspire whoever might see this recording.

“What’s that? You want me to sit? I’m too tall to fit all of me in the shot? Oh this is why I find this all so embarrassing...Fine, I’ll use the couch but giving a speech while sitting feels a little...”

I caught myself mid thought as I flattened my skirt against my rear and proceeded to sink into the couch. As a warrior, I was not used to being surrounded by such luxury and decadence but the Admiral insisted that I receive only the finest treatment despite my protest. For the duration of this experiment at least, I would be housed in this opulent apartment overlooking the seaside with my every need taken care of.

“You want to know my accomplishments? Well, as the Admiral’s secretary and right hand, I coordinated and strategized every major assault and counter assault. As such, I was a crucial part of the war effort and am proud to consider myself one of the elite.”

I felt the camera zoom tighten over my chest. The eyes of a nation were on me and I had to show valor. It was hard to do so without proper support as I tried my best to keep my balance without thrusting too far forward as I planted my long legs firmly together to counterbalance my weighty chest. I was proud to say that was the only part of me with an inch of extra fat upon them as I took my training quite seriously. I was toned and just the slightest bit muscular, cutting an imposing physique even while I crouched onto the low couch.

“And so, in this next chapter of my duties, I have volunteered to be the first in a part of a treaty to engage in a chemically induced dewatering program. Both myself and the Abyssal Midway Princess are considered to be the linchpins for our respective nation’s war efforts and as a show of good faith, we have both agreed to the terms set forth by our respective admirals.”

I fished for the little tablets from between my cleavage they had given me before I entered. They rattled about in a small, orange container, shaped like little blue and white triangles.

“I must admit that what I am about to embark upon is like no other assignment I had ever received before. To say it does not fill me with at least some apprehension would be a lie...”

I ran my fingers through my long, chestnut hair in an attempt to calm myself before continuing.

“However, if this will help show that Abyssals and Ship girls can work together, then I will make any sacrifice to do so. It has been explained to me that this new medication is designed to neutralize our natural born aggression and temper the negative feelings which decades of conflict has wrought in a way far faster than any natural political change would incur...”

The teleprompter in front of me signaled me to hurry as I could feel myself rambling. Speeches not directing a battle plan weren't exactly my forte so it was to be expected. A visual example would serve the experiment's purpose better as I heard the lens zoom out to display the table set out in front of me. A steaming bowl of cheesy nachos, a bottle of soft drink and a personal pizza with the works was laid out before me.

“In other words, we shall break bread with our former enemy, quite literally. Over the coming year, I shall sacrifice my figure and battlefield prowess as I demonstrate to you all how us ship girls can be softened up for a more civilian lifestyle. I shall aim to eat as much as I can and completely let myself go with the intention of going against my very genetics to dispel any doubt that a strong will can overcome our natural inclination to fight and prove that we can live in peace.”

I swallowed the saliva collecting at the back of my throat as I eyed the cheese laden goods before me. It's not that I had never had such fattening food before; quite the contrary as I relished them during my designated shore leave, but the prospect of purposefully ruining my battle hardened figure was something I had never considered would ever be asked of me. Without any combat training, confined to a room and designated to a life of comparable luxury with only these little video logs to keep each day felt more jarring than any artillery barrage.

But still, orders were orders and I would fulfil them to the best of my ability. I relaxed my shoulders and allowed myself to take part of the mini feast before me. Lifting a cheesy, dip laden chip up to my mouth, I allowed my lips to part and crunched my way through.

“I know that many of you might recall how I had chided you in the past for eating too much in order to maintain a combat ready figure, but this is the first step to embracing civilian life. Eating like this daily may make us gain a few pounds but in time, your bodies should adjust as you reduce the need to maintain combat readiness .”

I took another big bite for the camera as I relished the taste of something I had only consumed sparingly. The knowledge that I could eat like this every day going forward was exhilarating but I could not lose my composure on camera so soon.

“Oh this is quite delicious. I must say normally a bowl full would be enough to sate me but I shall enjoy this new assignment as should all of you when the time comes.”

I unboxed the small pizza next to me and eyed its gooey, greasy contents. Such treats paired side by side were something I would be hopeful to receive only on the most special of occasions but even those were months apart at best. I had forgotten for a moment that I was being recorded, only catching myself halfway through my third bite before righting myself before the camera. I patted the oil from my lips with a napkin before returning to my address.

“Some of you might find this medication can cause a slight spike in appetite. While you are not required to do your daily drills, it is essential that you do take in some form of exercise once you are introduced to your civilian habitat. This will be entirely an activity of your choosing and I trust you all to make reasonable decisions to counterbalance your caloric intake.”

The bottle of soda in front of me hissed as I twisted off the cap. In my haste to drink it down, I had forgotten the effects of shaking a carbonated beverage as it spluttered and dribbled between my long, slender fingers. I lapped it up in a panic, blushing slightly as I sipped at the rivulets streaming over them.

“Oh my, I do apologize! I had not intended to get any on the upholstery. Do we have any paper towels? I’d hate to make a mess on the first day...”

The prompter drew my attention back towards it and urged me to drink. I gulped it down quickly, still aware of the frothing, sugary concoction before me which I had spent an entire lifetime only sipping in moderation. The sting of the bubbles against my throat were something I had never experienced in earnest but I had to admit I did rather enjoy the rush it gave me as the pain sharpened my senses. It was caffeinated too, making my eyes widen as I put down the now half empty bottle on the table in front of me.

“That’s pretty good. The taste of freedom sure is sweet. So to you, my sisters, I would urge you to look forward to our lasting peace. Do your best to maintain your exercise but use your time to live for yourselves for once. I shall keep you informed of my progress week by week and hope you shall bring meaning to your coming days free from strife!”

The camera powered down as the blinking light faded to darkness. Now alone in my apartment, I had to admit that a rush of giddiness came over me. The taste of something so rich and flavorful just breathed new life into my very being. I didn’t have to hold myself back or worry about any other duties either, which was the most liberated I had ever been. I felt my shoulders relax as I sprawled out on the couch, my long legs dangling off the edge as I adopted a most unlady-like posture and soon felt myself nodding off.

At least until my phone went off.

I awoke from my nap in the afternoon sun, feeling a little more refreshed. I had set it to alert me to go off roughly every couple of hours between 6AM to midnight. My new medication had to be taken with food, up to 9 times a day at first which was an absurd dosing schedule. The Admiral told me it was because I was so tall and it had to be given in large doses at first to help overcome my innately strong immune system before it would take full effect. By her calculations, I might have to consume well over 6000 calories per day not including my main meals in order to have it reach its full effect.

Due to the short span of time between doses, the only effective way to ensure proper treatment was to consume the most calorie dense options available. This did mean that unless I intended to eat an absurd number of meals in a day and risk making myself sick, only the most deep fried, cheese laden or carb loaded options existed. It was fast food and nothing healthy, but that was a torpedo I was willing to throw myself on to, colloquially speaking.

I opened up another bag of potato chips and another bottle of soda. It tasted just as good, if not better than the first. I stretched out again as I laid against the couch, settling down in front of the enormous television that was provided for me and immersed myself in civilian entertainment. I had always been a fan of the theatre and quickly found an opera I enjoyed, allowing the waves of classical music to wash against me as I soaked in a post meal afterglow.

This continued on like this day after day, quickly becoming a little ritual of sorts that I used to celebrate my first week. Not having to strategize or worry about an impending enemy attack for once really freed up quite a number of hours I never knew existed. It was the freedom which we fought for and now I was finally allowed to have a taste of it.

The medical team came and reviewed me on my third day in. They were surprised by my more loose and laid back demeanor but they did like the change. Even the admiral was pleased by how quickly I had taken to the program, reassuring me that I would be setting the example for many ship girls to come. I had to admit I might have missed a little of what she had to say as I was rather engrossed by the bags of take out which she had brought for me but she assured me that I was doing just fine.

Entry 2: Sunday

By the time the second week had rolled around, I had fully adapted to my new routine. As a creature of habit, I found comfort in having a schedule I could set my watch to and only served to reinforce my mission. Despite my apprehensions, I had not gained any weight or changed much physically. I was still quite slender and muscular, likely as a result of my well trained metabolism.

The camera turned on as I took my place on the couch, snack bowl in one hand and a big glass of strawberry milkshake in the other.

“Greetings everyone! I am pleased to report that my first week on the treatment has been a grand success. The medical team has assured me that I shouldn’t be feeling any changes for a few weeks still, but I have to say I’m feeling quite a bit happier in my civilian role.”

I directed my mouth over to the straw of my milkshake, the large scoop of icecream on top of it bobbing about as I sucked down on the straw for a solid couple of seconds. A shooting pain surged to the top of my skull, forcing my eyes shut as I sucked air through my teeth.

“Whoa...brain freeze...wait a minute....okay! Wow. My advice, don’t do that.”

I laughed at my own mistake as I set the glass down on the table in front of me.

“As you can see, I’ve been taking my medication quite diligently and have been sticking to my caloric requirements. If this treatment makes you feel as good as I do, I really do think that we will all have a very good chance at maintaining the freedom we have fought so hard for.”

I crunched a handful of cheese dusted chips into my mouth, feeling the salt accentuate the sweetness of the strawberry which only made me crave both slightly more.

“I know that 6000 calories per day might seem like a bit much at first, especially to the smaller girls, but your requirements will be adjusted to your weight and class. Battleships are among the biggest of the fleet so we’ll be a good example of what the upper end of treatment will entail. It does mean that we will probably be the ones most likely to demonstrate side effects due to our large doses but I assure you that I have not had any unpleasant experiences as of yet.”

I gulped down more food, pacing my bites between my addresses.

“I still don’t know what this will likely do to my figure over the coming year but that doesn't really matter. The point is that we are well trained and I firmly believe I can easily drop any excess weight once my treatment is complete. You can do it too if you try, just don’t forget your drills.”

I lifted my shirt just a little to show the camera my abs. It would be a shame to see them go, but surely they wouldn’t go very far. I could feel my face drop a little as my bravado gave way to a little hint of remorse. I rallied and dropped my top back down as I smiled for the camera once more.

“But don’t worry about that for now. Enjoy yourselves! Relax a little and don’t worry about what you eat. To be honest, I had grown a little tired of the military rations after having them for breakfast, lunch and dinner for so many years. I’ve been thinking about taking up some cooking

in my spare time to help wile away the hours. I'll be sure to keep you posted if I think of a new recipe to try! See you all next week!"

With my report complete, I found myself strangely looking forward to resuming my more delectable duties. If I had only known just how vast and flavorful food could be, I would have expanded my pallet years ago. The combination of sweet and savory was just the tip of the iceberg for me as I quickly experienced the joys of my first sugar high. My week continued on much like the previous, spending both day and night gorging myself around the clock while also making time to contact fellow ship girls who had specific questions about my treatment. While I was not allowed to leave the house, I was allowed to order whatever I wanted and made it my new secondary objective to at least try one of everything on the menu the Admiral had provided me.

I did notice that while I was eating more frequently, my meals were also growing a little larger in portion size. This seemed to be a natural progression for me as the more of the medication I took, the more my appetite increased. Going from a small to a medium for every meal was an interesting revelation as I had trained my body to previously handle only the bare essential level of nutrients to keep me functioning in wartime and found my newly liberated appetite was desperately trying to make up for lost time. Some of the other girls seemed to have also taken notice, telling me that I was making them feel less guilty for eating more too so there was something to be said in leading by example.

Entry 3: Thursday

By the end of my second week, I had noticed it was becoming more difficult to limit myself to only snacking every couple of hours. I normally tried to keep my eating to a minimum while recording but felt that for the next video, I should show a more realistic display of my intake.

I ordered an enormous bowl of curried rice with crumbed chicken stacked on top and sat it upon the table before the next video began. I could already feel the drool pooling in the corner of my mouth as I watched that red light flicker on.

"Hi everyone! As you can see, I've been continuing to treat myself as a part of my ongoing management. Lately, I've had a real craving for something dense in carbohydrates and felt that an old maritime favorite would be the best thing to mark the occasion. Curry night was always Akagi's favourite and so I've decided to challenge myself by seeing if I could match our fleet's resident speed eater by taking all of this down by the video's end."

I broke apart my chopsticks and immediately lifted a hunk of crumbed meat to my lips, taking care to accompany it with an enormous mouthful of rice. I chewed thoughtfully, allowing my cheeks to bulge with food for but a moment as I swallowed.

“My, that’s quite delicious! It tastes quite nostalgic too.”

My tongue, now primed with the sweetness of the sauce and tempered by the heat of the chili, only served to fan the flames of my appetite. I took another big bite on camera allowing the flavor to mellow in my mouth as I chewed and swallowed. I chased this with a long chug of my soda before letting out a small burp.

“Oh, please excuse me! Engaging in a civilian lifestyle certainly does not mean being devoid of manners. The treating team have assured me that after a year, I will have an appropriate diet and exercise program reinstated once they have determined that I have been completely deweaponized.”

I had made sure to put fail safes in if my new diet would get the better of me. While I had full confidence in my sense of discipline, it never hurt to have some external motivation. I had to admit that the prospect of going back to rationed meals even for a little while would be disheartening but it was a necessary pain to the pleasure which I enjoyed so much even now.

“Weight wise, I still do not believe I have changed very much which leads me to believe that the side effects described were far rarer than I had been led to believe. I believe I can say with confidence that at least for a majority of you that the treatment should be able to be undertaken without concern. For those of you who are affected, I look forward to whipping you back into shape on the beach for old time’s sake.”

I laughed heartily, I pressed my balled fists against my sides. Much to my surprise, I could feel them sink just ever so slightly into them where they would normally have bounced back on the rock hard sheath of my trim abs. The realization caused me to splutter a bit as I took a long swig of my soda to avert an oncoming coughing fit.

“A-anyway, that’s all I have to say for now. I’ll see you all next week when I report my progress.”

The stream might have been over, but I had no intention of leaving any food behind. Being wasteful was just not something a soldier did and would be a trait I was firm to stand by even as a civilian. I gulped it down between more swigs of soda, coming to an unusual realization in the process; the faster I ate, the better I felt. The food itself was no more or less than I had been having regularly but the urgency with which I ate only made me feel more stuffed and almost overly full. I could feel my stomach bulge through my hands as I reclined on the couch once again, this time letting loose a louder and more unlady-like belch. I had never felt this free before and relished the experience within the privacy of my apartment.

Entry 4: Friday

“Fourth week here, and I’m still going strong. Today I wanted to share with you an odd dream I had which may or may not be a direct side effect of my treatment.”

Sleep had become an unusual escape for me. The years of adrenaline which had been coursing through my body, keeping me wary of any impending bombardment was finally draining from my system, making me realize just how ragged I had been running myself for all this time. Tiredness was a common side effect of the treatment and as the Admiral had explained to me, it was like I was gradually lowering my internal battlestation’s alertness level to cope with the more mundane aspects of civilian life.

“I had dreams of what it would be like when I finally finished my treatment. I had a home to myself and a day which began with breakfast in bed. It was quite indulgent, a western style breakfast full of jams and breads and meats of varied sorts. To show you all what it was like, I have taken the liberty of preparing a visual aid.”

I panned the camera down to the tray in front of me, arranged in an assortment of goodies all plated and presented perfectly. Truth be told, the portions were slightly larger than I had dreamed about but I assured myself that they had to be in order to serve as accurately detailed representations.

“Maybe it’s the prospect of becoming used to such simple things that I found myself unusually excited at seeing this much food. Where I had often only seen it as a fuel source to keep our warmachine going, I had never thought to stop and think about the effort it would have taken to even prepare it or how cute it would all look when served in an ideal setting.”

I coughed a bit, catching myself a little too late talking about cute things, something which I would dare not do in my former position. I rallied my composure and focused on the servings.

“This is actually the second time I have prepared this spread as I had done so on the day after my first dream. I had only intended to sample each one out of curiosity but had found that I had quickly polished off the entire tray in almost no time at all. For some reason, the combination of fat, carbs and sugar while relaxing in bed only made my dreams even more vivid and possibly recurrent as I had dreamed of the same meal in much more detail the following evening.”

While of course a fascinating discovery, I had in fact tried this out a few more nights in a row to see if the effects were consistent. It had taken a few days but this was truthfully only the second time I had found myself dreaming about food and it was honestly more vivid than the first.

“As such, I believe this is tied to my recent weight gain which seems to have entirely accumulated in my chest and around my hips. My bra does feel a bit smaller, something I have raised with the Admiral who has reassured me that she would provide me with an appropriate supply drop. As you can see, I have not blown up at all otherwise and can still firmly state that any such gains may be seen as more of a boon, especially for those of you who have always wished for an...expanded armament, shall we say?”

I laughed more in between bites of a buttered chocolate croissant, taking care to not miss any flakey morsels which might have clung to my fingers.

“For those wondering if my dreams have been associated with my time of eating, I suppose I could not discount the fact that I have been eating a bit more just before bed. I have found that being overly full tends to help me sleep better, even assisting with me taking naps during the day while watching TV.”

I took a long sip of my soda bottle, which had gradually grown in serving size. I no longer bothered pouring it into a glass, finding it a far more economical use of my time to simply drink it from a 1 liter bottle directly. I had one of these with each of my main meals of the day.

“I must say, I was worried about drinking so much sugar all at once. I am quite proud of my smile after all and...um...excuse me...”

An audible belch escaped my lips, causing my face to flush bright crimson. I don't believe I would ever get used to this feeling but all the carbonation had just made me feel so gassy. I decided to leave the bottle for the moment and continued to pick from my breakfast tray instead.

“A-as I was saying, apparently the sugar helps aid in the effectiveness of my medication. The Admiral said it helped to further suppress my immune system a little more and so would shorten the time needed for my medication to take effect. I have since been ordered to gradually increase my soda intake over the coming weeks so I do apologize ahead of time if I might belch a little more by accident.”

I regathered my composure, feeling absolved of my previous behaviour. Doing what was necessary for peace was unavoidable after all.

“Due to these changes to my eating schedule, I actually found that I had overslept today and had to increase my intake to compensate for the two extra hours of sleep I had. It was actually the first time I had ever eaten for so long that breakfast extended right into lunch. I was reassured that as long as I took my tablets within a couple of hours of their expected time, I should be alright, but it would potentially increase the risk of side effects. Outside of a sudden craving for pancakes, I don't believe I have experienced any of them to this point.”

The silvery dome at the center of the spread called out to me. I obliged by lifting it to reveal the stacks of fluffy, golden brown pancakes drizzled in syrup and butter. I wasted no time tucking in, cutting out a large square for myself as I continued my feast.

“I wouldn't say I'm addicted to eating...*munch*...but I am getting a little attached to certain flavors. It's like discovering your favorite foods all over again and I do get the craving for certain things every so often. I've been using the ordering service a little more lately too but I want to experience all I can before the end of next year. I'll have to give it all up again after all.”

The stack was soon polished off, leaving only pools of sweetened syrup congealing with droplets of oily butter on the plate. I ran my finger through the mixture, bringing it to my lips to savor the aftertaste. They soon came to rest upon my middle which was admittedly quite full, truthfully beyond full, but would not be satisfied unless I had corrected a most pressing oversight.

“Ah darn, I forgot the ice cream. It’s something called ‘Al a mode’ apparently, an essential part of documenting my dream. Since I’m way too full to have another stack, I’ll just eat the icecream on its own and let you know how it all goes! See you again next week!”

Entry 5: Monday

Food was becoming a preoccupation for me. When I wasn’t eating, I was thinking about eating or looking up new and wonderful things to try. I wouldn’t say it was because I was bored, but rather because I had developed a genuine interest in meal times and organization gave me a sense of comfort.

The Admiral’s package of new clothes had come not a moment too soon as I had found my usual skirts and tops becoming far too restrictive. These new ones gave me plenty of wiggle room as I slipped several fingers in between the elastic and my softening midriff, giving me a sense of reassurance that this was something I could still easily work off.

What used to be a full meal to me had been downgraded to little more than a snack in my belly’s opinion and my snacks were being upgraded in turn to full sized meals. My sister ships who had also decided to join me had noticed as such as we conversed over the video link each night and it sparked a sense of camaraderie I had not felt for quite some time. I liked...no...LOVED this new lifestyle and it seemed that eating with friends only made things taste even better. This hedonistic lifestyle my former self would have rightly chastised was intoxicating but only made more tantalizing as I balanced it on the knowledge that I could stop whenever I wanted to.

There was an appeal to it all which I had never anticipated and admittedly began to think would be harder to give up when the time came. I did rightly believe I still possessed the willpower to do so but breakfast, lunch and dinner soon distracted me. In another couple of weeks I had soon found myself seated in front of the camera once more, still not quite fat but rather appearing to have loosened up a little further as the definition of my muscles continued to soften.

“My breasts have grown again.”

I spoke those words with a sense of triumph as I bit into a large, triple stacked burger. A proper two liter bottle of soda was firmly wedged by my side. I enjoyed how cooling it was against my bare thighs as my skirt rode up and over them.

“I don’t know what it is but these pills really seem to know how to accentuate my most feminine assets.”

A few more bites in between my words were essential to keeping my attention. I suckled the barbecue sauce off my fingers and pinched a noticeable roll which had started to form around my waist.

“Sure, I’ve taken a little casualty to my broadside but my chest has really been doing most of the growing. I suppose this was inevitable as my immune system finally collapsed against this new treatment. The medical team have advised that they have improved the formulation of the medication based on the data I have provided so I won’t have to take as many tablets so often. I will now only have to take one with every main meal, but due to the concentrated dose, the side effects might be more noticeable.”

I cupped my chest proudly and allowed it to bounce in their tightened restraints. I could feel the elastic strap cut into my sides as I let them flow through my fingers. They were getting quite heavy.

“To be honest, I thought I would be a little more sad about the changes. Years of hard training, all my muscles turning to fat, were easily pushed aside by every bite I took. Food in itself can really affect your thinking.”

A handful of greasy fries emphasized this point as I savored every salty bite.

“I guess it’s the same as when the ration packs we received were not to our liking. A failure to eat all of the meal really affected our morale and combat performance. It just goes to show the effects which flavor can have on our psyche.”

I continued to play with my slight bulge. Hardly chubby by any standard but it was the thickest I had ever been to this point.

“Some of my fellow ship girls had cited similar effects, stating they felt more womanly as a result. It’s only right I suppose, given that we are going to become civilian females once this is all over and our bodies are adjusting to our new roles. It’s embarrassing to think of myself as little more than becoming someone’s housewife someday...even if the Admiral had meant that as a joke. I decided to dress the part for today’s recording as you can see and I’ve got to say, it’s a lot more comfortable than I had imagined.”

Clad in little more than a midriff top and skirt, I had foregone the adornments I usually wore as a part of my combat attire. Getting used to civilian clothing would also be a gradual thing for me

but I could tell my body was getting ready for a life of sweatpants and Lycra. I had started to slouch more as my soft body was gently being molded by an even softer couch.

“I have noticed my mouth was sometimes a bit drier too, which is something that the medical team had asked me to document in greater detail. So today, I have arranged multiple, measured glasses of soda which I am to drink down on video to determine recommendations for an average intake calculation.”

I angled the camera down just a bit lower to the coffee table in order to demonstrate my spread. Pushing past the empty plates and take out containers, I poured out the bottle of soda into 10 plastic cups and arranged them before me. With my belly already stuffed full from my meal, I would be sure to have pushed myself to my absolute limit as I lifted one to my lips and began to drain it.

“Eating is thirsty work. But it’s important to stay hydrated.”

By my fourth cup, I could feel the pressure building inside of me. I placed my greasy fingers across my swollen belly, feeling full but also empowered to see my mission through as I brought another to my lips. The bubbles were starting to burn my throat a little but I endured it as I chugged, feeling the rush of carbonated sugar trickle down my throat as my skin grew ever more taut.

“Oooh...half way there...”

The gas was quickly building up inside me, suppressed only by the desperate gulps I pushed past my lips. In less than five minutes, I slammed the last cup down onto the table in triumph, allowing a little roar of excitement as I flexed my arms victoriously.

That was all it took to send me over the edge as the longest, loudest, most unladylike belch escaped my lips before I could even mouth an excuse. I could feel my face flush right up to my ears before sitting back down in stunned silence.

“W-well that was something...I-I I’m sorry...”

My eyes searched wildly for something, anything to change the topic. A message from the prompter caught my attention.

“Oh...um... well, it would seem that I did not in fact have to consume the whole bottle in one go. I had misread my instructions as they were only to drink to see where I had felt full...my most sincere apologies...”

Now I felt like I had really made a fool of myself. I ended the recording without another word and immediately buried my face into the couch. I could feel the soda and food sloshing about inside

my overstuffed belly, now painfully full and stretched. I allowed darkness to consume my vision and hoped that when I awakened, I wouldn't retain a scrap of this abysmal memory.

Looking back on things, that day must have been a turning point for me. It was the first time I had eaten beyond fulfilling a caloric craving, but had actually, purposefully stepped into the realm of gluttonous excess. It was a fascinating, almost forbidden line that I had always been wary of crossing but now that I had done so, I had to say I revelled in it.

For the next couple of weeks, I tried to recreate that feeling, making concerted efforts to order just a little more while chalking it up to the expenses of my treatment. The Admiral was more than willing to oblige my budgetary increase, citing that she had anticipated my request and had already made the necessary requirements.

My take out services were now automated, no longer requiring my direct input. A menu was constructed based on my regular orders and suited to my preferences within the caloric restrictions my medication entailed. Anything remotely healthy or under a certain nutritional value was 'fortified' with extra cheese, carbs or calorie rich dressing which I garnished quite liberally. The extra salt was apparently good at offsetting the sweetness of the sodas I had partaken in for every meal but only served to make me both thirstier and hungrier over time.

The deliveries would continue all the way until midnight, after which I was left to my own devices. Feeling often too hungry to sleep, I took to preparing myself some creative desserts with what I found in my well stocked fridge, including quite a variety of sundaes drizzled with the toppings I enjoyed. Sometimes, I would even put the nozzles straight into my mouth and suckle on them just a little to feel that sweet sugary rush my body had grown quite used to as a means of lulling myself to sleep.

As expected, the changes to my body became a bit more profound as my chest grew even larger. I had to go braless for a few days while the Admiral sourced me some larger supports, but I did enjoy the weight of them. My nipples brushed against all of my clothing, but I couldn't help that. I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror a few times, watching my battle hardened form grow shapely and curvy while still remaining quite firm.

"I should pick something nicer to wear for my next update..."

Entry 13: Monday

Two months had passed by the next time I was requested to make another update video. We were officially now one quarter of the way through the trial. I had assumed it was due to my conduct on the last review being something that could not be used due to the lack of

professionalism but was surprised to find that it was in fact taken quite seriously by the research team. Apparently a number of other girls in the same trial were experiencing similar side effects and had complained of the dosing schedule of their medications. With the team now satisfied that no potentially lethal dose had been identified, we were being graduated to stage 2 testing which would be one tablet twice a day.

I was called upon to briefly report on my results after a few weeks of experiencing the adjusted treatment.

“Hi again, everyone. As you can see, I’ve got some new clothing again. My chest has really blossomed and I am getting a bit of chub here and there but It’s nothing that I’ve really found to be too troublesome.”

My boobs mashed against each other as I offered my now poochy belly up for visual inspection. A sizable muffintop had formed as my abs had completely disappeared underneath a couple of inches of soft fat and flowed over my jeans.

I suckled on several straws of cola I had firmly planted between my lips; a relatively new discovery I had made to improve my consumption rate. A loud metallic gurgle issued from the empty cans as I greedily slurped down every last drop.

“The treating team approached me earlier in the week with an overview of my new eating plan which should get me back into shape. I gave it a look over and had to say it did look rather...shall we say...sparse...compared to what I’m eating now. I could hardly believe that I used to subsist on such little nutrients in the field.”

I inspected the empty cans, eyeballing the dark void from which the wellspring of sugary sustenance had originated from. Once assured that it was indeed empty, I could not fully hide my disappointment as I turned my attention to a large bag of popcorn which I had nestled against my thighs.

“These bags of popcorn however are a new thing I’ve discovered. They’re so light and tasty that I’ve found I can easily empty at least a few bags in a single session without feeling guilty.”

The sugar coursing through my system likely also had something to do with that as I found that anytime I had something sugary, I craved something salty soon after. The reverse was also true. I scooped a handful of popcorn into my open mouth, savoring the richness of the buttery flavor mingling with the remnants of sugary pop still lining the corners of my mouth.

I had fallen into a bit of a habit over the last month at least and truth be told, I was eating more than ever before. There wasn’t a moment in the day when I wasn’t feeling some degree of overfullness, coupled by a perverse urge to eat even more as I counted down the hours to my next big meal. Before I knew it, I had dumped the entire bag into my mouth as my hands blindly searched for another around the couch where I had made my home.

They came up only feeling the soft shag of the carpet beneath me and the silky softness of my own thighs as they came to rest.

“Wow, I’m absolutely starving. I need to go.”

The after effects of the new medication were far more intense than I had ever imagined. Not long after I finished my report, I was at the fridge, eating whatever I could find. Bread right out of the bag coupled with cold turkey and salami with dressing for flavor. I was eating my sandwich while assembling it. All of this happened while waiting for a food delivery which I had placed on speed dial.

My behaviour carried right on through the rest of the week with more and more deliveries mounting by the day. Despite my reduced medication requirements, I couldn’t help but notice I’m eating from the moment my feet hit the floor to when I crawl back into bed at night. The meals were getting larger still too, keeping me in a haze of indulgence of ever increasing quality.

I wasn’t required to make another report until the end of the next month but had chosen to weigh myself out of curiosity. I had always been a tall woman, but it was clear from the numbers which showed that I was becoming a BIG woman in more ways than one. I wasn’t sure quite how it happened but I had managed to pack on more than 50 pounds since the start of the experiment without any sign of slowing down. I had to move my enormous breasts out of the way to ensure I was reading the scale properly, each cup now roughly what I approximated to be the same size as my own head.

I collapsed back onto the couch, shocked with the new information and completely oblivious to the packet of chips I had somehow started snacking on without even realizing. My soda intake was also up, going well past two liters per day and it was a pleasing sensation. Not having to think about my own needs for a change felt so liberating but also spurred my natural sense of ambition. Before long, I found myself making a game out of how much I could eat, how long it would take for the delivery drivers to arrive and just how much bigger I would become before this experiment was through.

“Fifty pounds, huh...”

The number rolled off my tongue in such a way that felt almost natural. I shouldn’t have been shocked looking back on how much I was eating, but it was an odd feeling to take my tonnage into account like that. Wearing my old battle gear was approximately fifty pounds of extra guns and ammunition so it made sense that I would not necessarily have registered the change outside of how tight everything felt when I slipped it on. A perverse urge to open up another bag of potato chips even as I emptied the crumbs into my mouth and suckled the salty residue off my fingers sent a pleasurable shiver down my spine.



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Entry 21: Tuesday

A package arrived for me today.

Four months in, one third of the way through the trial and I was hotly anticipating some new clothes. I approached the door, dressed in little more than a black T-shirt which barely covered my enormous breasts and allowed my quite obvious belly to jostle out in the open. Though it appeared as though I was not wearing panties, I could assure anyone that I still was by lifting the sagging inches of my new gut off of my jiggling thighs as they rubbed together with every step.

“Maybe it’s more food!”

My stocks were admittedly running low despite the Admiral’s redoubled efforts to keep my fridge well supplied. Having not left the house for nearly half a year had allowed me time to synchronize my internal belly alarm with each new menu delivery, my appetite appropriately whetted from the preview images I was provided. The Navy had made it a point to keep our diets quite varied so as to keep morale high amongst test subjects and I was proud to say that I rarely ever ate the same meal twice.

Today’s menu in particular was something I had been looking forward to; a full slab of roasted ribs, a whole rotisserie chicken, a whole steak dripping in barbecue sauce served with a pound of mushrooms, carrots and cauliflower as well as a serve of coleslaw and a bucket of french fries. Where the old me would have balked at the thought of having ever consumed even a serving of that calorie rich feast, I could not help but salivate at the thought of having it all inside of me.

“Maybe afterwards I could get some ice cream too and top that off with another big two liter cherry soda...”

I opened the door, smiling widely in anticipation of what I might find. What I found was a shock to my system.

“Um...hello?”

A small abyssal child, a Northern Princess subtype, was standing before me, clutching an amazing scented package. It was indeed what I had ordered, but for a moment, I had forgotten all about food as my mind wrestled with the thought of the little one who was holding it in her mittened hands.

“Ah...Hoppu has a delivery! For you?”

She thrust the bag of greasy treats out in front of herself, nearly tipping over in the process. The stacks of styrofoam boxes were almost as tall as she was. I did my best to stifle a small giggle as I caught her as she fell forward, easily taking the baggie out of her hand.

“Thank you...um...Hoppu,” I smiled kindly. “You’re a big girl to have done a delivery all by yourself. Did the Admiral send you?”

“Yeah! Admiral gave Hoppu a job! I want to do good things for the Admiral!”

“Then we both want to do the same thing. Thank you for the food.”

“Okay! You're a nice, big lady! Hoppu will go back now!”

I waved the little girl off and returned to my room. Abyssals often started off like all of us, innocent and simply following orders. I could see the Admiral’s plan in making them feel integrated into our new society and demonstrating to them that us Ship Girls were no longer a force to be feared.

“A nice big lady huh?” I mused as I grabbed a handful of fries.

Entry 39: Friday

I ran into the same delivery Hoppu several more times over the following weeks. Each time she saw me, I could see her eyes light up in knowing she had done her job well and I showered her in praise. It had been nearly half a year since I had felt any sort of in person contact so maybe it was a bit of my own loneliness at work, but I felt that I looked forward to seeing her each and every time I ordered. It felt like the old days when I looked after my younger sisters, a nostalgia which helped ease the scars of war.

“Wow lady, you got really big!”

I was still gnawing on a plate of ribs when I had opened the door, not wanting to miss a beat between meals. With my mouth still full, I smiled at my little visitor to take her oversized package from her as she stared up at me in amazement.

“I guess I did, little Hoppu,” I mused. “Is that bad?”

“No! I like how you look! You look very soft!”

“Thank you, little one. I am very soft.”

“Can I touch your belly?”

The small girl's request caught me a little off guard. It wasn't that I was sensitive to my size; quite honestly I was more than prepared to lean down to allow her access to it but was surprised to find that she had already beaten me to the punch. My belly now sagged quite a bit over my shorts, an amalgamation of several family feasts drowned in an ocean of soda jiggling just halfway over my upper thighs and well within her reach.

"You feel like a pillow. I like you."

"T-thank you dear," I said, unsure of how to approach the situation. To be honest I was a little flustered. "I like you too."

"Okay! Hoppu will return now! See you tomorrow, big pillow lady!"

As quickly as she came, she was gone. The whole scenario left me a little floored, but also a little giddy. I had never had my belly praised before and I was more than a little starved for attention. I decided I would record this interaction and send it to the medical team for follow-up.

"Six months in and I'm clearly fat now. I'm eating almost all the time and I absolutely love it. The way food makes me feel, the way my body looks in the mirror and hearing someone praise me for it all just makes me feel so good. In fact, it makes me feel hungrier than ever."

That was about as far as my verbal report actually went. What the Admiral would next receive would be what was more or less a half hour video of me stuffing myself, guzzling soda by the bottle and reclining on the couch. My belly was now a literal mountain of jello, wobbling with each labored breath I took. I was beyond full and I loved every second of it, disguising my tiny moan of pleasure amidst my praise of food brought by the little delivery girl.

Another knock on the door surprised me.

Caught off guard, I struggled to pull my comically tight top over my bulge of a belly. I struggled to get up, pushing my atrophied muscles against the sides of the couch in order to heave myself forward.

"C-coming..."

I looked hugely pregnant. My belly wobbled precariously as I steadied myself, the result of being so stuffed to the gills that I felt I could barely fit an inch more inside of me. As I lumbered to the door, the very floorboards creaking underneath my prodigious girth before collapsing against the door handle for both support and to leaver it open.

"Sorry pillow lady, Hoppu forgot your dessert! Here you go!"

The little abyssal stood before me, her eyes forming upturned half moons as she presented me with a tub of icecream. Although I could not see it, I could feel the radiance of her beaming smile through the scarf and long sweater she had been bundled in as she expectantly rocked on her tiptoes.

What exactly was she waiting for?

“T-thank you? How could I have forgotten, silly me...”

“Are you gonna try some?”

I gulped. Even the saliva pooling in my own throat was enough to make me feel full as my dangerously stuffed belly creaked a little more.

“I-I’d love to but I couldn’t possibly...”

“Nuh-uh!” The little abyssal said cheerily as she reached into her pocket and handed me a spoon. “Admiral lady said Hoppu has to watch you eat it now. No excuses!”

I could sense no malice in the little one’s words, but her request was sure to make me blow. I struggled as my food-addled mind desperately to think of a plan. Memories of my time being boxed in by small enemy craft seemed hazy and distant, making my combat instincts duller and my reactions slower to react. This must have been the medication at work.

“But I’m so full...” I moaned, shaking my big belly for emphasis. “I couldn’t feed myself.”

The little abyssal’s smile grew only wider as she pushed her way into my room. She pushed the top of the container off with a mittened hand as she wielded a metal spoon in the other. Her small shadow only grew longer in the fading light of the hallway dimmed behind her as the door to my room shut with a gentle click.

Entry 44: Wednesday

She came everyday without fail and left every night as per her curfew.

The few hours I had left for sleep were the only time I truly had to myself anymore as the trial entered its third and final phase.

There was less than three months left at this point before the year was up and in that time, my body had undergone an explosion of sorts. If I thought I was fat before, I was well beyond fatter than fat by now.

Each and every day was filled with indulgence. The little girl stuffed me almost around the clock, ensuring that my meals were served in triplicate for breakfast, lunch and dinner. This was not counting the endless parade of snacking which constantly filled my belly to the brim as it struggled to digest each and every meal.

I was hooked and Hoppu knew it. I revealed and lived for it as I was bloated beyond reckoning. Soda was practically flowing through my veins at all times, topping off any hint of relief my stomach would provide from being even a slightly bit empty only to bulk me up once more.

I had gained an absurd amount of weight. As each stuffing came and went, my belly no longer retained any hint of even a slightly rounded shape. It now sat in front of me piled up like a blanket of soft jelly rolls. All definition left my face thanks to the chins and chipmunk cheeks I had developed and still I continued to eat. My enormous breasts sagged to either side of my even more enormous belly; my chins doubled in quick succession and my dimpled arms began to hang over both my elbows and at my wrists. The couch was now more or less my permanent home when I wasn't in the shower or in the kitchen.

"I-I need to do something...I need to shed some of this blubber before it's too late..."

Appetite stimulants and having a self proclaimed personal assistant to do all my tasks for me only lessened my incentive to exercise. My rear grew even larger as my body struggled to find more places to dump the extra fat on me as the medication continued to change me.

"One dose a day for the rest of my life..."

The medical team was quite thankful for the data I had provided them. With all of my recordings, the Admiral could move forward with her plans to demonstrate that we Ship Girls were finally 'decommissioned'. Some of the team had remembered their earlier plans to return me to at least a more mobile condition, and yet I could feel myself hesitating to take them up on their offer. I had told them that I had not yet felt 'rehabilitated' enough and agreed to continue the trial to its final stage.

A sense of duty perhaps? Or maybe the rebellion of the ceaseless hunger within my belly...

Entry 52: Tuesday

The day finally came when the program reached its inevitable conclusion. Measured and tapered to its final dose, my treatment would be lifelong but at least the insatiable hunger I had felt would gradually reach a more normal rate. I was clearly still eating more than I ever had at my lean test but I was assured that my weight would no longer climb at such an alarming rate as it had in the later half of the year. My heaving chest quivered in relief.

Hoppu helped me to sit up and arranged the camera for my final video. I caught a glimpse of myself in the reflection of the dull screen.

My body was huge.

My jello legs could hardly hold myself in a standing position for longer than a few minutes as I collapsed back onto the couch with some effort. My belly apron bulged out in front of me like a curtain of fat, threatening to touch the floor while I sat. My chest wobbled and sagged like a pair of inflated bean bags as they swung heavily together whenever I positioned myself on all fours. My thighs were oh so full of rolls as they flared out to either side of my enormous hips. From the front or the back, my chest, gut and rear were entirely visible even through the confines of the enormous bath towels I had strung around myself for decency.

“Okay, it’s all good! Hoppu is gonna miss you, pillow lady!”

“I-I know...I’ll...I’ll miss you too.”

The little abyssal smiled sweetly before exiting the room, leaving me alone to make my final address.

“I hope you’ll forgive me Admiral, and any viewers who might review this tape in the years to come. I have had to forego the pleasantries of clothing for the time being while a new outfit is custom made for me. I was clearly out-growing them at such a rate that it was impractical for Naval Command to provide me with anything suitable. Now that my size has stabilized, I shall make my report of the process.”

Going without food for a whole thirty minutes felt like torture as my overstuffed stomach yearned to be filled. In this time, I was asked to complete the most basic of physical exercises, demonstrating my limited prowess and significantly deteriorated capacity to fight. The administrators of the exam showed me mercy by allowing me to snack as I filled in the psychological component of my test, demonstrating a blunted amplitude towards military planning and an aptitude to selecting what I wanted for dinner that night instead. The presence of the Hoppu who had been with me for my entire duration had been proof enough of the lack of malice I had shown to our former enemies, which in itself was the whole goal of the treatment.

The Admiral had succeeded.

I huffed as a bead of sweat rolled down my brow as I lifted myself back up. I waddled over to the scale and weighed myself, allowing my measurements to be taken in real time. A scaled version of me a year prior really captured the difference as I submitted my findings.

Name: Battleship Nagato

Height: 5’10 at start of treatment, 6’0” at completion

Bust: DD prior to treatment, MM at completion

Waist: 32 inches prior to treatment, 70 at completion
Hips: 35 inches prior to treatment, 68 at completion
Weight: 190 pounds prior to treatment...

I swallowed as the numbers ticked over, the machine struggling to calculate every small say of my body which dared tip it over by a pound in either direction.

510 pounds and stable at completion!

I blinked several times as I saw my measurements so clearly for the first time. I knew I was big, but I had never thought I'd have broken the quarter ton range. I marveled at my size but also at my softness. I was clearly too fat to be a threat to anyone or anything and it showed in my pathetic display of physical prowess.

The Admiral congratulated me on a job well done, praising me for completing my final mission. For my bravery in volunteering as the first to undergo the process, I was allowed a reward of anything I wanted.

I requested a triple cheese burger, a side of fries and a two litre bottle of soda.

New Identity: Nagato Gunkan - Civilian female

For reprocessing and relocation to civilian housing

Combat threat: 0%

Aptitude for reactivation: 0%

Military Status: 4F - Unrecoverable

Decommission process: complete!