

Mitsuru let out a sigh as she walked into her home.

Another dull, boring day as head of the Kirijo group was at an end.

“Minato? Are you here?”

Just then she got a text on her phone.

*Out getting groceries for tonight. Won't be back until after you get home.*

She smiled. Not many men in Japan would have been as comfortable being the stay at home husband type.

But six years after she nearly lost him on that rooftop... she wasn't going to let go of him easily.

The young couple had married one year previously, and had all of their friends present. She was truly blessed that her life had turned out this way.

Still, a nagging thought occurred to her.

*He probably won't be home for hours, get the suit on.*

Waltzing into her walk-in closet, she opened a secret panel on the floor.

There was the secret that could bring down Mitsuru in a heartbeat.

Mitsuru had been raised from a young age to prepare herself for excellence.

Body, heart, and mind.

It's what made her an effective leader of SEES, what had allowed her and Minato to take down Nyx and stop the apocalypse.

But having so much expected of her led Mitsuru to desire something... else.

It was stupid, really stupid.

Mitsuru Kirijo, the esteemed head of the Kirijo group, wanted to be fat. Obese. Massive.

She never quite knew where these feelings came from. A therapist would probably tell her that her brain created the ultimate taboo, more than dating a bad boy or getting a permanent tattoo.

It was the forbidden fruit, a life she could never allow herself to have.

But she could fantasize about it.

That's why she had a top tier quality fat suit made for her.

Unlike the kind you could find at a costume shop, this was almost seamless.

Warm foam made up its design, and the maker Mitsuru contacted through several layers of subterfuge and encryption had made sure it was to the exact specifications.

Putting on the suit was exhilarating for her. It allowed her to step outside of herself and indulge in a fantasy she would never see.

And speaking of indulgence, she also hid a package of cookies imported from America.

There were times when her brain would run wild with the idea of moving with Minato there, an excuse for her to "accidentally" gain some weight.

It was foolish.

The suit, while heavy, did not weigh her down as much as she would have liked, but she still pretended she had to waddle to her bed.

*God, what would people say if they saw me now. All that money, prestige and privilege poured into me, making me fat beyond belief!*

She sat down on the bed and started eating. Gorging. Getting herself off while in this suit was difficult, that was by design.

She had specified while she wanted a larger bust and rear, she wanted more than anything to have an especially large *gut*.

That was the epitome of the taboo.

People generally wanted a larger bust, or a more expanded rear.

But wanting a big giant gut sent Mitsuru into a horny frenzy.

"God, I've let myself go, haven't I." She said to herself, a role play of one.

"Everyone can see what a glutton I've been, so naughty!"

She was so worked up, so horny, she didn't hear the door open.

"Mitsuru I hope you're ready for-"

Minato stopped, a bouquet of flowers in his hand.

He had been in the grocery aisle when he suddenly realized he left his wallet at home.

Not wanting to waste the trip he bought a bouquet of flowers with some loose cash he kept on him.

When he got home and saw Mitsuru's car parked, he got so excited to give her flowers he didn't think to knock.

Both of them blushed violently and Minato closed the door, trying to process what he had just seen.

He opened it again when he heard crying.

Mitsuru was tearful, sitting on the bed.

"I-im sorry, I really didn't want you to see this."

'No, I should apologize. I didn't think to knock."

"You must think I'm a freak of some kind."

He hugged her, enveloping in the warm fluff of the suit.

"I love you Mitsuru. I always will. Whatever happens."

She wiped some tears from her eyes.

"You are just saying that to make me feel better. This can't be what you had in mind when you married me."

He laughed.

"No, I can't say I did, but that's why I married you, Mitsuru."

She looked at him, bleary eyed and confused.

"Every day can be an adventure. From fighting death gods to figuring out new ramen recipes. You bring so much joy into my life, that whatever brings life into yours I want you to embrace wholeheartedly."

She gripped him tighter.

“Thank you, thank you. You have no idea what comfort that brings me.”

Minato stood up.

“So when should we start?”

“Start what?”

“You gaining weight.”

Time stopped for her.

“Y-you want me to...”

“I want you to get what you’ve always wanted. Clearly this will bring you happiness.”

“But the company, what would father think of me!”

“Your father would want you to be happy.” He knelt down and held her hand.

“And besides, I think you’ve given up enough of your life for the Kirijo family. I want to see my wife be herself now.”

She started crying again, this time tears of joy.

“Th-ank you. I truly do not deserve a husband as wonderful as you!”

He helped her out of her suit, and led her to the living room. Then he placed a call to the best ramen shop in two for a large bowl, with several appetizers.

As she sat there, she couldn’t believe the feast laid out in front of her.

“What if I can’t. What if I don’t gain a single pound.”

He kissed her red hair.

“Your Mistsuru Kirijo, you can do anything.”

Then he whispered in her ear.

“Even become a fatass.”

That did it.

In a whirlwind, she started eating.

Pent up energy burst from her like a damn, and without even thinking she ate and ate.

Hours later, she was sitting at the table, Minato was bringing the last of the noodles to her mouth.

“That’s it, eat my little piggy princess. Grow that gut of yours.”

“How are you so good at talking to me like that already?”

“I looked up some phrases to say online while we waited for the food.”

“Delightful.”

She let out a low burp, very unbecoming of a lady such as herself, then Minato helped her to bed.

There, they laid together, Mitsuru in bliss, thinking of the big things to come.