

# RED FLAGS



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## PART 1

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# 1—

I always felt like a person's life could be defined by nothing more than chance. In a single instant, a stroke of fate can send someone down an irreversible path, their previous self fated to disappear forever - Even when the effects aren't obvious at first.

The first time I saw her was on the train to work. She was hard to miss - Tall and fit, flowing red hair, brilliant green eyes behind square-rimmed glasses. An outfit intended to be formal, made less so by the curves it struggled to contain. Maybe her clothes had shrunk in the wash, maybe she'd picked the wrong ones when leaving in a hurry, the results were the same. If her imposing figure hadn't already made her the center of attention, the gaps between her shirt buttons certainly did.

Oblivious to the occasional looks from the other passengers, she glanced at her watch and tapped her heel in impatience, readjusting the heavy bundle of papers under her arm. I understood her worries all too well - My boss was sure to chew me out for arriving late, even if the fault lay with the train company.

Minutes passed. The muggy summer atmosphere in the railcar was oppressive, and I felt glad that my station was approaching. Her increasingly frustrated expression made it very clear that the same was not true for her. She made to sigh, then tried to hide it by breathing in-

*Ping.* A button skipped against the train floor like a pebble on the surface of a lake, and another hung uselessly down a stretched length of thread. Her pale breasts surged forwards, opening her shirt in a diamond shape from her collar to her navel, then bouncing back and forth as her lacy black bra took up the sudden shift in weight. Her hourglass figure was on full display, and I could only marvel at how devilishly attractive she looked.



She looked around in surprise, seeming to notice the stunned looks of the crowd before fully grasping the situation. Confusion turned to horror, and she muffled a shriek with a panicked gasp, papers falling every which way as she dropped to her knees, struggling to cover herself with her arms. It was a futile effort, as her bust was large enough to overflow her grasp, and squeezing into it only made the unintentional spectacle even more erotic.

Some looked away in embarrassment. Others made to help her. Most could not keep themselves from staring. Even as the doors opened and I had to hurry out, I found myself stealing one last glance at her plight. And in her wide open eyes, darting from person to person in shame and adrenaline, I thought I saw something more. Something that at first I could not place.

Something like an awakening.

Later that day, I found my thoughts drifting back to her, perhaps as a way to escape the monotony of the office. I'd always had something of an overactive imagination, and the events of that morning provided it with ample material to build upon. What thoughts had raced through her mind, under the prying gaze of that crowd of strangers? Had she just felt humiliated, or was there perhaps a sliver of guilty pride, that she could so easily turn the heads of so many? And afterwards, where had she gone? How would she have escaped that situation?

Inspired by my brief stint at the high school drama club, I began to dream up scenarios. In one, she tearfully took the train back home, running back to her apartment to hide and process her shame, reliving the events of that morning again and again until she could not think of anything else. In another, she had no choice but to continue onwards if she wanted to keep her job, scandalously exposed or not, and endure the incessant gossip from her coworkers. A final possibility briefly crossed my mind - Her rushing to the nearest washroom, ostensibly to repair her outfit, but instead using the opportunity to admire her voluptuous body, having realized just what kind of effect her curves could have, flushing up in arousal-

I stopped myself, feeling a bit guilty. She was just a stranger who'd been put in an unfortunate situation, and I shouldn't be using her misfortune as fuel for my daydreams, no matter how humdrum the rest of my day might be. Seeing as we were unlikely to ever meet again, I gave her one final thought of support, hoping that things went okay for her.

In the end, my boss did tell me off - both for my tardiness, and for sitting lost in thought in my cubicle for far too long.

The second time happened a few months later. As usual after working late, I found myself at a convenience store, hoping a can of hot coffee and some instant noodles would give me enough energy to stumble back home.

The time meant the place was mostly empty. A pair of customers slowly browsed the shelves, and a bored-looking clerk whiled away the hours looking at nothing in particular - Until something woke him up from his stupor. My gaze followed his, and I realized what had caught his attention.

Her.

I could barely recognize her without her glasses. She'd grown - That was the first thought that came to mind. Where before her curves served as accents to a lean build, now they felt ever-present. Her jeans stretched against plump thighs, a belt causing her lower stomach to slightly fold into itself, the beginnings of a muffintop. A button-up shirt struggled to contain her much fuller bust, the resulting overhang obscuring what I could only imagine was a belly that curved gently outwards. It was grossly undersized, to the point no unintentional mistake could explain it. I wondered if it was the very same one she'd worn on our previous encounter.

Walking forwards with hesitant haste, she unceremoniously deposited a pile of junk food onto the counter - ice cream, chips, chocolates, a large soda. A can of beer rolled off the edge, and the sudden clatter made everyone jump, before she very slowly and deliberately bent over to pick it up. The pudgy contours of her glutes and crotch pushed tightly against the denim, and I thought it a small miracle her pants did not immediately rip apart.

"A-ah, sorry... I've been buying *so much food* lately, I always end up dropping something, heheh..."

It was the first time I'd heard her speak. Her tone seemed to vary with each word, trying to sound confident but dripping with anxiety and anticipation. Behind her dust mask, I felt I saw the contours of a trembling smile.



“A-anyways, I’m gonna have all that to go. Ah, would you mind if I had that soda now? I’m feeling... *Parched~*”

The speechless clerk could only nod, and she happily twisted the cap open, placing the two liter bottle’s neck under her mask. Tentative sips turned into full gulps as she craned her head back, throat pulsing with each swallow. I’d thought it impossible that her top could

get any tauter, but it was visibly stretching with every moment, an increasingly round belly peeking through the button gaps. I subconsciously braced myself for the moment of release, for when it'd snap and bare its contents for the world to see...

“*Aaaah*, delicious... Thanks. Let me get my wallet...”

She breathed out contently, seemingly unphased by the sheer amount of sugary liquid she'd downed, and casually put the empty bottle onto the counter with the rest of her haul. My tensed-up shoulders began to relax-

*SNAP*. Reaching for her back pocket had been the final straw. One button after another slipped from its housing as her shirt violently flew open, the hem pulling itself free from under her belt. Breasts and belly lurched forwards, the former's trajectory only being stopped by the pull of a similarly undersized bra.

Everyone stared.

No one could look away.

She shivered, pupils constricted as a full flush rose up her cheeks, hands fumbling to open her wallet.

“O-oh no... I'm so sorry... Ah, this stuff keeps happening... You must be so uncomfortable- I'll- Oh no- Y-you can keep the change!”

She slammed a random handful of notes and coins onto the counter, grabbed her bags, and stormed out as quickly as her legs could take her. Though dazed, I couldn't help but notice she had at no point tried to turn away or cover herself up.

The clerk was similarly stunned. Looking down confusedly, he muttered to himself.

“But... There *is* no change?”



For one reason or another, I worked overtime quite often in the months that followed. The store's bitter coffee grew familiar, a moment of lucidity in my uneventful routine. Yet I never saw her there again, on any of those many nights. By the time winter rolled around, I decided sticking to the afternoon shift would be better for my health.

The sun had begun to set, its orange glow slowly sinking in the horizon, making the shadows of skyscrapers dance like gossamer across the street. The wind was harsh and chilly, even bundled as I was in a wool cap and muffler. Ducking into a small cafe, I sought to find some reprieve in a cup of hot chocolate. I retrieved my steaming prize from the counter, and slowly made my way to the upstairs seating area.

The room was cozy, private, and most of all warm. Old-fashioned tungsten lamps contrasted with the twilight outside, the last wisps of sunshine dying on the faux wood panels of the walls. Finding a table in a corner, I slowly let the heat of the styrofoam cup awaken my numb fingers.

"Hmm... No, not like that, either..."

I was not alone. The high backs of the booth seats had concealed them from my view coming in, but someone else had clearly had the same idea as me. Their voice was low and soft as they talked to themselves, yet I felt I recognized it from somewhere. Curious, I discreetly adjusted my sitting position to face more to the side, and stole a glance in their direction.

It was her.

She sat casually, resting her cheek on the back of one hand while twirling a mechanical pencil in the other. Her hair was tied in a loose ponytail, and she'd draped it over her shoulder, perhaps a subconscious gesture in search of warmth. A heavy tweed coat obscured her body, making me wonder if she was still as plump as in our previous encounter. That question was swiftly answered as my eyes drifted over to the table in front of

her - beside a small notebook lay a collection of cookies and donuts far too large to belong to a girl concerned about her weight.

She reached for a cup of her own, taking a small sip before writing a few words. Her narrowed eyes betrayed some level of inconvenience, and I wondered if she'd forgotten her glasses or elected not to wear them that day. There was a large shoulder bag on the seat beside her, which left me a bit confused - It sported a colorful mishmash of charms and pins, something I'd associate with a trendy student rather than an employed woman.

"Ugh, this weather... Maybe the subway, again? Or is it too soon?"

She was completely lost in her musings, and I felt an impulse to approach her, start a conversation. But then, what would I say? Break the ice by mentioning that I was there when she exposed herself in public? The notion was laughable. Social interaction had never been my strong suit, and the memory of her half-nude in the night only added to my apprehension. I stayed firmly planted in my seat, thankful for the anonymity my scarf provided.

"Okay. Hm. Hey there, *misteeeeer*. No, not like that. *Heeey* there, mister~"

I instinctively tensed up, before relaxing as I understood that she was not calling out to me. Instead, she was reading her notebook out loud - Maybe for proofreading, or perhaps to rehearse for something? It felt a bit nosy, but my interest was piqued, and I couldn't stop myself from trying to make sense of what she said.

"Chilly? No, not really... These are my everyday clothes~

Hm. Would that be too much? Maybe I'm not focusing enough."

Her train of thought was not easy to follow. Without skipping a beat, she'd switch between mumbling to herself and carefully enunciating sentences. Moreover, I could not tell which parts were written down, and which were her reflexive comments. Every so often she would stop to graze on another donut, and I drank my cocoa at a snail's pace, trying to disguise my snooping. I began to consider asking her directly - her acting presented a reasonable excuse to approach, and I could present myself as a harmlessly curious bystander. Still I hesitated, worried I would come off as intrusive.

By that point, the heat of the room had finally reached me, and I began to find my heavy clothes quite stifling. I could tell the same was true for her, as she absentmindedly reached down to unbutton her coat, still focused on her writing. I started to wonder what would be underneath, then almost choked on my drink as the garment finally fell open, revealing what she'd chosen to wear on that frigid evening.

To call it a shirt would have been a gross overstatement, as her white top was barely long enough to reach past her bust, and decidedly impossible to button over it - Instead, she'd tied the edges into a tight bow, pushing her ample breasts together and up in an audacious display of sex appeal. The stretched fabric left little to the imagination, so she'd added another layer underneath, in the form of a wine-red bikini top that was similarly sparing in terms of coverage. A black choker and a loose tie completed the set, emphasizing her neck and cleavage while doing nothing for her modesty.

Below, a sweater wrapped around her waist served as her only concession to the weather, though I doubted it was ever intended to be properly worn. Her belly, plump and soft, wrapped itself around the tied sleeves in a voluminous roll, almost like a second muffintop above the one created by the hem of her pleated miniskirt. Two black strings straddled the space between her love handles and pelvis, no doubt belonging to an indecent set of highleg panties. Finally, her legs were mostly bare, covered only by a pair of loose socks that bunched over her brown loafers.

It was an outfit completely inadequate for daily use, and so far removed from the office lady fashion I'd first seen her wear that I could not help but gape. If anything, it felt more like a costume, carefully designed to be as provocative as possible. It dawned on me that her long coat was not just for fighting the cold, but also to make sure she would not stand out until the appropriate moment.

Still unaware of my gawking, she finished the last of her donuts, wiping her lips gently with a napkin. Her gaze went to the now-dark exterior, and she stored her notebook in her bag with a sigh.

"Not about to get any warmer... It's now or never, I suppose."

She got up, calmly buttoning up her coat and slinging her bag over her shoulder. As she walked toward the exit, for the first time she took notice of my existence, freezing in her tracks for a split second. She blinked multiple times, trying to hide a hint of panic, then turned away.

*“Ah. Excuse me.”*

I could not find the courage to say anything as she darted to the exit, and just sat there stunned, looking at the empty cup in my hands. Seconds of hesitation turned into minutes, yet at last I found my resolve, stumbling out onto the street in search of her. I can't claim to know what I intended to do - Talking to her was likely beyond what I could manage.

Night had properly fallen by then, and the chill had redoubled its ferocity. Walking hastily down the deserted streets, I racked my brain to guess where she could have gone. Somewhere public, but with not too large a crowd, and sheltered from the weather... I thought back to her mention of a subway, and raced to the nearest station.

The platform was mostly empty, with only a few unlucky souls braving the cold. Scanning my surroundings, I saw no sign of her. A train was there when I arrived, and I found myself faced with decision paralysis. Was I too early, or too late? Was it even the right place? Should I hop aboard a train to a random destination, just hoping to meet her? And even if I did, and she was there - What would I do then?

*“Heeeeeeey there, Mister~*

*Mind if I sit here?~”*

I turned toward the sound, and caught a glimpse of a fiery redhead with outrageous clothes and a full shoulder bag, shamelessly hitting on a passenger in one of the wagons.

Then the doors closed, and she was gone.

I stopped by the cafe a few times afterwards, and even worked up the courage to ask a barista if she was a regular. No such luck - Like an urban legend, she'd visited only once before disappearing into the night. In the end I convinced myself it was probably for the best, and took solace in the possibility I'd stumble upon her again on some other lonely evening.

Instead, the fourth time happened the following year, in broad daylight. The pleasant weather had made me decide to spend my lunch break at a local park. Having bought a hot dog at a cart, I sat on a bench and watched the crowds filter by.

The meal was tasty, but decidedly too spicy and filling. Very soon I began to regret my purchase, and wondered why such portions even existed. Surely no one would be able to finish that unwieldy lump of bread and sausage in one sitting-

"Hey there~ Can you get me... How about *ten* of the big ones. Plenty of chili and mustard too. The works."

"Huh. You sure you can carry all that, miss?"

"Ah, don't worry. I'll just sit on a bench and enjoy them here~"

I recognised the voice instantly. It sounded... Different. Confident and mature, slightly deeper, with a husky tinge. Would her body have changed just as much? I felt goosebumps at the thought, and a strange dread when I heard her approaching footsteps.

As she strode confidently into view, I realized her appearance did not just match her voice, it exceeded it in every aspect. Denim shorts did an exceedingly poor job of covering her venus-like hips, culminating in a round *derrière* that swayed and bounced with every step. A black t-shirt with a band slogan was stretched over her massive bust, and a pair of sunglasses hanging from the scoop neck collar made sure it never came close to covering her cleavage. A hoop of pale midriff was proudly visible, and a plump navel made its presence known by the indent in her top, the pronounced curve of her belly leaving no

doubts that the meal in the large paper bag she carried was not the first she'd be having that day.

She was fat now, in every sense of the word, yet she carried her weight with such poise and flow that it felt entirely natural. Similarly, though her outfit seemed casual and slapdash, it showcased her features in a brazen and efficient manner that betrayed careful planning and thought. Dozens of eyes followed her as she sat down at a bench, reclining contently with her arms spread at her sides. She reached into the bag beside her, and licked her smiling lips as she retrieved the first of many chili dogs.



She lifted the snack to face level, gazing at it longingly and seeming to take in every detail. Brushing back her bangs with the side of her hand, she gently kissed the tip of the

sausage, licking away a tiny fleck of sauce. A long sigh of approval followed, and were it not for the sounds of traffic, I was sure I'd have heard her stomach rumble in anticipation. She opened wide, and eagerly enveloped the sausage with her jaws, all but inhaling a third of the massive hotdog. What had taken me several minutes to get through, she devoured in no more than three bites.

She considered the second hotdog for a few moments, then ran her tongue over the length of the wiener, scooping up the excessive pile of toppings before consuming the rest with little thought. The third one was devoured in a series of small bites interspersed with yelps of pleasure, and she took out the sausage from the fourth one, dangling it tentatively above her open maw before letting it drop and disappear into her gullet. Her voracity seemed as boundless as her creativity, and each morsel was consumed in a more novel and suggestive manner than the last.

Elsewhere, a different spectacle was unfolding. Her gut, already round and soft, seemed to grow ever larger with each bite, the plump navel roll gradually morphing into a taut hemisphere. Her shirt began to ride higher and higher, slipping to expose more of the swelling surface, the slogan stretched into unreadability as her belly pushed up against the base of her bust. Her posture shifted to accommodate her growth, thighs spreading wide under the sheer weight of her stuffed stomach.

A sudden worry came over me. Her nighttime escapades were one thing, but surely she wouldn't risk public indecency charges by exposing herself in a crowd like this. Was another wardrobe malfunction incoming? I ran my eyes up and down her outfit, and relaxed as I concluded that it would be impossible. Though tight, her top was far too stretchy to tear apart, and even if she did pop the button on her shorts, her hanging gut would hide it from prying eyes.

She began to slow down around the eighth chili dog. Cheeks flushed, she'd pause to breathe heavily in between bites, or lick the sauce from her stained fingers. Every so often, she'd embarrassedly cover her mouth and look away as she stifled a tiny, surprisingly delicate burp. I had to do a double take as she crammed the ninth one into her mouth with

apparent difficulty, for her bulging throat was accompanied by twin bumps suddenly appearing on her top, puffing up into flattened domes as she swallowed. Her plan had become clear at last, and I faced the situation with renewed amazement.

Though fully clothed, she might as well have been nude. Even the boldest onlookers hesitated as we collectively realized what we were gazing upon. She bit and licked the final footlong with barely restrained passion, rubbing her engorged belly with her other hand to quell its roaring gurgles. An errant finger found her navel and seductively explored its depths, leaving red sauce stains in its wake. At last she let out a long, satisfied groan as she looked down at herself, a confident smile dancing on her lips.

A part of my brain screamed at me to walk up and talk to her, but the thought of acting out in front of so many was terrifying. It was to be expected - Each time, her looks and actions grew bolder and more memorable, while I was still the hesitant spectator from the day we'd first met. We had started out as strangers, and that gap would only widen as time marched on. The role of bystander suited me.

Heedless of the crowd, she stretched, stood up and sauntered away, one hand resting on her swaying hips, another supporting her massive gut. I watched her as she turned a corner and disappeared.



A long time passed. Several times I thought I'd glimpsed her unmistakable vermilion mane, only to turn and see some other redhead that couldn't possibly be her. It even happened at work, and I felt annoyed that I'd let her image cloud my thoughts so much. Yet at last, the fifth time arrived.

It had been a frustrating day. First I had slept through my alarm, then wasted several minutes looking for the keys I'd already put in my pocket. A station closure meant I'd have to walk several blocks to work, and I found myself getting pushed around by the shopping district crowds. Yet in the sea of repeating faces and unremarkable pedestrians, I briefly caught sight of her. I craned my neck to take in the view, interrupted as it was by the hundreds of passerby, anticipating her inevitable disappearance amid the throng.

Like every time before, she seemed bigger - Not just fatter, but somehow larger and more imposing, standing head and shoulders above the background cast that surrounded her. I wondered if she'd somehow grown in height, or was simply wearing unreasonably high heels. The latter would have made sense, as the rest of her outfit was fittingly elaborate, if not outright extravagant. A fur trimmed jacket hung over her shoulders despite the heat, and a front-lace bustier hugged every curve on her torso, so that the eye naturally followed the gap down along her massive cleavage to the soft abyss her navel had become. A pair of cutoff shorts was made slightly less indecent by the black pantyhose beneath, torn in convenient places so as to show the pale expanse of her inner thighs.

She was clearly having a conversation, though I could not hear it over the din of the city. Her expression shifted between amused and confident as she pointed at something in the distance, before settling into narrowed eyes above a predatory smile. As I saw her walk into a nearby restaurant, I finally noticed the shorter figure holding her arm - No doubt a date or boyfriend. I did not catch his face.



It was an unusual feeling that accompanied me as I bumbled down the street, eyes unfocused. I did not know her but for a handful of chance sightings, and she was likely completely unaware of my existence. Eroticism be damned, why did I care so much? Why did I yearn so badly for another chance to meet her, when I knew I'd squander it like all the ones before?

Still... An all-you-can-eat might as well be an amphitheater to someone like her, and it somehow felt deeply unfair that I couldn't be there to witness her exploits. I couldn't help but picture it in my mind, clear as day.

She would stride in boldly, scanning the rows of self-service tables with barely restrained hunger. At that very moment, she was most certainly filling her plate with all kinds of food, each morsel richer and larger than the one before. With her usual gusto, she'd savor every bite yet devour it all in record time, before sashaying for seconds as if she'd not just

eaten enough to sustain a small family. Her repeated trips to the buffet would quickly catch the attention of every other diner, as would the continuous swelling of her belly.

Her companion would serve as the perfect foil to her exuberance - Small, unassuming, restrained. Yet halfway through her feast, she'd turn her greedy eyes upon their meager plate.

"Oooh, I *love* those dumplings... You don't mind sharing, do you?~"

Recognising their cue, they'd eagerly hand feed her every single remaining one, then hurry off to fill their plate with seconds. In the meantime, she'd alluringly rub her full belly, maybe even let out a contented burp to make sure no one could forget about her presence. Larger and more lavish dishes would be set on the table, and she'd dig into each one with wild abandon, growing fatter with every bite.

"You know... I could certainly do with a belly rub, right now~"

Eager hands would immediately volunteer. Gently but firmly, she'd guide them across her full belly, drawing lazy circles around its vast expanse and exploring the folds that formed along the edges of her bustier, leaving a glistening trail as their fingers wiped the tiny droplets of sweat.

"Can you feel how *full* I am? Here, stroke a bit harder - Let your fingers sink in... Here's my stomach... There's my womb... Mmmmf, perfect. Keep going, just like that..."

Her sultry, husky voice would carry the commands and purrs across the silence of the restaurant, the nature of her pleasure now unequivocal. She'd start eagerly scarfing down the heap of food, chewing noises turning to moans as each new flavor enveloped her tongue. Her already taut gut would swell to impossible proportions, and each grope would cause another aroused burp to leave her lips. Similarly, the gap in her bustier would grow wider and wider between her engorged breasts, pink areolae peeking through the gap as soft flesh began to overflow the lacing. Eyes half closed, she would whisper a plea.

"Please... *Hnn*, it's so tight... Take it off for me..."

I blinked and shook my head, disappointed in myself. She wouldn't ask for help or put herself in a position of weakness, much less remove a piece of clothing instead of letting her

expanding body tear free of it when least expected. Delusion or not, she had to stay in character. Instead - She would look at her companion in aroused anticipation, swinging her ponderous body into a straddling position, pushing them against the seat with the entire surface of her belly.

“Hnn, it’s so *tight*... Any moment now... Are you ready?~”

Ignoring the speechless stares from the other patrons, she’d bounce up and down while devouring ever larger amounts of food, the vigorous reverberations of her gut shaking the building itself. She’d stuff the final handful down her gullet and let out a drawn-out wail of pleasure as the lacing finally snapped and her corset all but exploded, letting her colossal breasts and gut slam into me with full force.

Into... Me?

With some embarrassment, I realized that at some point during my flight of fancy, I had substituted myself for her faceless escort. I felt a short pang of guilt for having such juvenile thoughts, even if her presence was so conducive to fantasizing. I tried to rationalize it as a thought experiment, a way of trying to figure out how she would act in a situation like that to best fit the persona she had built, and in doing so-

*CLANG.*

A sudden pain in my nose roused me from my daydreams. Dazed, I stumbled for a few steps, narrowly missing another collision with the signpost I’d just walked into headfirst. A few odd looks from passersby were enough to make me deeply self conscious, so I quickly composed myself and continued on my path.

...And then immediately turned around, realizing that I had absentmindedly walked past my work no less than three blocks before. I sighed at the extent of my infatuation - It seemed the mere sight of her was enough to turn me into a reckless fool.

If only I’d known how right I was.