

Ryuko and Satsuki's Familial Fattening

Satsuki sat at the head of the dining room table, trying to ease her worries with a cup of tea. After everything she had been through with her mother and the life fibers, she realized it was going to take some time getting used to the various changes. One of the first things that had to be replaced was her wardrobe, her old school uniform as close of a replacement for Junketsu she could find. The pristine white outfit paired well with her long, black hair that reached down to the hem of her button-down jacket. Shifting her legs, she felt a slight tug in the fabric of her pants. The slight discomfort came from the minor weight she had put on during the much needed down time after her battle. However, her body was the least of her concerns at the moment.

Peeking over the edge of her cup, she locked eyes with her sister sitting on the opposite end of the table. Ryuko Matoi completely ignored the tea cup placed in front of her, passing the time messing with the bright streak of red mixed in with her short black hair. Satsuki couldn't blame her for acting so distant. She had been through the same battle as her and in the process lost one of her closest friends. Even now, the sight of the black jacket and old school uniform Ryuko had worn during their first meeting was a far cry from Senketsu.

Satsuki was content to let her sister take her time to warm up to her. She was the one who had invited her to live together with the hopes of establishing a semblance of familial bonding between the two of them. While she had hoped that something would have clicked during that time, their common interests were almost non-existent. The only time the two of them seemed to meet up was when it was time to eat.

Right on schedule the wait staff wheeled in their lunch. Placing a set of platters in front of Satsuki and Ryuko, they waited for Satsuki to thank them before they took their leave. Lifting up the cover, Satsuki examined a typical meal of a small, roasted pheasant alongside some roasted

greens. Picking up her fork and knife, she prepared to meticulously carve into the dish. She paused as she realized that her sister had yet to touch her food.

“Are you not hungry?” Satsuki asked, having to speak up to be heard from across the table.

“I am, but...” Ryuko trailed off, poking the food with her fork while making no attempt to eat it.

“Is it not warm enough? Do you need more spice? Just ask and the wait staff can prepare something more to your taste.”

Ryuko let out an unimpressed huff. “No offense, but I doubt you have anything I’d like.”

Satsuki raised her eyebrow. “What do you mean?”

“This kind of stuff looks nice, but it’s nowhere near as tasty as the food Mako’s mom cooks. Not to mention how hungry I am after eating these things. I feel like I’m going to starve to death.”

Satsuki thought for a moment. Putting down her utensils, she clapped her hands together to summon one of the butlers. “Tell me whatever you want and the kitchen staff will make it as quickly as possible.”

“You don’t have to do that,” Ryuko said. “Besides, wouldn’t feel right having them make something just for me.”

“If that is the case, I’ll have whatever you order as well,” Satsuki replied.

“Anything at all?” Ryuko asked, a hint of a smile on her face.

“Anything. The original purpose I invited you to live here was to foster our relationship. If eating your favorite food helps with that, I see no reason to deny your request.”

With a cocky grin, Ryuko rubbed her hands together. “Then I’ll have a dozen croquettes. No, make it two dozen.”

“What kind Ms. Matoi?” the butler asked.

“Surprise me. It’ll make it more interesting.”

“Very well, I will have the same,” Satsuki said, watching the butler bow and leave the room.

Very little time passed before the butler returned, showing the sheer skill of the Kiryuin family’s kitchen staff. Bringing in similar platters, Satsuki raised an eyebrow as she noticed the covers barely fit on the plates. The reason was made apparent as the staff placed the first platter in front of Ryuko and took off the top to reveal a pile of overstuffed croquettes that looked ready to collapse at a moment’s notice. While Satsuki was left curious as to why the staff would create such an overindulgent meal, she couldn’t deny that it seemed to appease her sister.

Carefully jabbing her fork into her own pile of croquettes, Satsuki was enamored with the smell that rose from the gash alongside droplets of grease. Cutting out a bite-sized piece, she brought it to her mouth and ate it. Letting the flavor mull over in her mouth, she was indeed correct in assuming the lack of nutritional value in the meal. However, she found it hard to argue against the flavor that graced her tongue as the fried meat tumbled down her throat.

Preparing her fork and knife to go in for another helping, she stopped to glance across the table. She stared in quiet awe as she watched her sister tear through the pile of croquettes like a savage beast. Ryuko’s utensils remained untouched as she stuffed her face, leaving behind grease and crumbs on her fingers to be licked up later. While the method was unsavory, it helped her to devour the meal at lightning speed. Looking at Ryuko’s diminishing pile and comparing it to her own, Satsuki took a moment to consider a new way to approach the meal.

Putting aside her utensils, Satsuki grabbed a croquette between her hands and brought it to her mouth. Sinking her teeth into the fried croquette, her taste buds rejoiced at the greasy flavor that spread across her tongue. Adopting some of her sister's appetite, she devoured the croquette faster than she ever thought possible. Only now becoming aware of how hungry she was, she grabbed a second croquette and continued her indulgent meal.

Satsuki's resolve began to waiver as she reached the bottom of the pile. With only a few croquettes left, it took considerable effort just to grab one off the plate, let alone take another bite. Lifting the croquette up to her mouth, she recoiled at the feeling of fullness that had overtaken her. Putting down the greasy meat, she glanced down to see the sizable food baby that had taken up residence in her mid-section. Rubbing the protrusion in an effort to ease her digestion, she almost didn't notice Ryuko walk up beside her.

"Pretty good, huh?" Ryuko asked, patting her own distended gut. "Went a little overboard myself. It's been way too long since I had a meal like that."

"It is good, but I don't think I can take another bite," Satsuki replied, gesturing towards the leftover croquettes laid before her.

"Come on," Ryuko said, pulling up a chair beside her, "you can't tell me that's all you can do. Give it one more big bite. Last thing you want is for food this good to go to waste."

Motivated by her sister's words and the lingering flavor on her tongue, Satsuki forced herself to pick up the croquette again. Taking slow, deliberate bites, she managed to gradually work her way through it. Licking the leftover crumbs from her fingers, she slumped back in her chair and rubbed the part of her belly that was trying to break free from her jacket.

"That was...delicious," Satsuki said, dabbing her face with a napkin.

"Told you," Ryuko said. "Alright if I have the rest?"

“It’s all yours,” Satsuki replied, watching her sister effortlessly eat the last two croquettes. “I was going to go for a run after lunch, but I don’t think I can move much in this state.”

“Then why don’t we veg out on the couch and watch some TV?” Ryuko suggested, mouth still hard at work finishing off the croquettes. “I’ve passed by that huge entertainment center multiple times just wandering this place and I’ve never seen you use it.”

Satsuki let out a sigh. “Our mother detested frivolous uses of time. That was just for entertaining guests.”

Swallowing the rest of the meal, Ryuko grabbed Satsuki by the arm and started dragging her out of the room. “All the more reason to do it then, right?” she asked, looking over her shoulder.

Rather than argue with her, Satsuki nodded her head and followed along to spend a lazy afternoon with her sister.

Within the privacy of her room, Satsuki stood naked before her dressing mirror. Shaking her head at the sight, she let her fingers pinch the bits of extra flab that had found their way onto her body over the past month. She didn’t have to think very long on where her prominent potbelly came from, recalling the various unhealthy meal choices Ryuko had requested from the wait staff. Not helping matters was the numerous hours the two of them had spent lounging in front of the television, the extra padding on her rear keeping her comfortable as she wasted the day away. Lifting up one of her breasts and feeling the extra heft to it, she wondered if the 100 pounds that had been packed onto her body could be shaved off with enough exercise and a

proper diet. Running her hand against the start of her second chin, she knew it would be easier said than done as long as her sister was living with her.

“You done in there Satsuki?” Ryuko called from hallway.

“Almost,” Satsuki replied, looking through her closet in search of something that would fit. “Give me a minute to-“

Satsuki stopped what she was doing as she heard the door open behind her. Turning around, she watched her Ryuko nonchalantly stroll into the room. An abundance of unhealthy food and a lack of physical activity had finally caught up with her metabolism. Her ever present stomach bulge peeked out from beneath the edge of her shirt. The rounded gut helped to support the added weight to her breasts as they appeared to constantly attempt escape from her tight t-shirt. Each step she took towards Satsuki threatened to rip apart the jeans that sunk into her widened waistline and bubble butt cheeks. In direct contrast to Satsuki, Ryuko seemed blissfully unaware of her weight problem.

“You’re not even dressed yet,” Ryuko said, putting her hand against her pudgy tummy. “I’m practically starving.”

“That’s not a good reason to come bursting into my room,” Satsuki calmly replied, having grown accustomed to Ryuko’s sense of manners. “Besides, do you recall what the itinerary for today is? In an effort to cut back on our calorie intake, we’re going to be making our own meal and seeing where we can cut back.”

Ryuko let out a huff. “Can’t blame me forgetting about that. You’re basically asking me to take out everything that makes the food taste good.”

Unable to find a bra or pair of underwear that fit, Satsuki relented and pulled out a shirt and pants that somewhat fit her body. “Losing a little flavor is a small price to pay for

maintaining our figures,” she said, struggling to get dressed. “I may no longer be under my mother’s control, but that doesn’t mean I’ve forgotten that I need to present myself with some dignity.”

“Whatever,” Ryuko said, impatiently tapping her foot. “Just get a move on so we can-“

A loud ripping noise made the two of them stop. Pulling her shirt down over her head, Satsuki looked towards her sister. Glancing at Ryuko’s reddened face, Satsuki walked around her to examine the large tear in the seat of her pants.

“Do you...have something I can wear?” Ryuko asked, receiving an affirmative nod from Satsuki.

Re-emerging from Satsuki’s room soon after, the sisters made their way down the hall towards the kitchen. Despite looking like she had been stuffed into her outfit, Satsuki still received the typical bows of respect as she passed her servants. The staff’s manners faltered slightly as they noticed the wide skirt wrapped around Ryuko’s waist. A few were daring enough to glance at the hotheaded woman to get a look at the fabric getting sucked up by her rear, only to be turned away by the furious look on her face.

Reaching the kitchen, the sisters found they had the place to themselves. Retrieving a pair of cooking aprons, Satsuki handed one to Ryuko while she attempted to put hers on. The string on the back ended up a few inches short of being tied together. Struggling to cover the last bit of distance, Satsuki found success as Ryuko abandoned her own apron to help bridge the gap.

“Thank you,” Satsuki said, adjusting her apron.

“Yeah, yeah,” Ryuko replied, turning around to present her own untied string. “Just get this thing together so we can start.”

“Very well.” Grasping the two ends of the string, Satsuki carefully tied them together to avoid another clothing malfunction. “There that should do it.”

“Alright, where do you want me to start?”

“First, we need to gather up all of the ingredients needed to make those croquettes of yours.”

“Can do,” Ryuko replied, wandering off towards one of the many fridges. “I’ll grab the butter while you get the bread crumbs.”

Grimacing as remembered the dizzying amount of butter Ryuko had written down on the ingredients list, Satsuki made her way to the cupboard. Coming back out with a can of bread crumbs, she placed it on the counter and turned to check on her sister. Her eyes went wide as she watched Ryuko shuffling towards her with a five-layered cake carefully balanced in her hands.

“Ryuko, you were supposed to get the ingredients.”

“I was going to,” Ryuko began, gently placing the cake on the counter, “but then I found this.”

“That must be a leftover from the party that got cancelled last week,” Satsuki remarked.

“Then no one would mind if we have a taste, right?”

“No, but we do have to consider our calorie intake to avoid further-“

Sliding her finger along the top of the cake, Ryuko sampled the frosting. “Mmmmm, tastes even better than it looks.”

Satsuki adopted the scornful look that called back to her days at the academy. “What do you think you’re doing?”

“Calm down, I’m just having a little taste,” Ryuko replied, baring a smirk that brought up memories of their first meeting. “You said no one would mind, so why not?”

“Because we are trying to get rid of these,” Satsuki announced, bouncing her open palm against her gut. “If we keep eating like pigs, we’re going to end up bigger than-“

Satsuki was silenced via a handful of cake being shoved in her mouth. The delicious wad of sweetness nearly offset the rage she felt as she watched Ryuko pull her icing coated hand away. Rather than attempt to scold her sister for the act of defiance, she instead grabbed her own handful of cake and pressed it against Ryuko’s face. Showing off a playful smirk thought impossible for someone like her, Satsuki pulled away her hand to grab more ammo as she watched her sister do the same.

The pair got into a heated battle that harkened back to their old rivalry. Each of them took turns shoving cake into each other’s maw, spreading icing across their faces and splattering it against their aprons. Between the hints of playful laughter, the sweetness that covered their taste buds beckoned them to stop every few moments to shove some of the cake into their own mouths.

Getting down to the final two layers, the sisters stopped their fighting entirely so they could focus on devouring what was left. Attacking the sweet stack like a pair of wild animals, they paid little mind to the newly formed tears appearing in their clothing to make way for their swelling bodies. It was only once Satsuki had snatched the platter away did the two of them stop. Sliding her tongue along the leftover icing, she let the platter drop on the counter as she massaged her swollen belly. The clang of metal against the marble countertop was enough to bring a moment of clarity of what she had just done.

“Didn’t think you had it in you,” Ryuko commented as she licked icing from between her fingers.

“I...don’t know what came over me,” Satsuki said, glancing at the mess spread across her apron.

“Must have been pretty hungry,” Ryuko said. “If you have a bit more room, I did notice a platter of cupcakes in the same fridge that no one will probably miss.”

Tapping her fingers against her gut, Satsuki found herself compelled by the lingering sweetness on her tongue and the expectant look on her sister’s face. Licking the leftover cake from her lips, she stomped off after Ryuko to claim the platter of cupcakes for themselves. No one said they couldn’t put off starting their new diet until next day.

Shivering as he realized his destination, the pizza delivery boy hauled the first stack of pizza boxes from his car and made his way up the stairs towards the Kiryuin estate. Ringing the doorbell, his mind flashed back to the images of the imposing Ragyo Kiryuin and her daughter. Wondering if this had all been an elaborate plan to get human guinea pigs for some kind of life fiber experiment, he jumped back from the door as it swung open.

Having to squeeze between the double doors, Sastuki greeted the delivery boy with only a white bath robe to keep her modest. The fear that had been plaguing the man was replaced with confusion as he looked upon the heavysset, 400-pound figure that Satsuki had taken on over two months of indulgent feasting. The most evident change was her portly stomach, her belly button mere inches away from slipping out of the confines of her robe. Her hair helped to cover up part of her hefty bosom, although that didn’t stop the delivery boy’s eyes from wandering towards her deep cleavage. Lost in trying to comprehend how the wide hips and plush rear belonged to the same, stern woman, the delivery boy hastened to stand up straight before he faced retribution.

“D-delivery for Kiryuin Satsuki,” he said, presenting the stack. “S-sorry for being five minutes late.”

Accepting the stack of pizza boxes and balancing it against her pudgy, Satsuki lifted off the top to inspect the mass of cheese, sauce, and meat. “Is this all?”

“There’s more in the trunk, Ms. Kiryuin.”

Satsuki paused for a moment, tapping her fingers against the pizza box. Closing the lid, she set it aside on a table near the door and began waddling towards the stairs. “Come along then,” she said back to the pizza boy. “I’ll help you get it inside.”

The delivery gained a moment of clarity. “Wait, don’t you have servants for that?”

“I gave them a day off,” Satsuki replied, grabbing two more stacks of pizza from the car. “Come along now. I’m sure you have more orders to get to tonight.”

“Yes, mam,” the pizza boy said, rushing over to help her get the pizza boxes out.

It took several trips, but the two of them managed to get the pizza boxes inside and stacked onto a food cart. Graciously accepting a more than generous tip from Satsuki, the delivery man took his leave and drove off with an almost completely emptied out car.

Grabbing hold of the cart, Satsuki proceeded to push it through the halls. It felt strange traversing the corridors of the mansion without the staff, feeling like she was walking through a ghost town. She didn’t regret her decision of giving them the time off, grateful for all their hard work. Besides, it wasn’t like she was alone.

Pulling open the door to the entertainment room, Satsuki found Ryuko in the exact same place she left her on the couch. Her sister was dressed in a similar robe as hers and taking up half the cushions with her chunky rear. Ryuko seemed hypnotized by the television screen, helping herself to what remained of the bowl of popcorn balanced atop her doughy gut. Lifting the bowl

to her mouth to drink up the leftover puddle of butter sent drops cascading down her three chins to be lost between her bountiful bosom. Letting the empty bowl bounce off her pudgy belly, she moved to lick her fingers clean until she noticed her sister standing in the doorway.

“Oh sweet,” Ryuko commented, making room on the couch as Satsuki rolled in the collection of pizza. “What kind did you get?”

“As you suggested,” Satsuki said, squeezing next to her sister with a collection boxes in her hand, “one of each.”

“Now you’re talking. I’ll get the movie started and we’ll dig in.”

Hitting the play button on the DVD player, Ryuko laid back in her seat and helped herself to a greasy slice of deluxe pizza to start things off. Not to be outdone, Satsuki opened her mouth wide to swallow a slice overloaded numerous types of meat. Engrossed in the movie, the pair continued to work their way through their collection of pizza. Overtime, Satsuki’s stack of emptied out boxes began to catch up to Ryuko’s own. By the time the credits began to roll, they had finished off the entire collection of pizza with Satsuki two boxes ahead of her sister.

“That really hit the spot,” Ryuko said, massaging her overburdened belly. “Up for some dessert?”

“We have eaten quite a lot already,” Satsuki began to say, her doubt dismissed by glancing at Ryuko tapping her fingers against her ravenous stomach. “Although I suppose a serving of brownies wouldn’t hurt.”

“Sounds like a plan.” Taking a few attempts to free herself from the couch, Ryuko managed to get herself standing. “I’ll get the food while you find something to watch.”

“Very well,” Satsuki said, fishing her pudgy hand between the cushions until she found the remote.

Changing the input to the TV broadcast, Satsuki's mood was immediately ruined by the sight of her mother's face on the screen. It was an update on the recovery efforts to fix the destruction she had brought to the world. As the reporters recited the crimes and history of Ragyo, they pulled up an old picture of her standing alongside a younger version of Satsuki. She stared at her old self with distaste, taking note of the prim and proper dress her mother had forced onto her. Seeing the woman's fingers placed upon her head, feeling the strands of hair she had meticulously grown and styled to live up to her family's reputation, Satsuki clenched her fingers and came to a decision.

"Ryuko," Satsuki said, heaving herself off the couch, "delay the brownie order. I have something else I want to do first."

"Awww come on. Are you going on about that diet thing again?"

"No," Satsuki replied, shuffling out into the hallway. Grasping Ryuko's hand she started walking towards her bedroom. "I just think it's time for a long overdue makeover."

The bright and sunny day that graced the town should have been the ideal place for Mako to reunite with her best friend after a long three months. To celebrate the meetup, she had gone out of her way to pick out a cute white blouse alongside a pair of purple shorts. The usually energetic girl found herself messing with her bowl cut, brown hair in an attempt to keep calm as she waited longer and longer. Worried about what could have happened to Ryuko, she paced back and forth until she heard a set of heavy footsteps.

Turning towards the source of the noise, Mako's jaw dropped as she beheld her best friend waddling towards her. The months of excess food and lack of exercise had left their mark on Ryuko in a deluge of fat packed onto her body. Waddling her 600-pound self towards Mako,

Ryuko's gut peeked out beneath her white shirt to show off her fat rolls and belly button. Her old black jacket was stretched across her torso, the collar flanking her pair of luscious, melon-like breasts. As Ryuko got closer, Mako had to lean over to see past her enormous butt barely contained by her jeans. Doing a double take to make sure she wasn't being thrown off by the sight of Ryuko's blubbery legs, Mako tried to comprehend if the person she saw walking behind her was who she thought it was.

Satsuki hurried to catch up to Ryuko, hauling just as much, if not more, weight than her. Her usual attire of military-like uniforms had been traded out for a white blouse that encompassed her chunky torso, while leaving just enough room for her breasts and belly to constantly shake. Taking her gaze away from the long, turquoise skirt that curtained Satsuki's impressive backside brought Mako's attention to one of the more radical changes to the former student president.

A softer expression made up Satsuki's face, helped along by her multiple chins and a pair of wide-rimmed glasses balanced against her chubby cheeks. The most glaring difference was that her hair had been drastically cut short, the tips only reaching as far as her thick neck. It was the kind, warm smile on Satsuki's face that truly threw off Mako, unable to recall the last time she had ever seen the stern woman happy.

"Mako, are you alright?" Ryuko asked.

"Ryuko-chan what happened to you two?"

"Oh, me and sis spent some time hanging out and eating really good food at her place," Ryuko explained.

"Sis?" Mako asked, only more confused.

“Sorry to interrupt, but we need to hurry,” Satsuki pointed out. “My research said the restaurant fills up very fast during the busy hours.”

“Crap I totally forgot,” Ryuko said, slapping her pudgy hand against her forehead. “We better get a move on.”

Ryuko began waddling off with renewed vigor with Satsuki following close behind. Taking a moment to break free of the trance of watching the girthy girl’s jiggling bodies, Mako took off running after them. The many questions about what had happened between the two of them vanished as she saw the cheerful expressions on their faces. Copying the expression, Mako hurried to keep pace with the pair of sisters who had grown close over their love of delicious food.