

Indi and the Goobolds

By: Indi

Indi leaned back in his chair and stretched, the blue snake extending his long tail as far as it would go. He'd spent most of the day down in his lab, working tirelessly to perfect his latest creation. The alchemist had only stepped away to grab more ingredients and the rare snack. If he were lucky, all that work had paid off.

Indi stood and turned to a crate sitting on a workbench. Thirteen corked bottles were inside, filled with a variety of brightly colored goo. He smiled, remembering how his paladin friend Tycho and him had journeyed deep into a nearby cave system to hunt down all the goo required for his experiment a few months back. It'd been a rousing success—even though Tycho had ended up swarmed and stuffed by much of the goo as they made their escape. The paladin had apparently just regained his mobility a couple days prior, though he was still rather blubbery. And grumpy, despite how well he'd been paid for his efforts.

But as fun as watching his friend blimp up was, it paled in comparison to the actual experiment itself. Through trial and error he'd managed to alter the animate goo to be so much more than a mere rowdy glob. It could take anthropomorphic shape, and follow commands. The perfect assistant in a bottle! At least it should be, if his latest tweaks had worked.

Eager to see the results of his long day, Indi plucked a bottle of orange goo out of the crate, popped out the stopper, and tilted it upside down. Slowly the orange goo began to ooze out. Indi hit the bottom of the bottle with his claw a few times to force the ooze out faster. Eventually the contents popped out in a single glob.

Even as the glob fell it swelled, becoming at least four times larger by the time it landed on the floor with a smack. It continued to grow, rapidly rising upward, vague limbs sprouting as it stretched. Two stubby legs and arms, along with a short tail. A head formed, reptilian, steadily gaining more detailed features as time passed. Within seconds the goo had grown into an orange and somewhat rotund kobold, standing at about half Indi's height.

The form had been chosen by Indi because it was easier to condense in a bottle. But he couldn't deny also wanting to have a handful of his own kobolds to command around as assistants. Though a more accurate term would've been "goobolds".

The fresh goobold looked up towards Indi, patiently awaiting its orders. The last time Indi had tried one out, it'd struggled to comprehend him, clumsily retrieving dozens of incorrect objects before finally bringing him a book as originally asked. He had high hopes for the newest batch, though.

"Alright goobold." The goobold perked up. Indi was just about to ask it to bring him a book when his stomach growled faintly. He hadn't eaten in a few hours, and his negligence was catching up with him. But it also gave him an idea. "Goobold, fetch me something filling to eat." He quickly wondered if he should've been a bit more specific, as there was a bowl of fruit in the far corner of the room. Oh well, it would still serve as a good trial run for the goobolds' comprehension.

The goobold looked around the room, and for a moment its gaze settled on the fruit

bowl, and Indi smiled with pride. But then the goobold turned back around to face Indi, its gaze on the snake's chubby middle. It looked back to the bowl, then Indi's middle, then itself, then Indi's middle again.

Indi was just about to repeat the order when the goobold suddenly sprung at him. He took a step back and gasped in shock. Goobold filled Indi's mouth and wiggled down his throat, not giving the surprised snake any say in the matter. Before Indi could even think to grab the goobold, it was already down his gullet and in his belly, which had ballooned out from beneath his shirt.

Indi blushed as he saw his blue middle wobbling gently. There wasn't a single lump on its surface, so he guessed the goobold had condensed itself into a ball after feeding itself to him. The goobold had tasted quite wonderful, flavored orange like its color. Of course goo tended to be deceptively delicious, which was why so many adventurers ended up stuffed with it. Goo was even slowly making its way onto local menus.

While consuming the new goobold hadn't been Indi's intention, he was having a hard time regretting the pleasant accident. He wasn't hungry anymore, and the gooey snack had been refreshing and tasty. Not to mention the fact the goobold had managed to complete its task without delay.

"A few more little adjustments here and there, and I think these'll be—*urrrp*—perfect," Indi said, jostling his belly with his claws. "Just gotta prevent them from being so eager to feed themselves to people—goo certainly seems to love doing that." He squeezed his gut, watching it bounce back when he removed his claws. "Though assistants that double as snacks seems like a win-win to me. I'll never have to worry about missing a meal while working again. Just running out of goobolds!" He laughed, and his gut wobbled.

But such work could wait for later. Indi had made great progress, and was ready to retire for the night. He turned to put away his tools, forgetting he now sported a sizable ball gut. His belly slammed right into the crate of bottled goobolds, tipping it over and sending every last bottle cascading out and onto the floor. He winced as they shattered on impact, one-after-the-other, twelve in all. Sighing, Indi watched the dozen freed globs of goo form into attentive goobolds.

"Okay, not ideal, but I can just order them to store themselves and that should be fine for the night," Indi mumbled under his breath.

A bright green goobold jumped at Indi, just as the orange one had earlier. Indi raised his claws in self-defense, but the goobold easily slipped past them and into his barely open mouth. Again his belly swelled, with enough force to nearly knock the snake right over. He couldn't help but smile briefly from how tasty the goobold had been, but it soon vanished.

Damn, did they hear me and mistake me for a storage bottle cause of the first one I ate? Indi asked himself, nervously eying the rest of the goobolds. But he'd spoken so quietly then, and hadn't directed the order as a command like usual. He wondered if the ones in the bottles were simply following the order to feed him, having somehow heard.

"Goobolds, I order you to get back into the crate!" Indi said, as loudly and firmly as he could. A purple one flew at him, but the snake was prepared. He smacked it out of the air with his tail, sending it bouncing across the room. "Oh crap they can only handle one order at a

time!” He cursed, and fled towards the exit.

Indi’s belly bounced up and down as he jogged, the snake’s pace closer to a speedy waddle than anything else. He passed through the door, but only had enough time to pull it, not shut it completely. The goobolds were right on his tail.

Down the corridor Indi went, cringing as he heard the door to his lab fly open behind him. Up ahead were the stairs that led to his shop, and from there he could either retreat outside or up another level to his home.

As soon as he reached the stairs his pace slowed dramatically. His round belly brushed against either side of the staircase and interfered in his climb. Fortunately the goobolds could only take the stairs two at a time, and his tail was still good at smacking any away that got too close.

At the top, Indi stumbled through into his shop. He spun around, using his massive gut to shut the door fast and hard, but not before a bright blue goobold snuck through. His tail missed it, and the snake had no choice but to gulp it down once it reached his mouth. Indi’s legs quivered as his belly grew, the three goobolds weighing it down.

Slowly Indi backed away from the door, every step taking considerable effort. He doubted he could fit up the stairs now, and even getting out the front door might be a problem. More than ever the snake regretted putting off expanding the entrance. With how wide his clients had been getting, it was seeming a necessity.

An odd, tingling sensation surged through Indi’s body, and he noticed his middle was shaking on its own. Suddenly it began to shrink at a steady pace. At first he was relieved, but he quickly realized that the rest of him was getting softer as his middle shrank. “Guess I can’t be too surprised that goobolds aren’t lacking in calories,” Indi said, shaking his head as he watched the pounds pile on.

Every bit of the snake was getting thicker, from the tip of his tail to his rounding face. His clothing slowly grew tighter, seams along the sleeves ripping as they grew too tight to handle his increasing heft. The mild enchantment on them meant to cover him gaining a few dozen pounds in alchemy-related accidents wasn’t enough, as Indi gained well over a hundred, nearly doubling in size. By the end, even his glasses were nudged off his plumper snout.

Indi hadn’t planned on getting fat that night, but the weight wasn’t exactly unwelcome. He rather liked being heftier on occasion—he’d gotten even fatter before, and loved it as well. He was also comparably more mobile than when he’d been stuffed with the three goobolds.

A thumping at the basement door interrupted Indi’s flash of joy. Clearly the goobolds were still adamant about feeding him. Although he appreciated the sentiment, he wasn’t eager to end up immobile that night. Indi looked at the shelves nearby, and grabbed a few potions just as the door was broken down. He flung a red potion towards the gaggle of goobolds scurrying into the room, splashing the three in the front.

Instantly the three goobolds began to swell.

“So my weight-gain potions *do* work on goo!” Indi said. It was an interesting discovery, but he didn’t have time to celebrate it. The trio of stricken kobolds had ballooned to being as wide as they were tall, but the excess mass didn’t seem to slow them down. “Oh...I just made them more fattening, didn’t I?”

Indi threw a shimmering blue potion next, sparks shooting from the bottle as it shattered on the floor. The bolts arced through many of the goobolds, stunning them, but one of the enlarged ones had managed to avoid the attack, and was swiftly upon Indi.

The snake's cheeks puffed huge and his eyes went wide as the much larger goobold forced its way down his throat, immediately leaving him with a big, bloated belly. The mobility he'd regained from the first three digesting was now gone.

Indi grabbed any potion in reach off the shelves, chucking them wildly at the goobolds closing in. Most bottles either bounced right off their gooey bodies or sunk in. A few potions were able to slow the goobolds down, but nothing was taking them out of the fight for long. It was time to flee once more.

Before the snake could turn another large goobold dove for him, hitting its mark. Indi stumbled as he swelled, desperately trying to turn around so he could waddle away. His expanding belly smashed shelves and shattered a plethora of health and mana potions, which at least instantly healed his brief aches. The second goobold proved too much for him to handle, and Indi lost his balance. He belly-flopped on the floor, letting loose a sloppy *uworrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrp!*

Recovering from the fall, Indi found himself beached on his own goo-filled gut. He wobbled in a panic, hissing when he felt something gooey scramble over his back and into his maw. The final fattened goobold blimped the snake up so much his sides pushed up against the shelves around him. Seconds later his feast was digesting, though, giving him hope he'd be able to get back up again soon.

Indi ballooned in size, his weight skyrocketing as the three goobolds digested. He felt himself plumping up, every inch getting jiggly. If it weren't for the circumstances of his fattening he'd probably have enjoyed it greatly. Instead he merely enjoyed it a little in between his bouts of nervous worry.

On the verge of being small enough to at least crawl, Indi's heart sank as he felt his tail grabbed. He flailed his arms, trying and failing to grab at any and everything. He was only pulled a few feet backward before the seven remaining goobolds oozed beneath him and then rose, regaining their shapes and marching Indi towards the basement stairs. One stayed behind, grabbing the last of the weight-gain potions off the shelf before rejoining the procession. Indi didn't like that, not at all.

"No no no! Let me go, stop it!" Indi ordered, to no avail. "I don't want to become a blob right now—*oof!!*"

The blubbery snake had become wedged in the doorway. "Help!" Indi shouted at the top of his lungs. "Help, I'm being kidnapped by goo!" But it was too late for anyone to be wandering by, and Indi was too late to avoid his fatter fate. The goobolds managed to cram him into the stairway, and eventually all the way down it.

A few minutes later the goobolds plopped their hefty master on the floor of his lab. Indi tried to get up, but he hadn't had any time to adjust to his immense bulk, and could barely lift himself an inch. In between attempts he watched as the goobolds chugged the weight-gain potions, each and every one swelling huge. They formed a wide circle around him, beaming with pride.

“Well crap,” was all Indi could say before the true stuffing began.

The seven goobolds pushed into Indi’s maw one-by-one, steadily filling up the helpless snake. Each individual goobold would’ve been big enough to immobilize him; gorging on seven made him feel like he was going to pop. His belly expanded in all directions, pushing aside furniture and up against walls. A chair was crushed, and a table knocked over. By the time the last one wiggled down his throat, he’d filled almost half the room.

Indi groaned, his eyes wandering around. He’d overindulged before, but never to such an extent. Now he knew what Tycho had felt like, back in the caves. At least the paladin wasn’t around to make fun of him in revenge.

The sensation of being oppressively full was thankfully short lived. Indi’s enormous middle swayed steadily as the goobolds were swiftly absorbed as fat. The few intact seams of his clothing were ripped apart. His bulking arms shredded his sleeves, and his ballooning butt burst out of his pants. He felt his face jiggling as it fattened, his chins becoming heavy rolls for the rest of his head to rest upon. All flexibility in his tail was lost as it expanded, becoming a scaled anchor of pure blubber.

Although Indi’s bloated belly was retreating, he wasn’t feeling the least bit lighter. If anything he was feeling heavier. The goobolds were a tad bit *too* effective at providing calories.

There was nothing Indi could do to prevent his inevitable immobility, and slowly the snake calmed down, fear turning into frustration tinged with embarrassment. Getting fattened up by a wild goo or overeager mage was common enough to earn sympathy. Getting fattened up by your own creation would only lead to mockery--mainly from others he’d relentlessly poked fun at in the past.

The jiggling of Indi’s blubbery body intensified as he shrank, ensuring he was acutely aware of just how fat he was all over. Not a single part of him was free from wobbling at least a little.

The chill fullness dwindled to nothing. The last of the goobolds had been digested, leaving Indi as an immobile blob trapped in his own lab. He sighed, then smiled faintly. “Hmm. Aside from a few key issues, I’d say the experiment was still mostly a success. I mean the goobolds *did* fill me up.” His chuckling ended once he felt how much laughing shook his blubber. “And once I’ve tweaked them some, they’ll be great for helping me out now that I’m, uh, completely immobile.” Indi didn’t bother even trying to move. He knew he was immense. “I’ll have plenty of time to work on them while I spend the next few months losing weight. Or years, maybe. *If* I can lose this weight.”

Indi looked himself over with renewed nervousness. Unless he found a way to afford expensive weight-loss magic, his situation was in danger of being a bit more permanent than he’d considered—especially if anymore goobold accidents erased his efforts. “Oh...oh dear...” The snake gulped.