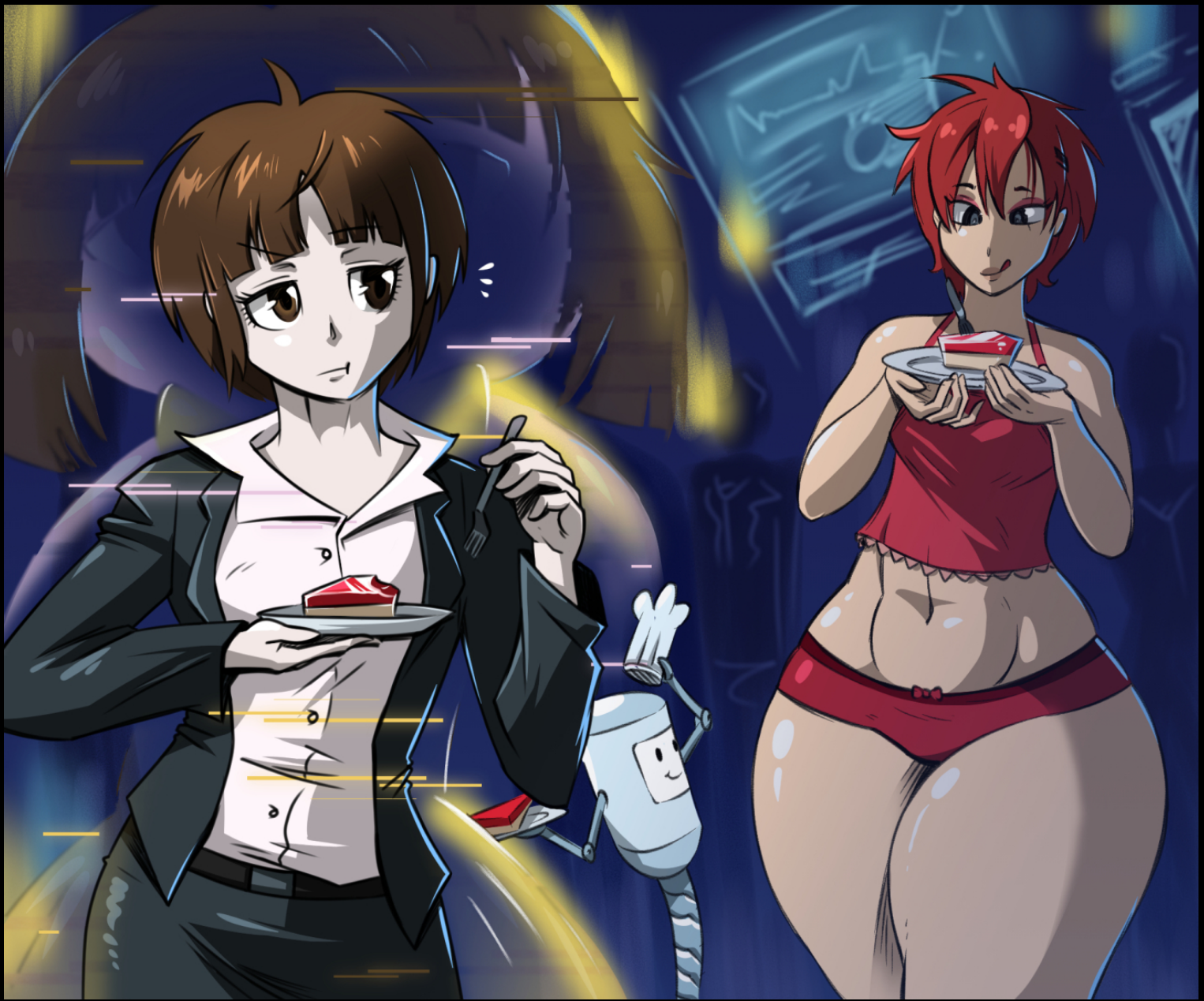


Dealer's Choice - Psycho-Pass WG



“Prevention is better than a cure.”

The Sibyl system was designed for this. Stopping crime before it happened was all possible due to the development of Psycho-Pass technology. In the 22nd century, the world had wholeheartedly embraced the desire to be free of crime and in the process, free from thinking for themselves. From a person's most suited job aptitude to their potential as a latent criminal, mandatory happiness was dispensed whether the population liked it or preferred not to be staring down the barrel of a gun.

Dominators, known more colloquially as the 'eyes' of the Sibyl system, determined who was able to be rehabilitated and who was no longer required to exist. Latent criminals exposed to distressing events could either be paralyzed or disintegrated at the hands of a trained officer; the last human components in an otherwise completely automated system.

“Just scan their Psycho-Pass and pull the trigger if advised. Let the system handle the rest.”

With such rigorous training, only the most emotionally balanced got to be inspectors. Akane Tsunemori was one of those lucky few. Though young and relatively inexperienced compared to her more emotionally unstable co-workers, her unwavering ability to keep her thoughts and Psycho-Pass clear in the face of even the most traumatic of outcomes made her unusually suited to such a taxing job.

It also landed her in the most dangerous undercover mission of her career.

Someone had managed to cheat the system.

Akane had dealt with a similar case before. It was rare that an individual would ever be able to evade detection by such a rigorous system of continuous mental health assessments, but now that gift was spreading. Crime was on the rise again and the automated drones detected only to react to those with criminal intent stood idle while their victims' screams echoed into the night.

Her rigorous investigations had lead her to discover the location of a very heavily secured internet chat room with the date and time of a meet up which boasted absolute security for all parties involved from any prying eyes. It was a direct challenge to the Ministry of Welfare's Bureau of Public Safety or MWBPS for short.

Outside of the major security encryption of the chat, the meeting place and time were fairly easy for a competent inspector to crack. She had infiltrated their ranks and now stood amid their number in a large underground hall located within the heart of the old city's sprawling architecture.

The meeting was a who's who of Internet personalities. Wealthy playboys, viral streamers, those who hit it big in the cryptocurrency spike of 2099 and a wide variety of the city's elite were in attendance beneath their avatar hologram disguises.

Akane took aim with her own noodle-like appendage of her octopus character, her Dominator neatly hidden away beneath a farce of digitized code. It wasn't the most flattering of disguises but it allowed her to scan and identify everyone in the room without being detected. None of them registered even a blip of detected latent criminality.

She knew she was in the right place.

The men and women of this room, aside from rumors surrounding the shady acquisition of their wealth, were all taking part in this event for one reason alone; human trafficking. Akane watched as the societal elite in their suits and sports jackets cheered and whooped like animals as the lights of the hallway dimmed and a parade of svelte young women were paraded out before them. Each one had already been purchased with promises of being transferred to luxurious new homes in exchanges beyond the reach of the Sibyl System. Those without a future were granted hope in the form of willing slavery to masters who promised them a life of extravagance and excess beyond what their aptitude scores would ever have allowed them otherwise; at least until they grew tired of their busty, new toys.

It was quite a sight. Akane herself had grown up in a relatively conservative household and had never once seen so much bare female skin, held in place by only the sexiest of lacy gowns. Real silk was an unusual old world luxury, forgone in favor of relatively inexpensive hologram clothing which could be changed to fit the user's mood and bank account. Blondes, brunettes, redheads and even the more traditional inky blacks were all dressed in their finest, representing a variety of nationalities and creeds. All were in their early to mid twenties and tipped the inspector off to the fact that this was an operation which had occurred on a global scale.

She just had to find the mastermind.

Feeling only mildly self conscious about her 'average' proportions by comparison, the inspector continued to scan the room. Snippets of conversation she overheard ranged from what each new 'owner' had in store for their new playthings to the excited gossip of girls planning their new lives among the bourgeoisie. The dull roar of flowing conversation quickly ran dry as a new player entered from behind the scarlet curtains on stage.

A man wearing a helmet which completely obscured his features descended the steps to a smattering of polite applause and approached the head of the table. Grateful young girls immediately swarmed their benefactor, sliding themselves underneath his embrace as he waved to those who had chosen to remain by the sides of their new masters. When he reached his seat, he politely signaled for the waiter drones to emerge from the sides of the room and distribute slices of cake to each of the girls who squealed with delight at the sign of the tasty treats.

Much to Akane's surprise, she too was also handed one by a little drone which politely tipped its little chef's hat before scooting back into the shadows. Caught off guard by the gesture, she reflexively bowed and inspected the little offering and its intricately iced decorative surface.

Her admiration was cut short by the clinking of a butter-knife against an empty wine glass as the man with the mask addressed the room.

“When a person is denied the right to live the life they believe in, they have no choice but to become an outlaw.”

The room chuckled as though responding to his words as a joke. It was often used as the justification for many of the threads which they posted on. These were the first world problems only known to the wealthy who had all the time in the world to contemplate the philosophy of their world without the drudgery of a regular job to keep them occupied. Tired of traditional extravagance, they instead sought more interesting pleasures including determining the value of the human soul.

“The Sibyl system declared these fine specimens all rejects; latent criminals with unacceptable crime coefficients as a result of their less than fortunate upbringings. I have successfully rehabilitated and polished these rough diamonds into the sparkling gems you see today, destined for lives far better than the hand initially dealt to them.”

A cheer went up in the crowd of girls who raised their cakes in agreement with the statement. The man raised his glass in response as several girls dug into their cakes with gusto. Not wanting to appear rude, Akane also took a careful bite.

“And on behalf of these young ladies, I extend my thanks to all of you who have come to accept them into your lives. It is thanks to your connections, your resources and your vision, we embark on this transition from the old towards the new. I impart these new and improved young ladies into the care of their ‘employers’ with only the fondest of hopes that you live a glorious and pampered life, spoiled in the lap of luxury like the princesses I know them to be.”

The wealthy men and women of the crowd roared their approval and raised their own wine glasses. Several of them winked at their respective purchases in a knowing way as the girls coyly sucked the icing off the tiny forks on their plates.

So caught up in the subtle flirting were they that the girls on parade were too busy to notice the small changes happening by the minute.

Each of the trophy women began to get fatter. Slowly but surely, the pounds gradually began to make themselves more evident. Slender faces gradually grew rounder as double chins began to form. Rolls formed where trim tummies once reigned, gradually pressing out against the sashes and belts which penned them in. As the waists of their dresses flared, asses and hips began to spread out and breasts began to strain in their meager bras. Chalking it up to nerves and excitement, many continued to eat the cake they were given to completion without a care in the world. That is, until they started to grow even faster.

Where not one of the young ladies had entered weighing more than one hundred and ten pounds, putting on at least another thirty in a matter of minutes was certainly a cause for alarm. Akane watched through the scope of her dominator as their rising panic began to cloud their once clear Psycho-Passes as a direct result of their distress and perception in the eyes of society.

Fat accumulated and clung to their once slender bodies, the paragons of healthy caloric intake enforced by Sibyl’s omnipresent advice. Ever since obesity had been factored in as a measure of a person’s Psycho-Pass, unhealthy eating habits had all but disappeared from modern society. Watching these women balloon ever outwards, tearing through their dresses with pounds of accumulated blubber was a liberating taboo not seen since the end of the last century.

While girls screamed and clung to the remains of their tattered dresses, others could only hop from foot to foot nervously as they watched their bodies billow out in all directions. Amid all the chaos however, Akane remained calm, even as her belly emerged from the confines of her uniform and out of the projected hologram of her avatar's dress.

Fear and panic as a first instinct were instead replaced by curiosity as the undercover inspector grabbed handfuls of her newly formed belly. She had never seen a fat woman in modern society before but had read that they used to be rife in the previous century before Sibyl and dietary controls were put into place. The sight of herself growing so much so quickly was astounding to her but she could not say that she did not entirely dislike what she could see. It especially made her breasts a lot bigger which was an upside as far as she was concerned.

"There was something in the cake," Akane relayed into the small microphone in her bracelet. "Move into position and await my signal. I'll clear the hostages first and then the enforcers can move in."

As the rate of growth began to slow, the true changes were made clear to everyone in the hall. Each of the trophy girls as well as the inspector was now at least double their starting weight. Confused cries of anger, fear and frustration echoed through the concrete chamber as the man with the mask raised his palms and motioned for silence.

"Calm yourselves, my dears. This is all a part of the condition of sale. Your jobs and roles have not changed, but it was necessary to modify you just enough so that you might evade the notice of the Sibyl system as you leave to start your new lives. Please observe as I demonstrate what I mean."

With a click of his fingers, another drone emerged from the back of the room. It was a mental health assessment bot, one kitted with the necessary equipment to do a cursory scan of a crowded street in search of any person with a clouded Psycho-Pass. It approached one of the newly fattened girls, a red head with deep green eyes who was clearly trembling with fear at the sight of her new changes.

"Your hue is sky blue. No necessary therapy treatment is required. Have a nice day."

The little robot wheeled itself away and moved onto the next girl, leaving the redhead very confused as to what had happened. A murmur arose from the crowd as the wealthy began to comment on how such a clearly distressed young lady did not even register a change to her perceived mental state. The masked man laughed knowingly.

"You see, I've worked out how Sibyl can read our 'souls' so to speak. Back in the day, mankind used to be driven by our appetites. Lust, hunger and fear all originate from the same space in the human brain. Satisfying at last two suppresses the other which in turn confuses the cymatic scanners of these drones. Our early government predecessors knew this and had tried to control the rate of obesity in the population in order to establish the first scans which have remained a part of Sibyl's core architecture. Rather than bore you with the science behind it all, just know that this is the reason why obesity was 'stamped out' in the mid 2050s and has remained a relic of the past until this very day."

A nearby girl, still stricken with fear after recognizing herself as the largest in the room at close to two hundred and seventy pounds, was not listening. She rushed the man at the head of the table only to be tackled by the armed guards he had waiting in the wings.

"In short, getting fat very quickly can confuse the system. The cake you've eaten is naturally the catalyst, and will be administered to you at the whims of your new masters for whatever reason they see fit. If you think you're fat now, I assure you that some of your masters may yet disagree."

Akane watched as his welcoming, showman-like body language quickly turned to an aggressive and annoyed stance. He forcefully squeezed the girl's plump cheeks and shoveled a nearby cake into her gaping mouth. The girl's eyes practically bulged as he forced it down her throat, the fork wrenching her mouth open and threatened to break a few of her teeth if she dared to resist.

"My new serum also makes for an effective punishment and deterrent for any rebellious actions. It can be placed into pretty much any food so you'll never know when it could strike. I don't recommend giving the girls a taste of the raw serum though. The effects could be...unforeseen..."

Once he was sure she had taken it all, he let go of her mouth and threw her to the ground. She had yet to even hit the floor before the expansion started again, this time with greater speed. The girl whimpered to herself as she expanded with more fat, her already enormous breasts growing even larger as they flopped out of the remains of her bra and atop her enormous belly. Thick layers of flab doubled and then tripled as the rolls took over her circumference, amassing into a neat stack beneath her flabby shoulder blades. She clasped her chunky palms together into a terrified prayer as she watched her upper arms jiggle with added softness, growing wider by the second. Her ass and hips were now slouches either as they rapidly swelled to more than double their original size, putting her closer to over five hundred pounds. The little robot returned upon noticing her body changes and gave her another scan.

"Mental parameters are all within nominal values. We detect your blood sugar may be slightly raised. We advise a low sugar diet on your next meal if possible. No further treatment action is required. Have a nice day."

A murmur of approval went up from the prospective purchasers. Akane trained her gun on the enormous girl as she was quickly led away by security and much to her surprise, received the same result on her scan. Sibyl did not recognize her distress.

"No more health risks outside of some initially raised bloods means that even the widest girl can walk in front of a scanner without fear of being hauled away to one of those nasty rehabilitation centers. Weighty women used to be the most desirable among the rich and powerful as a sign of affluence and excess as far back as the 18th and 19th centuries but are unfortunately a lost art of the modern era. I know it's all a bit of a shock, but I am sure you'll come to enjoy your new bodies as much as your masters do. You will be well taken care of without the need for getting sweaty with exercise or starving yourself just because the system THINKS you've had enough to eat. It is through those bellies of yours we will take back what makes us free."

The girls about the room slowly settled into their chairs while others started to grin and shrug at each other. If a society was willing to trust the judgment of a machine to ensure their safety, what more the words of a silver tongued salesman? Akane gripped her Dominator tightly as she prepared to give the signal for her team to strike.



“However, the MWBPS disagree with my ideals. They blindly obey their unseen master, pulling the trigger and ending the lives of individuals who may yet still be saved without the need for rigorous mental conditioning. It is because of them that I feel I have to demonstrate one more function of my formula which I had been requested to make a feature by one of our wealthiest benefactors.”

Akane’s ears pricked.

“One of you lovely ladies is about to make history as my finest masterpiece, an honor I honestly found hard to bestow upon just any diamond in the rough. I am speaking of course to you, Inspector Akane Tsunemori. Why don’t you join me on stage instead of skulking around in the shadows.”

A cold sweat ran down Akane’s neck as two burly guards seized her hologram tentacles. She hadn’t heard them approach her at all as she only started to struggle far too late when she was close to halfway up the stage. An enormous couch rose from underneath the raised platform, spanning nearly twice her height across which she was deposited into. The masked man approached her with a playful flourish of his hands.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you, the famous division one inspector! Let’s call her Akane for short, since we’re all friends here.”

There was no more need to hide any intentions. Akane’s hologram disguise disappeared with an electrical hum, revealing nothing more than an overweight office lady in an ill fitting suit that clipped through her hologram jacket and stretched her undershirt, the only real piece of clothing outside of her pants that she had on. Her bobbed, dark brown hair framed her enormous doe-eyes as she tried her best to stare daggers at her captor. She rapidly clicked at the transponder on her handgun and on the bracelet around her chubby wrist.

“My backup is going barge down the doors if I don’t report in regularly.”

The masked man merely laughed, raising his arms in encouragement as the rest of the room laughed with him.

“Oh I’m afraid your back up won’t be arriving anytime soon, Akane. I’ve seen to it that they’ve been waylaid across town in a very similar looking underground set up. Even if they did arrive, it would be far too late to stop me from fulfilling my customer’s order.”

Akane raised her gun to the man's chest as she scanned him frantically.

“Criminal coefficient 89, not a target for enforcement action,” the dominator analyzed. “Trigger will be locked.”

“You see, in spite of all that I’ve accomplished here tonight, I am not one of the fortunate few who are unable to be scanned. Most of us here are likely in the same boat which makes it terribly inefficient to meet up like this. However, thanks to the lovely ladies increased size, each one of you lucky owners will also be able to enjoy the scan results she generates as a shield for your own mental states. Think of your new blubbery employees as living walls which defend your new found freedom.”

With a click of his fingers, Akane was forcefully thrust into the couch. Being as short as she was made her already doll-like features more prominent as she sat atop her gargantuan throne. Her chubby limbs were strapped into place and her head was secured to the back of the seat. Resistance was absolutely futile.

The masked man caressed the side of her face. He could feel her tremble not with fear, but with a quiet rage of someone who would not go down without a fight. He loved that look and felt even more inspired to preserve it.

With another click of his fingers, a gigantic cake, fit for several weddings, was wheeled in from behind the curtain. A good chunk of it had been carved out already, likely the source where all the girls had been given their initial treats. But even so, more than half of it still remained.

“More than three thousand kilo-calories per bite. I was going to auction the rest of this off as a final parting gift for our participants, but I feel that allowing our dear audience a chance to have their say against what they think of the MWBPS would be a far better way to emphasize why we’ve gathered here today.”

Burly henchmen parted the curtains surrounding the lower half of the stage to reveal a giant digital screen. It was a scale, currently flashing Akane's current weight of two hundred and thirty nine pounds. The man in the mask bowed low as he made his appeal.

“And so, I say to you, if Sibyl can judge us by committee, then let us commit this last act as a committee. Call it a crime, or call it bravery. Raise your forks and take a slice to feed our dear inspector Akane to your heart's content. Take some for yourselves if you so wish, but just keep in mind that there are no refunds.”

Akane shuddered as the crowd roared their support. Even the newly fattened women raised their flabby arms in unison. Those who benefited from the Sibyl system and those who had been shunned by it were completely united under this man's manipulation.

She opened her mouth to speak but found a plastic bit firmly shoved in it to keep her jaw wide open. Her gaping mouth prevented her from spitting out the brace as a flexible tube was placed down her throat. Akane gagged and spluttered as she flexed her hands in impotent desperation as the initial discomfort hit her like a wave only to recede.

The tube was now firmly inside her now. People began to approach the stage.



“The MWBPS took away my future! I wanted to be an actress but they said my hue was too clouded! Now I’ve had to sell my body, I’ll be taking back my freedom!”

One of the newly fattened girls had cut a large slice of spongy cake from the heap and scraped it off her plate and down Akane’s throat. The inspector’s eyes looked as though they were going to bug out of their sockets with shock and fear as the tube bypassed all opportunity to spit or even chew the calorie rich mass which made its way directly into her stomach.

“I made my fortune buying and selling pharmaceutical stock for the drugs Sibyl uses to keep our population ‘sane’. My father became addicted to anything which would take his worries away until he too eventually became a vegetable! Now I live in an empty house with nothing but this cold, useless money. The MWBPS need to know that this is not living!”

A bespectacled businessman angrily scraped his serving of cake into Akane’s mouth. She felt it slide down the side of the funnel within her jaw as it gradually slid down the tube, colliding with the previous piece which had still been making its way into her gut.

The line of people continued in this way for some time, some making comments about how Sibyl had ruined their life or a declaration of revenge. Some just giggled and taunted the useless agent, hoping to see how fat and ugly she would get and making extra emphasis on how they were glad it was not her. A few were remorseful, feeling the pressure to conform out of fear that they would take her place if they refused.



Food rushed down Akane's mouth like a human garbage disposal as she felt her belly stretch to its maximum. If she hadn't already been fattened up a little beforehand, she would never have been able to accomplish such a feat. The numbers on the scale beneath her gradually continued to climb, mostly from the raw weight of food now resting within her overstretched belly which grew rounder and fuller by the second.

When the final piece had been emptied off the display and the last plate had been scraped clean, the burly guards returned to quickly undo all her straps and extract the tubing. Akane, far too full to speak or even defend herself, simply flopped back against the couch, her enormous, rounded belly bulging straight outward. Her huge belly rumbled and rolled as though it were alive as an ominous quaking shook the stage.

Akane's eyes widened as she let loose a most unladylike belch and practically exploded with fat in all directions. In almost an instant, she practically doubled in size faster than anyone could notice. The digital scale went from two hundred and thirty nine to five hundred and ninety faster than anyone could even realize. She belched again, this time growing fatter more steadily rather than in bursts. The straps which had been forgotten around her ankles burst off like gunshots, reflexively causing the crowd to recoil. Her uniform was in tatters and gave way with a mighty tearing noise as her dominator rolled out of its holster and far out of the reach of her chubby fingers.

Men and women watched with morbid interest as she continued to gain beyond anything anyone had ever seen. Akane was already well beyond the ability to move under her own power as her once dainty arms and legs were swallowed by tree trunks and over inflated inner tubes of blubber. The numbers on the scale rocketed upwards at an alarming rate of ten to fifteen pounds every few seconds.

Six-hundred, six-hundred and fifteen, six-hundred and thirty, six-hundred and fifty, six hundred and eighty, SEVEN HUNDRED!

Akane's lips began to purse as her cheeks grew more blubbery, paralyzed with fear as she watched herself billow out as she was unable to stop herself. Her breasts flopped out to the size of overstuffed pillows and lay upon her enormous gut which sagged well off the chair and onto the ground. It looked more like a half inflated weather balloon as it forced her flabby legs apart and overlapped their cellulite-stricken surface. Her neck disappeared in a cascade of double and triple chins as her youthful features were swallowed up by weight and her arms were forced out to the side atop the rolls of fat which accumulated underneath her armpits.

And she just kept getting fatter.



Nine-hundred and twenty, nine-hundred and seventy, ONE THOUSAND AND THIRTY!

She had reached well over the half ton mark and by now her rear had grown so wide that her thighs had been forced right up to the sides of the couch. Her breasts grew past her the distorted beanbag of her belly, the pink of her areola capping their pure white surfaces as they flopped over her elephantine sides. Rolls of blubber cascaded around her arms, now thicker than any of the fat women's waists, drooping downwards to cover her elbows and lower arms. Her sausage-like fingers were now so fat she could barely make a fist and her legs and hips would put even a hippo's to shame as they jiggled, unabated with each surge of new growth.

But her belly, where all that cake had come to reside, was what dominated her body's view. Now more than several feet across, it surged out into the crowd with its massive softness. Most of the party took a few cautious steps back, out of fear that they may catch her fatness if it touched her.

One woman, a wealthy underground adult film industry heiress and part time internet anarchist party leader stepped forward to admire the very immobile inspector. She placed her hand atop her new purchase and smiled broadly as she gave that blubber a gentle squeeze. An unrestricted appetite was just the message she had been looking for to justify her cause and now she had the perfect plaything to make it so. She reveled in the plush, soft feel of Akane's pure white fat.

"Oh no...I don't think...that's all of it..."



Akane's once mousy voice, deepened with new fat, echoed in another loud belch which shook the very room. The heiress' eyes bulged as she was caught in the explosion of the second wave as Akane's weight doubled again in an instant, putting her well over the one ton mark. Fatness engulfed her slender body as she clung to the surging belly fat of Akane's body as she continued to get even fatter and faster than ever. She was gaining so quickly that it could hardly find time to form into sagging rolls but rather heaped onto her widening girth as her skin's elasticity was put to the ultimate test.

Two thousand, two hundred and eighty, two thousand, five hundred and sixty, two thousand nine hundred and fifty, three thousand four hundred and eighty, THREE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND TEN?!

Akane's body not only reached either side of the couch but had begun to overflow it from all sides. The industrial scale underneath her began to smoke, spark and eventually glitched out as she let forth one more mighty belch to relieve the last of the uncomfortable pressure within her stomach.

When all was said and done, she had reached just over five thousand pounds and was simply quite astonishing. The tiny officer who had infiltrated the party now took up almost all the stage as a colossal woman with each breast nearly twice as large as even the fattest girl who had been taken away before her. At nearly three tons, she had to be the fattest woman in history with her owner trapped somewhere beneath the mighty crevasse of her cleavage.

Many of the fattened girls marveled at Akane's size as they exchanged eager comments about how they were glad they were not her. Their wealthy owners however quickly started to calculate how much serum they would need to develop masterpieces of their own with the intention to dwarf even this giant inspector in the very near future.



Akane's waistline alone was easily the circumference of a one bedroom apartment. Each thigh and arm alone was easily over half a ton. Her owner eventually emerged from underneath one of her flabby, sweaty breasts, struggling to gain her footing on a body like quicksand. Akane could barely speak, her cheeks and mouth so flabby and full they prevented the words from being properly formed. The burly henchmen returned to help the heiress from Akane's rolls and set about the monumental task of strapping her in for transport as a crane had to be ordered to lift her onto the flatbed which would be taking her to her new home in the Canary Islands as the ultimate waterbed.

The hall was cleared and the rest of the women obediently loaded into more reasonably sized vans, unaware that many of their owners had already decided their fates regardless of their behavior. Without so many fat women to scramble the signals, it would not be long before Sibyl would regain its sight. Far in the distance, the sound of police sirens could be heard approaching.

"Another successful transaction," the masked man mused to himself as he disappeared down a secret hatch underneath the stage with several briefcases in hand.

You could never put a price on true freedom, but he as sure as hell wanted to try.

"Now, to visit the city water supply..."