

Touhou WG Story - Maid's Reward

By Dr-Black-Jack

The art of keeping a maid was simple.

From atop my throne within the halls of the Scarlet Devil Mansion, I pondered the reward most befitting my dear Sakuya. She always worked so hard and tirelessly through all hours of the night, it was only fair that she received some kind of recompense. She would never let me know to my face of course, often proclaiming that work was in fact its own reward and she had expected to be rewarded twice as much tomorrow but that just would not be so. It was therefore up to me to uncover those hidden desires in order to best address them.

If she had no such desires, I would simply alter fate to make them so.

The first inkling I ever had that my always perfect maid was anything but came sooner than I had expected. The kitchen was entirely her domain and yet it was odd to have noticed her sneaking about like a common thief. Even through the illusion of halted time I watched as she made her way to the larder to extract herself an extra sliver of roasted beef which she gently laid upon two slices of bread which she fashioned into the most meager of servant meals. This might not have been so unusual had I not already seen her do so three times before already, breathing heavily with a flushed look upon her face as she ate well beyond the capacity of merely sating her hunger.

I probed deeper into her mind, gazing upon some rather interesting fantasies, desires of feeling her uniform drawn ever tighter against her skin as all she ate turned to fat. Hundreds of pounds it would seem were just scratching the surface as the version of herself which existed in her mind's eye grew into an enormous sight to behold. For one whose life revolved around servitude, food it seemed was the only domain which she considered truly hers where she could eat and grow with reckless abandon if given the chance.

Naturally, such an embarrassing desire was one which she would never admit to freely, not even to the mistress she cherished so dearly. So, I decided to nurture her dark desires from a distance with a little nudge in the right direction.

Coming home from grocery shopping one day, I could already tell she had planned to put some of that food away for a private gorging session. She stocked the pantry as she always did with all of the essentials she thought I would never notice but had slipped a box of cupcakes under her arm as she made her way back to her quarters. It was there where she would find a tome I had borrowed from the library sitting upon her bed in a wrapped bow with a simple card attached to it.

“Speak your wish and let it be so.”

Sakuya’s eyes quickly sped across the card as she delayed time for her own protection as I had anticipated. As the world crawled to a halt in monochrome with a click of her watch, another would normally all it took to undo it, but not this time.

I wanted her to have her vacation even if it meant everything would grind to a halt for the duration.

“State your wish and for the next three months, you shall have it.”

Sakuya instinctively drew her knife and approached. The book sat motionless on the bed until she found the courage and gingerly picked it up. The voice of the card echoed once more through her fingers.

“Please speak out loud for this is not a telepathic service...”

The skepticism was easy to read on my maid’s face as she considered her domain over time absolute. Flippantly she decided to declare ehr desire, assured that no one would ever see nor hear her for once in her life.

“I wish to experience the life of an obese woman. I wish to be as wide as the village women whom I see in the markets, eating whatever they wish as they waddle through the streets in skirts that look about ready to burst their seams. I wish to overflow my tops and bust my buttons with rolls of extra flesh, showing off a big belly and huge breasts. I want to eat all the calorie laden snacks that ever were without once thinking of the consequences as my hips and ass become wide enough to serve tea from. I want to grow even fatter than that, hardly noticing any change in size, nor showing concern for what might happen. I want...”

“Okay, time’s up. Geez, that’s a really tall order.”

Sakuya paused.

“But lastly, I was going to say I wanted to revert back to my usual size once I was done.”

“For someone with all the time in the world, you would think that a maid would be more concise...”

The book slammed shut and fell back onto her bed. Time continued to remain frozen but I stayed well aware of what was happening.

I wanted to be entertained.

The frozen world would have been alien to some, but not to Sakuya. With her duties suspended beyond her control, she could finally focus on herself. The first morning seemed to be longer without anyone to cook for but herself. She brewed herself some coffee and then made herself a sandwich. She finished them and decided to make another sandwich, this time interlaced with slabs of greasy bacon she would normally save for special occasions. This of course was chased down by a couple of runny eggs and a stack of pancakes, quickly chased down by more coffee swimming in a triple serving of cream and sugar.

Eating to her fill while walking around the mansion was a pleasant change. The best part of frozen time was that all her duties remained done and no further ones reared themselves outside of the plates she had to wash for herself. Taking a cue from our local gate guard, she decided to treat herself to a mid morning nap.

Lunch in itself was no small affair either. The food she had bought was enough to normally feed an entire household and she found herself cooking just as much on instinct. Not wanting to waste any of it of course, Sakuya dutifully gobbled down the hamburger steaks she had prepared, the roasted potatoes and pecan pie she had prepared for dessert in a single sitting before dozing off once more.

Her stomach was what awoke her in the afternoon, finding that tea and crumpets were no longer a satisfactory snack. No, a roasted chicken seasoned to perfection with a side of cheese biscuits smothered in butter and a half bottle of sake were far more appetizing. Dinner was of course followed up by dessert as she made herself comfortable on the living room couch while digging into a pint of icecream. Despite barely doing anything other than eating and sleeping that day, she still found herself drifting into a satisfied slumber as the years of servitude caught up on her all at once, waking hungry in the morning of the following day once again.

The days went by just like this as the repeated pattern took hold. As her body became accustomed to more calories, so too did her eyes continue to grow wider than her stomach. When the food ran out, she made her way into the village, easily transferring the foodstuffs into her possession while leaving a larger and large pile of coins in the waiting shopkeep's open hand. Sometimes, she would even just prepare and eat whatever caught her fancy right then and there, saving her the effort of having to bring it all back home. Eventually her skirt did snap and refused to be buttoned any longer, a fact which she acknowledged merely with a raised eyebrow before going back to eating.

A few days later and she discovered that her panties were digging uncomfortably tight into her protruding abdomen. She wedged her fingers into the elastic and hoisted her soft belly out and over. A good inch of belly fat now sagged out underneath her top but that hardly mattered in a world where no one could point this out to her. She looked decent enough and that was fine. Waddling back and forth to the village was becoming a bit of a hassle however as she could feel her belly slap just a little against each thigh. She instead decided to focus on the feast which awaited her at her destination to keep her motivation up.

Walking into town, fatter every day, was all a part of conditioning her of course. I wanted her to embrace that part of herself which was hers alone even if she would call it shameful above all else. She freely ate snacks while in public, happy to take on the extra calories as she took the time she wanted for herself. Where she was sure that the shopkeeper would have likely commented on her openly fattening choices, her silence spoke volumes as Sakuya merely added more money to his outstretched hand and took more candy for herself.

Never once did Sakuya seem to pay any attention to her increasing weight gain as she had wished for. She discarded smaller clothing without a second thought, believing it to have merely shrunk in the wash. There was no urge to seek out any replacements either as her bra and panties quickly became all she could squeeze into as she shuffled through the increasingly more narrow doorways. When she found herself confined by chairs, she simply stopped using them and when leaning on things became a must as she drew long ragged breaths into her increasingly exhausted body, she would simply rely more on the power of flight.

As the final day of the third month drew near, Sakuya struggled to get off the couch. Her belly and breasts alone were tremendous, weighing her down as fat pooled atop her lap. All space had more or less vanished between her legs and beneath that thick apron of belly fat, forcing them further apart with their sheer bulk. Her largest shirt could barely cover the top of her fat-pillowed excess, leaving her heaving labored breaths in little more than her bra and panties. Inches upon inches of jiggly, cellulite ridden and stretch-marked flesh wobbled as she shifted in the couch where she now spent almost every waking moment.

Breakfast was no more than four different quiches, coupled with heavily sweetened cream in her coffee. Mobilizing to the kitchen was now the only exercise she afforded herself as moving from one room to the other coated her in a torrent of sweat and left her red faced and huffing. She had installed pieces of string to the fridge door which she could open from a distance, as well as a metal serving trolley she could load to the brim to minimize the need to exert herself. Even so, her belly sagged over the handlebars in such an uncomfortable way that she had to keep grabbing it from underneath to load on top with the rest of her treats.

She would eat at least two meals and have a nap between breakfast and lunch, leaving her glutted with food. She was almost always licking her fingers clean before dirtying them again as she continued to snack. She was so gorged and stuffed by the time a main meal rolled around that she thought she would be sick, however the idea of skipping a meal only made her more nauseous still. So she would continue to eat serving herself heaping bowlfuls of calorie laden goodness followed up by a gallon of premium dessert.

By the final hour, all the food was gone. She reclined back on the sofa which contoured to the shape of her curves. The large rolls of fat underneath her breasts rolled up against them, pushing her enormous tits into her face as she allowed her belly apron more room to sag to the side. Her skin was pulled taut like a drum, so hard and stuffed that flicking a coin at it would see it bounce off. Even in the coolness of the eternal spring, her skin was beaded with sweat. With

some effort, she heaved herself into a sitting position, allowing her flabby arms to jut out to her side as she quietly digested enough food to feed a mansion.



Time began to return to the world as the color bled back into existence. The stroke of midnight was a vampire's domain after all and I would see to my maid in person under the cover of shadow.

Of course, she noticed me.

Trying her best to stand to attention is a struggle against an abdomen that huge. Not only does it push out in front of her by several feet, but it sags almost down to the floor as it hovers mere inches above her feet. It was as though a several hundred pound sack of grain was tied to her front as she struggled to pat her belly down and flatten it like it were her uniform.

Her breasts were now so enormous, large and droopy. If let loose from her bra, they would hang down to either side of her enormous belly which in itself threatened to graze the floor when stuffed. She had gotten her wish no doubt and was experiencing fatness to the literal fullest.

Her arms swayed with bulging fat, repelled by the rolls of flesh which prevented them from hanging straight at her side. All muscle definition was buried under that wobbling mass, so weak that pushing against the sofa cushions hardly produced any movement of her massive body. After much rocking and shifting, she was able to grab the arm of the sofa beside her to stand, her feet spread bow legged to accommodate for the rolls which now engulfed her inflexible knees. I could hear her grunt like a hog and see the rivulets of sweat run into the quadruple chins that ringed her bloated face only to pool atop her wobbling cleavage.

“Did you enjoy your gift?”

I had addressed her as mistress, mere feet away and yet I could see her instinctively reach for the bag of chocolates which were closer still. All that effort which I had thought was a tribute to me was instead directed towards stuffing her face further as she wolfs it down without a care. I could see her face redden as her legs wobbled beneath her enormous size, protesting to support her blubber any further before she collapse back into the couch. Only after stuffing herself does she fully take notice of my address as she hastily wipes her chocolate smeared fingers against her pale skin.

“Mistress... *huff* ...I didn't... *wheeze* ...see you there...”

I find her state amusing. Having given in to so much softness had certainly retained a sense of loyalty to her, but whether that was to me or to her appetite was debatable. I decided to test her further.

“You may choose to extend your time in this world if you so wish. I could manipulate your fate to make you thin again, or perhaps see what a further three months could do to you. I shall give you three minutes to decide if you wish to keep gaining weight...starting now.”

I could see the flicker of recollection of what she had been doing the last three months begin to filter back into consciousness. She was now aware of her endless gorging, the outgrowing and ruination of her clothes. She remembered cleaning out entire storehouses worth of food, getting stuck between doors she could normally glide through and the endless craving to pack more and more food into her great, wobbling gut.

She had gone from slender to plump and from plump to rotund before pumping and bloating herself to the very edges of her mobility. Each breast alone was now as large as her head including its multiple chins which still paled in comparison to her gargantuan belly apron which shock with every breath. Her ass now spanned from one side of the three seater to the other, making her mammoth by any definition.

She could ask for anything, but found herself unable to politely turn my offer down as she usually did. She considered the wording of her wish compared to last time, wondering if she should add that caveat to return to the way things once were. Sakuya began to eat absentmindedly, entirely unaware of her automated movements as she drank down her creamy coffee, trying to get every last calorie into her stomach as she spread her legs wide to allow her belly more room for expansion. Her panties tore from the strain and yet she still wanted to be comfortable.

“Two minutes remain...”

I watched her run her hands across her swollen sides. All that new fat was firm, soft but not giving. She was well and truly engorged with fat which wobbled as her stomach rumbled out for more food. My urging only seemed to make her hungrier still as she went for a bag of mixed nuts, popping them into her mouth as she cradled her pendulous breasts in careful thought. The brush of her hand against her engorged udders seemed to be pleasurable for her as her sensitivity only magnified with size.

“One minute...” I sighed, the answer clear on her face as Sakuya nibbled her lower lip. “If you do not choose, I will choose for you.”

She was deep in concentration, trying to contain the pleasure building beneath the touch of her sensitive skin. I could see her envisioning unlimited meals, endless food and a frustration that none of that was in immediate reach. She had eaten everything and was clinging to her meaty body for comfort, her voice only growing breathier as the acknowledgement of her size edged her closer and closer towards explosive pleasure.

“I want more time...,” she finally said. “I want to feel more of this for longer and without complications. I want to never leave this couch and always have food on hand. Give me another three months at least...”

I smiled.

I raised my hands and clapped them twice, as her pocket watch materialized and dropped into her meaty palm. She clicked down on it with what little motion she could muster in her sausage fingers. Color bled from the world as time froze over once more.

“I’ll see you in half a year. Make good use of it.”

