

“Denji, I’m hungry.”

Denji was quick to her side with a tray of food. There was beef ramen, some rice balls, and some delicious looking Mochi.

“Good boy.”

Makima had changed quite a bit after that fateful night where she found Denji’s computer unlocked. She saw all the types of things he was into, and she smiled at the opportunity -a way to keep him under her thumb.

He was becoming desensitized to the mere suggestion of touching her breasts, so she needed new fuel to add to his fire.

And seeing those girls, she would certainly have to add.

She began eating extra snacks, going out for longer lunches, Her rigid exercise routine became nonexistent. It was slow at first, a little tightness in her shirt, a faint padding to her cheeks, to a small wheeze after she walked a bit too long.

But it all snowballed from there, but Makima was sure she could get it to stop when she was at the size she knew would be most effective at keeping her dog on his leash.

Except... she hadn’t stopped.

She didn’t know when the change occurred , but soon she was not eating simply for Denji’s attention, but to satiate her own desires. Even when he wasn’t around, she would absentmindedly fondle the flab she had grown, feeling the softness where there had once been rigidity.

For the longest time the only thing Makima had been able to accurately say she loved was Control. Her heart was a pit of ice, where only pressing her thumb on the proverbial bugs of the world could make it thaw.

But fat was very warm.

She began getting herself off, just from her fat alone. Her shirts would practically be begging to be upsized, but she refused, enthralled by the tightness. The look of fear on the servers at her favorite place to eat out sent her into goosebumps.

Makima quickly discovered the one thing she loved more than control; losing control.

She stopped showing up to meetings, then to work. Denji had to pick up an extra job just to support the rent, plus all of her food expenses, but he clearly enjoyed it.

“Can i.. Touch?” Denji asked after bringing the food to her. She smirked as she sucked down noodles.

“You may. 60 seconds.”

Denji placed his hands on the warm supple fat of his... roommate? He wouldn't dare call her his girlfriend.

After cresting 600 pounds, she only wore special lingerie. She had a very belly heavy figure, with her breasts and rear only growing modestly.

But the belly is what drew Denji in. The soft mass was split by three rolls, and he touched and fondled for as much as he could while Makima devoured the food in front of her. It was like the softest and biggest pair of breasts he had ever seen, and with each meal it would only get *bigger*.

While Makima may have lost control, she still controlled him. When she first started gaining, Denji did his best to try to not look interested, but failed miserably. He began working very hard to supply her with food, new clothes when she asked, and making sure she did not have to lift up more than a finger.

He never questioned why Makima had started becoming the girl of his dreams, but why look a gift horse in the mouth, especially when that mouth kept piling up more and more food to eat.

Makima let him feel up her stomach for 62 seconds. She decided to be a little generous, as he had been an especially good boy today.

Plus there was a part of her that maybe thought the belly rub felt... nice.

“That's enough. I wish to retire to my room now.”

Denji tore himself away from the pale mass of flesh that had enraptured the both of them so thoroughly, and helped her up off the couch.

Between his Devil hunting and helping her around, Denji was in quite the good shape, and he needed every muscle.

The floor creaked as Makima rested her weight on it, and for a brief second she grinned at the idea of being so heavy she crashed into the apartment below her.

With heavy waddles she made her way to her bedroom, making sure to shut the door in Denji's face.

She plopped down on the bed, the short walk exhausting her. She breathed heavily, and not all of it was from trying to catch her breath.

This was not the path Makima was supposed to go down. This was not the plan.

But the plan, along with everything about her, had become buried under an avalanche of calories and fat.

Makima tried her best to reach something else buried under her flab, but the difficulty added to her arousal. She made no attempt to hide the sounds she was making from Denji, who was almost assuredly right outside her door, listening in.

A part of her lied to itself and said she was still doing this to control him, make him even more of her pet. But the truth was, she was doing most of this for herself now, the world of pleasure too great to ignore.

She wondered if there was a fat devil out there, one who had bound itself to her and made her this way.

It didn't matter, this was what she was now, a pig. Wallowing in all the food and flesh she could get her tubby hands on.

What had started out as a way to keep Denji on a leash had turned into a leash around herself, tying her to her desire to consume.

And she was, for once in her life, happy.