

## Delta Rune WG Story - Noelle Chapter

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The scale did not lie.

It read 115 pounds!

It would have been an ideal weight for any other young woman, but for Noelle Holiday, it was clear that something was wrong. For all her years in highschool she had maintained a weight of exactly 100 pounds, even as she approached her final years of her teenage development. It must have started after that strange dream she had when she and Kris had entered some kind of fantasy world full of monsters and magic.

A strange woman was there with an oddly robotic manner about her who had threatened to roboticize her face at one point. In a desperate struggle to keep that from happening, she had done all she could to fend off the hordes of minions out to capture her, by turning them all to pillars of ice.

Of course, the real Noelle Holiday would never harm even a lowly ant, but this was different. For the first time in her life she felt powerful. Where the real Noelle Holiday was shy and timid, in her dreams she could do whatever she wanted. Her first 'kill' as Kris had explained to her was always going to be the one she remembered but each subsequent one would become easier over time. Watching the life drain from these strange creatures as she cast them into icy coffins made her heart pound and whet her appetite for more.

That wasn't to say that she was addicted to it of course. The real Noelle Holiday hated the thought but she had to admit it was exciting to do something and be someone different even for a little while. She liked to think this is how Susie felt whenever she wailed on some unfortunate who got in her way at school. It was often by accident that someone got on Susie's wrong side, but what Noelle wouldn't have given to be hurled to the floor by her at least once.

That had been three days ago and things had started to return to normal again. The school days went on as usual and entirely without incident, but sometimes her mind would drift back to that strange time and it did make her wonder. She had a taste for new experiences.

"But Noelle, you never get the burgers at school, you hate meat, don't you?"

A giga salad was certainly more her style, but it didn't satisfy the gnawing hunger within her. After making some excuses to the lunch ladies about wanting to broaden her pallet by trying something new, she made her way to her table in order to eat.

In truth, this was the second time she had tasted meat. The taste of greasy, bloodied flesh sandwiched between two pieces of bread disgusted her beyond all measure, but it was necessary to keep her alive. Every time she felt she was about to succumb to her injuries, he would cram one or two of them into her despite her feeble protests. However, it did keep her alive, kept her standing long enough to snuff the life from her enemy's eyes under another withering hail of ice and snow which sprang from her fingertips. Over time, she began to associate the taste with one of power.

By the end of the week, the scale had read 122 and Noelle was astounded. To counteract her school time binges, she was eating less than ever at home before and after school out of guilt and shame and yet her weight still continued to creep up.

She redoubled her efforts, keeping her intake down by going back to salads alone while also increasing her jogging to and from school. The effort left her tired and listless, making her unable to concentrate in class as she added another 10 pounds to her body within the week. Meat became the only thing she could think about and the shame of wanting it so badly made her light headed. On the last day of the school week, she ordered two burgers on her lunch tray as well as an enormous side of fries just to keep herself from passing out.

Noelle's distress gradually began to subside as she allowed the cravings to take hold. A burger here and there, even after school, wasn't a big deal when it meant satisfying the ravenous maw that was growing in the pit of her stomach. As the weeks' offerings took hold, she noticed her weight crest the 155 pound mark as new fat began to spread equally across her body. When school started the following week, she struggled to button her uniform and knew at long last that she would begin to show.

The initial stages weren't so bad. She had never had the most outstanding body but the extra weight she gained seemed to give her a new curviness that made everyone take notice. Her breasts bulged out of her favourite holiday sweater, with word around the classroom being that her mother, Mayor Holiday, had pulled some 'strings' to enhance her daughter's appearance before the next reelection. Susie was the only one who had noticed that she could no longer zip her skirt all the way up, but had remained oddly quiet about this. Noelle was sure she would have made her new weight a point to openly bully her about but was sadly disappointed.

"S-so...y-you've become quite the piggy...huh?"

Noelle's face initially lit up as she spun around, hoping to find Susie sneering at her shameful new curves. Instead, she was met with Berdly's irritating grimace as he pressed his feathered fingers together.

"T-the great Noelle finally isn't so perfect. N-no one would have you except for me, the equally great Berdly! J-join me and I'll construct you a diet plan to h-help you lose all those unsightly pounds!"

The former Noelle would have politely declined him before scurrying on her way, but the current Noelle felt more annoyed than ever as she stared into his smug grin. She swung her bookbag over her shoulder forcefully, feeling a satisfying crunch as it connected with the side of his face and slammed his head into the lockers. She didn't have time for this. She had an afternoon snack to look forward to.

Her attitude only got worse over the next two weeks. Even after eating a sizable lunch where she gazed passionately at Susie sitting across the hall, she had noticed the object of her affection carelessly leave an unwrapped candy bar behind as she and Kris urgently dashed to the janitorial closet.

Noelle's initial intentions to return the sweets or enshrine them were surprisingly overturned by an overwhelming urge to eat it which came with an astonishing effect. The fullness she had been seeking for months on end finally hit her as her cravings dissipated.

She grabbed her sizable poof of belly which sagged over her skirt and felt the resonating silence within it. Outside of meat, sweets also weren't something she had regularly indulged in. Every bite forced her taste buds into overdrive and sent her blood sugar level spiking. For a moment, all her thoughts seemed clearer and more coherent, lasting for only a few hours until eventually devolving into a persistent headache at the end of the day. Noelle quickly learned that she could mitigate this effect by having more sweets; a decision which had a dramatic effect on her figure.

190 pounds and Noelle was now wearing the largest sized outfit she could find. Even in a sweater which would have normally billowed around her former figure, the definition of her arms, breasts and belly rolls were clearly visible for all to see. Her body jiggled ever so slightly as she walked, with her new rolls constantly trying to force their way over the top of her skirt.

Reaching 200 pounds sent her into panic mode again. She was meant to be eating less but by now her appetite was completely out of control. Another week had gone by and she could no longer stuff that ever expanding figure into her latest outfit. She had received her first ever citation to go to the principal's office as she shamefully heaved herself out of her desk and out the classroom door.

"I'm worried about you, Ms Holiday. We'll have to have a discussion with your parents about your presentation. Are things going alright at home?"

Mrs Toriel's voice sounded caring but seemed so far away. A haze seemed to just come over her, replacing it with static and an endless hunger for more food. Why did she have to sit here while everyone else was eating lunch anyway? It would be all gone before she could get her share? What would she do then? Whose fault would it be if she couldn't eat?

WHO WAS THIS OLD GOAT TO TELL HER WHAT TO DO?

Suspension was not something which an honor student would ever have expected to besmirch her permanent record. Her parents were rightly disappointed but chalked her changes up to their lovely daughter entering that all too common 'rebellious phase'. In truth, they just wanted to sweep this under the rug and Noelle could feel their rejection. Susie got suspended all the time so it's not like it was a big deal anyway.

Now that she didn't have to go to school, wake up, get dressed or even move around all that much, the pounds piled on faster than ever. While her parents were at work, Noelle found herself spending more and more time in front of the TV, eating whatever she wanted whenever she wanted.

Food had initially been a panacea for her woes, but soon became a preoccupation for her day. She dedicated herself to eating and trying new things, ordering more and more each time to try and challenge just how much her burgeoning belly could hold. It started to sag between her lap even when sitting as it nestled itself into its own deeping recess in the Holiday family couch.

Her house arrest was never enforced by her parents who trusted their morally upright daughter to simply do the right thing. Little did they realize that it was not that she was staying home of her own volition, but simply because she lacked the motivation or energy to lift herself from the pit of gluttonous ecstasy she found herself slipping into by the day. The day she realized that she could eat beyond the simple need to suppress hunger, but instead because she was in love with food was a major turning point for her.

She would need to enlist some help in order to maintain this new found love and stoke the fires of her desire to add more mass to her already substantial frame.

Kris would come by every so often to deliver her homework and sneak out to bring her food on his way home. She wished so very badly that Susie was the one bringing her all these fattening treats, but she lived on the other side of town so it wasn't something she could expect to happen. Her fantasies going unfulfilled never made the food taste any worse at least.

Noelle's body continued to swell and expand. Enormous breasts pushed out and overflowed her mother's largest bras, eventually forcing her to give up on them completely as they were free to flow over the dome of her stuffed gut. Her waist thickened at the sides into a myriad of rolls which lay upon swollen hips that bulged right to the edges of her couch. Plump arms and thighs completed the picture with a rounded double chin to frame her new obesity.

With her suspension ended, Noelle reluctantly heaved herself out of bed and into a custom sweater her father had purchased for her return. Her parents had attempted to calculate their daughter's escalating poundage to buy her one that would fit her well but had again underestimated how wide she had become in such a short span of time. Where she normally paid careful attention to her appearance in public, Noelle's new focus on finding something to fill her belly before class made her reprioritize what others would think of her. She shuffled

sideways out of the front door without so much as an attempt to comb her unruly bed head or even bother to tuck her sagging gut into her skirt.

Susie was the last person she had expected to see first on her way to school. Embarrassment overtook her as she hastily tried to pull her sweater over her braless breasts, hoping that she would only focus on her cleavage and ignore everything else.

“Sup nerd. Heard you got suspended. Now you’re playing hooky before class. That’s pretty badass.”

Noelle checked her watch. She wasn’t early or even on time but at least running an hour late. She had never missed a class before on purpose, making her initially feel uneasy. This feeling was interrupted by a loud grumble from the pit of her stomach which she reflexively tried to cover up.

“Sounds like you skip breakfast too! Come on then, Kris and I were gonna go grab a late breakfast...or was that an early lunch...Why don’tcha come with us?”

Noelle’s eyes brightened. She had always wanted to eat with Susie before but the old Noelle had never had the guts to work up the courage. Now, she was nothing but gut and surprisingly found it much easier to do.

She nodded fervently, trying to hide her broad smile and the width of her double chin. She slung her school books over her shoulder with renewed interest in the day ahead.

“Oh, you’d better leave that behind. It’ll only slow us down.”

Noelle dropped her books where she stood as they set off to find some food.

It had been months since anyone had seen Noelle at school. Susie and Kris had taught her how to intercept letters from her teachers and the principal before they arrived at her door which allowed her to continue to live her days as she wished. Graduation was around the corner but she couldn’t have cared less as she set her sights on a new goal.

Every day was a high calorie binge with Susie as she wished, with Kris ever willing to provide them with a steady stream of snacks. Susie’s bad attitude had rubbed off on Noelle over time, changing her dainty and polite speech into something more coarse and rough as she learned the power of ‘telling’ someone rather than asking.

One such example was when she simply demanded everything on the menu at any fast food chain they waddled their way into. It saved so much extra time and meant she had to think much less. She could feel her sharpened intellect begin to dull as the facts and formulas she had spent so long memorizing began to evaporate from her mind, replaced instead by the myriad combination of secret menu items she could order wherever she went.

Acquiring more food soon became her preoccupation as she reveled in the idea of watching herself swell alongside Susie. Food was that all too important lubricant to their conversation she had always longed for and now that she had it in her grasp, she wasn't going to let it go. What had started with a curious question about what their favorite foods were, soon became friendly goading to see who could eat the most and finally descended into the territory of admitting their mutual love for their expanding bodies.

A gentle shoulder touch or casual brush of the hand against each other's bellies was initially surprising for the two of them at first. Neither had grown up in a household where physical affection was demonstrated and neither of them were sure how to proceed. The casual understanding that an overstuffed belly had to be rubbed to make it feel better became a point which started to normalize this interaction, as they became more and more lost in the feel of each other's added fatness.

"You're pretty good at this...um...Noelle...I can do your belly too if you like..."

It was during one of these belly rubbing sessions, her mind still blurred by the afterglow of being stuffed to a point where she no longer wished to move, that she started to consider the beauty of their escalating poundage. As their thighs drew closer while sitting on the couch, so did their feelings. They were entranced by the sight of each other's growing bodies and shared a yearning to see the other grow larger on purpose as they bonded over every shared plate or family sized dish that graced the Holiday household's dining room table.

Soon it had become clear that their daughter had become a lost cause. Maxed out credit cards and a dwindling bank account to fund her addictive binges were the final straw. One angry exchange of words later and Noelle found herself kicked out and on her own. Her first few moments of true independence weren't the happiest she'd ever been, but at least she had a place to go. Susie had been living on her own for quite some time and was more than happy to accommodate her. Her house was small and her room was anything but feminine but it was home. It was here where Noelle could finally indulge without any further criticism other than the playful jabs which Susie took as her belly drooped towards their knees.

The new arrangement was simple. Noelle could stay rent free as long as she ate whatever Susie brought her without question. Without a legitimate source of income, it was down to Kris to provide for the two of them, yet neither could ever get him to say where he was getting so much food from. The giga burgers and fast food he brought seemed oddly familiar to Noelle as she vaguely recalled having a dream about such foods, but that felt like a lifetime ago. She was determined more than ever to bury her old self under a mountain of over indulgent pudge.

Susie was getting fatter by the day without even realizing it. Noelle loved her new curves as she spilled out of her limited wardrobe. The torn jeans she wore were no longer just a fashion statement as her belly strained every belt and button to its absolute limit. It was just so hard not to want to eat around Noelle, her greasy smile and double chin seeming to ignite her own

competitive eater. Watching Susie's fat ass waddle back and forth between the couch and fridge only made her feel the same way.

As a result, their combined weights continued to rise over the next few months as she had whatever she liked which was anything high in calories. Every new pound seemed to bring Noelle and Susie deeper into their now shared fantasy, with Noelle clearly leading the charge as she dominated her crush by at least an extra fifty pounds at all time. She was pushing well over four hundred by this point and had never felt more free in her life.

She was a former honor student turned highschool dropout, a class Madonna turned enormous blob of a reindeer who would likely have a hard road ahead of her either living off of her aging parents or taking up some underpaid wage slave job amidst the fast food she craved so much. With the stress of an uncertain future ahead of her, all she could do was continue to eat her feelings, watching her body expand alongside Susie's until either of them grew too fat to even feed themselves.



She had given up so much to get to this point.

The thought of breaking the scale when she got home gave her one hell of an orgasm.