

The Fattening Tale

By: Indi

Elias hummed to himself as he walked the dark aisles of the sprawling library late at night. The hefty gray wolf's belly jiggled with each step, wobbling left and right, up and down. His tunic was loose enough to allow his gut some movement, but not enough to disguise his size in any meaningful manner. Not that he wished to. Back in his adventuring days the mage had been fit and trim, at least half his current weight. Being lean had come in handy when he needed to dodge swords and slip through secret passages; it wasn't as necessary now that his time was mostly spent organizing the library's collection and conducting casual research. The older wolf felt he'd more than earned the right to relax and let himself go.

His belly rumbled, loud enough for Elias to hear.

The work that night had been particularly engaging, and Elias had lost track of the time. He'd missed dinner and quite a few snacks. It was no wonder he was starving. Unfortunately, no tavern would be offering food that late, and his pantry back home was somewhat bare. He'd likely be able to stave off his hunger for a bit, but he'd surely wake up starving in the morning. There wasn't much he could do about that, though.

Elias entered the main hall of the library on its second floor. His ears twitched as he heard the sound of voices down below. There shouldn't have been anyone else there, neither guest nor staff. He approached the railing and looked down below to the first floor. A gray lion was talking with a snake made of pink goo, clearly a scivoli. He didn't recognize them, and didn't think for a second they'd simply stumbled in on accident.

Elias muttered a spell and gestured towards a bust of a fox near the two strangers. His eyes shimmered and his point of view shifted to that of the statue's, the voices of the lion and snake becoming clear.

Vex hated owing people favors. It was like handing someone a club and saying they could get a free hit in at any time. One never knew when the strike would come, or if it'd be a tap or a full-blown swing. His scivoli acquaintance Roz certainly wasn't holding back with the favor they'd called in, either.

"Couldn't you have chosen a more worthy target than a library?" Vex asked. The lion looked around, seeing nothing but endless shelves and the occasional piece of art. None of it looked exceptionally valuable, and he swore the fox bust was staring right through him.

"You of all people should understand gold and jewels aren't the only treasures out there," Roz replied. The scivoli locked the metal fingers of their gauntlets together and mimicked stretching, despite lacking any muscles in need of it. It was a habit they'd picked up from other, less gooey friends. "Unscrupulous mages and scholars will pay obscene amounts for rare tomes, and this library happens to have a good number of them. All we need to do is grab four or five apiece and we'll make a tidy sum."

“True, but I still think there are targets more deserving of my attention” The kind of targets with more money than they knew what to do with. Vex didn’t necessarily consider himself noble, but he preferred to aim high with his heists.

“You can rob a corrupt merchant tomorrow if you need to, but tonight you’re stuck hunting books with me so get over it,” Roz said. “You’ve got your list, I’ve got mine. We’ll nab what we can and then meet back here after.”

Vex nodded. He already regretted helping the scivoli.

Elias frowned. All he’d wanted to do was go home and have a bite to eat, and now he found himself needing to deal with a pair of would-be thieves. The mage was confident in his ability to defeat the pair—he’d faced worse odds before. He just wasn’t looking forward to wasting time securing them and turning them in. And his already overdue dinner would be even later, too.

A thought struck the wolf, and he grinned. There *was* a way to fill himself up and take care of the thieves at the same time. He pulled out his spellbook from a pouch hanging on his belt and flipped it open. Another longer spell was cast. Symbols slid right off the open page, falling onto his wrist and settling in, dying his fur like a hasty tattoo. Down below, more symbols tumbled from books behind the two thieves. They fluttered off the shelves and latched onto the lion and scivoli, hiding under clothing and out of sight. Seconds later the thieves split up, each heading towards opposite aisles.

Just in time, Elias thought to himself.

With the first part of his plan in motion, Elias began flipping through his spellbook, looking for a story. He loved stories, both good and bad, and everything between. Any story Elias had transcribed in his spellbook could be reenacted, with any number of roles given to actors—both willing and unwilling. It was a situational power but he’d found ways to make it work and have fun in the process.

Elias arrived at the story he’d been looking for: “Sir Peter the Proud and the Pastries”. It was a very simple tale, about an honorable knight tricked into glutting himself to immobility by a rival. The story only needed one actor, so Elias had bound the two thieves to himself with magic symbols. Normally the spell was used to share magical boons. Tonight it would allow all three of them to act out the fattening fate of Sir Peter the Proud.

The wolf’s grand scheme would, of course, also immobilize him in the process. He felt the feast would be well worth it in the end, though.

Concentrating on the spellbook, Elias began reciting the ritual to begin the story.

The gold lettering on the spine of the book caught Vex’s attention right away. He plucked it off the shelf and checked the cover, confirming the title matched the first item on his list. With

how concise Roz's directions were, the job might be easy after all. Not that he'd ever admit it to them.

"Long ago there lived a most honorable and noble knight, a lion named Sir Peter the Proud!"

The voice echoed in Vex's head so loudly and suddenly he nearly dropped the book. He looked all over for the source but saw no one else nearby. "What the Hell was that?" he whispered to himself.

In the blink of an eye, Vex found himself dressed in a chainmail shirt and a bright blue tunic. A flowing cape covered his back and a longsword hung sheathed by his side. He immediately attempted to pull off the chainmail but it refused to budge. When he pulled at the cape it proved just as durable.

"Oh, this isn't good. I don't know what it is, but it's definitely not good!" Vex fumed, again failing to remove part of the outfit that'd magically appeared on him.

Elsewhere in the library, Roz was dressed in the exact same way as Vex. They shifted their mass around and tried to slither out of the chainmail, but it clung to their body, changing to match Roz's form.

"Sir Peter was beloved by all in the land aside one: the perpetually jealous fox, Sir Victor the Vain. Sir Victor was outmatched by the lion in every way; he'd defeated fewer bandits, foiled fewer schemes, rescued fewer portly princes in distress. No matter how hard he worked, Sir Peter always outshined him. Eventually, the fox decided the only way to obtain the glory he deserved was to take Sir Peter out of the picture."

Roz gave up on wiggling free of the outfit. "I won't be scared off by a story and free clothes." The scivoli scoffed before returning to the hunting down the books on their list.

Elias couldn't help but smile as he looked himself over. He'd never needed to wear armor, so taking on the role of Sir Peter was a welcome change. The chainmail fit over his hefty frame perfectly, rattling softly as his middle jiggled. Even the belt around his wide waist fit well. For a wolf his size, magic had always been a boon when it came to finding comfortable clothing.

Through the eyes of various statues around the library, Elias continued to spy on the two thieves. The lion showed obvious concern, immediately treating the strange situation like a threat. The scivoli gave little resistance, apparently unimpressed. Elias eagerly awaited how they'd react to the next part of the story.

"Sir Peter accepted every gift given to him, feeling honor-bound not to turn them down, and Sir Victor concocted a devious scheme to take advantage of his rival's habit." Elias knew every line of the story by heart and mouthed along with the narration. "He arranged for a gift of fattening treats to be given to Sir Peter, knowing the knight would eat every last one, no matter what."

Donuts appeared in front of Elias, floating in the air around him. They were large and still warm, covered in glaze and chocolate. Elias took in their wonderful aroma. His stomach growled in anticipation.

“Sir Peter had been offered food often in the past, so the lion didn’t think twice about eating the pile of donuts delivered to him anonymously. He gobbled up every last one until he was pleasantly stuffed.”

Elias opened his mouth wide to accept the donuts, which swiftly darted towards him. He chewed each one with haste, smiling at the incredible flavor. The taste was a trick of the spell, indescribable yet undoubtedly the best thing he’d ever eaten, but he didn’t care.

The wolf’s belly slowly swelled as he filled with donuts, growing firm and round as it bulged out. The chainmail felt only marginally tighter, having stretched some as he gorged. After all, the hero of the story couldn’t outgrow their armor—not yet, at least.

Vex ducked as a donut flew at him, the pastry soaring over his head. Another swooped after, and the lion’s mouth opened on its own to accept the treat, much to his frustration. It didn’t matter how hard he clenched his jaw, it’d always open against his will for a donut or two. He couldn’t spit them out, either, chewing and swallowing on instinct. His middle bounced as he dodged and darted, filled with donuts. Though they tasted amazing, Vex wasn’t fond of gorging, and sporting a small belly made him blush.

“I knew this was bad!” Vex fumed. He spun away from two more donuts, only to get stuffed by four, one after the other. As a thief, he’d come across all sorts of traps. Jolts of electricity, cones of flame, gusts of wind powerful enough to knock him across a room. None had been quite as silly as magic pastries and a story. What worried him most, though, was how effective the ridiculous trap was proving to be. The more he was fed the slower he became—and Vex had no way of knowing just how many pastries would be summoned.

“I swear, Roz is gonna owe me a favor for every pound I gain!”

The last of the donuts glided into Elias’ mouth, and he let out a happy sigh.

“Sir Peter was surprised to find yet another gift of desserts the following day, even more than before. He wondered if he should save them for later, but then agonized over the thought of insulting whoever had gone through the trouble of baking them. ‘No!’ the lion declared. ‘If I can defeat a dragon, I can defeat dessert!’ Sir Peter dug into the treats with enthusiasm, again finishing them all in one sitting. The next day there were more. And the day after. And the day after. No pastry was left uneaten, even if the lion had to stuff himself into a food coma.”

A swarm of desserts sprung into existence, from cupcakes to muffins to puff pastries. They surrounded Elias, spinning around him like a fattening storm, enough to block his view of the shelves beyond. A daunting feast—but one the wolf welcomed with glee.

The treats flew to Elias by the dozen, a constant stream of food for the wolf to glut on. The spell made gorging a breeze, so all he needed to do was stand still and feed. His gut began

to wobble as it gradually ballooned out, filling up with dozens of desserts. The chainmail and tunic still fit well-enough, his belt only barely beginning to tighten. He gripped his belly with both paws, feeling it swell in his grasp, growing bigger and bigger by the second.

The first round of desserts had been enough to leave the wolf feeling full, but that didn't stop him from craving more. Memories of past celebratory feasts filled his head, when he and his fellow adventurers would be showered in food in thanks for their good deeds. Of course, the overindulgence had fattened them up over the years—Elias especially—but none of them had regretted the good food.

A nostalgic stuffing was just what the wolf had needed that night.

Roz's massive, pink, gooey belly bounced as they waddled towards a shelf. They didn't bother dodging the magic treats, eating each one without a care in the world. The scivoli was a glutton at heart and would've laughed at how ineffective the trap was if their mouth hadn't been constantly full of food.

Did they really think free food would scare me either? the scivoli thought to themselves as their gut continued to swell. The chainmail armor pressed gently against their gooey middle but remained comfortable considering the sheer amount they'd consumed. The belt dug in a bit, but only managed to squeeze their goo, not cause discomfort.

They reached the shelf and skimmed the titles, snatching a worn tome and adding it to their pack. The weight of the pastries in their belly was slowing them down some, but not enough to cause worry.

Roz smirked. They wondered if Vex was dealing with the same trap as they were. The lion was so damn proud of how fit and flexible he was; getting stuffed with desserts would probably be a nightmare for him. If Roz was lucky, they'd meet back up with a portly, grumpy lion bemoaning the weight he was about to gain. It'd be the highlight of a profitable night.

Vex leaned back against a shelf, groaning. He'd finally finished the last of the pastries that'd hounded him like a plague. His belly hung in his paws, a massive, chainmail covered dome that felt like a boulder. He felt like he was going to pop.

"So...so much food," Vex whimpered. He'd eaten more pastries in the last few minutes than in his entire life, he was certain of it. And he'd enjoyed every bite. The lion blushed, thankful there was no one around to see how engorged he was. Hiding the weight he'd gain would be impossible, though.

"Ugh, this job was a horrible idea! The money isn't worth it; I'm grabbing Roz and we're bailing!"

The lion slowly pushed away from the shelf, grunting as his belly swayed. Still holding onto it, Vex waddled off, hoping to find Roz before it was too late.

“As the days passed, Sir Peter proved more and more capable of finishing his gifts of food. Sir Victor made sure to encourage his rival, urging him to glut while increasing the number of desserts each time.”

Pastries were appearing, a dozen at a time, diving into Elias’ maw so fast he barely had time to chew. The wolf was rubbing his belly, feeling it growing heavier, knowing the best was yet to come. A good fattening followed every good feast, after all.

“The daily gorging caused Sir Peter to plump right up, the pounds piling on day after day. The noble lion rounded out all over, going from fit to chubby to plump to downright doughy!”

A wide grin spread across Elias’ face as he felt the fattening begin. It started as a gentle warmth, like stepping out of the shade and into the sun. Already quite fat, the wolf had to look hard to notice the fresh pudge appearing on his body. His arms were growing thicker, his cheeks jiggling as his face grew rounder.

Desserts were still feeding themselves to Elias, but his belly had stopped swelling further as food digested into fat. The wolf actually liked gaining weight. He loved feeling how his whole body jiggled more as he grew, how spaces would start to feel vaguely more cramped over time. Even the occasional inconveniences of outgrowing clothing and knocking over things with his gut were joyful in their own way. Of course, the size he was about to obtain would be far more than a mere inconvenience.

Elias’ tail began to wag in excitement.

As the narration described the fattening of Sir Peter, Vex tried his hardest to run faster. Unfortunately, his enormous middle slowed him down considerably, and even a brisk jog proved challenging. He felt more of his body jiggling as he backtracked through the library in search of Roz. He didn’t have a mirror, but he knew he was getting huge, and that was enough for the lion to blush even harder.

“A good thief can’t be fat!” Vex huffed and puffed, struggling to hold his growing gut up. “I wouldn’t be able to sneak in through windows or over walls. I’d bump stuff over with my belly and alert every guard in the place. I’d probably start looting pantries instead of vaults!”

Vex imagined himself cramming food into his maw, so fat he filled the kitchen of the manor he’d broken into. At least no cell would be able to handle a lion as hefty as the one in his wildest thoughts.

“As Sir Peter grew fatter, his clothes grew smaller. His armor didn’t quite cover his ballooning middle, and his belt felt snugger and snugger. He reluctantly bought larger clothes, but those soon became tight as well, unable to keep up with his ever-expanding waistline.”

Vex grimaced as his outfit abruptly ceased fitting. Everything started to cling tighter to

his body, digging into his pudge. His movement became restricted, reducing his jog to a frantic waddle. The belt was the worst, binding him painfully tight. He felt it straining against his swelling gut, creaking as it stretched to its newly endowed limits.

To the lion's relief, the belt finally snapped, the buckle skidding across the floor before dispersing in a fine blue mist.

A couple of seams on his pants and tunic tore, the rips small at first but growing with every step. The chainmail began to act like a girdle, squeezing Vex's immense gut. Like the belt, it couldn't hold out forever. Metal links groaned and creaked, warping as they were pulled. When the first link snapped Vex let out a surprised yelp. The next dozen weren't as startling. More and more broke, individual links trailing in the fat lion's wake and vanishing in a puff just as the belt had.

Turning a sharp corner caused Vex's belly to wobble hard to one side, putting enough pressure on the chainmail armor to snap a hundred links at once. The entire shirt fell apart, freeing Vex's gut right before it burst out of his tunic.

The rest of the lion's body was catching up to his belly in size distressingly fast. He guessed he'd more than quadrupled in size, so fat few words would describe him quite as well as "blubbery". His heavy steps shook shelves—and every inch of his doughy body for that matter. His cheeks were massive, pressing against his muzzle and jiggling wildly. His rump alone likely weighed more than he had when he'd entered the library.

But nothing matched the sheer size of his gray gut, which had become a hill of soft pudge. He could bury a person with it, maybe even break down a wall with enough momentum. Losing so much weight felt impossible. And he was still growing.

"Days turned into weeks and weeks into months, and Sir Peter's weight ballooned out of control. He was eating more and more, stuffing himself even when he wasn't packing away the gift pastries he'd grown addicted to. He began to think of food more than duty. Concerns about the lion's girth were whispered behind his back, and Sir Victor privately cackled as he watched his plan approach its immense finale."

On the verge of giving up, Vex waddled out of an aisle and finally came across Roz.

The scivoli was just as large as Vex. They jiggled more as they struggled to reach a book, their gooey gut pushing against a shelf. There wasn't even a hint of worry on their face; it was as if Roz hadn't even noticed the preposterous amount of weight they'd gained.

"Damn it, Roz, we have to—*huff*—we have to get out of—whoa-oh!"

The lion's weight had become too much for him to handle, and he toppled over onto his belly. The fall knocked the wind out of him—and a few books off nearby shelves.

Roz turned around and laughed. "So you *did* get hit by this silly trap as well. When I didn't hear you cursing in terror I thought you'd somehow avoided it. Happy to see I was wrong."

"This isn't funny!" Vex insisted, right before an entire pie found its way into his mouth. The beached lion frantically tried to get back up, but his bulk wouldn't budge. He was immobile. "If we don't leave we'll be trapped!"

"Maybe you will, but I'm more than capable of handling this heft." They gave their gut a hearty slap. "Honestly it's pretty fun being this huge. I bet even spells would bounce right off

me.” Roz grabbed the tome they’d been after, adding it to the rest.

Vex wasn’t surprised by the casualness with which his friend brushed off their shared predicament. That didn’t make him any less angry, though. Clearly the scivoli planned on ditching him there and escaping with the loot. They couldn’t do that if they were immobile, though.

The lion wasn’t just a thief, but a hexmage as well. He found a loose chain link that hadn’t fallen off and imbued it with all the bad luck he could. He then flicked the link directly at Roz. The link bounced off the scivoli a second before dispersing.

Roz lost their footing with the next step, much to their surprise. The scivoli flailed and fell backward, falling right on their massive rump and wobbling for a good many seconds. They attempted to push themselves up but were weighed down by their gut, their butt, and their tail. After a half-dozen tries, they gave up, glaring at Vex as he began to laugh.

“Not handling all that mass so well now, are ya?” Vex snickered. “Guess you just had a bout of bad luck.”

“Wait, did you hex me?” Roz asked. “I can’t believe you’d betray me like this!”

“You were going to leave me here!”

“Maybe!”

“That’s your counter: ‘maybe’? Not even trying to deny it.”

“I would’ve come back for you once I secured the loot.”

“No way. You’d just waddle over to a tavern and celebrate with a keg of ale while the city guard were busy figuring out if they have a wagon sturdy enough to carry me!”

Roz snorted. “Why would they need a wagon when they can just roll you off~”

Vex blushed. “Well, they could probably just bounce you right into a cell, you goo blob!”

“I’d like to see them try and bounce a goo as big as me!” Roz thumped on their belly, making it wobble. A grin grew across their face. “Though as fun as that would be, I’m afraid there won’t be any goo blobs here by the time they arrive. Don’t forget, Vex: it’s easy for me to get rid of excess mass.”

Roz’s thick, gooey tail lifted off the floor, the tip aiming straight for Vex.

Vex gulped. “W-Wait a minute, you wouldn’t dare!” He futilely rocked back-and-forth. “No, no, no!”

Elias wobbled as he filled with sweets, growing thicker and pudgier in every direction. The wolf had sat down, far too fat to even dream of standing let alone walking. His belly spread between and past his doughy legs, a mound of soft fat more than a few feet thick. He could feel the weight of his cheeks pushing against his snout. His arms moved sluggishly, large enough that bending them was a chore.

And yet the wolf’s immobility only made his tail wag faster.

“Inevitably there came a day when Sir Peter woke up from a feast too fat to move on his own. No matter how hard the lion wobbled and grunted he couldn’t get up, pinned to the ground by his enormous gut. Though successful, Sir Victor wasn’t content. To ensure his rival

would never waddle again, he stuffed him further, feeding him for days on end without break. At first Sir Peter struggled, but gradually the knight gave in to gluttony, no longer caring about anything but eating. He would forever be a blob.”

One last slice of pie slid into Elias’ mouth before his spellbook closed shut on its own. His cape and the last few tattered remnants of his knightly garments vanished, the story complete.

Elias spied on the thieves and grinned as he saw both downed and immobilized, a ball of dough and a ball of goo respectively. They were arguing, and the wolf didn’t expect them to be going anywhere on their own any time soon. He stopped looking and focused back on himself.

“Another job well done.” Elias chuckled, his blubber jiggling some. Admittedly his methods had been extreme. Slimming back down to mobility was going to take time. Weeks at the very least; most likely months. Plenty of spells, potions, and good old fashioned exercise would be required, and the chances were slim of the sedentary wolf maintaining a strict weight-loss routine. He might very well only lose enough to just barely regain his mobility. The wonderful heft was simply hard for Elias to give up.

Casting, gorging, and gaining had left Elias exhausted. He yawned, his eyelids lowering. The rest of the library staff could deal with the two blubbery thieves when they arrived in the morning. Until then he’d enjoy a well-earned nap. The immense wolf swiftly dozed off, his tail still wagging as dreams of gluttony entertained him.

“Much better.” Roz stretched and patted their belly. They were mobile again, but still hefty, their belly round and tail thick. The pink goo snake had adjusted their shape to handle their remaining bulk, gaining a foot in height and a slightly longer tail in the process. Just one of the many benefits of being made of goo.

Another was being able to transfer any excess mass, a boon if one found themselves unexpectedly immobile.

“You’re a terrible—*urrrrrrrrrrp*—friend, you know that, right?” Vex groaned in frustration. The lion was utterly massive. He rested high atop his bloated belly, which pressed up against a row of shelves and left him at a slight angle. Being stuffed to immobility by pastries was terrible enough; Roz filling him up with a few hundred pounds of goo was the icing on the disastrous cake the job had been.

“You looked hungry so I gave you a free meal,” Roz said with a grin. “Though really you should just consider it as making good on that favor you owed me.”

“The favor was supposed to be stealing books, not getting stuffed!” Vex let out a belch that shook his whole body, making him blush.

“Well you didn’t steal a single book so I had to come up with a different way for you to repay me. And helping me slim down is just as good.” The large scivoli waddled around in front of Vex, flaunting their mobility.

“I’m never helping you again!”

Roz laughed and jiggled. “That’s fine. Not sure a blob thief would be of much help to me, anyway. Good luck with all that blubber, Vex~”

The scivoli patted Vex on the belly. They grabbed their bag full of books and waddled off, a gooey claw rubbing their sizable middle. They’d need to lose more mass before their next job, but in the meanwhile, they were more than happy to be on the bigger side. Besides, they still had to decide who would be the lucky recipient of a friendly, gooey plumping.