

The Scottish beauty sighed as Chai brought a donut to her lips.

“I still say you invaded my privacy.”

“And I say the head of security should know to change your password from password... especially after you told us what it was.”

“All right I’ll give you that.”

“And don’t tell me you haven’t been enjoying this?”

“... Right I’ll give you that too. Wanna make it three?”

She smiled and he kissed her.

To say the two were an odd couple was an understatement. When they came out to their friends, Peppermint and Macaron made a bet to see if it turned out to be a prank.

Peppermint lost.

When asked why they started dating. They would sheepishly say “Oh turns out we had a lot more in common than we thought!”

The truth was a little more complicated.

Months earlier.

“I do believe this will end in disaster, Mister Chai.”

“CNMN, I got this. Curiosity never killed anybody.”

“There is a human saying that curiosity killed the-”

“Up up up, I didn’t bring you here to kill my vibe man.”

“And why did you exactly bring me here, Mister Chai?”

“... because I need someone to throw at her and slow her down if I get caught.”

“Noted.”

Chai’s music player heart played out a stealthy jazz number, as he crept into Korsika’s room.

He got to her computer and wiggled his fingers before typing in what he assumed the password

was.

“Aha! I knew it! Macaron was wrong, and I’m right!”

His eyes scanned the computer.

“Now let’s see, there’s gotta be something juicy here....”

His eyes fell on a folder marked “Boring tax stuff”

“Bingo.”

He clicked it, and sure enough there was only a single text document. He opened it and read.

In the kingdom of Vandelay there was a beautiful princess by the name of Korsika

“Ohhh this is so good.”

“Mister Chai, my prediction for your untimely demise is increasing dramatically.”

“Zip it! I’m reading here!”

She was trapped by the dark mage Kale, eagerly awaiting a knight to come save her. As she did, she gorged herself until she was a spherical woman.

“No way, she’s...”

“Mister Chai....”

“CNMN, not now!”

One day, a knight did not arrive but a bard, wielding a metal lute. Clutched in a metal hand, he slew the servants of the mage, before slaying the mage himself.

After being rescued, the Knight agreed to marry the princess and make her even rounder.

ANd the Knights name was-

“CHAI!”

Chai froze, dreading the voice he heard.

Slowly, he turned around, and there was Korsika, face as red as her hair.

“Korsika I-”

“THAT’S IT YOU’RE A DEAD MAN!”

CNMN just scooted away, his attempt to warn CHai a failure.

Korsika let out a scream and launched herself at the rock star.

Before her staff could make contact with his face he blurted out.

“Itsokayimintoitto!” before closing his eyes.

When the strike never came, he opened one eye. Korsika was scowling, arms crossed.

“I’m listening. And if I feel like you’re lying, you’ll need more than a robot arm to even move around.”

“Every rocker needs a big boned babe in this day and age!”

She hit him in the gut.

“The worst part is I can tell you’re honest, but don’t expect me to be your groupie.”

As Chai was doubled over, he said “Does that mean you’re alright going out sometime.”

She smiled. “Aye, I can do that.”

And so the strange relationship began.

Chai dressed up in a nice tuxedo that Macaron made for him, holding a flower taken from one of Mimosa’s old gardens. He was standing in front of Korsika’s room, waiting for her to get ready.

“You do realize you’re standing in front of the wrong door, right?”

Chai turned to the voice of Korsika, but was too stunned to speak.

Wearing a sleeveless red dress with orange highlights, hair falling naturally around her shoulders, was the same woman who had previously nearly sent him through a wall.

“W-wow, you look great!”

A blush came to her cheeks.

“Let’s get on with it then.”

CNMN drove them to a fancy restaurant. Chai opened the door for her, like a gentleman, then she nearly tripped over his outstretched foot, not like a gentleman.

They sat, and they picked up their menus.

“Chai, you are ok with me being... larger, right? That wasn’t just something you said to make me feel better?”

“100 percent babe.”

“You really must have hit my head as you carried me out of my office. This is all too good to be true.”

“Iiiiiiiii was really hoping you forgot about that.”

Chai ordered two appetizers for her, and she ordered one of the largest entrees.

“Don’t worry about the cost, Korsika. I’m paying.

She raised an eyebrow and smirked.

“And how are you exactly doing that? I know the ambassador position doesn’t pay well.”

“I have my ways.” He said, holding Kale’s credit card he had found that the bank for some reason hadn’t canceled yet.

As they waited, they chatted, and Korsika was shocked at just how good of a conversationalist Chai was. He never seemed to talk only about himself, and he was a great listener.

The food came and Korsika gulped.

“That’s quite a lot, isn’t it?”

“Don’t push yourself, you can always finish it at home later.”

She ate, and she ate, and she ate, until all that remained was a single forkful.

“I don’t think, I can, finish.” She breathed, laboriously.

Chai scooped his chair closer to her.

“Come on, big girl. I know you can finish it.”

Korsika swore once more that she was dreaming. Chai was saying things right out of the stories she would read at night.

She opened her mouth and accepted the forkful.

He paid the bill, left a sizable tip, and pulled his stuffed date up out of her chair, and she kissed him.

In his head, a spotlight was shown on him and Korsika, like they were the only people in the whole world.

And so that is how the unlikely couple came to be. Which brought us back to the present day.

“Alright, that’s the last donut.”

“Wow, that’s a new record isn’t it?”

“Yeah. six boxes instead of five.”

“Want to go get me another one? Make it seven?”

“Someones hungry tonight”

“Can’t have me wasting away now.”

For emphasis she slapped her gut. At 246 pounds Korsika was quite plump indeed. Her gain was mostly settled in her belly, a delightful stress ball for when her job got too hectic. Her second chin was an adorable addition to her face, one Chai loved to kiss when he got the chance.

Her usual outfit was getting a bit tight, again, but she could have it resized whenever she needed.

Chai got up. “Don’t go anywhere, back in jiffy!”

Chai was so happy as he sauntered towards the pantry that he didn’t notice Peppermint until he collided with her.

“Ow!”

“Sorry!”

He helped Peppermint up, and for the first time got a look at some changes she went through recently.

She had definitely put on weight. Maybe 20 pounds or so. Most of it centered on her lower half. Her butt was bursting the jean shorts she always wore, and fat pooled around her prosthetic leg and the little pooch of her belly.

Huh, was all he thought.

“Later Peppermint, Lady needs another box of donuts!” he shouted as he resumed the pace that led to the collision.

“Bye... Chai.” Peppermint said with a sigh.

CNMN walked over, Vanilla Shake in hand to offer her.

“Ms. Peppermint, how is the operation “Get Chai to notice me” going?” The Robot said in his usual cheery voice.

“Nowhere, CNMN. Just like always.”

She took the milk shake and stormed off.

She didn’t care if she had to be the size of a house, she would get him one day.