

Bleach WG - The Thousand Pound Blood War

By Dr-Black-Jack

Orihime Inoue stood in the heavenly kitchen of the Royal Palace, nervously eyeing the mountain of food laid out before her. Across the table, Kirio Hikifune – one of the Zero Division and bearer of the title “Ruler of Grain” – beamed proudly . It was Kirio’s unique ability to infuse food with spiritual energy, massively empowering anyone who consumed it . This training method was unorthodox, but time was short; Yhwach’s forces were overwhelming, and Orihime was determined to grow stronger to protect her friends. If that meant eating to gain power, she would give it her all.

From the very start, Kirio explained the plan. “My cooking will raise your reiatsu beyond its limits,” she said brightly, patting her own round belly. Kirio herself bore an exceeding plumpness to her; energy needed to prepare these meals as her cooking drained her spiritual reserves and weight. Orihime’s first introduction had only been to a vision of a top heavy bombshell, so seeing her now in a more maternal, and clearly obese form was surprising. Still, Orihime understood this was part of Kirio’s power; the woman had bulked up intentionally, storing energy as fat to imbue into the feast before them. “Eat to your heart’s content. Eating is essential for your training,” Kirio encouraged, chopsticks at the ready .

Orihime nodded, recalling her own unusually hearty appetite. She had always had quirky tastes – sweet beans on tacos, butter on sweet potatoes – combinations that would churn other stomachs . In fact, despite her slim frame, she could pack away more than one might expect during dinner with friends. Maybe this is why Kirio chose me for this... Orihime mused. Taking a deep breath, she lifted the first bowl of steaming, golden rice. The grains glistened with infused reiatsu, quickly accumulating where they were needed. For Kurosaki-kun... for everyone... she thought, and began to eat.

The training quickly proved effective – and transformative. In just a few days of feasting on Kirio’s enchanted cuisine, Orihime’s body began to change dramatically. Her uniform – specially tailored by Squad Zero to stretch – grew snug around her widening hips and swelling chest. Every meal added new softness to her once-slender form. After the first intense training dinner, Orihime stepped onto a reinforced scale at Kirio’s insistence. Her eyes widened seeing the number jump far beyond her pre-training weight of ~108 lbs . “One hundred and fifty-six pounds,” she read aloud in astonishment. She had gained nearly fifty pounds overnight. Kirio merely smiled knowingly.

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Each day, the cycle repeated: train, eat, rest, and measure. And each day, Orihime grew heavier and stronger. The meals only grew larger to match her rising capacity. Bowls of high-spirit soup, platters of divine pastries, whole roasted beasts conjured from Reishi – Orihime devoured them dutifully. Her belly started rounding out into a soft dome. By the end of the first week, it peaked gently over the waistline of her stretched robes, and her weight had doubled to over 300 lbs. Kirio kept detailed notes of Orihime’s progress as part of the training:

- Week 1: ~300 lbs – Orihime’s belly began to protrude, a plush curve where once her stomach was flat. Her measurements had exploded to accommodate newfound girth – Kirio recorded her waist at about 80 inches around.
- Week 2: ~500 lbs – Her appetite increased along with her size. Orihime’s belly circumference passed 100 inches, heavy enough that it started to press down on her lap when she sat. Her bust, already ample at the start (around 110 cm in the bust according to earlier data) , swelled further; Kirio had to commission a new supportive garment to hold Orihime’s now-massive chest. Orihime blushed at the attention to her “assets,” but Kirio only chuckled that it was a sign of her growing power.
- Week 3: ~650 lbs – At this stage, Orihime’s form was truly colossal. She struggled to walk unaided as her thighs brushed and her widened hips filled doorways. Her belly had grown into an impressive apron of flesh that hung lower each day – only a foot or so from the ground when she stood. Kirio and the Royal Palace attendants brought in a sturdy reinforced chair for Orihime to rest between meals and exercises. Despite the physical challenges, Orihime could feel the tremendous spiritual energy stored within her now. Simple healing kido that once tired her became trivial to cast; her Sōten Kisshun “healing shield” could envelop an entire room with ease during practice.

Orihime’s emotional state was a mixture of embarrassment, determination, and oddly, pride. She often flushed red as Kirio measured her belly’s girth with a tape (the latest reading being well over 120 inches around). “You’re doing wonderfully, dear!” Kirio would praise, announcing each new milestone with almost giddy excitement. In quieter moments, Orihime lay in bed feeling the monumental heft of her body and marveled that this was really her. She remembered being a svelte highschooler not too long ago. Now she weighed over six times that, essentially becoming a human Reiatu reservoir. If Tatsuki could see me now... Orihime thought with a giggle and a slight pang of worry – her best friend back home would hardly recognize her. But this was for a noble purpose. Every pound was a testament to how far she’d go to keep Ichigo and their friends safe.

Kirio also made sure Orihime saw the practical benefits of this extreme training. During a sparring test, she fired a small beam of Kido at Orihime. With reflexes honed by rising power, Orihime summoned her Santen Kesshun shield with newfound speed in spite of the new weight on her arms. The barrier held firm, barely flickering under impact – a vast improvement from before. Kirio clapped happily at Orihime’s progress. “See? All that nourishment is fueling your

powers. Your Shun Shun Rikka fairies are bursting with energy,” she remarked. Indeed, Orihime’s guardian spirits inside her hairpins flitted about her in excitement, their normally quiet voices now enthusiastic in her mind. “We feel it too, Orihime! Let’s keep going!” they seemed to chirp.

By the middle of the fourth week, Orihime reached a milestone none had anticipated: she had outgrown Kirio Hikifune herself. Kirio – who had gradually slimmed down over the course of Orihime’s training, had never reached her protégé’s new immense size even at her heaviest. Every massive banquet Orihime consumed was imbued with Kirio’s own spiritual fat reserves. It was as though she were transferring pounds and inches directly into Orihime’s body, watching her trainee become the larger of the two as they waned and waxed in synchronicity. “I’ve created a beautiful glutton!” Kirio joked, half proud and half astonished.

It became official on the day of the Great Feast, a final push to maximize Orihime’s power. Kirio had prepared an entire hall’s worth of enchanted cuisine for Orihime to consume in one monumental session. Before starting, Kirio insisted on doing a full set of measurements. Orihime, cheeks round and face flush with anticipation (and a bit of hunger), raised her arms as Kirio’s assistants wrapped a tape around her vast middle. “Belly circumference... 140 inches,” one announced, struggling a bit to hold the tape around Orihime’s sagging gut. “Bust... er, 135 inches,” another stammered, blushing as they measured the arc of Orihime’s heavy breasts where they rested atop her belly. Orihime covered her face with her hands in embarrassment at these incredulous figures. “And her hips?” Kirio prompted; a third attendant measured around Orihime’s broad hips and ample backside, which had grown plush and wide from constant sitting and eating. “Hip measurement: 130 inches,” came the report. Kirio whistled appreciatively.



Finally, Orihime carefully stepped onto the scale – a special large platform model built by Squad 12 scientists for this very purpose. The device hummed, displaying flickering digits that climbed higher... 702 lbs... 710... 728... settling at 742 pounds. Orihime gasped softly. Kirio clapped her hands with a grin. “My dear, you’re nearly three-quarters to a half-ton!” she exclaimed, using levity to mask her genuine amazement. Orihime had grown from a petite girl into a 740-pound behemoth in less than a month.

Kirio attempted to join Orihime in the feast that followed, but it was clear the student had surpassed the master. Where Kirio could only nibble, Orihime ate with unstoppable gusto. Plate

after plate vanished into Orihime's eager mouth. Her training had conditioned her stomach to handle absurd quantities. For hours, Orihime continued, encouraged by Kirio's cheers and the knowledge that every bite translated into more strength for the coming battle. Roasted birds stuffed with spirit-rich grains, towering cakes frosted with condensed reishi, giant jugs of sweetened bean paste smoothies (specially made as a treat knowing Orihime's love of red bean paste) – she devoured it all. With each course, her belly pushed further outward, inching closer to the floor. Even Kirio, who prided herself on her culinary creations, was stunned to see Orihime still asking for more when most people would have long burst. "Enough, enough!" Kirio finally laughed, waving her hands when Orihime polished off the last dessert. "You've proven your point, Orihime. You've out-eaten even me, the great chef!"

Orihime leaned back, letting out a deep, contented breath. She was utterly stuffed; her stomach distended so far forward it practically touched the ground, hovering just an inch above the floor as she sat on the padded futon they'd provided. She felt heavy as gravity itself, every part of her swollen and sensitized from the massive intake of energy. A slight shift of her body sent ripples through her soft flesh – from her pillowy arms to the globes of her thighs. Despite the discomfort of such fullness, Orihime felt a serene satisfaction. She had done everything possible to become strong enough. Kirio knelt beside her, gently placing a hand on Orihime's bloated belly. "All that power is yours now," she said softly. "The fate of our world may very well rest on what we've stored inside you." Orihime nodded, determination shining in her eyes.

By the next day, Orihime's body had adjusted slightly to the colossal intake, redistributing the weight. She now weighed nearly 1000 pounds – her goal almost achieved – and was borderline immobile. Walking was an arduous task; each step required lifting thighs that were as thick as tree trunks and balancing a belly so large it brushed her knees. When she stood upright, her belly hung so low it hovered mere inches off the ground, an immense dome of flesh that led the way wherever she moved. The palace staff had brought a floating platform for Orihime to travel on, akin to a gentle hovercraft powered by Kido. Gratefully, she used it to glide through the halls, as even the short trip from her chambers to the training room left her breathless when attempted on foot.

Despite these limitations, Orihime had never felt more empowered. Within her bloated form coursed spiritual energy rivaling that of captains. She could sense it crackling beneath her skin. A simple flex of her fingers produced a golden glow of healing energy so potent it made nearby wounds knit instantly. Kirio tested Orihime's limits by making shallow cuts on a practice dummy and timing how fast Orihime could heal them. In the blink of an eye, Orihime's Sōten Kisshun restored the dummy to mint condition. Kirio even pricked her own finger to let Orihime heal it; the tiny wound vanished almost before Kirio registered the touch of Orihime's warm, glowing hand. Orihime beamed with gentle pride – her healing shield had never been so swift or encompassing before.

Still, along with power, Orihime had to adjust to her new size. Simple gestures were different now. Hugging someone was out of the question – her arms barely reached around even part of her belly. She learned to channel her energy with minimal movement; a mere outstretch of her palm or a soft word activated her shields now, rather than the dramatic arm motions she used to

need. Kirio helped modify Orihime's Shun Shun Rikka hairpins into a new accessory: a wide belt that fit snugly (with much effort) around Orihime's vast waist. The hairpins were embedded in it, allowing Orihime to focus her powers from the center of her mass. "Think of it like focusing light through a lens," Kirio explained. "Your power is immense, and this will help you direct it without straining yourself physically."

When news arrived that the final battle was at hand, Orihime felt her heart skip a beat. High above the Seireitei, the sky cracked with dark energy – a sign of Yhwach's malevolent power. The Quincy King had made his move. Orihime closed her eyes and sensed the spiritual pressures below. She could feel Ichigo's reiatsu – flickering, weakened, but alive. He was fighting Yhwach, and from the feel of it, struggling desperately. Orihime's hands balled into fists of determination (as much as her pudgy fingers allowed). She knew what she had to do. "Kirio-san, send me there. I'm ready," Orihime said, her voice steady. Kirio looked at Orihime's immense form with concern. "You understand the risks... Yhwach is unbelievably strong. Even the Royal Guard fell to him." Orihime nodded. She remembered vividly how even her strongest shield had crumbled before Yhwach's Almighty power during their last encounter. That crushing failure – Ichigo injured, her powers mocked – had haunted Orihime. But not today. "I won't let him down again," she said softly, resolve burning in her eyes. Kirio saw the conviction in Orihime and gave a firm nod. Using the Ōken power in her bones, Kirio summoned a portal. With a crackle of energy, a pathway to the battlefield opened.

The battlefield was in chaos when Orihime arrived. The ruins of the Seireitei stretched out in all directions – shattered buildings, scorched earth, and the lingering pressure of despair. Yhwach's dark reiatsu coiled in the air like a suffocating fog. Orihime's sudden appearance on the scene drew astonished looks from those still conscious to witness it. In a flash of light, the large hovering platform descended, carrying what looked at first like a golden giant. As the glow faded, Orihime's form was revealed: a massive figure draped in white and orange, her Soul Reaper-style training outfit custom-stitched to her measurements, straining around her enormous curves. Gasps went up from a few wounded captains who recognized her. "Is that... Orihime?!" one of them mouthed in disbelief. She paid no mind; her focus was solely on the orange-haired young man lying in a crater ahead.

Ichigo Kurosaki lay motionless amid broken stones, his blade shattered at his side. His body was battered, blood seeping from wounds across his torso. Yhwach had struck him down moments before – Ichigo's last stand seemingly ended in defeat. The Quincy monarch loomed not far off, momentarily distracted by another skirmish with an arriving ally. Orihime's heart clenched at the sight of Ichigo so still.

"Kurosaki-kun..."

Fighting back tears, she urged the platform closer and then attempted to step off. The ground quaked slightly as Orihime set one heavy foot down, then another. Despite the urgency, she had

to move with care; her center of gravity was so altered that even a simple dismount required concentration. Finally, feet planted, Orihime half-waddled, half-glided, aided by a cushion of Kido under her feet, to Ichigo's side.

Kneeling was a challenge, but Orihime managed to lower herself to the ground, her great belly spreading out onto the dust and debris. She leaned over Ichigo, tears welling in her eyes at his condition. He's still breathing... faint, but breathing, she confirmed to herself, sensing the flicker of life in him. Orihime extended a trembling hand over Ichigo's chest. Even this simple motion felt different – her arm was weighed down by soft fat, and her breasts pressed against her massive belly as she bent forward – but none of that mattered now. Summoning all the power within, Orihime whispered: "Sōten Kisshun... I reject!"



A warm, golden aura blossomed from her palm, gentle and radiant. The energy formed into a dome of shimmering shields that enveloped Ichigo completely. Within this cocoon, time seemed to slow. Orihime's hairpins glowed, and the spirit energy she had stockpiled poured forth. Ichigo's wounds began to rewind before her eyes. Gashes closed. Broken bones realigned and mended. Blood evaporated as torn flesh became whole and unscarred. Ichigo's shattered sword

even started to reform, the pieces drawn together by Orihime's power refusing the reality of its destruction. Ichigo himself stirred with a soft groan as vitality returned to his limbs. Orihime's healing wasn't just restoring him – it was reviving the very hope of victory.

She maintained the lightest touch, her fingertips barely grazing Ichigo's chest as the healing completed. It was as if even the weight of her hand might be too much for his freshly mended body, so she kept her caress feather-light. Finally, Ichigo's eyes fluttered open, meeting Orihime's teary gaze. "O-Orihime...?" he mumbled, confusion and relief mingling in his brown eyes. He was clearly stunned to see her – and she knew it wasn't just because he thought he was done for, but also because of how she looked. Orihime managed a gentle smile, a single tear rolling down her round cheek. "I'm here, Kurosaki-kun," she said softly. "I've got you."

Ichigo, still partially reclined on the ground, instinctively tried to sit up. Orihime quickly motioned for him to be still a moment longer. Her healing barrier faded, but she placed a supportive hand behind his back, her hand was so plump now that it nearly covered the width of his back. Ichigo's face was a mix of gratitude and shock as he got a proper look at his friend. Orihime's silhouette practically eclipsed him – kneeling, she was wider than any two people and her height was augmented by the mass she carried. She saw his eyes flicker over the strange belt with glowing trinkets, the straining fabric around her chest, and the immense belly pressed against the ground. Orihime blushed faintly. How do I even begin to explain...? she wondered. But Ichigo, ever direct, simply whispered, "Thank you... You saved me." There would be time later to marvel or ask questions; for now, he accepted that his gentle Orihime had come like an angel of mercy in a very unexpected form.

Orihime helped Ichigo to his feet. He was steady enough, though she kept one cushioned arm around him briefly. "We need to—" Ichigo began, but a cruel, echoing laugh cut him off.

Yhwach had finally taken notice of Orihime's intervention. The Quincy King floated down from a heap of rubble, his black cloak billowing and eyes glowing with ominous power. A hint of surprise showed on Yhwach's face at the sight of Orihime. Perhaps he remembered how slim the girl had been when he last saw her, futilely trying to shield Ichigo from his onslaught. Now she stood like a living fortress beside the young Soul Reaper. Yhwach's surprise quickly curdled into disdain. "The healer girl... How grotesque," he sneered, his deep voice echoing across the battlefield. "Do you really think fattening yourself like a swine will make any difference? I am the Almighty, the one who has consumed the Soul King's power. Your tricks change nothing." His words were laced with contempt, but Orihime detected an undercurrent of uncertainty in his spiritual pressure – he hadn't expected her to recover Ichigo so decisively.

His all seeing eyes had not seen this coming.

Ichigo stepped forward, now revitalized and filled with renewed spirit thanks to Orihime. In his hand, the restored Tensa Zangetsu gleamed. Orihime likewise squared herself (as much as one of her immensity could), planting her feet firmly. She summoned her Santen Kesshun, three glowing shield petals floating protectively around herself and Ichigo. The two friends faced

Yhwach together. Ichigo's determination burned in his eyes; Orihime's resolve radiated from her like the warmth of the sun.

"Yhwach!" Ichigo shouted, his voice ringing out. "It ends here!" Orihime didn't speak, but she leveled a steadfast gaze at the Quincy King, her hands raised slightly, ready to project her shields or healing at a moment's notice. Despite her body's unwieldy size, her spirit was nimble and focused. This was the moment she had prepared for, endured all the trials (and meals) for. The air around them crackled as Yhwach began to unleash his dark aura, shadowy tendrils of power whipping around him. Ichigo tightened his grip on his blade. Orihime's shield fragments glowed brighter in response.

The three combatants stood in a tense standoff amid the ruins, colossal power on all sides about to collide. Ichigo, the Substitute Shinigami, braced to strike with Orihime, the Healer Titan, at his side. Yhwach, the self-proclaimed god, glared at his defiant opponents. A single breeze blew through, picking up dust and ash from the devastated battlefield, as silence fell for one heartbeat.

In that heartbeat, Orihime glanced at Ichigo. He gave her the slightest nod – a gesture of trust and thanks. She felt a surge of confidence. Whatever happened next, she would hold nothing back.

Yhwach extended his hand, dark energy coalescing into a terrifying sphere of destruction. "Be crushed under the weight of your folly!" he roared. Ichigo lunged forward with a battle cry, Orihime simultaneously thrusting her arms out as her shields expanded to cover him.

Their final fight was about to begin...