

The Dorky Depression of Haruhi Suzumiya

It was the summer of Kyon's 3rd year at North High and he was still up to his typical after school responsibilities as a member of the SOS Brigade. This mainly consisted of sitting quietly at the table reading over his notes while occasionally scratching at his head of short brown hair. His seniority at the school didn't prevent him from having to wear the standard uniform of a blue blazer and red tie. However, it was through the club that he was given a bit of flair in the form of an orange armband that was shared amongst the other members.

Off in the corner Mikuru was busy going through the group's collection of cosplay outfits, most of which had at some point been worn by her to emphasize her cute appearance and long, red hair. On the other side of the room could be found Itsuki trying to keep his well-groomed brown hair and uniform neat as he rummaged through one of the many boxes of junk the group had accrued since the club's creation. Peeking up from his book, Kyon momentarily glanced at the head of short, purple hair belonging to Yuki. With her bespectacled eyes entirely focused on the book in front of her, he had learned to appreciate the fact that she was one of the more relaxing members of the group to hang out with. Especially when comparing her to their outlandish president.

The door to the club room slammed open to herald the arrival of the SOS Brigade's leader. Bracing himself for whatever came next, Kyon turned to see Haruhi's usual perkiness expressed through the way her tiny body ruffled the edges of her blue skirt. Puffing up her chest, she proudly showed off the orange cloth wrapped around the sleeve of her blue and white uniform as she strode into the room. Though it was nothing new for him to see the energetic woman with a yellow headband keeping her locks of brown hair in place, he couldn't help noticing the addition of a certain accessory.

“What are those?” he asked, pointing towards the pair of large, circular rimmed glasses perched upon her nose.

“Glasses, obviously,” Haruhi replied, adjusting them with her finger to show them off.

“I didn’t know you had a problem with your eyesight.”

“Of course not. These are just fashion glasses.”

Kyon raised an eyebrow. “Since when do you care about current fashion?”

“It’s obvious that we, as the SOS Brigade, have to keep in line with popular looks in order to better help out the school,” she proclaimed.

Not believing her for a second, Kyon tried to think of the actual reason for the change in appearance. While the other members of the club stepped up to compliment her, Yuki took her time finishing off a page in her book. A glance over at the quiet club member made Kyon recall that he had been spending more time with her lately as he tried to prepare himself for his upcoming tests. Only now piecing together that Haruhi might have been getting jealous of the two, the obvious answer to her fashion change came to him as he looked at Yuki’s own pair of glasses.

Getting up from his seat with a sigh, Kyon walked over to pluck the glasses from Haruhi’s face. “Come on, you don’t have to wear something like this to make people like you. After spending so much time at the school, it would be hard to find anyone that doesn’t trust us. Well, as long as they haven’t heard about your more unsavory escapades.”

Haruhi let out a huff. “Can’t a girl just decide to change up her look now and then? Is that a crime?”

“No, but it is a problem when you’re wasting your money on...”

Kyon trailed off as he glanced through the lenses. “Haruhi, I thought you said these were fake.”

“They are,” Haruhi said, her eyes straining to try and see Kyon. “At least...that’s what I thought when I bought them at the-“

Haruhi let out a pained yelp as she bumped into the table. Putting things together, Kyon approached her and placed the glasses back on her face. Blinking a few times, she adjusted the frames to make sure she could see again.

“That’s strange,” Haruhi commented as she scratched her chin. “I had perfect vision just a while ago.”

“Well, it could be that wearing real glasses could have messed up your eyesight,” Mikuru spoke up.

“No, that can’t be it,” Haruhi replied. “There must be something going on at the shop I bought these from. There’s obviously something super natural going on there.” Putting her hands on her hips, she raised her head up. “That settles it. Tomorrow, we’re going there to investigate. It will be official club duty.”

Though the others were quick to go along with Haruhi’s plan, Kyon remained mostly silent. He couldn’t shake the feeling that something was wrong. It wasn’t unusual for strange things to happen around Haruhi, but it was even rarer that they would affect her own body. Hoping to get to the bottom of things, he relented in raising his hand to join the others in their investigation.

The store was a small building located in an out of the way place in the shopping district. If it wasn’t for the bright, yellow color of Haruhi’s tank top highlighting the path as she ran

ahead, Kyon doubted if he and the others would have been able to find it. There was still the issue of trying to keep pace with the energetic girl as she ran like the wind and slammed open the door. The group managed to catch up to her and go inside just in time to watch their club president stomp her way over to the counter.

“Hello, young lady,” greeted the shop keeper, an elderly woman with wispy, grey hair. “Is there something I can help you-“

“Tell us the truth, witch!” Haruhi said, using one hand to point an accusatory finger towards the shop keeper while the other fixed her glasses.

“What in the world are you going on about?” the woman replied as she scratched her head. “Is this some kind of prank popular with youngsters these days?”

“There must have been some kind of spell you cast on me,” Haruhi spouted out without acknowledging the woman’s question. “Or maybe, you’re actually from the future and placed a genetic modifying device in the lenses. Even worse, you could be an esper that’s been corrupting my body with your psychic powers for the sake of a sick game of-“

Clasping his hand over Haruhi’s mouth, Kyon began to drag her away. “Sorry about my friend,” he said to the bewildered shopkeeper. “She gets a little excited sometimes about this game we play. Give me a chance to calm her down.” He only saw fit to release Haruhi once he had successfully brought her over to the opposite side of the store.

“What gives?” Haruhi asked, trying to rush back to the counter only to be blocked by Kyon. “I was this close to getting her to confess.”

“You were more likely to send her into a nervous breakdown,” Kyon replied, talking down to Haruhi like a scolding parent. “I know how easily you can get worked up, but this is going too far even for you. It’s obvious that the woman doesn’t know anything.”

“Then how else would you explain these?” Haruhi asked, adjusting her glasses.

“It’s because you...”

Kyon trailed off, yet again remembering that it wouldn’t be the best idea to tell Haruhi of her own abilities.

“Well, what did I do?” Haruhi asked, staring intently at Kyon as he tried to come up with an answer.

“Because you... kept wearing the glasses. It probably messed up your vision just like Mikuru said.”

Haruhi put a finger to her chin. “Hmm, I guess that makes sense. Although I don’t know what to do about it now. My eyesight is practically non-existent without the lenses.” Looking away from Kyon, she turned her attention to a full length mirror in the shop to adjust her glasses. “Guess I’ll have to walk around looking like a huge nerd until I can fix this. I just hope no one at school think they look too...”

Haruhi became silent as she spotted something in her reflection. At the same time, Kyon managed to see that something else had changed on her body. Her once loose fitting top was now strained by an extra layer of padding around her mid-section that wasn’t there before. Between the sight of her pair of black shorts tightly squeezing around her chubby rear and her exposed, thicker thighs, it was hard to deny the fact that she had somehow put on weight.

“I knew it!” Haruhi proclaimed as she pinched her belly fat. “That witch, or android, or whatever she is did something to me.”

“No, she didn’t,” Kyon said, once more stepping in her way to try and prevent her from further accosting the shopkeeper. “That extra weight must have come from one too many snacks and too little physical activity.”

Haruhi scratched her chin in thought. Just as Kyon worried that she had seen through his obvious lie, she snapped her fingers.

“You’re right,” she finally agreed. Grabbing Kyon’s wrist, she began to drag him out of the store.

“Where are we going?” Kyon asked.

“To the park,” Haruhi said, gesturing for the rest of the club to follow her. “You’re going to help me work off this weight. THEN we can try to figure out what that woman is doing to me.”

Rather than argue, Kyon silently followed. Though he was satisfied with no longer having to defend an old woman from Haruhi’s antics, he couldn’t help feeling that something was off. Picking up speed to keep pace with Haruhi, he told himself that the issue could be easily solved with the simplest solution of just going along with her plans.

One week after the incident at the shop, Kyon and the rest of the SOS Brigade found themselves in the middle of the park yet again to heed their leader’s wishes. He joined in with the others stretching out for whatever intense exercise session Haruhi had in mind. She had been planning it out all throughout the week in order to get rid of the bit of extra pudge that had mysteriously begun to pack onto her body. Though he was sure there was going to be a hellish exercise routine in store for them, it took quite a while for the boisterous club president to make her appearance. Just as Kyon began to worry that something was wrong with her, he finally spotted her alongside the reason she had taken so long.

Haruhi’s typically upbeat personality was besmirched by a nervous look on her face as she sheepishly made her way over to the rest of the group. Behind the thick lenses hanging on

her face Kyon could see her eyes flickering back and forth to look at the way other people were staring at her. The brunt of both her and the other's attention was on the protruding layer of fat around her mid-section that was left exposed thanks to her orange sports bra. Though she tried to cover up the extra padding by tugging at the fabric, that still left her thick arms on display. Trying to ignore the exposed part of the prominent cleavage created by her engorged breasts, Kyon turned his gaze down only to be met with the sight of her blue short shorts tightly squeezed around her plumper rear and hips.

“S-sorry, I’m late everyone,” Haruhi said as she quickly walked towards the group. “I had a little trouble trying to find something to wear.”

“It’s fine, we were all just getting warmed up anyway,” Itsuki spoked up, neither he nor anyone else in the group willing to bring up Haruhi’s unnatural weight gain.

“Yeah, we’re ready to start whenever you are,” Mikuru said, showing her resolve by pumping her fist.

“This was your suggestion, so it would be best for you to lead us,” Yuki stated.

Noticing the nervous look lingering in Haruhi’s eyes, Kyon took the initiative to approach her. “You heard them,” he said, placing his hand on her shaking shoulder. “You are our leader so it makes sense that you would be the one to start us off.”

Putting on a wide smile, Haruhi banished her anxiety to reclaim her former, energetic demeanor. “You’re right. No sense wasting time standing around doing nothing like a bunch of lazy bums. Let’s get started with some pushups!”

Following along with Haruhi’s lead, the rest of the club got down on the ground and into position. On her mark, they started to move their bodies with the goal of reaching 100 pushups. Though they managed to make decent progress with their leader keeping count, there came a

point where her voice began to fade out. With her words gradually being replaced with weary gasps, Kyon hazarded to pause for a moment to check on her.

They had yet to even hit the halfway point of their routine and thick sweat had already drenched Haruhi's body. As the perspiration cascaded down her flesh, it pooled into a puddle beneath her. Unable to hold herself up for much longer, she ended up accidentally splashing her belly down into the accumulated sweat. Taking deep breaths to try and regain her strength, she barely noticed Kyon until he was standing right next to her to help her to her feet.

"Are you feeling alright?" he asked as he pulled her up. "You usually don't tire out this fast."

"I guess I'm just a little rusty, that's all," Haruhi replied, pulling out a bottle of water from her bag.

"Why don't you go sit down for a bit?" Kyon suggested.

"Are you kidding?" Haruhi asked, chugging down half the bottle before wiping the sweat from her face. "We just got started. I can't stop now."

Kyon crossed his arms as he glared at her like a concerned parent. "There's a difference between exercising and working yourself to death. Now go sit down and rest."

Though there was a moment of hesitation, Haruhi eventually nodded her head. "Alright, but make sure you wait until I'm ready before you start jogging."

"I promise," Kyon said before returning to the others.

Finding a shady spot beneath a tree, Haruhi did as she was told and took a seat. Gulping down another mouthful of water, she poured the rest of her bottle out onto a rag to try and clean off her sweat. Though the cool sensation of the fabric pressed against her body was refreshing, she couldn't help feeling that something was off. She figured out what it was as she ran the towel

along her cheeks and felt a slight bump against her hand. Putting the rag aside, she pulled out her phone and turned it towards her face. She let out a gasp as she was horrified to see the telltale red coloring adorning the acne bumps across her cheeks.

Quickly putting her stuff away, Haruhi got up from the ground. Taking one last glance over at her friends continuing their exercise routine without her, she momentarily considered stopping to talk to them. Feeling her belly fat lurch forward as she took a step, she convinced herself that she would only slow them down. Resolved to let them finish without her interrupting them, she started to walk towards home. She busied herself on the trip back by letting her fingers switch between caressing her pimples and chub, hoping that her continued efforts would eventually get rid of the unsightly features.

The typical school atmosphere was interrupted for anyone that so much as glanced over at Haruhi as she made her way to class. Seeing the way that they surveyed her body made her reach out in a futile attempt to get the top of her uniform to better fit over her chubby belly. This turned out to be easier said than done, as each inch given to her mid-section only succeeded in showing off more of her meaty breasts in the process. Despite the thick pair of glasses hanging off of her nose, most people could see the widespread acne covering her face. Becoming more and more anxious as she made her way to class, she tried tugging down her skirt to cover up the budding hairs that had begun to form along her thick thighs. This momentary distraction led her to stumble right into Kyon.

“I’m sorry,” Haruhi said, stumbling back as she placed her hand against her chest.

“Are you feeling alright?” Kyon asked, having become somewhat used to Haruhi’s degrading condition. “You’ve been pretty quiet in class, and you barely show up to club meetings.”

“I’m just fine,” Haruhi replied, showing off a hint of her former pride as she puffed out her chest, straining against the undersized bra keeping her boobs in place.

“Then what’s with the silent treatment?”

Haruhi showed off a wide smile as she reached into her bag to pull out a thick book. “When I was back at the shopping district trying to get more clues on that wicked shopkeeper, I found this. It has a lot of information about super natural phenomenon. I’ve been pouring over it for hours on end in the hopes of finding out what’s going on with me.”

“That’s not going to...”

Kyon trailed off as he noticed the hopeful look in her eyes.

“...not going to come cheap I bet,” he quickly recovered with a nervous laugh. “Anyway, we can talk more about it later. I think the bell is about to ring. What class do you have next?”

The question made Haruhi’s smile disappear again. “Gym,” she replied, not looking Kyon in the eye as she dragged her feet across the ground.

“That’s pretty far from here. You better get moving then.”

“Y-yeah,” Haruhi replied as she began to make her way down the hall again. “I’ll see you later.”

Turning before Kyon could have a chance to reply, Haruhi deliberately slowed down her pace. The reason for this was that by the time she arrived at the locker room, the last few girls had already finished changing and made their way out onto the field. Given some privacy, she found a secluded area and began to get dressed into her gym clothes.

Haruhi couldn't help but wince as her fingers grazed the hairs that had begun to sprout up around her belly button. The only thing that caused her more distress were the bushels of curly hair that peeked out from beneath her armpits. In an effort to cover up her shame and get to class on time, she shoved her torso into her white gym shirt as quickly as possible. Stretching her blue gym shorts over her thickened rear, she struggled to make them fit in a way that didn't give her a constant wedgie. Fixing her glasses to mentally prepare for what was to come, she headed out onto the field. Almost immediately, she began to regret showing up.

"Suzumiya, where have you been?" asked the gym teacher, a woman wearing a grey track suit and her black hair tied into a ponytail.

"I, um, had a little delay getting here," Haruhi replied, seeing the students looking over her unsightly appearance out the corner of her eye.

"Well you're here now and I intend to make sure you pick up the pace. Now get to running. I want at least three laps around the track."

"Yes mam," Haruhi said, hastily making her way over to the starting point. Hanging on to a sliver of hope that this would help with her body issues, she summoned up her typical energy as she broke into a sprint. However, she only managed to run a quarter of the length of the track before things started to fall apart.

What was once light exercise now left Haruhi winded and covered in sweat. Each stomp of her thick legs had the unintended effect of jiggling around the extra heft clinging to her belly and breasts. Though it was distressing each time her shirt rose up to show off her unsightly mid-section, her attention became more focused on the way her sweat was staining the fabric. Multiple times she had to stop to try and wipe the perspiration off of her glasses, frequently blinding her vision of both the track and her sweaty mess of a body.

A combination of her own humiliation and exhaustion forced Haruhi to stop running halfway down the track. Leaning against a bench to catch her breath, her ears picked up the sound of nearby students gossiping. Though they tried to keep their voices down to a whisper, she could still pick up some less than savory things they were saying about her. The insults thrown at her seemed mind boggling considering how only a few weeks beforehand they had been so kind to her.

Haruhi froze like a deer in the headlights as the girls noticed her standing there. Before their gaze could linger on her for too long, she forced herself to start running again. Pushing through her aching muscles and her downpour of sweat, she strived to finish her run as soon as possible to avoid humiliating herself any further.

A rare moment of silence hung over the SOS Brigade as their club meeting went on. While the other members were busy with their usual hobbies, Haruhi quietly sat in the corner with a stack of books. Peeking over the tome tightly clenched in her hands would reveal that her bespectacled eyes were sharply focused on the pages in an attempt to find a cure for her condition. Her search had become more focused as the weeks went on and her body issues became worse. Peeks at the body hair spreading across her pudgy body and the red dots all across her face made it clear why she was so willing to push aside club duties in favor of her research.

Haruhi nearly jumped out of her seat as someone knocked on the door. Making sure to save her place in her book, she tried her best to make her uniform look somewhat presentable before answering. Taking a deep breath to remind herself that she was the president, she opened up the door to show off a wide smile.

“Welcome to the SOS Brigade,” Haruhi announced towards the female student with short, brown hair standing before her. “What can we do for-“

“Am I in the right place?” the student asked, looking past Haruhi as if in search of someone. “I was hoping I could talk to Haruhi. It’s really important.”

Haruhi lowered her hand for a moment. “Um, that’s me. I’ve been through some... issues lately.”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” the student replied. “I barely recognized you.”

Haruhi let out a sigh to hide her own self-loathing. “That’s okay,” she said, stepping aside to let the student in. “Just tell us what the SOS Brigade can do for you.”

“Well, you see my club is having a bake sale, but it’s not getting nearly enough customers,” the student explained. “I was hoping that you would be willing to do some advertising for us around school.”

“How so?” Kyon asked.

“I remember seeing your female members in those bunny outfits,” the student spoke up. “Those should do the trick.”

“Y-you want us to wear those?” Haruhi asked, clutching her hand against her chest.

“Please? We really need the help.”

Even knowing what the woman was suggesting, Haruhi couldn’t bring herself to deny her request. After all, the main purpose of the SOS Brigade to help students in need. Clenching her fingers to strengthen her resolve, she put her hands on her hips. “You can count on us. Where would you like ush to-“

Haruhi paused, both she and the student bewildered by the sudden lisp. Bringing her eyes away from the young woman, her body shook as she stared at the droplets of spit her little

outburst had left on the ground. Thankfully for both of them, Kyon was more than willing to step in to break the resulting silence.

“We’ll handle it from here,” he explained. “Just tell us where we can meet you and we’ll come over once our members get into costume.”

“Thank you so much, you’re a lifesaver,” the woman said, her words mirrored in Haruhi’s own mind. “Please don’t be late. We’re really counting on you.”

After talking it over and exchanging information, Haruhi and the other girls grabbed the needed supplies before making their way out of the room. Stopping at an empty classroom near the food stand, the girls went inside to get dressed. While Yuki and Mikuru had little trouble slipping into their outfits, the same could not be said for their president.

Haruhi lingered at the door while the others, clad in their eye catching bunny outfits strode out of the room to start advertising the bake sale. Forced to fulfill her own promise, she eventually followed after them by awkwardly shuffling around on her high heeled shoes. The erratic movement jiggled around the pudge clinging to her legs that was barely contained by her thigh high, brown stockings. The one piece, black leotard adorning her torso might as well have been painted on to her with how much of her belly rolls it put on display. She bemoaned the way the tight outfit emphasized her meaty breasts and thick rear; simultaneously constricting them while also leaving her cleavage and chunky butt cheeks exposed. Even worse was what the costume deliberately left exposed, such as the bushels of armpit hair sticking out of her blubbery limbs and the acne that spread from her shoulders to down her back.

Haruhi stood as still as a statue as she let it sink in how poorly the old costume fit her modified body. Seeing the way the pair of fake bunny ears perched atop her head nervously shook in unison with the rest of her, Kyon approached in an attempt to comfort her. Trying not to

focus on the shade of black that had begun to creep through her brown hair, he kept up his typical demeanor as he placed a hand on her upper arm.

“You don’t have to do this if you don’t want to,” he said. “I’m sure Yuki and Mikuru can handle this on their own.”

“That wouldn’t be right,” Haruhi replied. “I have to join them. It’s part of my duty as the club president.”

Though Kyon was visibly concerned by the sudden lisp, he didn’t have a chance to voice his concern before Haruhi took off towards the food stand. Upon her arrival, the students working the booth were visibly disturbed by the sight of her body shoved into her costume. Too polite to say what they were all thinking, the female student from before stepped forward to speak with her.

“I... didn’t realize you would be joining them too,” the woman said.

“Of course I would,” Haruhi said, blocking droplets of spit with the back of her hand. “I’m the leader of the group, so it makes sense for me to join in.”

The woman tapped her fingers against a sign, trying to maintain a friendly smile as she looked over Haruhi’s sorry state. “That’s, um, very noble of you,” she finally replied, handing the sign over to her. “Take this and head to the east side of the school. Your friends have already gone out to cover the other locations.”

“Wait, isn’t the east the least populated at this time of day?”

“All the more reason that you should go over there and advertise to the few people that are there,” the woman said, hastily handing over the sign and giving Haruhi a gentle push.

“Thanks again for helping us out.”

With a shrug, Haruhi accepted the sign and made her way over to her location. Reaching her designated area and spotting groups of students milling around, she tried to call out to get them to notice the bake sale. These advertisements kept being interrupted by the same lisp occasionally coming from her mouth to spray spit along the ground. Not long after she had started her rounds sweat began to form along her skin to bring attention to her weary state as she tried to push herself forward. However, these became the least of her worries as she heard the ominous sound of fabric beginning to tear.

Looking away from the people gawking at her, Haruhi was horrified to see parts of her pudgy flesh sticking out of holes spread across her stockings. Attempts to cover up the tears resulted in even more of her thick thighs being revealed alongside the bristly strands spread across her legs. The destruction of the stockings was merely just the start of her humiliation as her top finally lost the battle against her mid-section. Breaking out the sides of the suit, her fat gut jiggled about to show off similar unruly specks of hair that surrounded her belly button.

Uncaring of how much further she damaged the costume, Haruhi dropped her sign as she broke into a mad dash. Sprinting her way across the school grounds like an overweight rabbit, she fought through her growing exhaustion in order to find sanctuary. She only stopped running when she reached the safety of the club room and slammed the door shut behind her.

Plopping down on a chair, Haruhi let out a series of exasperated breaths. She was prevented from fully relaxing in her privacy thanks to a whistling noise that came with every exhale. Feeling that something was off, she heaved herself out of her chair to borrow Mikuru's compact mirror.

A gasp escaped Haruhi's lips as she beheld her reflection. Bringing a shaky finger towards her face, she gave the set of enlarged, front teeth sticking out of her mouth a pinch.

Confirming that the misshapen bicuspid were all too real, she used what little energy she had left to dive back into her studies. Trying her hardest to ignore the feeling of her buckteeth pressing against her tongue, she resumed her search for a way to bring her life back to normal.

Gym class had easily become Haruhi's most hated subject over the course of her month long down spiral of her looks and health. Without fail, each day she was forced to go out onto the field and humiliate herself in front of her classmates. No matter how hard she pushed herself, she didn't seem to be able to shave off a single pound of her extra pudgy. Each session gifted her with only a downpour of perspiration to mix with the hair and blemishes adorning her body. A saving grace for today's class was that it wouldn't leave her nearly sweaty. Although this particular activity had its own set of problems.

Only able to push herself through a single lap across the pool, Haruhi splashed her way over to the ladder to catch her breath. Climbing out of the water, she took several deep breaths to try and recover. A painful reminder of her current status could be heard as each exhale produced a whistling noise that she had grown to despise. Unfortunately, she wasn't the only one that heard it.

Any student not preoccupied with swimming was more than willing to gawk at the way Haruhi's one piece, blue swimsuit tightly hugged her doughy body. What was supposed to be modest school attire did little to hide her pair of hefty, sagging tits and the accompanying outlines of her plump nipples. Each stomp of her chubby leg threatened to slip her pudgy belly out from the suit to reveal more of the coarse strands of hair that called her mid-section home. Turning away from the group to hide these features only succeeded in showing off the parts of her fat backside that could not be contained by her suit. The various red blemishes dotting the

exposed parts of her butt cheeks could also be seen leaving an unsightly trail up her back. Her various features were embarrassing enough as it was, but they also had the side effect of making it quite easy for the gym teacher to spot her neglecting her assignment.

“Ms. Suzumiya,” the coach said as she made her way towards her. “I told you to complete three laps around the pool.”

“I-I’m shorry,” Haruhi apologized, her shaking body bringing attention to the darkened color that had started to take over more of her hair’s original shade of brown. “I wash jusht sho tired.”

“That’s still no excuse for slacking in my class,” the teacher replied, only hurting Haruhi’s condition more by putting more of the students’ attention on her. “Maybe if you actually applied yourself and worked out there you wouldn’t struggle so much. I’ll let you go today but remember to actually put in some effort next time. Understood?”

“Yesh mam,” Haruhi said before sheepishly making her way towards the locker room.

As Haruhi continued to shuffle her feet, she couldn’t help hearing the talk amongst the other students. The various insults about her weight and unsightly features used to be told in hushed whispers. Now it was nearly deafening with some of the insults echoing in her ears. A repeated term she heard over and over again was people calling her the chubby bunny of North High. The nickname had stuck with her ever since the day of the bake sale where she had completely humiliated herself. Forced to relive the embarrassing moment each time she heard the derogatory name be thrown around, she quickened her pace to get to the locker room and get changed.

Drying herself off and squeezing herself back into her school uniform, Haruhi rushed out the door before anyone else could see her. The bell would be ringing soon, bringing yet another

torturous school day to an end. All that was left was to grab her books from her locker before she headed home to lose herself in her research once more.

In her haste, Haruhi had failed to place her glasses back on her greasy nose. This led to her aimlessly wondering through the halls while she tried to find her way. Each bump of her belly into a wall or wobble of her ass against one of the students was enough to earn her a series of unwanted laughter at her expense. By the time she managed to fish out her glasses and place them on her face, it was too late to prevent her from running into the last person she wanted to see her like this.

“Haruhi!” Kyon shouted out, nearly falling over himself as he collided with her. “Where are you going?”

“S-shorry,” Haruhi said, very carefully bowing towards him to avoid ripping apart her clothes as her belly fat continued to jiggle. “I-I wash just trying to go home.”

“What about the club meeting?” Kyon asked. “You haven’t been showing up lately and we’ve been getting worried.”

“It’s not like I do much there anyway,” Haruhi bemoaned. “You go on without me. I jusht want to go home and shleep.”

“Haruhi, wait,” Kyon said, trying to grab her shoulder to get her to stop, only to reel back at the feeling of his fingers pressing up against the numerous, unsightly bumps hidden beneath her clothes.

“Like I shaid, it’s fine,” Haruhi said, rubbing her thick thighs together as she made a mad sprint out of the school.

Left by himself, Kyon held his hand up to his face. Just like Haruhi, his ears had been privy the various insults that had spread through the school about the woman that people used to

adore. The longer he thought about how quickly the students had turned on her, the more he thought back to the theory Yuki had told him about the true reason Haruhi wasn't showing any improvement.

The god-like high schooler had fallen into her own feedback loop. Every slight awkward moment or embarrassing mistake strengthened her belief that she was little more than an ugly outcast to be mocked. Considering how much she had already transformed due to her self-degradation, Kyon trembled as he feared just how far this could all go. The only hope he had left was to join the others back at the club to continue brainstorming a way to improve Haruhi's self-image before it was too late.

Lying in bed long after the sun had risen, Haruhi tried to recall if this was the fourth or fifth day that she had deliberately skipped school. Constantly having to hear her classmates mock her both in secret and out in the open gradually wore down her motivation to even step outside of the house. Her parents had been willing to help her at least, calling in to the school with the excuse that she was sick with some illness. Even still, she had to be wary whenever Kyon dropped by with her school work. The last thing she wanted at the moment was for him to see her like this.

No longer able to ignore her basic needs, Haruhi relented in extracting herself from the comfort of her blankets. Swinging her pudgy, hairy legs over the side of the bed, she sat there for a moment to watch as her belly rolls bunched up against her knees. Letting her chubby fingers poke at the unsightly gut had the unintended effect of sliding the hairs adorning her arms against the strands that riddled her mid-section.

In an attempt to rid herself of a wedgie, Haruhi turned her attention away from her stomach to focus on her bottom. As she attempted to pull her panties out from between the depths of her pudgy rear, she was once more reminded of the various blemishes that dotted each of her sagging butt cheeks. The pimples were still as present as ever, leading up her back to further besmirch her shoulders.

Haruhi was forced to touch the pimples adorning her upper torso as she tried to fix the straps of her bra. However, no amount of adjustment could solve the problem of her undergarment being just a little too small to fully contain her breasts. Even with a J-cup bra, most of her tit flesh was put on display with the fabric only able to cover up her nipples. It was an issue that repeated itself every time she tried on a new set of undergarments, as if the clothes were purposefully constricting themselves to ensure she remained uncomfortable both physically and mentally.

Letting out a sigh as she looked over her sorry state, Haruhi heaved herself off of her bed and waddled her way over to the bathroom. Taking care of her mid-day routine of brushing her jutting buckteeth and trying in vain to clip back the bushels of hair emerging from her armpits, she lingered to once more gawk at her own face. Balancing her pair of thick glasses on her face became easier thanks to extra few inches that had been added to her nose. Grasping at her strands of greasy hair, she still bemoaned the loss of its brown coloring. Then again, the wiry, black strands helped in obscuring her chubby cheeks covered in splotches of red from her horrendous acne, as well as her thick, caterpillar-like eyebrows.

Finished with her daily session of self-loathing, Haruhi made her way back to her bedroom to see if she could find something to wear that could cover up her body. This search was interrupted by a notification on her phone. Fixing her glasses as she brought the screen to

her face, she squinted her eyes to get a good look at the message. A shiver went down her spine as she realized that it was a reminder she had set months in advance to show up to a cheerleading show.

Haruhi's acceptance of her body's various flaws came into question as she actually considered going to the meet up. A war raged in her mind as her need to keep a promise clashed with her desire to avoid humiliating herself any further. Pacing around her room, her fingers twisted and twirled her greasy locks of hair as she tried to come up with an answer. What finally swayed her decision was a yellow sticky note she had found attached to her school work from the previous day from Kyon.

"No matter what you look like, you need to remember who you are."

"That'sh right," Haruhi declared to herself. "I'm the president of the esh O esh brigade. I can't disshapoint people who are counting on me."

Moving far faster than anyone with her body had any right too, Haruhi scrambled through her drawers to find a uniform. What she managed to put together was an outfit made up of an XXL top and matching skirt that her parents had recently bought for her. Though it was still a little on the tight side, it would be more than enough to get her onto school ground.

A laborious bus ride filled with tight seats and annoyed people brought Haruhi before the school gates. Wheezing as she walked inside, she ignored the stares the people gave as she made her way down the hall. Keeping her sights on the gymnasium, a hint of her former self-managed to keep her moving forward with an eager smile on her face despite her own tiredness. Making her way into the dreaded locker room, she set to work putting together a cheerleading outfit that would both fit her body's chunky proportions and make her the center of attention. Though everything fit snugly, she kept assuring herself that this time things would be different. She had

little doubt in her mind that through her perseverance she was going to put on a show to remind people of who she really was. Ignoring the hiss that came out of her mouth as a deep exhale went past her buckteeth, she marched her way out into the gym.

All eyes were on Haruhi as she waddled over to the center of the floor. All at once the cheerleaders stopped what they were doing to stare at her outfit. The blue skirt tightly hugging her waistline left plenty of her thick thighs and pimply ass cheeks on display. A white top with yellow stripes could do little to hide her meaty breasts, let alone obscure the exposed portion of her hairy, pudgy belly. The obvious reason that everyone was gawking at her was because they were surprised she would be willing to walk out looking like this. For her, she managed to delude herself into thinking that it was all of them being stunned by her show of courage. It was this very delusion that led to her beginning to move her body as a song started to play through the gym.

Putting on a wide smile, Haruhi gave it her all to move in beat with the rhythm. While she managed to keep up her performance for a little while, it didn't take long for reality to kick in. The jolting movements violently thrashed around her tits and belly fat, threatening to pop them out of her outfit at a moment's notice. The constant jiggling brought with it a downpour of sweat that completely drenched her body within a matter of seconds. Heavy breaths leaving her mouth tried to ease her burden, but only succeeded in adding droplets of spit to the trickle of sweat that drizzled across the floor. Her motivation had been completely replaced with exhaustion by the time she hit the end of her routine. Plopping down on the floor on her sweaty rear, her entire body shook with exhaustion.

The sound of Haruhi's heavy breathing soon became drowned out by a cacophony of laughter coming from the people in the stands. As the mocking grew louder, a sheen of red blush

went across her face to partially obscure her acne. Hearing the crowd chant out one insult after another, she could do little to stop tears from welling up around her eyes. Fear breaking through her own tiredness, she forced herself to her feet. With tears streaming down her chubby cheeks, she made a mad dash back towards the locker room in an attempt to hide her shame.

In Haruhi's haste to escape, she had failed to notice Kyon and the others sitting amongst the students in the stands. Kyon had been the one to suggest that the group come to the cheerleading performance, holding out hope that their president's old self would be enough to prevail against her own negative thoughts. Receiving a similar reminder of the severity of Haruhi's condition, Kyon was tempted to kick himself for only making her suffer worse. A tug on his shoulder prevented him from fully giving in to this train of thought.

"This is not your fault," Yuki stated. "It was by her own choice that Haruhi decided to come today."

"Yeah, but I'm the one who kept trying to convince her that everyone here would accept her as she was," Kyon replied.

"We do at least," Itsuki spoke up.

"Yeah, she can always depend on us," Mikuru added.

Turning away from the rest of the club members, Kyon glanced down at a group of female students loudly gossiping about Haruhi's performance. "We're not the ones I'm worried about."

After the cheerleading incident, Haruhi wanted nothing more than to return to her life as a shut-in. Unfortunately, her choice to appear at school made it hard for the faculty to continue believing her story about being sick. As much as she begged the principal to allow her to either

do take home classes or anything else to avoid stepping on school grounds, the decision was final. To avoid being expelled and failing her grade, she had to once more attend classes in person.

Though physically Haruhi's overweight body had reached its peak, the mental degradation only grew worse as she shuffled her way through the halls. Shifting her eyes back and forth, the only way to avoid looking at the faces of the other students was by keeping her vision focused on the ground. This view had the downside of forcing her to watch her drooping breasts swing back and forth to coincide with her hair-riddled gut constantly peeking out from the hem of her shirt. She was further tormented during her trek by people "accidentally" bumping into her doughy, pimply rear to laugh at the way it jiggled. Sucking up droplets spit that had begun to leak from her mouth, all she could do was try to discreetly pull out the wedgie between her butt cheeks as she continued waddling to each of her classes.

If the students' torment wasn't enough, the teachers weren't much help either. Aside from the fact that they seemed blissfully unaware of her being mocked, they purposefully put her in situations to further show off her sorry state. She was always the one called for questions, giving the class a chance to laugh at the way her prominent lisp made her answers an indecipherable mess. Trips up to the front of the class to solve an answer were essentially a chance for the students to gawk at her unsightly body's chub and blemishes flourish with each shake of her body. Any announcements for group projects were met with people hastily coming together to avoid being stuck with her, more than content to leave her alone while they focused on either performing the task or tossing out more insults.

The epitome of Haruhi's torture remained in the form of gym class. Not caring about the constant excuses and complaints from the nerdy student, the coach was determined to make her

finish her laps around the track. This had the expected result of her body becoming wracked with exhaustion alongside a thick layer of sweat. Her wheezing breaths as she pushed her chubby thighs to keep going could not stop her from hearing the constant laughter coming from the people watching her try and fail to perform such a simple task.

Washing up and changing out of her sweaty clothes, Haruhi was almost ready to head straight home to hide away in her room. With classes over, all that was left was to make a visit to the SOS Brigade club room. While she didn't have any intention of staying, that was where she had left a collection of books that she was sure would solve her issues. Sure enough, she managed to sneak in and out without any of the other members seeing her. All that remained was to make it home safely.

As Haruhi shuffled down the hall towards the exit, she was stopped by a group of girls coming out to block her path. Turning around to try a different route revealed yet another wall of students approaching her with devilish grins on their faces. Quickly running out of options, she made a split decision to rush into a nearby classroom. Waiting for her there was another group of female students, smiling at the creature that had fallen into their trap.

"Just where do you think you're going?" asked one of the students with bright, blonde hair.

"I was just trying to go home," Haruhi replied, tightly hugging the books against her chest as students came in to block the exit. "Please, just leave me alone."

"Do you really want to go home all nasty and covered in sweat?" the student accused.

"Maybe she's trying to use it as camouflage for the rest of her ugly body," another added, earning a round of laughter at Haruhi's expense.

“Now, now,” spoke up one of the students, bringing a glint of hope to Haruhi’s eyes. “We shouldn’t be mocking her for her lack of looks, proper hygiene, or even basic competence. At the very least, we should help her wash up.”

As Haruhi tried to decipher exactly what the student meant, her body tensed up at the sound of something being unscrewed. Too busy glancing over at the group of girls with bottles of sodas, her pudgy arms momentarily left her books out. Seizing the opportunity, the supposed leader of the group reached out to swat at the tomes to slam them to the ground.

Falling to the floor to try and pick up her precious literature, Haruhi froze as she watched a student pour soda across the pages. Shocked by her presumed only way to change herself back being destroyed before her eyes, she could do little to prevent the others from dousing her body in the sugary substance. The deluge of soda knocking her glasses to the floor turned out to be a blessing in disguise by allowing her blurred vision to avoid seeing someone recording her moment of humiliation on their phone.

As Haruhi blindly reached out for her lost spectacles amidst the sticky downpour, someone managed to barge through the crowd in an attempt to stop them. A familiar voice started to shout out, getting the congregation of tormentors to file out of the room. In the midst of the chaos, she couldn’t tell exactly who had come to her rescue. She got her answer as someone placed her glasses on her face.

“K-kyon,” Haruhi said as she stared up at his face.

“I saw you trying to sneak out of the club room,” Kyon explained. “Come on, let’s get out of here. First we’ll get you cleaned up and then go to the teachers to tell them what they did to you.”

Though Kyon offered her his hand, Haruhi turned away from him as she stumbled to her feet. “It’s no use,” she replied, her gaze solely on the pile of ruined pages at her feet.

“Teachersh, shtudentsh, they’re both the shame. All they care about ish making my life a living hell.”

Before Kyon could grab her, Haruhi broke out into a sprint. Any students left to linger in the hallway were more than happy to add to her torture by laughing at her soda drenched pudge running down the corridor. Chewing on her bottom lip with her buck teeth, she let the tears flow down her cheeks in an attempt for her to cope with her horrible fate.

Sunday morning was supposed to be Haruhi’s one chance of reprieve from the constant torture that was her everyday life. The warm air and sunny sky used to be more than enough of an excuse for her to summon the SOS Brigade members to participate in some kind of activity. It was on a similar day like this that she had ventured out into the shopping district to buy the glasses that had started her down her path of despair. Though part of her still illogically blamed the shopkeeper, her more intelligent side was typically able to snuff out that assumption. In her mind, what she was now, and what she assumed she would be until the end of time, was all because of her own doing.

Lingering on the various acts of humiliation that had led her to this moment, Haruhi’s pale skin and bright red pimples were brightened up by a call on her phone. She didn’t even have to look to know who it was from. Kyon had been trying to get in contact with her ever since the soda shower incident. She just wanted to be left alone; secluding herself from society and the people that would mock her. Worried that her friends would be caught up in the bullying, she thought of her isolation as the best she could do for everyone.

Despite her intentions, Haruhi's perseverance was no match for Kyon's own stubbornness. Though she tried to ignore him, there was only so much she could take of the constant buzzing going off on her phone. In her depressed state, it took her a while to consider the option of turning off the device. As her fingers scrambled to find the power button, she was stopped by a singular message from Kyon that managed to get through.

"Please meet us at the library. We may have found a way to change you back."

Hanging her jaw wide open as she read the message over and over again, Haruhi only moved to wipe off the droplets of saliva leaking from her mouth. She saw little reason to believe his claim. Especially since she had looked high and low for some way to reverse her condition only to be met with dead ends. Even still, there was still a tiny spark of hope in her chest that was reminiscent of her old self. Unable to shake the feeling and eager to silence the endless onslaught of phone calls, she begrudgingly crawled out of bed.

Turning on the lights in her room, Haruhi got to task looking for some combination of clothing that would fit her body. What she managed to put together was an outfit that wasn't the most flattering, but still covered up what it needed to. This left her to sulk as she stood in front of her mirror, sighing at the sight of her hairy legs that led towards the part of her pimply, chubby rear hanging out of her short shorts. Over and over she tried to get her pink crop top to hold back her muffintop of hairy belly fat, but to no avail. She took some solace in the sight of the white straps keeping the top in place that partially cover up some of the acne that had appeared along her meaty mammaries. Less motivating were the exposed, bristly hairs that stuck out from her armpits that made the furry eyebrows on her forehead look reserved. Resigning herself to get this excursion over with as soon as possible so she could sulk in peace, she pushed her glasses up her

grease slicked nose, put her oily, black hair in place with her usual head band, and headed out the door.

Managing to survive the train ride's tight quarters and less than understanding riders, Haruhi arrived at the library. Under the warm sun, the climb up the flight of stairs to the entrance was grueling. Not even halfway up her body became covered in a fresh layer of sweat. The perspiration further degraded her outfit with stains along the fabric, making it tighten up around her chubby form. She chewed on her bottom lips as she noticed the people staring at her exaggerated curves, trying to block out any gossip that left their mouths in hushed whispers. Pushing through the strain of her thick thighs calling out for mercy, she eventually reached the doors and lumbered inside to be met with the cooling relief of the air conditioning system. Letting her body revitalize in the comfort of the indoors, she opened up her eyes to watch Kyon make his way towards her.

"I was starting to think you weren't going to make it," Kyon commented.

Lowering her head, Haruhi crossed her arms as she tried to avoid his gaze. "It'sh only because you wouldn't shtop trying to call me."

"Don't go blaming me. You're the one that taught me to be so stubborn."

"That'sh all the more reashon you should have jusht left me alone."

Haruhi turned to leave only to be stopped as Kyon grabbed her pudgy wrist. "Come on, you're already here. Might as well stick around for a bit. There's something I want to show you."

Hesitantly turning towards him, Haruhi let out a sigh to whistle past her buck teeth. "If you're shaying you found a cure, I sheriously doubt it."

"You're right about that," Kyon admitted. "I may not have the actual cure, but I do have a method that should make the search go much better than when you were looking on your own."

Too tired to try and run away from Kyon, Haruhi merely followed along with him into the library. They came to a stop in a small reading area in the middle of the aisles. The tables were stacked high with countless books pertaining to the super natural and paranormal. A quick glance of the tomes that claimed to have knowledge about aliens, espers, and time travelers, it didn't take her long to figure out who had placed them there.

Mikuru carefully approached the table, once or twice stumbling over her own feet as she attempted to keep the books in her arms balanced. Though the clumsy girl was nearly sent toppling to the ground, Itsuki was quick to catch her and take some of the books off her hands. The tomes were placed along the table, where a studious Yuki was already hard at work speed reading through the pages. With so much left to go through, the other two took their spots adjacent to her and buried their noses in the literature.

"We've been at this for hours now," Kyon said, noticing the way Haruhi was staring out at them. "Though we might not have found anything yet, I'm sure we'll be able to find a solution sooner or later with the full force of the SOS Brigade working together."

"Why are you doing this?" Haruhi asked. "You should know by now that it'sh a losht caushe trying to change me back."

"Because I don't give up on a friend," Kyon replied. "Especially when I'm the one responsible for her problems."

"W-what are you talking about?" Haruhi said, holding her hand to her shaking chest.

"I know the real reason you were wearing those glasses in the first place. It was because you were trying to get my attention," Kyon said, making a shade of blush red appear between the blemishes on her cheeks. "Am I wrong?"

“Um, well you shee that’sh...er, well I-I...” Haruhi continued to go through her meandering words, both to find the right way to respond and to deal with her overflow of emotions. Her babbling was put on hold as Kyon came in for a hug.

“I promise you that we’ll get you back to your old self,” he said, his words putting a stop to her nervous shaking. “No matter how long it takes, we’ll keep searching. Even if it takes an eternity, we’ll at the very least be the ones to keep accepting you for who you are.” Releasing her from his embrace, he picked the glasses off of her face. “Now come on, let’s get back to work. Safe to say that neither of us think these glasses really fit you.”

Forced to endure a different kind of embarrassment, Haruhi’s quivering lips formed into the shape of a wide grin that boldly showed off her buck teeth. “I appreciate the geshture,” she said, taking the glasses from Kyon and placing them back on her nose, “but I shtill need theshe to shee. That ish until we find the cure.” Grabbing Kyon’s arm, she began to drag him over to the table. “Don’t be a shlow poke. Let’sh get to work. It’sh a direct order from the Esh O Esh preshident.”

“Yes, mam,” Kyon said, copying her smile as they sat down with the other members.

All throughout the day the club focused their efforts on pouring over every relevant book in the library they could get their hands on. The intense research session was put on hold multiple times for them to either share a meal together or just goof off like they used to. Regardless of if they were making progress or not, the meeting was more than enough to lift the sorrowful mood that had hung on Haruhi’s shoulders for weeks. Surrounded by friends that liked her for who she was rather than her appearance, she gradually re-adopted her old mannerisms and energy.

Through Haruhi's constant cheering and motivation, the club continued to read up until the library was about to close. Though they had yet to find any solid solution to her issues by the time they were kicked out, they departed from one another with the promise they would come back every day until they found a solution. The elated state Haruhi had taken too persisted even after she said goodbye to Kyon and the others. Her ride home was full of just as many people gawking at her body, but she was still too optimistic to care. After all, she knew of at least four people who liked her for who she was.

Arriving home and getting into her night gown, she went to bed with her head brimming with these cheerful thoughts. Though she eventually fell asleep, it wasn't until after her mind ran wild with new ideas for club activities once they did find their solution. Even if there was no cure, she was still excited by the prospect of getting to hang out with her friends again. A combination of these erratic thoughts and her own exhaustion gradually brought her into a restful sleep.

Upon being woken up by her alarm, the usual dread Haruhi felt from having to attend school was nowhere to be found. Excited to meet up with the others to discuss her plans, she put her glasses on her face and began to rush towards the bathroom. Making her way to the sink to brush her teeth as always, she stopped as she noticed something was different.

The various pimples that had marked her face were non-existent. Any other blemishes along her body had also disappeared along with the extra chub that had plagued her for so long. There was no sign of the unsightly strands along any part of her body, with the only hair on her being the silky smooth, brown strands on her head that she had long missed. Waving about her night gown as she reveled in her old body, she tossed her glasses to a corner of the room.

Making a mad rush through her morning routine, she was determined to get back to school as soon as possible to properly celebrate her old self with her old friends.