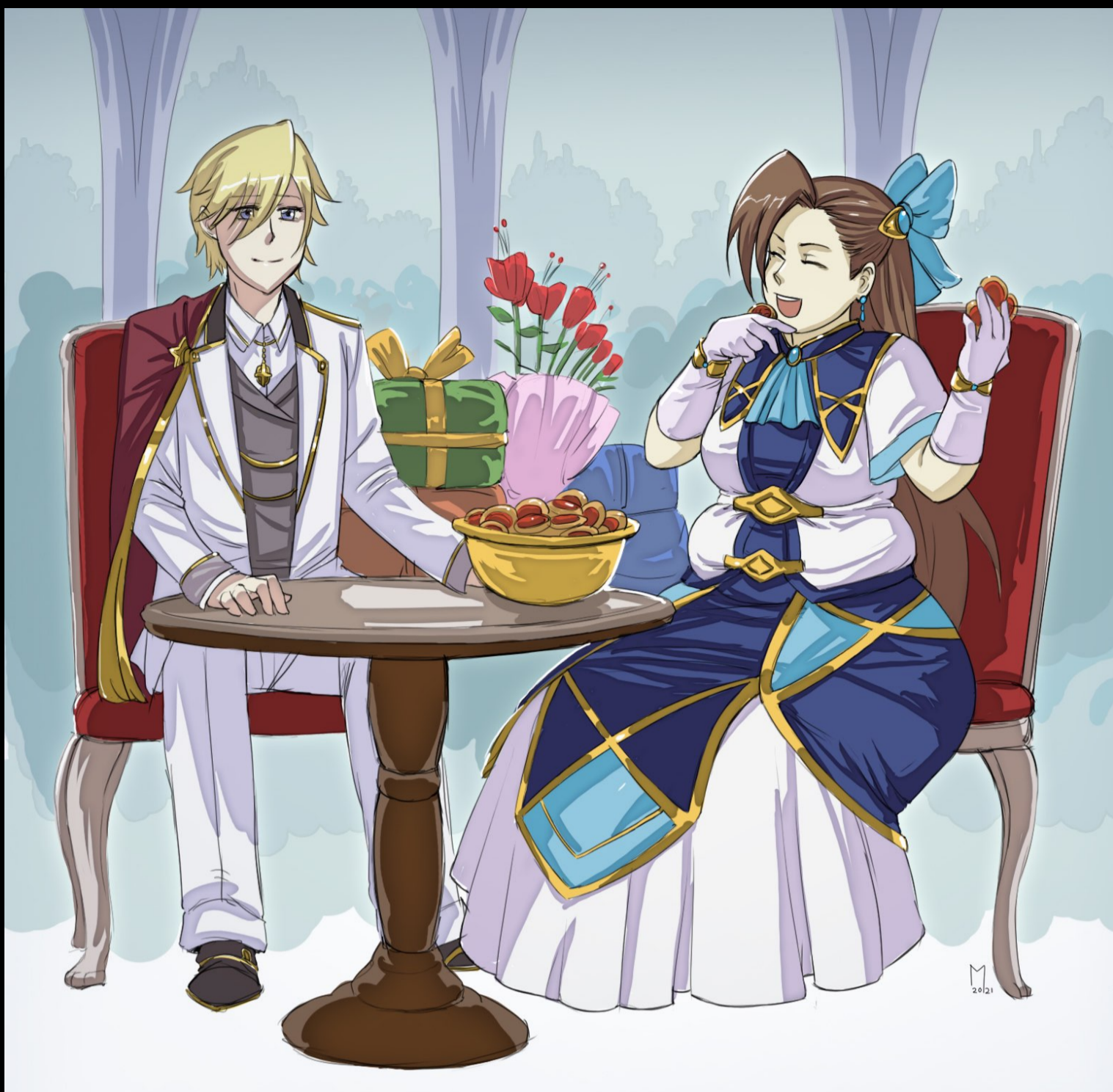


# Villainess WG



Katarina Claes reclined upon a sofa in the antechamber of the Stuart Estate, propped up on a large, billowy satin and silk pillow. Its deep purple contrasted to the blue and white gown she often wore, but highlighted her exceptional curves. In a stark contrast to her regal appearance, she had fallen asleep in a most unladylike fashion while waiting for Prince Geordo, with one leg over the top of the seat with a shoe still hanging off of it. One arm was sprawled behind her while another dragged closer to the floor as she loudly snored.

*"She's so cute, even when she's asleep,"* Geordo thought to himself as he peeked through a crack in the door. It was his fault for making her wait so long, but he just had to make sure everything was perfect for her.

A paragon of aristocratic nobility, and his betrothed since the age of 8, Prince Geordo continued to watch in admiration as she lazily repositioned herself like she hadn't a care in the world. It was that disregard for protocol and earnest love of herself and her friends which attracted him to her, gently molding their status from a political betrothal to one of genuine desire.

He continued to watch as she rolled around in her sleep, squeezing one of the expensive pillows so tightly that a feather ejected itself from the satin case and lodged itself in her open mouth. She gagged loudly and coughed back out before returning back to a more blissful state. Even now, she could always make him laugh.

Geordo wasn't the only one who saw such beauty. Katarina's magnetic personality and caring drew others around her, which was quickly leaving him behind. His many attempts to win her heart in more subtle ways were always being interrupted by their mutual friends, but this time he knew what would get through to her at long last.

It would be rude to awaken her after such a blissful slumber so Prince Geordo decided he would simply open the dining room door and let the scents handle the rest.

He wouldn't have to wait long.

As though shoved by invisible hands, he heard Katarina roll off the couch with a thud. She clutched her head as she stifled a groan before picking herself back up. With her hair still in slight disarray, she sleepily trudged into the dining hall while rubbing her eyes, entirely forgetting that she was no longer in her own house. She paused in mid yawn as she laid eyes on the prince and the unfamiliar surroundings.

*“My apologies for making you wait, Lady Katarina,”* Geordo smiled from the end of the table, bowing in formal greeting. *“I trust you slept well?”*

*“Uh, um, yes!”* Katarina scrambled as she patted down her dress and attempted to straighten her bangs. *“Thank you for having me over. You said that you had something urgent you wanted to talk with me about?”*

*“Why yes, for you see my family will be hosting another gala this weekend and I wondered if I could implore your impeccable taste on the matter, being a lady of high nobility and all.”*

Katarina groaned internally. She hated stuffy, aristocratic parties. Where others might have been overjoyed at the prospect of high tea and gossip, she had glimpsed a world beyond such archaic protocol.

*“I know I look like this, but I’m still a 26 year old fujoshi woman from Tokyo on the inside...just because I died young and got reincarnated into some dating sim...actually wait...did this scene happen in the game? I’m not forgetting something am I? Is this a potential flag event!?”*

The prince often caught her muttering to herself about some strange things. A dream, perhaps? Given how spontaneous Katarina could be, he often found it better to not probe any further.

*“Is something wrong, my lady?”*

Katarina smiled cheerfully as she approached, making a half-hearted attempt to hide her initial disappointment.

*“Uh, nope! Nothing wrong at all! I’d be more than happy to help! What would you like my opinion on?”*

The prince smiled, knowing that the plan was set into motion.

With two claps of his gloved hands, servants began to pour out of the nearby kitchen. With them they carried many assortments of trays and presents in a grand display. Together with them, the intoxicating scent which had roused her from her slumber was overwhelming.

There on gold trays, on floors and tables were two dozen big, chocolate box-bonus, stuffed with caramel and macadamia nuts and piled into a pyramid of lusciousness. More than two dozen large, strawberry tarts, dusted with sugar and smeared with whipped cream were presented under glass. A six layered, red velvet cake with pecan and walnut cream icing, cinnamon apple stuffed fritters, decadent butter ripple ice cream, enough chocolate chip brownies to build a small castle with; all of them were her favorites.

*“I just wasn’t sure which one of these would work as the dessert piece for the evening. Given that you’re the resident expert on sweets, I felt that I could only trust your opinion.”*

The amount of food was astonishing. Katarina had been to a lot of parties in her 18 years since she had been reincarnated but never one with a spread as extravagant. Even a woman with a tooth as sweet as hers felt her ever eager tummy cramp in an attempt to prevent her from instinctively stuffing herself until she exploded.

*“Actually, Maria’s also pretty good at sweets too,”* Katarina buckled, making the most half-hearted attempt to avert her gaze from oh so much chocolate. *“Why don’t I call her, Mary and Sophia over and we can all-”*

The prince had seen that coming. He had called Katarina over on this very day when he knew that they would all be preoccupied with other duties. He smiled at her as he grasped her hands in his, anchoring her waving heart to a plate with a slice of cake he had cut just for her.

*“I’m sure they’ll all be around shortly. However, this is a matter which I could only entrust to the one I am engaged to. It has to be you, Katarina.”*

“Oh that whole engagement thing? Where I tripped and hit my head when we were children? Well, you did take rather good care of me back then but I told you that you don’t have to feel so obligated to carry on like this! I’m totally over it! See, I didn’t even get a scar!”

The prince’s crestfallen gaze reflected off the sheen of Katarina’s bare forehead. Perhaps she had spoken a bit too much.

*“Well alright, fine. I suppose I can have a small piece if you insist. I know you’re probably just trying to make it up to me but you don’t have to try so hard to get me to like you. I already do!”*

Prince Geordo’s face lit up.

*“...As a very good friend!”*

His face sunk again.

Katrina’s face on the other hand was entirely aglow as she sampled the thin slice of cake. The smoothness of the chocolate melted on her tongue as it entered her still hungry belly.

*“Oh my god that’s delicious!”*

One bite was never going to satisfy her. It was like having only one potato chip and never going back for more. The entire slice soon disappeared into her and was quickly replaced by a larger, thicker one. The taste testing had certainly met her approval as she pressed her hand to her cheek in bliss.

*“Well, what do you think?”* The prince asked once he had rallied his mood. *“Any changes you’d make?”*

Katarina was well ahead of him. She scooped a big dollop of cream from a chilled pot all over it as she took an enormous bite. With eyes shut, she moaned her approval as she ate.

Now it was Katarina’s turn to snap her fingers. A servant quickly approached as hurriedly gestured for ink and paper to be brought to her side. With her left hand she continued to feed herself as she wrote furiously with her right.

The gorging continued like this for over an hour as she made notes for every adjustment and combinations of flavors that worked just as well. Unknown to her friends, she had mastered the art of writing while snacking while she crammed for exams in her former life and was quite adept at putting her critique into words. As soon as one page was done, another was immediately slid under her arm as she continued to suckle every last dusting of sugar from her fingers.

Katarina's dress bulged at her midsection as she began to consume at a far more rapid pace. The prince had never expected her to take his request in earnest as he had prepared far more food than a single woman could handle, but she showed no signs of stopping. Piles of plates stacked up against piles of paper as her belly swelled out of the constraints of her corset from both the top and bottom as pressure continued to build up behind it.

*"Ah...I see that you approve of....pretty much everything,"* The prince smiled as he glanced over some of her completed pages. They were detailed, completely down to positives and negatives for each dish with matching star ratings.

*"Unfortunately, I don't think it helps me figure out which one we should use for the party..."*

Katarina's quill scratching halted. She looked up from her latest page, swallowed the brownie still hanging halfway out her mouth and smiled back sheepishly.

*"Oh yeah...I guess that doesn't really help, huh? I can't help it since these are all just so good!"*

*"W-well I'm glad to see that our chefs were going in the right direction. I shall take these to them as soon as possible to make the adjustments."*

*"Oh, but there's still so much I haven't tried yet,"* Katarina pouted, not even trying to hide her disappointment. *"See, I've got plenty of-"*

There was an audible pop. All eyes in the room were drawn to Katarina's back as the constraints of her corset visibly gave way under the mounting pressure of her overstuffed belly.

Free from its fabric shackles, it bulged out in all directions and pushed the stretchiness of her dress to its limits. A sizable potbelly formed before her as the food she had mercilessly consumed wrought its vengeance upon her gown. At least a couple of inches of softness bloated out onto her lap and wobbled for a few awkward seconds between the two of them.

*"Your dress! I can't believe this happened! Quickly, fetch the tailor! Pay him to craft my betrothed the finest-"*

Katarina merely held up a hand to pause him in mid command. Smiling widely, she reached out for a few more strawberry tarts and aptly popped them into her mouth.

*“You need not worry yourself about my state of dress,” Katarina giggled. “This old thing was bound to need some adjustments anyway and I am a growing girl after all. Consider it a compliment to how well your chef had done with all of these treats. I do hope he will find some of my critique helpful to make your party fun.”*

And there it was. It was that consistent ability to find the good in any situation which had attracted the prince to her in the first place. From when they were children all the way through to how they had grown up together, nothing ever seemed to dampen her day.

The prince relaxed and sat back in his chair. The servants around the room relaxed with him, He pushed another plate of tarts towards Katarina who happily obliged the offer and resumed her taste testing with gusto.

It was clear that she would not stop until every scrap of food had been consumed and he very well couldn't have his fiancé wheeled out of the house once she became too big to move. It was with some reluctance that he signaled the servants with a gesture to cut the tasting short, at least for today.

He clutched the wedding ring still in its box which he had tucked into his back pocket. His plan to win her heart through her stomach would have to wait until she was in more fitting attire.

Prince Geordo wiped away a bit of cream which was stuck to Katarina's cheek. Katarina smiled back and continued eating. The prince's original ploy had been merely to spend some alone time with her and technically he had accomplished just that.

*“Oh well, I guess I've got an excuse to invite her more often then...if her dress can take it...”*



The hallway outside was dark, lit only by the moon which seemed to peek ever so gently across the windows of the Stuart Estate. Compared to his brother's display of opulence in his wing of the mansion, Alan preferred the gloomy sanctity of his half.

The corridor was silent, save for the padded footsteps of his boots as he walked along a shag of red carpet outside. A silver tray adorned with all sorts of food, so heavy that it needed to be carried with both hands, led him to nudge the door at the end of the walkway with his shoulder.

The room he entered was a large dome in shape, well lit and coupled with silk tapestries bearing gold embroidering along the walls with etched marble flooring below. This was his sanctuary and all that was contained within it were his treasures.

A piano, ebony in color lay beneath a shaft of moonlight, its contrast giving a heavier presence to the centerpiece. Its keys of black and white were in perfect contrast, their deep jet highlighted by the glow of shining ivory. Its lid was shut, sealing the strings of cast iron plate within their immaculate tomb.

More importantly however, they also bore the weight of a rather large and indulgent looking Katarina Claus on top of them; the very best seat in the house.

Alan Stuart was in awe of what lay before him, his two loves side by side. He recalled the first time he had ever laid eyes on them, both as a boy and as a young man, shocked by instruments so large. While more and more of the house became overtaken by accolades to his brother's greatness, it was within this room that he was king.

He had conquered one of his loves, but still had yet to make the other his queen.

Katarina smiled as she gracefully sampled the platter of sweets which he had bought for her. Alan pulled out the large bench hiding beneath the keys and took his seat. Thoughts of how wide Katarina had grown while listening to him play like this swam through his mind as he contemplated the thoughts of playing a duet beside her. These thoughts were quickly overtaken by the mere concept of just how much her new girth would have taken up on that bench alone were she to grace it with her tremendous hips.

Alan smiled as he held out his index finger above a single white key and depressed it. The piano sounded from beneath Katarina's heft with a note much higher in volume and pitch than either of them had anticipated. Katarina recoiled with a speed unexpected of her size, causing her to knock over a small pyramid of chocolates. Alan only smiled as he watched her slide all over the top of his piano as she desperately attempted to gather them back up onto the plate, occasionally popping a few into her mouth in between. There was no point in delaying their journey to their final destination.

Watching Katarina eat was a marvel. He took in the flowery scent of her hair and the heft of her curves as she continued to recline in luxurious decadence. It was such a sharp contrast to her usually tomboyish personality, but still Alan found himself drawn to this more refined side of her. His eyes trailed over the sheet music only to sneak an occasional glance at the papers firmly wedged underneath the fat roll which had formed at her side. It was scattered with just as many rising and falling intonations as to mimic the weightiness of her ample chest as she took each breath.

She had her eyes closed and Alan imagined that he was caressing her with his music. The gradual crescendos and deep tenuous, the soaring melodies which hugged her plump figure and settled upon her structurally deep bass. The piano kept going and he kept playing through the song which scintillated across her opulent form as her belly gradually swelled by the minute until all at once, they stopped.

The final notes bounced against the walls as Katarina's plump fingers scrambled against the empty dish, her dinner and show now finally at a close. Alan's fingers too stopped with an elongated reverberation as he brought his tune to a close. The prince then rose, without much of an inclination of what to do next as Katarina's enormous body sat up to meet his gaze. She clasped her gloved hands against her largest, lower most belly fold out of instinct as she politely clapped to the conclusion of his performance.

*"That song is a new one I have not yet performed," Alan said quietly. "It's called... 'Weighing on my Mind'"*

*"Oh? Does that mean you wrote it with someone you love in mind?" Katarina smiled, eager for any hints of gossip which he might have implied.*

The prince coughed as he blushed and turned his gaze away from her pure smile. There was no way he could tell her, especially when he was betrothed to another.

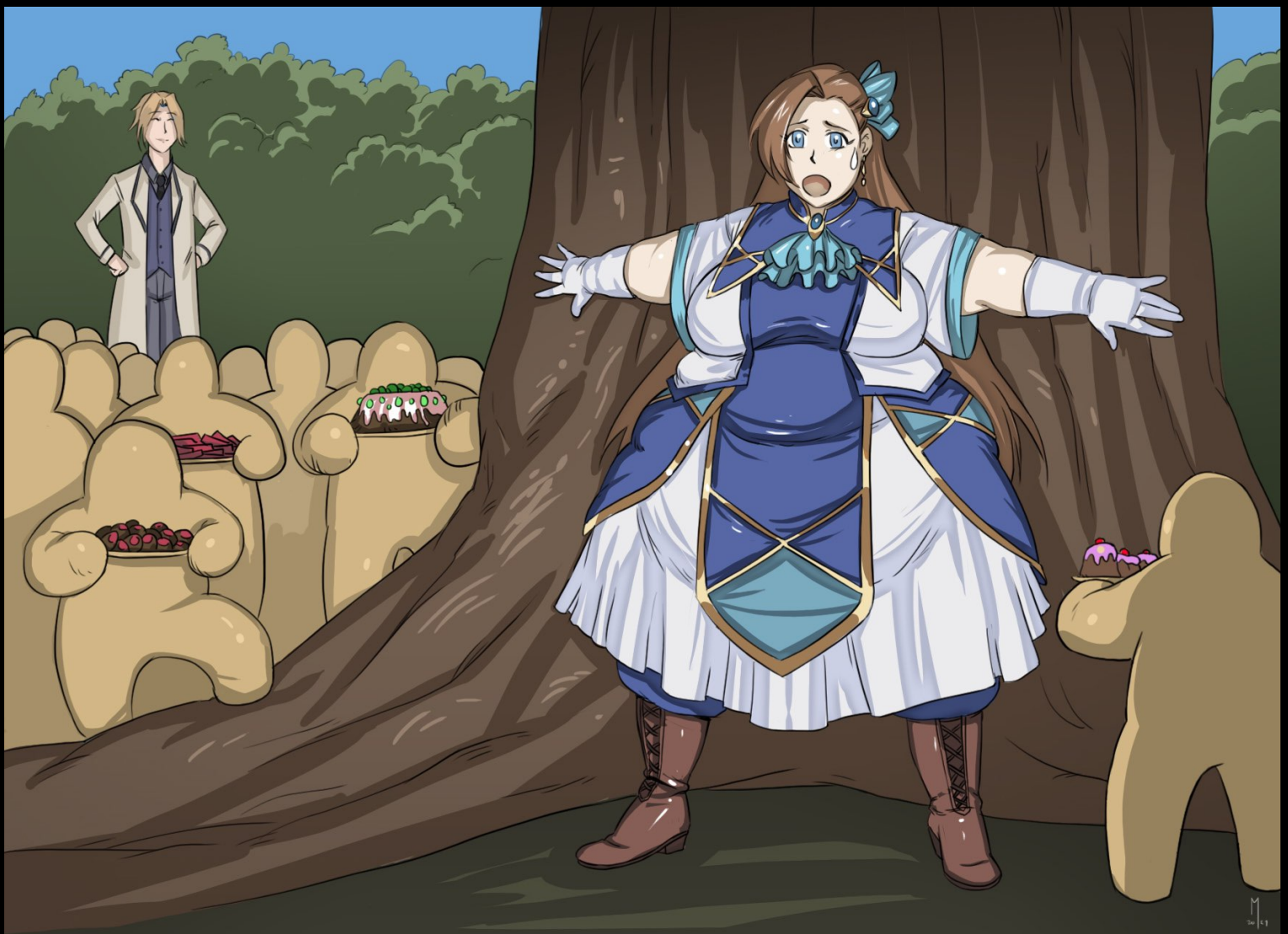
*"Well, um...uh...It's not that I really love her or anything...specifically...It's just that she takes up a lot of my peripheral vision...."*

Katarina's eyes nearly burned holes through his shirt to pierce his heart. He turned in a huff.

*"Anyway, I must leave. Thank you for staying with me for the performance."*

The sound of Alan's footsteps could be heard for a few moments until they disappeared entirely with him. Katarina, still perched atop the piano, gave a pensive look to the keys as she reclined herself into a more comfortable position. Her curves allowed themselves to flow where they needed as she playfully pressed a couple of keys.

*"Mary isn't that fat...neither is Maria...I guess his standards are quite a bit higher since he's a prince so I don't really blame him. It's hard to love someone when people always judge you for the company you keep."*



The matriarch of the Klaus household had a few choice words to say when Katarina and her brother Keith had returned for summer break. In the six months that Katarina had been at college she had swelled to an unbelievable size, so much so that her mother had hardly recognized her when she returned home. After subsequently fainting, picking herself up off the floor and fainting one again, their mother had decreed that Keith was to be put in charge of managing his sister's diet from this point onward with only the household's best intentions held in mind.

Such a solemn duty was something Keith was firmly accustomed to. Although they were not bound by blood, and being younger than his boisterous and scatterbrained elder sister, he doted on her nonetheless. Having their mother's blessing in this way felt more like he was being integrated into the family which gave him all the more reason to spend time with his favorite person.

After a stern lecture which seemed to last for hours, Katarina and Keith walked through the doors leading out to the forest of the estate's sizable acreage and life was wonderful once more.

*"It's not that noticeable, right? I mean, come on, who doesn't gain a little weight in their first year of college?"*

Keith only nodded and kept his mouth shut. Through the many years they had spent growing up together, he had watched his elder sister's rabid appetite and lust for food run its course over her figure. Her metabolism started to slow after her 18th year, rendering her a vision of beauty at nearly 500 pounds at 5'4". He marveled at the magnificence of engineering which was her bra as their family wealth had spared no expense to make her custom fit clothing, holding up nearly a foot of cleavage above an enormous drooping waistline. Katarina's womanly hips were accentuated further by her curve hugging dress which clung to the silhouette of her belly. Her self-reassuring complaints drowned themselves out against the sea of new fat which jiggled with every step she took.

*"...don't you agree, Keith?"*

Katarina's voice echoed in his ears

*"Keith?"*

*"Oh, um, yes sister,"* Keith nodded humbly. *"It's perfectly normal."*

Katarina beamed. Her simple mind was so easily reassured, most likely because of her simple heart. It was one of her most appealing features, but also the one which Keith had to be aware of as her natural magnetism drew more and more rivals for his affection for her. In truth, watching her fatten up had been something which he was banking on using to dissuade others who were not used to growing up with someone who ate almost around the clock since childhood, but an abundance of new curves only seemed to get her more noticed. It was only fair after all, since she was a natural beauty at any shape or size.

*"I wish mother wouldn't lecture so much,"* Katarina sighed as they stopped near a large tree. *"We almost missed lunch, because of it."*

Katarina smiled a devious leer as she reached into a hollow cut into the tree to retrieve a picnic basket worth of sweets. Keith had predicted the likely outcome of their return home and had prepared for such an eventuality with a message to the household's head maid in secret. This wasn't the first time Katarina had ALMOST been sent to bed without a meal for the myriad of disruptions she had caused in her youth.

*"Good work, Keith! I knew you wouldn't let me down!"*

*"Naturally, dear sister. I'm always thinking about your well-being."*

Lunch that day was especially delicious, with all of Katarina's favorites blended into a delightful five course spread. Three was her normal go to, but riding around in the carriage really worked up her appetite as did moving about at her new, great size. She began by soaking a strawberry in dark chocolate and heavy cream before saving each bite, washing it down with one of the house wines. Each bite was followed by an almost audible murmur of pleasure as Katarina closed her eyes to swallow. It was only as the last bite disappeared, she noticed that Keith had been silent throughout her feasting.

*"You're awfully quiet,"* Katarina prompted. *"Is everything okay?"*

*"Oh, it's nothing, dear sister,"* Keith replied *"Just thinking a little."*

In the game world she was familiar with, Katarina had read Keith Klaus' thoughts like a book. Where his real world self was meek and soft spoken, the game world version she was familiar with was a woeful womanizer with an insatiable appetite for girls of every kind. Guys were after all, natural horn dogs and she couldn't really help with that.

*"Ah, you've got a special sweetheart on your mind, don't you!"* Katarina said in a shaky, but reassuring voice. *"It's nice to think about them from time to time, but there's more to life than just that."*

*"T-time for what, exactly,"* Keith said shakily, unaware how to manage such stimulation.

Katarina, trying to hold back her own embarrassment, held his hand reassuringly and pressed her chubby fingers deep into his as she unwittingly pulled him against her belly's softness.

*"You know...SEX,"* Katarina said in a whisper shout. *"You've got to make sure you really love a woman before you-"*

Keith immediately withdrew his hand from hers. Hand over foot, he scrambled backwards several feet as he attempted to distance himself from his beloved sister.

*"But-I-Um-that is-I mean I love you...as my sister...and...but mother..."*

The panic was almost palpable in his voice as Katarina moved closer. She had assumed that reaction had meant she had hit the nail square on the head and now was the time for action. Their father had never had ‘the talk’ with her little brother as he was far too busy, so it would fall to her to repay his diligent kindness.

*“Come here, Keith,” Katarina beckoned with an embarrassed whisper. “I’m going to teach you how to become an adult.”*

*“O-oh dear god...it’s finally happening...,” Keith spluttered. “I need to get my heart ready first...”*

With some effort, Katarina heaved herself to her feet. Her leather boots planted themselves firmly into the ground, causing her body to wobble as she cast her colossal shadow over her brother.

*“Okay...so...the first thing you have to do is....”* Katarina began briefly, already puffed from the exertion of standing. *“Is...um...”*

She felt her face turning redder, adding embarrassment to her exhaustion. After several minutes of awkward mumbling from both parties, Katarina had her next brilliant idea.

*“Actually, why don’t you use your earth magic to make a few dolls and we can practice.”*

Keith blinked.

*“Come again?”*

*“You know...so that we can both watch and I can give you pointers...I am your big sister, after all.”*

While the two of them did have the ability to magically channel the element of earth to their whims, only Keith possessed the raw talent to carve golems out of stone which he could puppeteer to his will. Katarina’s much less impressive ‘earth bump’ allowed her to make a single small trip hazard which was far less suitable for the display she had in mind.

*“Okay, so summon one and show me how you’d try to win me over. Give me your best shot.”*

Unaware of how to approach this strange request, Keith merely did as he was told. A small stone humanoid erupted from the ground in front of them, dusted itself off and bowed before its master. With adept fingers, he directed the little creation over to another one of the hollowed out trees and brought forth yet another of the many snacks he had stashed away in the event of his sister’s next bout of hunger pangs. It trotted over to Katarina who marveled in adoration of the little automaton.

*“Aww, thanks little guy! This one’s my favorite!”*

Keith smiled. He felt himself relax a little. He was never really good with women, in spite of what his sister thought of him, but he knew how to approach her from a variety of angles. Those angles only seemed to increase as she grew ever wider with the passing days.

Katarina dug into the little dessert she was brought, pressing her hand to her plush cheek as she chewed and swallowed. Her rapture towards all things edible was only interrupted by a little tug on the side of her skirt as another clay golem vied for her attention.

*“Oh! You too huh? Well, I guess that’s okay,”* said Katarina kindly. She gave her brother a worried look. *“I hope that this isn’t meant to represent you approaching another girl at the same time, Keith.”*

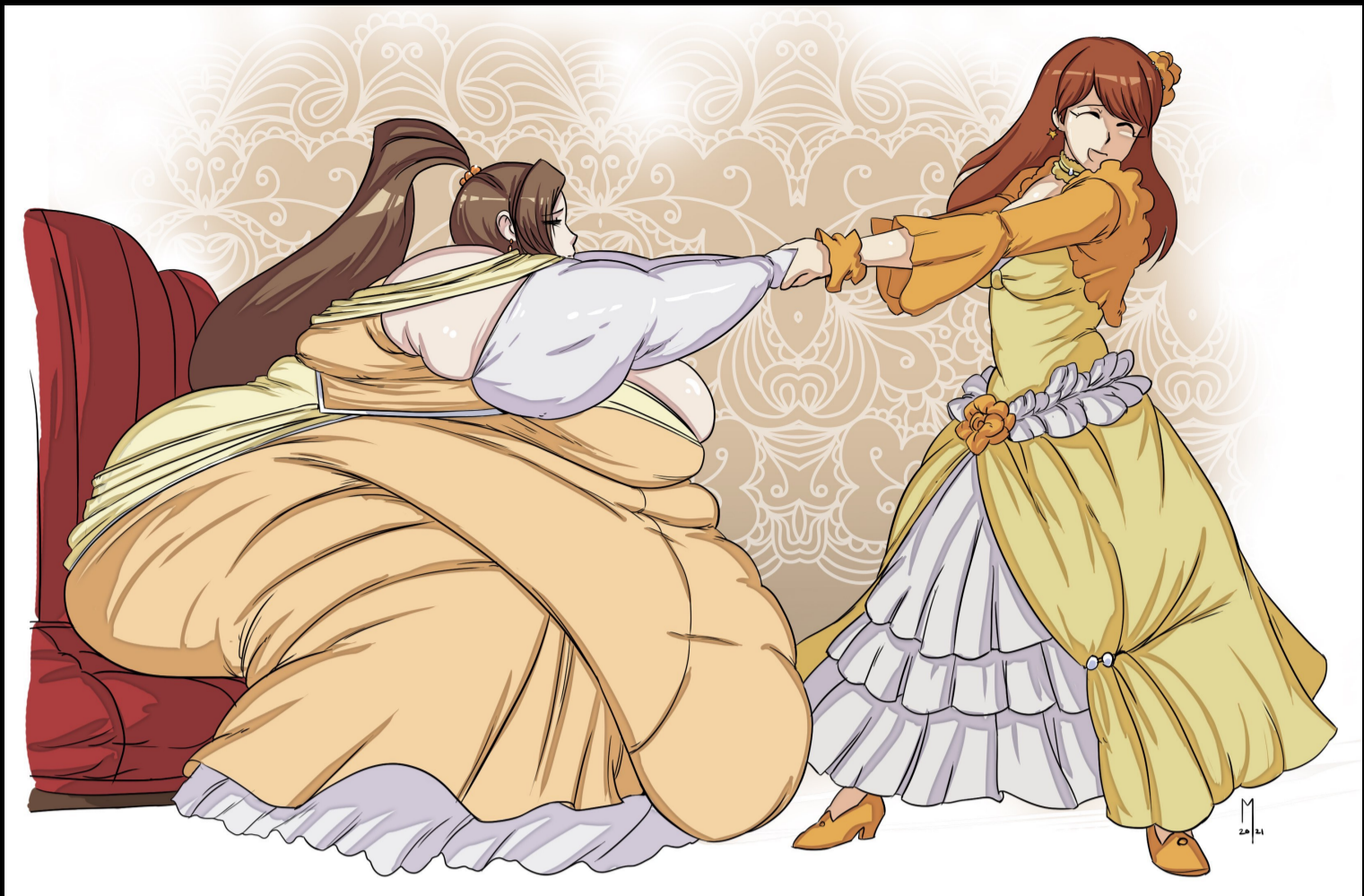
Dutifully, she took up the next treat and ate it too. Nothing made Keith happier than watching that smile on her face and knowing full well how to put it there.

As Keith’s thoughts and feelings began to trickle through, so too did they manifest into more magical creatures. Each one was a memory, bound to a location where he had stashed more and more food for his beloved sister, each one powered by his affection. It wasn’t long before an entire army of eager golems had returned and began to crowd around the object of his desire. Each one was awaiting the opportunity to pay homage to her immense girth in hopes of having more of her to go around.

*“K-keith,”* Katarina gasped suddenly, overwhelmed by the deluge of treats and clay admirers. *“Okay, I think we can stop now. You’re going to make your future love very fat if you’re this aggressive.”*

Keith only smiled. Where he had once feared his magic going out of control as a youth, he had learned that the golems disappeared of their own accord once their initial task had been fulfilled. Katarina knew this too, steeling herself for the onslaught of new snacks which she would have to eat.

*“My future love...I wonder just how fat she’ll become before this day is through...”*



It was customary among high society to celebrate the end of the harvest season with a grand ball, requiring the participation of every major household. It was every young girl's dream to make her debut as a woman being presented to the other nobles with much enthusiasm. The focus of this ball was to congratulate the first year students of the magical academy with their participation absolutely vital to the event with no excuses entertained.

Not even Katarina's new, enormous size could get her out of this one.

Stuffy parties were never an aspect she was keen on, something which she loathed even more now that she had more than tripled her starting weight since she had left home. To her, it was just another event in a long list of never ending duties where all she had to do was greet everyone and smile while wearing a nice dress. The added difficulty which made this event so much more difficult however was that 'all first year students MUST participate in the final event in order to pass the year' as was decreed in the fine print of her enrollment. She wasn't the best dancer even when she was slender, so what more now that she was so wide she almost filled the entrance hallway?

It was fortunate for her that Mary Hunt had a plan.

Two weeks prior to the event, Mary had put her plans into motion. Katarina's ever expanding girth was noticed by every person on campus which had attracted even more attention to the outspoken noblewoman. Mary was sure that among them, new rivals would be sure to approach Katarina as they had never once beheld such an enormous woman of highborn status. For her to have grown so wide and still have the decency to clothe herself, must have meant she was from an exceedingly wealthy household. The disingenuous and money hungry were sure to be in that number and it would be up to her to defend Katarina's good name.

*"Whatever shall I wear, Mary?"* Katarina groaned as she fingered a large hole she had torn in yet another new dress. *"This is why I don't like these sorts of parties."*

*"Never you mind,"* Mary consoled her as she handed Katarina another dress from a large pile they had collected to try on. *"After this party, why don't we just run away together and start a life on our own. You just leave everything to me and I'll make sure you stay fat and happy for the rest of our lives."*

She could hear Katarina giggle from behind the curtains as she slipped out of yet another tight, silken outfit.

*"Oh Mary, you do always know how to make me laugh. I am rather fond of all your jokes."*

*“Yes...jokes...”*

Mary had been betrothed to Prince Alan since they were children but it was only as she grew into her young adulthood that she learned that was not what she wanted. She had never had ‘feelings’ for other women the same way, but Lady Katarina was special to her. It was through a party such as this one that they had met each other in a garden one day where Mary had first become entranced with the young Katarina as she gobbled down plate after plate of sweets and snacks without a care in the world. Watching her eat and grow without worry made her feel...different.

From that day forth, Mary continued to enable her unrequited love from the shadows. Swapping out low calorie meals for higher calorie ones, plain cookies for buttermilk short breads and exchanging old evening gowns for slightly larger ones in order to keep Katarina from noticing. Her plans had worked far better than she had anticipated as Katarina continued to swell and grow the longer they spent around each other, each idyllic pound adding a further layer of softness to her complexion. Waddling into the great hall together brought about a flurry of surprisingly genuine compliments from all that passed them much to both Mary’s relief and chagrin.

The illuminations of the hall held an idyllic glow with lights flashing at different angles, twinkling and sparkling among the jewel encrusted arms and necks which adorned almost every woman and their gowns. At the far end, the orchestra was playing sweet music which attracted many couples to begin their dance. Mary looked about nervously for anyone giving her precious Katarina a lusty gaze before carefully corralling her towards the closest open sofa near the buffet. Now, more than ever, she had to be on her guard.

She would not have to wait long. Several men and women had seen the enormous young lady enter and were already whispering among themselves, no doubt making bets in a way only the very wealthy could as to how they might bag this enormous prize. After loading Katarina’s plate with goodies, Mary swiftly intercepted each and every one of them, sternly but politely advising them towards more ‘affluent’ matches that would be a better use of their evening. Political connections were her strong point after all, an aspect which she knew Katarina was less interested in keeping tabs on.

*“I had marked my time looking for a most beautiful partner and now I have found her.”*

Mary’s ears pricked up. She had missed one.

A man with flaming red hair had approached Katarina and had deftly kissed the back of her gloved hand. Katarina blushed as she stared at him blankly, unsure of what to make of the gesture.

*“My name is Sirius Deike and I would love to-”*

*“You would love to help refill Lady Katarina’s plate,”* Mary interrupted. *“How kind of you to do so.”*

The man turned his attention to Mary who held a polite but stern smile.

*“Ah, Ms Hunt, I was not aware that you had engaged Lady Katarina’s company. I beg your pardon for interrupting.”*

*“Think nothing of it,”* Mary smiled back. *“As you can see, Katarina is quite engaged with a most pressing matter which demands her full attention. It would be most impolite if you were to distract her at this critical point in time.”*

The man named Sirius cocked his head.

*“Critical? It would seem that Lady Katarina is merely enjoying the culinary festivities. I assure you, there will be plenty more of it after a brief twirl around the ballroom.”*

*“Can you now? Do you even have an inkling as to how much dear Lady Katarina must consume to maintain her most ponderous figure? The Claes Household has always prided themselves in their extra large women with only the finest breeding. I dare say that any excessive activity such as a ‘twirl around the ballroom’ would be in stark contrast to those goals of becoming by far, the largest girl of the academy.”*

“She is?” Sirius asked, eyes widening. For as large as she was already, he had never heard of a woman wanting to become even larger.

“I am?” Katarina interjected. *“This is certainly the first I’ve ever heard of it.”*

Mary reached into the frills at the back of her dress and withdrew a neatly folded letter she had tucked into the back of it. She deposited the paper into Sirius’ open hand.

*“As you can see here, I have a complete family tree and blood lineage which denotes her family’s clear intentions. With the exception of her mother who had married into the family, every Claes female has always been of enormous stature.”*

Mary planted her hands against her hips firmly as Sirius’ eyes trailed across the caricatures and records of Katarina’s family line, with each woman appearing more enormous than the last.

*“It would behave you to do your research first, before making such seemingly innocent, yet harmful requests.”*

They were all doctored of course, the family resemblance in each part of the document, one of Mary’s own sketches of her beloved Katarina which she spent making each night before bed. The different ways she had her wear her hair, distributed her fatness or altered her double chins to her liking made for a genuine looking pedigree devoted to obesity and the finer things.

*“M-my apologies,”* Sirius stumbled. *“I had meant no disrespect. Please, carry on with your evening, ladies.”*

With a low bow, the man took his leave. Mary huffed as she folded up her arms in triumph.

*“Alright, we’ve made our appearance as expected. We should probably get out of here before more people try to disrupt us.”*

*“Agreed,”* Katarina sighed as she added another empty plate to the towers around her. *“They’re all out of those little danishes I like too.”*

Acquiring more food for her beloved was the next thing on her agenda, but there was something off about that man in particular. Predators like that were quite obvious to Mary but for someone as innocent and cute as Katarina, she would have to stay extra vigilant for the both of them.

From behind her, Mary could hear an enormous straining followed by the sound of tearing fabric. Half expecting to have seen Katarina burst out of her dress for all to see, she was both mildly pleased and disappointed to note that the couch she had been lounging upon had simply burst at the seams instead.

*“Um, a little hand?”* Katarina laughed awkwardly. *“I seem to be unable to get up on my own...”*

*“I’ll take your hand,”* Mary smiled as she leaned back, using her entire body’s weight to try and heave the enormous woman to her feet. *“I’ll take it in marriage if you ask me to.”*

*“You’re funny, Mary,”* Katarina laughed in return. Her laugh was cut short by a chill as she felt her belly brush against the cold floor for but an instant as she leaned as far forward as she could. *“You always have a good joke to make me feel better.”*

Mary bit into her lower lip in frustration. That denseness was what she both loved and was what caused her no end of problems.

*“Yes...a joke...”*



*“Katarina Claes, your moment of reckoning is at hand! It is time that we expose all your evil deeds!”*

The accusations came out of nowhere, sharp and fast. The cupcakes she had been holding fell out of her open palm as for the first time in a long time, she stopped eating. Katarina felt her throat go dry as all moisture drained from her body which caused her to choke.

*“My doom has finally arrived!”*

Her mind whirred into motion, first demanding more sugar to continue the cognitive process as she slowly resumed eating, and secondly to try and analyze what they could have meant by such claims. The enormous woman considered all possibilities through another mouthful of treats, a deluge of possibilities for the sins she had committed.

*“Sins like...”*

Clearly they were referring to the time she had emptied out the steam trays at the lunch hall single handed. She had reasoned that the sign saying ‘all you could eat’ meant that she could do so...

*“Or maybe...”*

Then there was the time her butt had got wedged in a major hallway on the way to class and impeded foot traffic between the first and second floors until she could be successfully wedged out. To be fair, Katarina had offered to just tear her dress to push herself through but Sophia had been absolutely adamant that she was not to shame herself in such a way.

*“But did they know about...”*

Surely they hadn’t heard about the time she had found an extra meal ticket on the campus grounds and had decided to ‘cash it in’ even if it wasn’t hers. It was about to expire anyway and that was the last day of the chocolate filled cream buns being on the campus menu and it was just about closing time! What else did they expect her to do!?

Katarina’s body twitched in nervous anticipation as she realized that her crimes, though largely culinary, were more numerous than she had initially thought. This doom flag was one entirely of her own making and worst of all, it was inevitable. The ground shuddered as she took an enormous step back with thighs as thick as the very trees she used to climb as a child.

*“We are of course talking about your bullying of Maria Campbell and the harassment of Prince Geordo and all their friends!”*

Her accusers simultaneously plunged accusatory fingers into the depths of Katarina's fatness as though to labor their point. Katarina could only blink a few times in rapid succession as she watched their bony digits sink right up to the third knuckle of her obesity. Her accusers coughed awkwardly as they withdrew their fingers and attempted to mask their surprise. Just how fat did she want to make herself anyway?

*"Ahem, the proof is clearly before all of you!"* said one of the detractors. *"Her great size is not one which could easily be gained on a student budget alone."*

*"Therefore, it is clear that she has been taking advantage of the kindness of so many in order to grow so large!"* declared another.

The leader of the group, a regal yet almost forgettable woman dressed in fineries indicating her standing as a Nobel of high regard flourished a hand at the enormous young woman who still continued to eat in stunned silence.

*"We have made a compilation of just how much food it would have to take to get this big on your own and have determined that no woman could ever eat this much unaided without taking more than her fair share of the city harvest! She is clearly coercing the royal families to bankroll such a slovenly lifestyle which must be brought to an end!"*

With a click of her fingers, reams and reams of paperwork were brought out and distributed into the crowd of the dining hall. Shocked gasps and whispered criticism began to filter throughout the room.

As full as she was getting, Katarina could not help but feel the bottomless pit of her stomach grow slightly wider as all eyes descended upon her gargantuan form.

*"Preposterous."*

Sophia and Nicol Ascart cut through the sea of people in a flash of black and silver hair. The brother and sister duo stepped between Katarina and her accusers without a second thought, clearly upset with what they had insinuated.

*"We would have you all know that lady Katarina's constant snacking has been kept under close tabs by the Ascart family and can tell you all right now that tonight's snacks have been provided by us in earnest as a gift for all the wonderful things she has done for us as a tribute between noble houses."*

Though small, and sickly for most of her life, Sophia had never looked more intimidating as she boldly strode forward. With her brother's shadow backing her, she pressed in until she was face to face with the ringleader of the women. She would have gone even further had Nicol not held her back.

*"To besmirch her good name is to declare war with House Ascart as we have allied ourselves with Lady Katarina of our own free will."*

Sophia snatched up one of the papers in the crowd and waved it under the ring leader's nose.

*"At a glance, I can tell that almost all of these numbers have been fabricated. While Lady Katarina's appetite is impressive to the average girl, only her true friends are fully aware of her daily schedule."*

Sophia clapped twice as Nicol dutifully reached into his pocket.

*"Dear brother, if you please..."*

*“Certainly, sister.”*

A scroll as thick as Katarina’s forearm, and probably the same width as an average woman’s thigh, unfurled itself. It rolled onto the floor and through the crowd in the dining hall before making its way out the doorway. Sophie cleared her throat as she began to read.

*“Lady Katarina’s day often begins with food from the moment her eyes open. I ensure that she awakens to a full course meal with all the essential food groups including meats, eggs, fish, soups, grains, fruits, cereals...”*

*“Um, sister, please be mindful of the time, would you?”*

*“Oh yes, right,”* Sophia resumed. *“All of which are extracted from Ascot lands. I sit with her and ensure that not a single drop is spilt as we then hastily retreat back to the bedroom in order to change her out of her evening gown and into her daily wear.”*

She scrolled further down the page.

*“This brings us to her pre-lunch meal. Keeping up one’s appearance means also maintaining a healthy appetite at each engagement! Together, we ensure Lady Katarina has plenty of snacks as walking to and from the student council building into the courtyard is quite a trek!”*

*“It’s only one room awa-”*

The ringleader was silenced by another scroll of paper which Nicol had unfurled in preparation for Sophia’s continued recount of Katarina’s day. Every minute of it was spent eating and under the watchful eyes of at least one of her friends. There was never a point in time where something edible wasn’t clutched within her chubby fingers or being dutifully swallowed to add to the ever expanding bulk of her body. The entire recount seemed to last for hours, draining all fervor from her accusers as they were quickly finding less and less opportunity for Katarina to have done anything other than eat from the moment her feet hit the floor to when she was heaved back into bed at night.

*“Need I go on?”*

*“Okay...okay...we get it...”* the ringleader wheezed, her wits drained by Sophia’s comprehensive argument. *“We’re sorry...okay...we just wanted her to spend some time with us too...”*

Sophia winced a little as she felt something resonate inside her.

*“It’s so hard since she’s so popular now...surely you understand?”*

It had indeed been rather difficult for her to get Katarina alone as she wanted, even with her brother’s help. They had been childhood friends for many years but the yearning she felt was different from these women who only sought to further their names by associating with her in public. Political gains were something which Sophia understood well enough that Katarina was simply not interested in.

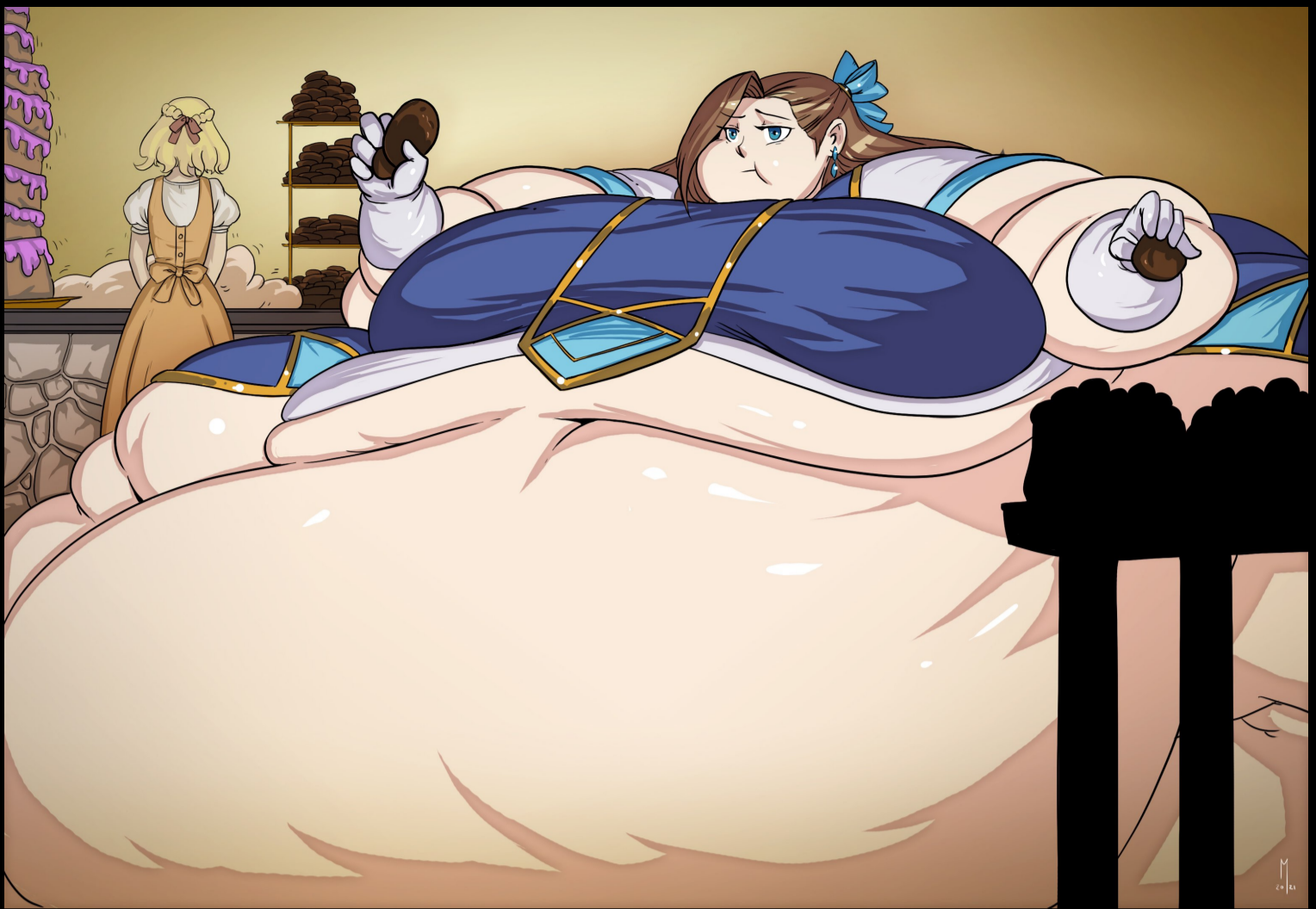
Just like Katarina had done for her before in her youth, now she would pay back the favor. She would defend her princess like the hero of her favorite romance books.

*“For your trespass, you must not only redeem yourself but prove yourself worthy. From now until the next chrysanthemum bloom, you are to provide a tithe of your allowances to be put towards maintaining Lady Katarina’s intake. For every pound she gains, you shall be granted a minute of her time.”*

The women looked at Katarina as she continued to engulf the contents of the buffet tables on her own and realized that was merely enough to sustain her current weight. Making her bigger would have been an exponential effort, but one which may have put them in good standing with the largest figure on the school council.

Nicol withdrew a ledger from his back pocket and presented it to his sister who dutifully prepared to take notes. The women were prompted to discuss their next move in light of this potential business opportunity.

*“Consider it an investment which is sure to grow.”*



She could finally relax

After all these years, Katarina had felt as though a great weight had finally been lifted off her shoulders. Not even all the pounds she had gained to this point could really compare to the metaphysical relief of having evaded her doom flag, but it was a start.

Now was the time for her to start living.

*“You know what, I feel great! It’s like I’m ten pounds lighter!”*

Maria Campbell dropped the cupcake she was holding upon hearing those words.

*“L-lady Katarina! That’s terrible! Are you sure you haven’t lost anything?!”*

*“I-it is?”* Katarina blinked back. *“I just mean that it really felt good to get that weight off my shoulders...”*

Maria was quick to zone into that troubled spot as she mounted Katarina’s southern hemisphere. So huge had she become, that she now towered over most women and darkened almost every hallway. Skillfully, the smaller woman ascended using the shelf of her enormous rump as a stepping stool and began to rub the folds of her broad shoulders quite vigorously.

Where a more gentle massage would have sufficed for a smaller woman, a woman of Katarina’s size could only truly appreciate the immense pressure which Maria’s normally dainty hands would have applied. Fortunately for the both of them, Maria was an expert baker as her hands instinctively knew where to go to knead the softest and fluffiest dough.

*“Most certainly! My great grandfather lost a lot of weight quite quickly before he died. It was so sudden, the family was absolutely devastated with the change to that line of succession. I would hate for such a thing to happen to you of all people...”*

Maria’s normally calm expression appeared somewhat more intense than Katarina was used to as she gave her a dead serious glare.

*“I may be of common birth, but I understand how lines of succession work and I will not allow anyone to usurp your position as the eventual matriarch of House Claes. You have my word on that.”*

Katarina winced. She was never fond of fatalistic talk and house pedigrees bored her to tears. However, at her great size, there was nothing she could do to extract herself from Maria’s gaze as the much smaller woman started to slip off the natural slope of her belly and breasts and back onto the floor. Maria stared back at her with tear streaked eyes.

*“My god, she’s cute,”* Katarina thought to herself. *“No wonder she’s a dating sim heroine...”*

*“This is why you kept muttering about your impending doom, isn’t it? I am sorry to have pried but I couldn’t help overhearing you talking about it ever so often. I too now respect a noble cause such as engaging in what you love to do no matter what others think of you. You taught me that after all and inspired me to pursue my dream of friendship!”*

*“I did?!”*

*“Ah, Maria-chan,”* Katarina interjected with a laugh. *“I-I think you might be mistaken...”*

*“Not at all! My heart is in sync with the one who is most precious to me and for her, I shall do my utmost to make her happy at any expense! Death shall not claim you, Lady Katarina!”*

Maria’s fingers started to twinkle as she gathered up her rarest and most coveted talent. Light magic was the most unique and gifted of magical abilities anyone in their world could have, able to break curses, cure all illness and even revive the dead in some cases. It was truly the stuff of dreams, no matter what shape or form they might take.

*“Hey! Who ever said anything about me dying! I just meant-”*

A growl unlike any other rumbled from deep within and cut her off mid sentence. Amplified emptiness from an endless void coated in all that marbled fat shook the girls where they stood as Katarina’s more base urges took hold.

*“Well...dying of hunger doesn’t really count...does it?”*

*“I’m not taking that chance when it comes to someone precious to me!”*

*“I remember her saying those words to someone she was going to conquer in game...but neither Prince Geordeo or Keith are here so why would she say that to me?”*

*“Please, be healed! Rest assured that I will work day and night to hasten your recovery!”*

*“No, really it’s just-“*

The sound of baking trays clattering onto a floured work shop silenced her attempts at a rebuttal. Maria’s baking ethic was second to none as she has honed and perfected any and all treats that were to pass her true loves lips.

Once in the zone, her concentration was absolute as she worked to ensure every life giving calorie would not go amiss.

Protesting or attempting to intervene was also out of the question as Katarina sank into the bulk of her own enormous size, able to sit anywhere simply by falling back onto the great, wobbling mass of her hips and thighs. Her belly which dragged along the ground without active attempts to keep it from sagging, was happy for the rest as Katarina's pudgy fingers moved out from underneath her largest belly fold to rest upon its surface.

All she could do now was wait.

It wasn't long before the food started to arrive, an impromptu feast just for her as she filled her senses with Maria's cooking. Although she felt bad for having a meal made for her entirely out of a misunderstanding, the taste of so many snacks was just something she could never say no to.

*"You're going to make a wonderful wife one day, Maria."*

The sound of baking stopped. Maria stood at the side of the kitchen sink and measured Katarina's words, carefully.

*"I would love to be..."* she said softly before resuming her mixing. *"And I do hope it's soon..."*

Katarina's eyes lit up as she bit into another doughnut. She loved a tall glass of girl gossip to go with her meals.

*"Oooohh! Does that mean you've decided!? Tell me, Maria! I wanna hear who you are interested in!"*

Again, the sound of the spatula against the mixing bowl slowed. Maria's shoulders quivered as she tried to hide how red her face was getting.

*"I-I am very fond of you...in particular...lady Katarina. M-my type is the one who loves my cooking and would love to eat it all the time..."*

*"Ehhh..."*

*"I am very fond of you too, Maria,"* Katarina began, disappointed by what she felt was yet another generic answer. *"But I was talking about more of a romantic way. You know, there's so many guys we hang out with, surely one of them is the kind you like."*

She had to be direct this time. She was sure her doom had passed this time, but she would never know for sure until Maria gave her a straight answer.

She would have to know for sure.

There was a frustrated slap of mixing bowl against the side of the table. Katarina's eyes widened as Maria purposefully strode towards her and sank her hands into her undulating folds of fatness. She had to steady herself so as not to sink too deeply into the softness of her fleshy belly.

*“Then let me ask you this! Lady Katarina, who do you like more? Me or my sweets?”*

Maria’s eyes hardened for the first time in Katarina’s memory. This event certainly never occurred in any of the game routes she played. She fumbled for words.

*“O-of course...c-clearly the answer is...”*

A silence that seemed like it stretched for eons filled the room. It stretched and pervaded all corners of empty spaces and felt like it was suffocating.

Katarina gasped as she realized that the cause for this shortness of breath was in fact Maria’s entire body weight pressed against her chest and belly as she clambered closer and closer to her face.

*“M-maria...could you...”*

Tears started to well up in the corners of Maria’s eyes. They sparkled and twinkled as they fell into the deep chasm of Katarina’s cleavage.

*“Oh how long I had waited for you to say that...lady Katarina, after we eat, please just take me! Take all of me right now and have my for your dessert!”*

Katarina blinked. She grasped Maria’s shoulders tightly. For the first time after so long, she finally felt she understood.

*“I know I’ve been cold to you after all you’ve done for me, and you’re right, I should have been more clear about your feelings.”*

Maria’s eyes sparkled. Radiating warm beams of happiness.

*“I’ll call the carriage around and we can go anywhere you want! I’ll take you wherever you’d like to go today! It’ll be just like a date so you can practice for your confession!”*

Maria slid off her belly and silently resumed cooking. Katarina tilted her head as she popped a couple of chocolates into her mouth, adding their sugary goodness to her density.

*“H-hey? Are you mad? Was it something I said?!”*

Maria only continued baking as she poured her feelings into her food. Katarina couldn’t help but notice the next batch of cookies tasted just a little bitter and burned.

*“Why does it feel like I triggered a bad end flag...”*