

A Job for this Useless Goddess



While walking to the guild hall, Aqua thought back to the note which Kazuma had unceremoniously left on her sleeping face.

“I can’t continue to support a useless, alcoholic, lazy goddess. Get off your ass and go find some work or you’ll be sleeping outside.”

The quest money had run out.

Aqua had drunk away her share of the profits and there wasn’t a scrap of food left in the house as a result. She dusted off her skirt and straightened her bow and hoped to god that an easy quest was available that she could do alone.

“I’m sorry, but there’s nothing that an arch priest could safely handle without at least one other party member to assist you. Someone has to drag the corpse back home, you see.”

Since it came to this, she did have one final weapon of last resort up her sleeve. The tears of a goddess were powerful things and she knew full well that making herself as pathetic as possible did often yield good results. The sight of a grown woman bawling and having a tantrum in public was certainly not beneath her as she raised her balled fists in preparation.

“Rather than take a quest, why don’t you take on a part time job? We have a new opening at the guildhall restaurant.”

Aqua lowered her fists and leaned forward intently.

“After the whole...flooding the town incident...you and your party caused, we had to rebuild using the money which would have been given to your party. That included hiring a bunch of new staff. Unfortunately, a lot of them seem to be Axis City devotees to the goddess Aqua who has recently decreed that their goddess is opposed to wasting any sort of food. This also includes charity and over indulgence as a measure of piety.”

The goddess Aqua had not recalled making any such decrees, but decided to roll with it because it sounded profound. The smug smile she wore on her face would have been confusing to the guild master had she bothered to take notice.

“So, I’m sure you can appreciate the conundrum we have here. To be a profitable business we need to ensure a variety of foods are available to order. Many of them take a lot of time to prepare before we even open our doors, but not all of it gets sold. As such, your job would be to help around the kitchen and deliver orders but also to ensure that any excess were taken care of.”

This sounded all far too good to be true! Free food AND money? Truly this was divine intervention if there ever was a finer example.

“When do I start?” Aqua beamed.

“You can start right now if you like.”

The guild master tossed her an apron and led her into the back room. Smells and flavors of all manners of food washed over her senses.

The new chefs and waitresses all had a distinctly ‘intense’ kind of stare to them as they watched Aqua walk through the kitchen. Many of them seemed to have piles of application forms for the Church of Aqua hidden on their person, which their hands instinctively seemed to hover towards. Little did they know that it was their Goddess who was going to be testing them that afternoon.

“Alright, bring me all your unsold wares and your finest bottle of alcohol! I’ll show you how to live up to your Goddess’ decree!”

Aqua knew the intensity her followers had for her and if they wanted to catch up to her, they would have to run. She wasted no time making demands one after the other as she gobbled down each uneaten plate of food that was put before her. The end of the shift meant that she only had to go through at least half a dozen dishes and two bottles of wine which was something akin to a reasonable feast. By the end of it all, she felt quite stuffed but well within her limits. So impressed by the display were her followers that they advanced her a little money for her piety and devotion. It was hardly a dent in her cumulative debt, but at least she could buy groceries and earn the right to be let back in.

Kazuma and the others were quite impressed that her first day had gone so well. Expecting a show of tears and whiny excuses, they were shocked to see Aqua simply deposit the bags of food on the table before politely excusing herself to her room. Collapsing back into bed almost as soon as she came home, the other members of the party were equally surprised that she had slept right through dinner. Aqua awoke the following morning, absolutely ravenous but more excited than ever to begin her next day of work.

“Free food, free worship and all the booze I can drink! Maybe I’ll quit being an adventurer for a while and let them appreciate my absence! We’ll see how useless they are without me!”



Consistency was never Aqua's strong suit. Her boasting about providing exactly one meal's worth of groceries quickly overstayed its welcome and was quickly becoming an annoyance to her other party members. While genuinely proud of her minimal effort, using it as an excuse not to do anything after she waddled her way back home was the more practical implication. She woke up early and went to bed early on most days but was now finding time to fit dinner into her schedule too. Her net positives were quickly turning into a break even scenario where the only one who benefited was her belly.

In the face of her new criticism, she decided that she would at least cook for everyone every once in a while. The staff at the restaurant were more than happy to provide her with a surplus of goods which she attempted to form into something palatable. This of course hinged entirely on the condition that she leave not a single crumb uneaten regardless of how they turned out.

The results were more immediately apparent as her bravado was only matched by her carelessness which resulted in a variety of unsaleable goods. She knew that she was employed to literally eat the unsold profits, but the mountain of failures she seemed to be stacking up on a daily basis was greatly expanding her total intake.

Whenever she had to feast on something sweet, she craved something salty. Whenever she had something savory she wanted a bit of zest or tang. Aqua's pallet expanded along with her waistline over the gradual weeks and the inevitable after effects began to manifest themselves.

Her followers, ever impressed by her sense of dedication yet completely oblivious to whom they were inadvertently fattening up, took to praising her as she lay in gluttonous agony. While the average goddess did appreciate the presence of devoted followers, Aqua took it upon herself to absolutely revel in their adoration. The more she ate, the more they praised her and the more she wanted to impress.

Already stuffed to the gills with unsold meat buns, she felt a sudden and familiar craving surging from deep within. She heaved herself to her feet and chased down her gluten filled treats with even more carbohydrate loaded cupcakes, each coated in a thick blue frosting.

These were the only things she had managed to make so far which were at least mildly enjoyable and served as the slight flicker of hope to imbue herself with the skills to create rather than simply devour.

“If those guys don’t appreciate me then maybe I’ll stay here and learn how to cook such an amazing feast they’ll just beg me to come home! Just you wait and see!”



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Moving into the guildhall had an explosive effect on Aqua's appetite as well as her figure. Without the already limited exercise she was getting waddling to and from the mansion, she had established a streamlined path towards ensuring her every calorie that went past her lips was also housed in more permanent quarters across her body's real estate.

Day in and day out, she ate, and cooked and ate some more. Her belly itself started to feel like it was almost as large as her room and yet she could feel it tingle for more. Her brain had started to associate the pain of over fullness with a sense of fulfillment and struggled to grasp the concept of being even only 'partially' full. In Spite of her best efforts, she began to understand how Darkness must feel, shuddering slightly at the thought of being in the same boat as the party's resident masochist crusader. Thoughts of her friends and how they must be doing filled her mind as she drifted to sleep and awaited the next day's stuffing.

The next day, Aqua woke up starving. She had decided that today was the day she would graduate from sweets onto savories and at least get a good, meaty stew under her culinary skills. In order to get there though, she would have to sample the restaurant's finest and made no small effort in selecting the largest helping of the most calorie laden cuisine they had. It was any wonder how she had managed to eat so much on top of her daily unsold offerings but somehow she managed and it felt incredibly fulfilling.

Her food-induced comas were often dreamless but unfortunately carried the side effect of wiping the flavors from her mind's eye. Aqua quickly found herself being locked into another pattern as she would have to sample the same dish over and over again just to try and identify one ingredient while promptly forgetting to write down her latest insight. Several more weeks of this would come to pass before she decided that she had what she needed to finally make her own attempt, spurred on only by a familiar tingly feeling of satisfaction and enjoyment as she waddled her way to the kitchen.

Aqua's belly sloshed with liquid meals as she gathered up the ingredients. A simple meat and vegetable stew however was quickly waylaid by unopened bags of sweet frosting and caramelized sugar that she ran into as she poked a pudgy finger through the cupboard. There was no question as to what she should do here as she dug in and gobbled it down until she again almost felt like she would explode. Passing out and waking up intermittently meant that a 20 minute meal to make stretched on for most of the day with frequent abandoning and restarting over the days that were still to come.

By the time Aqua had finally gotten everything boiling away in the pot, she had swollen to an incredible size. The staff of the restaurant had been keeping an eye out for her efforts and in spite of all her failures, were genuinely thrilled by signs of her finally starting to succeed at something. Their prayers had been answered by the very goddess they had been hoping would help herself.

The goddess of ironies however was not a fan of such "avant garde" practices however and saw it fit to ensure that just enough of a loose cobblestone was poking up through the ground that she would catch her foot on it as she moved in to deliver the final taste test. With much of it on the ground and entirely unsaleable, the remnants of the large cast iron pot would soon find its way into the swelling water goddess' ravenous belly like a rising tide of food and fantasy.



As Aqua continued to gobble everything that was put in front of her, she became more and more aware of just how much of those contributions were directly related to her failures. She was almost constantly eating now, from the instant that her chubby feet hit the floor to final moments of the day before she rolled her enormity into bed. She had suspected that she might have been getting a bit chubby but now she was sure of it.

“Another wonderful job today, lady Aqua! We look forward to your services again tomorrow!”

Aqua could only nod and wave before she made her way back to her room; her journey accompanied by a symphony of creaky floorboards.

Time passed with each day much like last as any attempts to persuade herself to engage in even the remotest amount of exercise was quashed by an eager waitress ready to serve her up any leftovers which had been ‘missed’ the night before. She had graduated from the fresh meats to at least day old bread, which was often accompanied by a stew to soften them up, all of which the water goddess dug into like a hungry hound. Whenever she ate she felt her mind drift into the realm of the automatic as one serving soon became ten. By the eleventh, she had consumed most of the breakfast rush leftovers which gradually transitioned into lunch meals without her even noticing.

It had taken gradually more and more food, but she always eventually reached that feeling of being so absurdly stuffed. A belly packed solid underneath all that wobbly fat demanded her attention as she allowed herself a chance to massage her belly in order to make room for more.

The feel of her softness against her fingertips was rather inspirational as her post lunch nap had imbued her with a renewed desire to be ‘helpful’ in the kitchen once again. Baking bread certainly looked easy enough and could be accomplished in Aqua’s mind by enough kneading and waiting around.

It was a sure thing.

She descended the stairs at the busiest time of the day, much to the surprise of the waitstaff. She had rarely been seen outside of her room for a while now and with so many orders flying out of the kitchen at breakneck pace, there wasn't a moment for them to try and dissuade the gung-ho goddess from her new goal. She waddled her way into the kitchen and allowed her nose to guide her to the in house bakery.

“Outta the way! Let me show you how it's done!”

The hip check she delivered to a junior baker was entirely unintentional, but completely unavoidable at her new girth. She grabbed hold of the dough and forced her weight down onto the floured surface.

“See! Now I can help! I'm not just good at eating you know!”

Aqua beamed the smile only the most self assured fools could muster as she lay into the dough like it was her own belly. Part of her belly was actually overflowing onto the tabletop and getting covered in a light dusting of flour. The further she leaned to roll the dough, the more she got herself intertwined with it as her belly congealed into the sticky mass.

“Wait, I can fix this!”

Attempting to separate her softness from that of the unshaped loaf proved more troublesome than anticipated without first having dusted her hands. The more she pushed into the sticky mass, the more she entangled herself, sending bits and pieces flying about the kitchen as she forcefully attempted to tug herself free.

“Oh, silly me! This just needs a little water!”

Magic may have been Aqua's forte, but her limiting herself was not. It was like turning on a faucet which only came in 'party trick' size and 'deluge'. She gave that metaphorical handle a literal spin as the purest of water rocketed from her fingertips.

On one hand, it did solve her problem as the stickiest of dough no longer clung to her belly or any part of her body. The only problem was it now clung to the walls of the kitchen as well as the faces and clothes of any waitstaff who had been unfortunate enough to be caught in the blast zone.

The Axis church were known for their tenacity but when faced with someone as equally infuriating, their dogged patience was starting to wear thin. The guilty goddess was forcefully pushed out of the kitchen and back up the stairs along with several trays of waterlogged meals which they hoped would keep her occupied for the rest of the evening...



Aqua had come to a conclusion.

The problem wasn't so much that she couldn't cook well, but rather that she was playing to her strengths instead of supplementing her weaknesses.

She had very few weaknesses that she could think of, but if water magic was her natural strength, then clearly the element of fire had to be her most obvious limitation when it came to expanding her vast array of talents.

The thought made her belly quiver with anticipation as she spooned a big bowl of uneaten caramel frosting into her mouth. She was already so stuffed from that morning's uneaten dishes but she was determined to push herself even more. Some of the food she was being given had barely a bite taken out of it before it had been discarded. She couldn't imagine why the kitchen wouldn't just replace the missing piece before throwing the entire thing away.

Her bowl now empty, Aqua lumbered across her pillowy thighs as she rose off her bed. The wooden legs creaked as the structure bowed beneath her enormity. The very sound of her getting up was enough to alert the most astute members of the kitchen staff who quickly rushed up to her room with literal buckets worth of food in an attempt to impede her progress out the door. The goddess munched through her offerings like the eating machine she had become.

A half minute delay for a stack of biscuits, another for the bucket of gravy that followed and still the rumble approached the stairs. The pace at which most girls would have been put into a food induced coma, only stoked the flames of her desire to help even a little as one flabby thigh clapped against the other as she made her way down each creaky step.

Blubbery doom inevitably approached the kitchen as fretful chefs searched for something, ANYTHING which might sate her for even a moment in hopes of bringing down the very monster they had created. They heard heavy breathing as she hit the bottom step, resting for a moment to fill her burning lungs with air before the familiar scraping of her gigantic hips against plastered walls signaled that she was turning.

*“Hey...everyone! *huff* I’m coming...to help you!!”*

The final doorways to the kitchen was the final defense as she bumped squarely into the narrow frame. It was a mistake she was making more and more as she got wider and rounder and would only buy them a precious few minutes as she attempted to navigate herself at different angles rather than taking the obvious route of sucking in her gut and moving sideways.

There was only one thing left to do.

*“*Oof* You know...were these doors always...so narrow *huff* maybe you should...hire a...”*

Simmering pots and steamy dishes were all that were there to greet her as the goddess of gorging finally squeezed her way through to the very heart of her food hub. Not a single employee was to be seen. Aqua caressed her blubbery cheeks with a pair of pudgy fingers as she pondered where they might have gone.

“I guess they’re just out making a supply run. After how wasteful they’ve been, it’s only natural. I’ll show them that I can run things until they get back all by myself.”

The hiss and crackles of fish grilling on an unattended frying pan immediately caught her attention. It smelled so wonderful as it was, but there was nothing which couldn’t be improved with a goddess’ touch.

“I know just how to give this the flavor kick it needs!”

Aqua had seen Darkness use wine plenty of times to spice up their meals at home and if there was anything which she felt was almost secondary to her command of water, was her mastery over alcohol. Her pudgy fingers wrapped themselves around the closest bottle she could find.

“Hmm, there’s no wine but this rum should do nicely! Just a little splash of...”

Alcohol content never concerned Aqua before, but there was a notable difference in percentage which she had quickly discovered as the bottle’s contents hit the greasy pan. A fireball of immense proportions erupted before her eyes, almost scorching them as she threw herself back to instinctively avoid the blast. It was all she could to keep her mass from tipping backwards as she panicked.

“Water! Um...uh...small amount...um...CREATE WATER!”

Learning from her previous mistake was a first for Aqua and would have been something noteworthy had she not created several more in the process. The cascading water from her fingertips pooled across the metal saucepan and left a fiery trail that spread across the stove and wooden counter tops. Her eyes widened in horror at the molten mess she had created.

“Oh crap, oh crap, oh crap!”

Without any other magic up her sleeve, and being far too large to make a run for it, the goddess was down to her final option.

“When all else fails, stomp on it!”

She hurled herself against the flaming counter top and knocked it over with ease. Food and fire hit the stone floor with a thud but thankfully did not spread any further. Aqua heaved her bulk over the dying embers as she brutally slammed a flabby foot into the oily mess she had made. Her thighs burned as they rubbed together and jostled with all the might of falling redwoods as she lifted and pounded away over and over again until only ashes lay beneath them.

Out of breath and out of energy, she inspected the scorched remains of the grilled fish which was now little more than smoldering remains.

*“This may be...a little harder...*huff*...than I thought...”*



It had been a few days since the chefs had arrived at Kazuma's door in a panic before he had bothered to make a move. Their cries and pleading fell upon deaf ears as he simply reminded them that she was 'their problem now.'

It had taken a guildhall summons threatening to revoke his adventuring license for failure to comply with guild requests before he would listen to reason.

"I knew she would screw up again."

Darkness and Megumin were quick to push him out the door before he could come up with more excuses, leading the three of them to approach the restaurant side of the guild hall. The acrid smell of burnt 'something', intertwined with the sickening sweetness of alcohol permeated the air as they pushed their way through the large double doors to the kitchen.

"Kazumaaaaaaa....everyone...it's all going so wrong! WAAAAAHHHH!!"

The deluge of tears which flowed down her rounded cheeks was nothing to the greedy mass of round, stretched and drooping rolls of fat which accentuated the tight folds of Aqua's colossal body. How she had managed to get so fat in such a short time frame was simply beyond their understanding but somehow she had managed it.

"What did you-"

Kazuma felt himself sink into her pale, sagging stomach as she lumbered forward to shake him.

“I dried cooking budibessed up so I used alcohol but I don't do anything on fire and I don't”

“Slow down! And get off me! Your face is gross and you're getting snot all over me!”

Aqua absolutely reeked of alcohol. She wiped her snotty nose on her bare arm and breathed in before delivering her fractured tale once again.

“You see...I-I...was cooking...but then fire...and then people got mad...and they tried to get me upstairs...but I broke through the floor...so they put me back here...and they feed me the burnt things...and now I can't get out because I'm so biiiiigggggg!”

Aqua's enormous body shuddered as she started to bawl once again. Along with her great size, she seemed entirely capable of producing tremendous amounts of body fluid as tears rolled thick and heavy down her double chins.

Her outfit, which had somehow grown to keep up with her up to this point, was reaching its limits as the divine magic which held it together strained underneath the new rolls of flesh which accosted her from every angle.

“So, you've become a human garbage disposal, is that right? God, that's a new low even for you.”

“Please Kazuma! You gotta help me! I keep eating and eating but they say I owe them so much for all the food I destroyed that I'll be stuck here months, eating all the waste! I'm so fat I can't go through the doors and it's far too much for me to handle! I'll be some kind of water goddess blimp if you don't help me!”

“Forget it, I'm not attracting any more debt because of you. You ate your way into this mess, you can eat your way out of it!”

The room shook as Aqua stomped her flabby feet up and down like a gargantuan toddler as she continued her terrible tantrum. It was getting far too much for Darkness or Megumin to bear. The lady knight was the first to step forward.

“You and this establishment may be from the Axis sect, but a knight of Eris cannot turn her back on a teammate in need. You have my sword and my appetite at your disposal.”

“Darkness...”

Megumin tipped the brim of her wizard hat low over her eyes. She did not want Aqua to see the crimson sparkle in them as she eyed her enormously, well-endowed chest.

“Truth be told, Kazu-trash hasn't been feeding us very well at home either. We've been so broke that we're down to half a meal per day... among all three of us!”

“Megumin...”

Aqua immediately began to perk up. She took the two girls by the hand and held them against her flabby belly.

“I knew I could count on you guys! If Kazuma doesn’t wanna help us, we can do this all on our own! We just need to clear out the remaining food and we’ll have this debt done in a jiffy!”

Both of them sunk into her eager softness as Aqua draped a flabby arm over her teammates’ shoulders and directed them into the open pantry. It was a move she had made partly to solidify their camaraderie but mostly because she was getting tired standing on her own. Rather than get annoyed for having her undermine him in front of everyone again, he instead thought to ask the simple question which the others had failed to ask before deciding on what to do.

“How much do you owe the guild anyway?”

“Well, I ruined almost everything...so...I was told I could go once we empty out the city storehouse.

Megumin and Darkness froze. A shudder of understanding went up their still slender spines. Kazuma sighed and turned to leave.

“I’ll be waiting with my forklift license when you’re done.”

“What is this, ‘forklift’ ” Megumin and Darkness asked hesitantly as the gravity of their agreement settled in, together with the vastness of Aqua’s size.

“I did all this in about a month, but with three of us, we’ll get all this food put away in at least half that time! It should only take us about another month or two!”

Megumin and Darkness could only wonder just how useless they would become by the end of summer as Aqua set about the kitchen, gathering spoiled ingredients to make their first of many meals.



With a hint of disdain, Megumin and Darkness waddled their way out of the kitchen, cradling their enormous bellies in hand. Aqua simply folded up her arms and continued snacking.

“Fine! Have it your way.”

She knew that her creative vision as the new head chef would rub others the wrong way. That had to be the case when it was clearly not her fat spilling out from very conceivable aspect of her dress and onto the table and other ingredients that was the problem. She could have kept her side rolls from spilling out as she waddled around the kitchen to do her duties, but why should that get in the way of her taste testing duties?

Aqua decided to instead press on, grabbing a nearby mixing bowl whose contents she greedily ‘sampled’. Megumin’s concerns with her using the ‘same spoon’ for every bowl and Darkness’ complaints of her ‘consuming’ rather than ‘tasting’ were clearly unfounded. By rights of how much space she occupied, these were her kitchen where her rules were law.

Her solution to such problems was a very simple one, either create a whole extra portion just for her to have with each order or make the customer portions smaller. Of course, she preferred the former, but charging the same for less ingredients meant that she could also pay her debt faster and was a sacrifice she was willing to endure. They could not understand what it was like to have your poor belly grumbling all the time and threatening to eat itself if you did not comply.

“The things I do for some people, and after they said they would help me...”

Aqua's feet ached underneath her enormous mass but her lust for food had kept her going. To this end, she was sure she was 'working hard' as she equated the physical strain to her previous jobs in the labor industry. Working up a good sweat was always a sign of productivity and in her case, she was very productive indeed.

"Now where's that Kazuma with the grocery run! I'll have to get him to take over cooking since I can't rely on those two anymore."

It was clear to see that Aqua loved the feeling of gorging herself, testing the limits of what a pig she could be as she slowly converted her debt into soft, jiggling fat. She loved it when her party members were initially so gung-ho about stuffing her to the gills, attempting to make as big a dent in her payments as possible by satisfying her urges to grow full to overflowing. Lately though, their attitudes had become a bit less focused on her as Darkness and Megumin's own gains started to take precedent which further divided Kazuma's attention as he attempted to keep up with the orders for all the girls.

Unable to find her tasting spoon, Aqua instead licked her fingers with an audible smack as she cradled the half finished bowl of offerings which Darkness had left behind. If only they could understand things from her perspective, then maybe they wouldn't challenge her authority any further.

For the first time in a while, Aqua's limited intellect sparkled to life as she contemplated possibilities outside of her next meal.

"There has got to be another way..."



Aqua was a simple person and as such, her plan was also simple.

The restaurant needed business and business needed workers and she was the only one working. Normally, such a plan would have integral components to it such as paying workers, advertising or acquiring raw ingredients, but that would take far too many steps.

No, her new and improved business plan would skip straight to the profit section through her own force of will and the greatest business strategy she could muster; the fear of missing out.

By her calculations, there was enough food in that larder following Kazuma's departure to last for a few weeks for paying patrons or at least a few days if it was all just for her. She would cook up a storm of halfway decent meals with wafting aromas which she could fan out and around the city, keeping them as exclusive as possible. She would then waddle out into the dining area and eat them in front of anyone passing by like a showcase of fattening treats.

Keeping the meals limited to a few servings a day would generate demand, by which she would trade them, not for money, but for home cooked meals made by others. Some of that she would trade on towards others, but the majority she would eat in exclusive window-side sessions where she would moan and praise every delicious bite like it was the greatest thing on earth.

The food would come and she would eat. She would grow and obtain more food to feed those around her and so the cycle would continue.

Aqua's hands absentmindedly rested atop her burgeoning belly as she grinned to herself, caressing her uppermost fold like a super villain stroked a Persian cat.

It was the perfect scheme which she was certain no human would have ever come up with.

She set herself to work starting with a simple batch of cookies.

Groggy and slightly full from the night before after much taste testing, one batch of cookies had finally lasted long enough to complete the cooking process. Aqua's enormous belly rumbled as she lumbered her way out of the kitchen and into the dining area.

Two chairs were no longer enough to contain her enormity as she nonchalantly added a third to the most obvious spot by the window looking out. The city's citizens were already hard at work, milling about their day with some in search of breakfast.

They would not find any of that here.

The chairs behind her creaked with an audible groan as she lowered herself onto them and began to undo the large basket of goodies. This was her 'small' serving now which she had taken as a sample. After having stuffed herself non stop with them around the clock the night before, she was certain that she would be sick enough of them to exercise a little more restraint.

The saliva building up in her mouth would suggest otherwise as she watched the steam rise from the basket as she undid the cloth covering. The powerful aroma of cinnamon and brown sugar immediately filled the room and seeped through the cracks in the frost covered glass.

She knew she had to make a show of this and it took every ounce of her willpower to not just gobble them all down on the spot. She took one and gingerly placed it upon her waiting tongue. Whether it was because she was eating in a new location or because she had simply not eaten anything in the last thirty minutes was anyone's guess, but the way it melted in her mouth was heavenly.

Performance art was Aqua's forte but she barely had to expend any effort other than to eat and praise her work. Stares of passers by gradually fell upon the guild restaurant as the enormous arch priest set her gluttony on full display. Most were drawn by morbid curiosity as to why such a woman would get so enormous while others were baffled by how she could even stand.

The whole day carried on with this sort of work as well as nibbling. Up to this point, Aqua had just been stuffing herself for three large meals, but this was the first time in her life that she had ever taken upon constant nibbling. A little bite here and a little bite there, every moment ready to put on a show for anyone who dared peek through the large bay window leading to the street outside. Strangely enough, she never felt full or the urge to go into her post-meal naps to digest the contents of her overstuffed belly.

By the time it came to 'closing', several baskets lay empty against the enormous apron of her belly that sagged almost to her feet. She had eaten 'quite a bit' by her calculations and had attracted the stares of many prospective customers. The sheer implications which such an enormous woman could have on food she clearly enjoyed was not a concept known to many but in time, she would expand her prospects.

She was loving this new plan.



Information leaked and trickled through the city streets as rumors of the largest girl anyone had ever seen began to spread.

“Impossibly huge” some would describe her as.

“Ate an entire roast pig on her own and then wanted more” others would say.

Aqua’s ‘dinner and show’ package, performed up to five times a day, was certainly turning more heads than he had anticipated and so with it, had started to spark a rise in interest for the many delectables she had on offer.

The ‘cookies’ she had produced were little more than flour and water, mixed with a little salt for flavoring and crisped to perfection in the ashes of the fireplace. Mass produced in minutes, she merely had to act as though they were in short supply daily before the citizenry would begin to feel the pinch of potentially missing out.

“Goddess Cakes” as they would become known, started to become a bit of a commodity. Impossibly hard and tasting strongly of coals, many citizens who traded for Aqua’s delicacies preferred to keep them around as trophies to signify their rare acquisition. Some even began to wear them around their necks on a loop of string as it was certainly a far better fate than having to actually eat them.

In exchange, many finer goods were laid out before the goddess just as she had intended. Butter, eggs, cream, milk, meats, vegetables and all manners of spices quickly exchanged hands as she continued to refine her cookies even further. What creamy richness she could combine with the purity of the water she could produce, soon gave way to the rich, luscious taste that she had pretended to be indulging in which only further spurred the exchange of more foodstuffs.

Older cakes were cast down with the caveats of being 'too old' to enjoy as former customers returned yet again for these light and fluffy delights rather than the pounded mess of mashed dough and water they had original once been. Anything that wasn't a cookie was consumed by Aqua more directly as her repertoire of tasty foods expanded alongside her enormity.

Charcoal quickly turned to yellow gold that flowed rich and free through her body as higher quality ingredients brought about a more rich and addictive flavor. She was no longer acting like she enjoyed them, but was enjoying her cooking in earnest.

The effect of this sheer abundance had an explosive effect on her size as the water goddess continued to grow by leaps and bounds, cramming cookies into her open mouth almost constantly no matter what she had appeared to be doing. Modern comforts such as 'clothing' continued to prove an ongoing scarcity as she struggled to fit all of that burgeoning blubber behind the magically expanded zippers and ties of her divine vestments which even with all their holy might, showed considerable strain as they attempted to keep pace with her ever growing size.

The flames of immobility licked at her heels which were themselves swallowed by the fat of her calves. It wasn't long at all before her great belly apron finally did more than kiss the floor at certain angles as it soon became a permanent fixture of her stately waddle.

Food was coming in thick and fast just as the daily trickle of weight she was gaining continued to flow through her divine figure.

Where there was a trickle, there was a torrent.

And where there was a torrent, there would soon be a flood.



‘Grinding’

Yes, that was the word which Kazuma called it.

Even someone as unskilled as Aqua would gradually learn to refine her skills in the kitchen after repeating the same task day in and day out. In under a week she had created foods which were the talk of the town while expending as little effort as possible to do so.

While no master chef by any measure, she had reached that critical mass of rumor spreading which had seen the rise in value of her “Goddess Cakes” to such a level that people were bartering only the finest things for even a single cookie.

This led to cask after cask of fine wines being delivered to the restaurant doorstep, where Aqua’s chubby fingers would soon extract the bottles of precious alcohol to add to her ‘private stash’ along with the finest of foods. Preparing them the way she liked was far more effort than her enormous body was willing to expend, even with the promises of a sated stomach.

She sat back on at least four stools, which creaked ominously beneath her immensity as she pondered the next part of her master plan. Seasonal food and those with rapidly approaching expiry dates were going to have to go somewhere other than her enormous belly, which ached both from hunger and over fullness at the same time. This was all too much, even for a glutton like her.

“Limited time specials.”

Yes, that was another word she recalled Kazuma mentioning whenever he reminisced about the many games he had left behind. Experimenting by adding simple food stuff to the mix would be sure to generate even more hype and buzz around her cookies and allow for her cheap and easy experimentation. Naturally, she would have to charge a premium on such items, but that was a price point which her belly would decide upon whenever it recovered.

Standing up was such a monumental effort, that Aqua soon found her belly shivering ever so slightly as her belly's lowest roll graced the stony floor with its all consuming presence. It draped over her gargantuan thighs and legs as she waddled about, sending her body into a ripple of motion as she breathlessly attempted to gather the ingredients she would need for her experiment.

A larger girl needed larger snacks. Cookies soon evolved into doughnuts as the fluffy batter was something Aqua felt best suited her new form. Each was as soft, graceful and sweet enough to match the mountains of rolls which adorned her body that it was the only clear choice.

Wine was always something she had on hand and so wine-infused doughnuts would be the new twist on the old favorite. Her flabby fingers danced between the bowl and the bottle's neck which in turn found its way to her own plump lips as her newest batch of freshly deep fried dough turned a lovely rose color. They smelled even more heavenly after she pulled them out of the oven and dumped them onto a cooling tray.

“And now the all important taste test! My favorite part!”

The meagre plateful of sweet treats were meant to sate a regular sized order from the masses, but were hardly a snack for a goddess of her size. Grabbing handfuls of greasy goodness, she crammed them into her waiting mouth as she chewed and swallowed.

Her eyes widened.

She grabbed another handful and chewed some more.

The cycle repeated itself several times, garnered by several more bottles of alcohol which disappeared into her mighty frame as she gently lowered herself to the floor, alongside her belly.

The very act of laying down was one fraught with peril at her size, but Aqua assured herself that she could not fully enjoy her new favorite treat without being able to fully relax. No couch was required as she simply raised her feet up and allowed herself to sprawl out on her own belly which billowed across the kitchen floor like a heavenly cloud.

With every bite she grew. Her hips swelled as she rose a few inches onto her own softness; her great belly surging out even farther forward as she crossed that cusp into immobility. Getting up and around was a problem for future Aqua to deal with as consuming took priority.

She had found her new champion which she welcomed into the grand halls of her celestial body. It would be upon these crumbly bits of flour and butter that she would establish the empire of food she had always dreamed of... at least since starting up this venture.

The wine eventually started to kick in as every inch of flab was soaked in her newly infused creation lulled her to dream some more. She settled into her own blubber, with only the wafting scent of a small batch she had prepared for tomorrow's sale mere inches out of arm's reach.

Her hands, still not satisfied by the small, but highly fattening feed, had other plans...



Whether it was entirely intentional or not, Aqua's quest to shape the future of culinary arts for her own profit had re-sculpted the waistline of almost everyone who entered the rapidly diminishing dining space of the restaurant. Food was her priority now and there was ever more of it each day as the townsfolk rightly traded their goods for hers.

When she wasn't eating she was cooking and when she wasn't cooking, she was sleeping, somehow managing to still eat while staying afloat atop the blubbery mattress of her own body. The strings and glamour of her numerous party tricks allowed her to puppeteer the kitchen's many devices from the most comfortable pillows imaginable while still ensuring she was well fed.

This solution worked well for a time until her flabby fingers grew even too large to demonstrate any semblance of dexterity beyond escorting food from plate to face.

*"Stupid... *munch*... Kazuma... *scoff*... bet you'd... *munch*... love to see... *huff*... how successful... *chomp*... I am... *chew*... without you!"*

With her final semblances of mobility finally reaching their absolute limit, Aqua still had one last trump card left up her skin tight sleeve. She gazed upon her sticky fingers, which still glistened with saliva and frosting, reached for the nearest roll she could, and pinched herself.

"Uuhhh... waaaaaaahhhh!"

Her cries echoed through the restaurant and gave pause to the few patrons who had tried their best to focus on making their purchases without uttering a comment about the mountainous goddess at the center of the room.

Through the many years she had spent having others do the heavy lifting for her, she had learned that none could resist the tears of a lovely maiden. Though in this case, her fat laden cheeks scrunched into puffed balls of blubber which jostled and shook as she hammed up her act.

Fretful patrons, not yet wise to the Goddess' tactics began to approach her, offering her words of comfort and concern. Partly out of unease for how uncomfortable her blubbering had made the atmosphere, and partly out of noticing that the production of her addictive confectioneries had stopped for the first time since opening.

*“Oh... *sniff*...I'm okay really... *sniff*...It's just that... *sniff*...I don't think I could make anymore... *huff*...I've let you all down...”*

She paused for a moment to look through her crocodile tears as the number of people around her started to swell. She resumed her heavy bawling into the crook of her flabby arms as she sprawled out onto the floor.

Every muffled sob sent her blubber wobbling in all directions as she made herself even more pathetic. The awkwardness was magnified further when she reached out for a large cake which a customer had brought into trade which was clearly too far away for her as she fell face first off of the wobbling shelf of her enormous gut and gargantuan breasts. Several customers came to her aid.

Fresh tears erupted from her lightly bruised cheeks as she took the minor pain as a means to spur on the pathetic display. Several more customers helped hoist her back onto the oceanic mass of her belly as another carted the cake into the embrace of her greedy mouth.

“Oh...thank you all...so much! I really...REALLY...needed this.”

Aqua cared little for what others thought of her as she gorged with abandon before her captive audience. It had been almost 10 minutes since she had anything in her mouth and her distress had been palpable for almost a moment. She closed her eyes and beamed happily at her customers as she felt the hunger pangs dissipate for a few minutes more.

“You guys are so great for helping me out! I think you're all really...um...awesome and cool! But you know what would make things even better? If you guys would stay on and help me out for a while longer!”

There was a shuffling of feet as Aqua lurched herself forward, ensuring that her new faithful would be there to try and catch her. She was rewarded by a number of hands, swooping in to push back the overflowing goddess just as she had predicted. The purity of her confections not only made them addictive, but seemed to make people more inclined to help their creator.

Aqua paused to lick her chubby fingers thoughtfully, ensuring that all eyes were on her as she puffed out her chest a few inches further. She had them under her spell of hypnotic jiggling.

“If you do, that would give me much more time to improve the recipe and make the treats you love even better! I just need a few days to focus on the all important taste testing...”



“Maybe we were a little too hard on her...” Darkness mused as she waddled her way through the crowded streets. *“I mean, she is still our friend after all.”*

*“You... *munch*...just want... *munch*...her to give us... *munch*...free food,”* said Megumin bluntly as she took a large bite out of a big bag of goddess cakes.

“Well...I mean it would be nice of her to give us some...We did work for free after all...”

“You mean, you guys freeloaded off the pantry which I had to restock single-handedly,” Kazuma groaned as he dragged a cart full of food behind them. *“Also, why the hell am I the only one pulling this! You two need to get your fat asses over here and help me!”*

“Can’t, too busy eating,” the two girls replied curtly as they crammed more confectioneries past their plump, crumb dusted lips.

Though their journeys away from the store had taken them far and wide, news of how well Aqua’s business plan had exploded with popularity had quickly reached her companion’s ears.

Kazuma, ever worried about their finances, smelled money and a life of luxury on the horizon while Darkness and Megumin could only smell food. The staunch crusader had marveled at the thought of the embarrassment and taunts she would garner from losing her once slender figure to even more fatness while Megumin became more and more convinced that her added mass might further augment her explosion prowess even more.

All had their own ulterior motives as they finally rounded the corner to the guild hall restaurant and braced for the inevitable onslaught of people they would have to fight to reach their tasty wares.

“What the hell is this?”

Much to their surprise, the streets were crowded in each and every direction with the exception of the restaurant itself. Row upon row of stalls with their own vendors selling perfect replicas or knock offs of Aqua's Goddess Cakes stretched as far as the eye could see. Money was exchanging hands as a large crowd of large people bustled about in a state of food fueled commerce.

*"This... *huff*...is.... *huff*...my.... *wheeze*...masterpiece!"*

A looming shadow wheeled its way over the three companions, eclipsing both the doorway to the restaurant and the very sun itself.

Needless to say, Aqua had grown.

"Impressed?" Aqua gasped, cheerfully as she hefted her enormous bulk forward on a makeshift cart that had been built underneath her.

"W-what in the world?"

"No way..."

"God damn it, I knew it."

The goddess beamed a smile the only way a girl her size knew how to; which had actually proven to be quite taxing upon her cheek muscles as they struggled to hold so much extra fat on and around her face.

Double chins wobbled precariously as she pumped her flabby fist in triumph.

*"They all... *huff*...work for me!"* Aqua gasped as she finally caught her breath. This was the most exercise she had undertaken in days and it clearly showed. Her enormous belly shuddered with every spoken word. *"I gave them the recipe and they now do the work for me!"*

"Yeah, but do they give you any of the money?" Kazuma groaned as his thoughts wandered to how all of this could have possibly have gone wrong.

"All in due time," Aqua beamed again, radiating pure, unadulterated confidence. *"Some guys from the traders hall gave me formal documents to sign. It's a fair exchange! Take a look for yourself."*

Aqua fished around in the cavernous depths of her cleavage and withdrew a rolled up scroll which she allowed to tumble down the gentle slope of her enormous gut. Megumin picked up the crumpled parchment which was coated in a thick aroma of butter frosting and gave it a quick scan.

"Did you actually read this thing before you signed it?"

Aqua smirked as she withdrew and bit into a snack cake which had previously been attached to the parchment and had come loose.

"Of course I did! I read it very carefully. It says I get to retain my name and branding in exchange for appropriate share of the total profits. I'm not stupid, you know."

Kazuma groaned as he dropped the cart load of food he had been dragging and gazed upon the parchment over Megumin's meaty shoulder.

"I, Arch Priestess Aqua, do so hereby allow...etc etc....entitled to a sum of the total profits...etc etc...in exchange for a portion of the profit...minus total licensing fees...franchise ownership expansion...etc etc..."

"See, it's a totally fine plan! I've seen such places in Kazuma's home before and I know how this stuff works!"

Kazuma's eyes grew wider for a moment as thoughts of vast profitability swelled within his mind. He could pay off the debt that he owed, open up more shops in other cities and finally live that comfortable lifestyle he always dreamed of. The useless goddess he had dragged along with him to this horrifying world of hardship and terrible adventures would finally see some profitability. He could even rent her out as a bouncy castle or something to earn even more!

"Except for this part here," Kazuma said flatly as he pointed at a cream smeared section of the paper. He could feel his inner voice kicking himself for ever allowing himself to get even slightly hopeful. *"In the section which says 'do not write in this space' you drew a smiley face."*

Darkness leaned over Kazuma's body, sandwiching him between her impressive bust and Megumin's back fat as she too looked over the form.

"Yeah, and there's this big 'null and void' stamp on the bottom because of it."

The shadows only grew deeper around the huddled adventurers as Aqua hefted her bulk over for her own closer inspection. Leaning down at her size was more like a redistribution of her fat as she rolled onto the surface of her immense belly, allowing her arms and legs to freely dangle against her absurdly generous paunch.

"So what do you guys think! Did I do good or what?!"

They hadn't the heart to tell her. Looking at what she had done to herself; the sheer blob of a woman she had become chasing a dream the laziest way possible, had yielded the laziest results. Kazuma quickly weighed the possibilities of what might happen if he upset a woman large enough to crush him simply by rolling forward and thought better of it. They did not make a profit, but did not incur any more debt outside of the sheer bulk of his companions and in all honesty, things could have easily gone much worse.

He placed a hand on Aqua's flabby shoulder and felt himself sink several inches into them alone as his mind swam with ways to focus on his living bouncy castle plan instead.

"That'll do, pig. That'll do."