

Creating a Gluttony Demon

By: Indi

At a glance there wasn't anything that really made the classroom stand out from any other dedicated to teaching magic. There was the usual assortment of students—both attentive and inattentive—taking down notes or scheming new spells to work on. Cases locked with glowing wards kept a variety of magic texts and references safe. The back wall was blank, perfect for displaying a lecture written with a magic highlighter. Even the professor—a lean raptor named Ajax—could be casually mistaken for a regular mage instructor, albeit one with an expensive taste in robes.

In truth Ajax taught things that weren't necessarily deemed “acceptable” by society, and his pupils were there to learn about demonology.

“Alright,” Ajax said just a little bit louder than usual to grab the attention of the class. “We’ve spent the vast majority of our time studying different varieties of demons, their nature, and even a bit on how to summon them. And of course my congratulations to all of you who’ve made it thus far—the attrition rate has been considerably lower than previous years.”

While Ajax smiled, a few students glanced towards empty desks that had once held overeager or clumsy peers.

“Today is the day we finally demonstrate the proper method for *creating* a demon. As you’ve already learned, demons are simply people who’ve embraced an emotion or personality attribute to the extreme. Now just being really angry or really happy won’t cause you to spontaneously transform into a demon. Instead a proper environment must be created—especially if the subject for demonification is unwilling. Though whatever their feelings going in, they’ll always embrace their new form in the end.”

“For the first demonstration we’ll be creating something rather easy and straightforward: a gluttony demon. I know quite a few of you would provide an excellent base for such a transformation.”

There was a mix of snickers and uneasy glances in the room. Weight-altering hexes and enchanted fattening food had proven rather popular at the hidden college that year, and the waistlines of students had swelled appropriately.

“Oh don’t worry, none of you will be the lucky volunteer—at least not today. I’ve got someone much more deserving in mind.” Ajax snapped a claw, and four small raptor kobolds marched into the classroom holding up a large chair. A lion was atop it, bound and gagged, struggling fiercely but seemingly making no progress. Behind them was a procession of kobolds pushing carts loaded with desserts of all sorts. The amount of food was obscene, more than the entire class could’ve reasonably eaten. The chair was set down at the very front of class, the carts arranged in front of it like a curved feast table.

“Everyone, I’d like you to meet Tycho. He’s a paladin, and a sneaky one at that! He’d gathered quite a lot of incriminating intel on our wonderful school before getting caught. I’d hate to have your education here disrupted, but thankfully he’ll provide a valuable lesson while being dealt with.” Ajax approached Tycho. “As you can clearly see, Tycho here makes an effort to stay in shape. Not even a hint of a chubby belly or cheeks. He’ll soon know the joys of heft, though—permanently. Now the key to turning someone into a demon is breaking their will and forcing them to embrace the desired trait. There’s a multitude of ways to accomplish this, but my favorite is forcing the victim to confront their existing desires.”

The mage pulled out his spellbook and flipped through it. He held a claw up towards Tycho and began reciting a spell. Tycho’s squirming intensified, but there was nothing the lion could do to avoid the spell. Three wisps of blue smoke swirled from Tycho, forming first into clouds and then into spectral copies of the paladin.

“Tsk-tsk, Tycho, you look so emaciated!” one of the copies insisted, his voice like an echo. “You know you’d be a lot harder to kidnap if you were big and fat.”

“Instead you just obsess over staying fit,” said another. “It’s not like there aren’t already plenty of rotund, blubbery paladins out there—even in your own Order!”

The last shook his head. “And you never treat yourself to the hearty, indulgent meals you deserve! With how hard you work you should be eating like a king!”

The first pulled out Tycho’s gag. The captive paladin growled and turned his attention towards Ajax. “These attempts at temptation are pitiful—did you really think I’d succumb to them?”

“Less talking, more eating, big boy~” a copy said, before cramming a large muffin right into Tycho’s maw. With a paw clamped over his mouth he had no choice but to eat it. The second he finished another replaced it, then another, and another. Two of the copies dedicated themselves to force-feeding Tycho, dutifully ensuring the lion was always eating.

“Why are you resisting, Tycho? You *love* muffins, you always have. And hasn’t dessert always been your favorite course?” The one copy not actively feeding Tycho waved a large slice of cake directly in front of the paladin’s muzzle, watching their nose twitch slightly at the smell, their eyes shift towards it. “It’s all for you, Tycho. You can just eat and eat and eat some more—and it’s free! Eat without worry! Eat with passion! Eat to fill your oft-ignored belly! Eat just for the sake of eating!”

Regardless of how delicious the food was proving to be, Tycho didn’t want another bite. Though his struggles hadn’t slowed, his middle had already swelled noticeably, a muffin-stuffed dome that strained the buttons of his vest. Every wiggle emphasized how tight his tunic and vest were, and made him blush.

“Just remember Tycho, you can’t lie to yourself. We know how much you look forward to every major feast day. Not to mention how frequent your trips to the bakery have become. How much have you had to increase your exercise routine just to manage the extra calories?” Tycho furiously shook his head at every truth the copy was speaking.

“As you can see class, these copies know every little detail of Tycho’s more gluttonous aspects,” Ajax said. “They are capable of creating a personalized and effective argument for embracing the trait, which a stranger simply wouldn’t be able to do. By myself I would likely have to feed the paladin for days to make the same progress these copies will make in minutes. Though if you do have the time, a prolonged stuffing session can be enjoyable. Also a great way to practice your cooking skills.”

Tycho’s middle had bulged even further, his buttons a pastry or two away from bursting off. He’d slowed slightly, but still resisted. A feast of fattening treats still remained, though.

“Is that growing paunch making you nostalgic, Tycho?” a copy said as he gave the paladin’s belly a poke. “Remember how you looked before you became a paladin, when you spent most of your nights eating, drinking, and gambling without a care. No? Well I can help with that.”

The copy suddenly began to plump up, gaining weight all over. Their abs vanished behind a doughy ball gut, muscles behind soft pudge. His cheeks rounded out and his rump got bigger. Once he’d finished filling out he squeezed his gut with both paws and gave it a shake.

“It was nice. Being jiggly, feeling that heft wherever you went. Eating whatever you wanted without worry. Friends used to joke that you could eat and drink a tavern out of business! You made sure they didn’t know of the time you actually *did*.”

The students got a good laugh out of the teasing, and Tycho felt as weighed down by their stares as he did the food in his belly. His blushing had deepened, his struggles turning into squirms. The two feeder copies noticed and started squeezing and poking his gut as they fed him.

“You’d been getting fatter every year until you made the mistake of becoming a paladin and turning your back on food. I wonder just how massive you’d have been by now if you hadn’t?” The copy was getting fatter. Pound upon pound was added to his frame until he was outright blubbery—twice as big as Tycho had ever been. “Just think Tycho, with a body this huge you could indulge in all the food you wanted, without fear of ever getting full! You could eat and eat and eat and always have the room to try something else. You could eat at every restaurant and tavern in the city every day, even clear the whole market yourself!”

The first button of Tycho's vest finally failed, wobbling his middle as it launched away. Two more followed shortly after. He let out a muffled groan, his gaze unable to avoid the incredibly fat copy of himself. Perhaps it was the captivity, or the relentless stuffing, or the absurd yet dangerous nature of his predicament, but Tycho was finding it harder to struggle. Of course, it may have been because he didn't find himself completely opposed to the vision of blubber the copy showed him. Confusion muddled his mind.

"Impressive, our subject is already beginning to weaken. Notice how his struggles have become somewhat subdued, how he can't keep his eyes off his copy. From a distance it's hard to tell, but the paladin has also begun eating at a more steady pace. He's giving in to gluttony." Ajax was glad to see most of the class was actively taking notes. "This approach alone would ensure he becomes a gluttony demon in time, but it's always best to apply a variety of pressures so you don't just end up with an immobile, food-addicted lion without a hint of demonic power. For example, I've enchanted all the desserts Tycho is eating ahead of time to induce hunger. The more he's stuffed the more gluttonous he'll get."

On cue Tycho's round middle let out a mournful growl of hunger. With how much he'd been fed there was no reason for Tycho to be hungry, yet the powerful magic imbued in the food made him feel like he was starving. He knew eating more would mean his doom. Unfortunately the hunger pains were impossible to ignore.

For a moment the copies ceased feeding their captive, and Tycho found himself able to speak again. "I...I won't—*uorrrrrp*—give in." Despite his insistence, his voice was wavering. He was constantly shifting his gaze between his fat doppelganger and the pastries still held in the paws of the other two. His stomach growled louder.

"It clearly sounds like you want more," one of the copies chuckled.

"Your belly's gotten so round yet you're not the least bit full! I wonder if they actually made too little~"

A whimper came from Tycho, and the feeding began again with renewed vigor. Another spell was cast as the paladin's belly swelled out from beneath his tunic, a glowing red rune appearing on it. The students in class who'd actually kept up with their studies recognized it as one associated with gluttony, and a powerful one at that. With a gesture the bindings on Tycho's arms were cut by the copies.

Instead of trying to escape, the partially-freed paladin immediately grabbed the nearest dessert off a cart and ate it. He was stuffing himself with an even stronger passion than the copies had. Of course the copies continued to help, always eager to offer suggestions or nudge a dish closer.

"With our subject glutting willingly we are well on our way to having a brand new gluttony demon. I do hope you've noticed the importance of overwhelming the subject with the desired attribute. The feeding, the hunger, the teasing from copies of himself—they're all meant to ensure the only thing Tycho can think about is eating."

The spell book was opened once again, a spell cast. All around Tycho towering piles of food appeared from nothingness. Their contents were too repetitive, stacked too perfectly or in ways that couldn't possibly have remained stable for long. All illusions. But for someone like Tycho, who was driven by the need to consume, they were real enough.

"If food is all he sees, food is all he'll know," Ajax said with a smile. More spells were cast, Tycho twitching and glowing with each one. "Reduce his inhibition. Disrupt his concentration. Quiet the outside world. Accelerants, like tossing wood into a fire until it's a roaring inferno."

The glow from the cast spells faded, only to be replaced by an orange aura that naturally came from the lion's body. Tycho's eating grew ferocious, born not from hunger but delight. He was smiling in between bites, even letting out the occasional moan. His belly was a furry mound that filled his lap and wobbled every time he reached for more food.

Tycho's gut wasn't the only part of him that was growing.

