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<Threshold>

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Chapter Four

Kyle woke up, he jumped up like his body was charged, he was wide awake and looking around. He felt better than he had in years. He felt like he had just woken up from some sort of sci-fi sleep tank that rewinds the years of fatigue.

“What the fuck?” He said under his breath when he looked down. The pudge he had was almost gone. “I know I didn't eat last night but...” His arms looked lean and there was some muscle there.

There was a loud snore that made Kyle jump, looked up, noticing the door was still open. The curtains were drawn tightly and there was very little light there, but it was clear that the noise was coming from Hana.

The smell of stale crisps, chocolate and various other foods were wafting towards Kyle's nostrils.

It smells like some hyperactive kids got into the cupboards or something...

There was an overflowing bin and lots of food wrappers, even a few

plates, by the looks of the sauce and the discarded crust on the floor Kyle deduced it must've been pizza.

Hana doesn't eat pizza...

He looked towards his coworker's bed, he had already overstepped by getting in the room, but there was just too much that was off about the whole thing for him to ignore.

The duvet covered her body so Kyle couldn't even see her face, he could just see the mass moving under the blanket, something about that even looked off to Kyle.

Must be a thick duvet...

Walking carefully around the side of the bed, making some noise as his feet kicked some wrappers around the base of the bed. Kyle saw Hana's face, still so beautiful and she even looked serene sleeping there, there was something though. Her face was usually pristine, her natural beauty was enough, now was adorned in dried chocolate and greasy sauce from the pizza she had clearly devoured.

I don't understand...

Kyle went to walk away but he caught his foot on the leg under the bed, it made him yelp in pain and the vibration was enough to jolt Hana awake, thankfully there was a delay to her fully coming round, Hobbling, Kyle exited the room and was back on his side.

Nursing his foot, he noted how trim most of his body looked again, his legs had definition like had never had before. He glanced over to the door and

his eyes caught the laptop on his desk. Firstly, it was open, something that Kyle doesn't remember doing but it was also looking a bit newer and fancier. Not like the lower-level intern type one he had before.

Kyle didn't have much time to question it because he was startled by the noise of footsteps that made the floor quake.

A few thuds and it was getting closer. It sounded quite a bit more forceful and heavier than he had expected from the delicate Hana.

That is when he saw her in the doorway.

The woman before Kyle looked like Hana, but she might've been a sister or something. The facial features were similar, but with a more puffed out appearance about her. Her cheeks were puffed up, her chin and jaw was cushioned with a layer of fat that would never grace Hana's face.

But here she stood.

Her hair was messy; her lips were stained with chocolate and then lower down Kyle gawked at what she was wearing. He had seen her bedwear before but not quite like this. She usually wore a very long T-shirt that easily covered down to her knees and a pair of leggings under that. It was a very cute look, something that was a tad bit juxtaposed to how he saw her daily, in her smart dresses, it was a peak behind the curtain of sorts but something that Kyle was glad she was comfortable enough to share with him on a rare few occasions.

Today however, it fits much differently. Hana had no real need for a bra, even in the times Kyle saw her in her pyjamas, it was easy to tell that she wasn't wearing a bra but there was no hiding required because she was pretty

much that flat, combined with how loose the top was. Now the top was bunched around her frame in some key areas, one of them being beneath her breasts. Something that seemed impossible to Kyle as he saw her boobs sag over the fabric that was tucked under their weight. Her nipples were thick, elongated and very visible, it was pretty obscene, for Hana especially, the polyester did very little to hide her new developments on her chest, but it did even less to hide everything below.

Flat as a board was a good way to describe the fit and health-conscious Hana but for whatever reason she was now sporting two belly rolls, her stomach was just about past the chubby end of the scale and she was breaching into the fat category. Her stomach too had seemingly eaten the shirt, so it was tucked under a fold where her double belly had sprung up overnight, the underside of her gut was resting over a chunk of the shirt, so it was pulled taut over the jiggly gut.

The hem previously would've easily cleared her knees was struggling to cover her thighs, Hana had forgone the leggings, and her once firm and toned legs were now rubbing together and covered in a layer of adipose that made Kyle shiver.

Hana took a huge breath of air, building up into a large yawn with a stretch, it left very little to the imagination of Kyle, he turned away, feeling his face burn red and his cock stir in his pants.

“Hana, are you... Okay?” Kyle said, looking once again at his new laptop to try and distract him from the changed Hana.

“Yeah... Hungry though... What time is it?” She asked.

“It’s ugh...” He stammered. “Almost 8. Crap! We’ve got work to do!”

“What work? You did it all yesterday before we got here.” Hana informed him.

“I did?”

“Kyle, you are the most efficient worker in this company, you’re on the edge of a promotion, again, and you’ve completed all the work for today already, the conference is tomorrow. We can relax today and go tomorrow.”

Kyle turned around and was hit again by Hana’s physique. He couldn’t help but stare. Hana noticed his gaze and didn’t shy away like he thought she might’ve.

“Again?” He questioned the line about his promotion.

“Yeah... You’ve been here only a few months and you’re soaring higher each day it feels like.” Hana looked at him and eyed his body. Something Kyle can confidently say had never happened prior to today.

“Well... I guess I do try...” He bluffed.

He couldn’t really take his eyes off her as she bounced and jiggled around his room towards the bed. It was cleaner in here, the room didn’t stink like food, and she threw herself on the bed, her fat pooling at her sides as gravity shifted her newfound fat.

Kyle adjusted his swelling cock and took a seat at the makeshift desk and rubbed his head.

“What is going on... This stuff doesn’t just happen... One day she’s thin

and the next..." He was confused, trying to understand what was going on.

"Hey Kyle, come here..." Hana cooed.

Kyle bolted upright. He saw her eying him and calling him closer with her finger. "Don't be shy..."

Laying on the bed next to Hana, he could feel the heat coming off her body and he gasped when she shuffled over to him, her chubby frame squishing into his side.

"I think we make a good team..." Hana was musing out loud, Kyle couldn't stop thinking about her body against his, Hana wasn't really a touchy person, so this was certainly something he was struggling to process. "And you're on the way up..."

Suddenly the whole bed shook, and Hana flipped herself onto her side, her chubby body crashing into Kyle's firmer frame.

"If what I hear is right, you'll need an assistant soon..." Her face was near his, her breath was warm on his face. "I'd very much love to keep working together... What do you say?"

Looking into her eyes, past those chubby cheeks, ignoring the feeling of her stomach pressed against him, the way her boobs rested on his chest.

"Absolutely..."

Wrapping her arms around his body, she hugged her coworker, ignoring the fact she was still in her pyjamas. Kyle's cock was rigid, the virile young man was close to doing something very unprofessional, not that he wouldn't do it, it was more that this new Hana was hard to get used to.

Kyle couldn't stop thinking about why she even changed in the first place.

"Hana..."

He broke the firm squeeze with his voice, he regretted it almost instantly, but he knew he needed to ask the question. The warmth she had squeezed into him was quickly dissipating with each second he struggled to find the words for the question.

"What... What happened?"

Hana raised an eyebrow, and she giggled. "What are you talking about Kyle?"

"T-this..." He looked down to her laying on the bed with her arms almost wrapped around him.

"What do you mean?"

"We... I don't think you've ever hugged me before... And your... Well, you look a bit different this morning..."

"Different how?"

Kyle hadn't expected her to not notice or be able to perceive the changes. He quickly improvised. "What about me? I certainly don't think I've ever been this in shape."

"It's all the hard work you've been putting in at the gym." Hana reached out and squeezed his bicep.

The touch made Kyle almost flinch, but he was too caught up in how Hana's body felt pressing more into his.

Kyle was about to correct Hana about his hard work but found his head quickly flooding with memories of him at the gym building muscle and shredding fat.

He looked at Hana and took the plunge.

“And what about you... You’ve never looked like this to me...”

“Like what?”

“F-” again in an instant he was reliving his life, each day seeing the lithe Hana pudge out and fill out her clothes. His dick was raging and threatening to tear through his pants by the end of the sudden blast of weight gain memories.

“F... Were you going to say... Fat?” Hana smirked.

Kyle was panting and looking at her, without even him noticing he was resting his palm against a soft roll.

“Kyle... You got me... I have been getting a bit lax with my own diet...”

She blushed; the first time she seemed to slow her advances. “I mean... It doesn’t look bad...” Hana jumped up off the bed with a surprising amount of agility and turned sideways, showing off her profile. “Does it?”

Kyle could barely hide his throbbing erection; he wasn’t able to hide the reaction on his face from her. Hana revelled in it for a few seconds before she eventually cracked and gave him the out he was so desperately trying to reach for.

“Come on, let’s go get breakfast, I’m hungry...”

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