

Fattening Test

By: Indi

Orion looked down at the question, his thoughts a jumble. The phoenix tried thinking back on his studies. Unfortunately he hadn't given much thought to seaweed varieties, let alone how two different mana-infused ones would interact when boiled together. With time running out, he went with his gut and scrawled out an answer. He dropped his pen on the table and sighed.

He'd just finished taking an extra credit test for his herbology class. The class was essential for someone in the Academy's school of alchemy like him. Orion specialized in minerals and volatile compounds, though, not plants. He'd struggled all semester.

The stress of late-night studying had taken a toll on the phoenix. He'd been thin when he started the class. Now he sported a plump belly and a bubble butt. There'd been no time to exercise, and snacks had always been a bit too plentiful. He didn't mind the weight too much. His middle was nice and soft, and he'd gotten a few flirtatious compliments about his curves. Having to replace all his clothes had been embarrassing, though.

Despite his struggles, Orion *had* managed to get a good enough grade to pass the class. It just hadn't been good enough to make him eligible for a couple of next-level courses that were also required.

Fortunately for him, Professor August had offered the extra credit test as an opportunity for students to improve their final grades. Every correct answer would add to the grade, while wrong answers wouldn't detract from it. There was a catch, of course. Every wrong answer would also cause you to gain ten pounds.

Professor August had explained he wanted to make sure they took the opportunity seriously and put their all into it. Threatening their waistlines was a simple way to accomplish that. As an alchemist, being fat wouldn't be a detriment to Orion. He'd considered the risk worth it to avoid having to retake the class.

Orion picked up his test and walked to the front of the class. He'd been the last to finish, so the eyes of the other three students were all upon him. He knew he'd gain weight no matter what. Too many uncertain answers. He just wouldn't know how much until it'd been graded and the Professor activated the magic seal that'd been placed on his belly.

"Finished, sir," Orion said as he reached Professor August's desk.

Professor August was a gray and white snake, lean with a whip-like tail that was constantly in motion. He wore a bright blue vest and pants, along with a pair of glasses. He smiled at Orion. "Excellent!" He accepted the test and added it to the others. "Alright everyone, I'll go grade these real quick in the side room. Feel free to chat amongst yourselves until then. And don't forget to take a moment to appreciate your current forms before the fattening begins."

The professor happily entered the side room to grade, closing the door behind him with his tail.

“That test was a breeze. I doubt I’ll gain more than a couple dozen pounds,” Zak said. The short, chubby mouse was training to become a rogue. Orion was surprised a rogue would risk the gains, considering how hard it’d be to sneak around while fat. He probably had the most to lose amongst the four who’d taken the test, and yet he looked the most confident.

“I wonder how much slimmer than all of you I’ll be once the tests are graded? I hope the professor grades mine first so I can leave before anyone gets stuck in a door.” Zak looked over at a hefty, black-and-white donkey. “I’ve got a feeling of who it’s gonna be, too.”

The donkey was Oats, a bard. He was the largest of the four students, with a massive gut that jiggled even as he stood in place. His tunic clung to his doughy body, and every button on him looked faintly strained. Orion had heard he’d once been merely chubby, before falling victim to a training accident involving slimes.

“The doors on campus are surprisingly wide, actually,” Oats said. “I’ve only gotten stuck in a couple lately. It’d be nice if they widened some of the chairs, though.” He glanced over at his, which Orion noticed was slightly warped.

A lean arctic wolf bounded up to Oats. He wore a frilly tunic and a carnival mask that covered his eyes. “Oats, my blubbery bardic compatriot. I do hope you studied, for it wouldn’t take many wrong answers to turn you into a blob! Huge and helpless, a donkey twice as fat as an elephant!”

Oats blushed. “There are some really fat elephants here, Lance!”

“Yes, but none will compare to your immense grandeur,” Lance said. “Just imagine, you’ll need magic to play your lute and you’ll jiggle whenever you sing!” He slid behind Oats and grabbed his love handles, shaking them. The whole donkey wobbled.

“I’m not the only one who’ll get fat,” Oats mumbled, his face flushed red.

“You speak the truth. My own waistline is in blubbery peril today as well,” Lance said. “The questions were difficult and many. I could very well soon find myself blowing up just like a balloon! Fat forever, the thin wolf you see before you reduced to a buried memory. A tragic lesson in hubris and poor study habits.”

The dramatic wolf’s tone conveyed no fear or worry, despite his words. He seemed to be having fun.

“And what about you, my fiery feathery friend of a friend of a friend of a friend?” Lance asked Orion.

Orion was too confused to know if Lance was describing him accurately or not. “I’m, um, not sure.” He tried not to imagine himself becoming as fat as Oats, though he worried it might be inevitable.

Lance kept up the conversation for a long while, much to the dismay of everyone else trapped in the room with him. There was relief when Professor August finally

returned.

“I do hope I didn’t keep you waiting too long,” Professor August said. Three pairs of eyes drifted to a cheerful Lance. “Alright, you’ll be receiving your grades one at a time. First I will activate the weight-gain seal. Once you’ve gained the appropriate weight I’ll tell you if you did well enough to pass the class. Now remember, your clothing was all enchanted before the test to be magically stretchy, so you don’t have to worry about bursting out of your clothes if you did poorly. The enchantment will only last a day, though, so try to get yourselves a new outfit before then. When you’ve been fattened and graded, you’ll be free to waddle out.”

More than ever Orion was convinced he’d get huge. Professor August seemed a bit too happy with the results for everyone to have gotten away with only a slight plumping.

Professor August continued. “Now to make things fair, I’ve randomly chosen the order in which I’ll give grades. Zak, you’re first.”

The mouse smiled and stepped up. “I’m ready for the good news, Professor.”

Professor August grinned and tapped Zak’s test with a claw. The mouse immediately started gaining weight. His small belly pushed out, causing his tunic to tighten momentarily before it stretched. His face was getting a little softer, and Orion thought he saw the mouse’s but rounding out as well.

Zak shrugged off the gains. “I was bound to take on a few pounds. Nothing I can’t handle. Should be stopping any moment now.”

But the pounds kept coming. Zak’s tail and thighs thickened, and he gained another chin. “I guess I missed a few more than I thought. Any second now,” he growled.

As the mouse gained a large ball gut, he was forced to widen his stance to accommodate his expanding girth. The last vestige of confidence abandoned him, and terror came upon his face. He stared at his softening arms and touched his rounder cheeks. He pushed down on his belly hard, as if he could hold the gains at bay with sheer force alone. “This isn’t possible! I couldn’t have missed that many questions, why am I still gaining weight?!”

Zak’s belly gently wobbled as it ballooned out, becoming doughier and doughier by the second. Orion watched, entranced. The mouse’s gut slowly spilled over his waist like a waterfall of blubber. Even his love handles were gaining an overhang. His thighs ballooned. His tail rapidly lost its flexibility, sluggishly swaying in distress. Though his outfit grew along with him, it clung to every curve and bulge, highlighting the mouse’s increasing bulk.

Within a few short minutes, Zak had become more belly than mouse. Only then did his gains cease. He barely looked mobile, not quite as wide as he was tall but a few buffet trips close. He swayed and wobbled, trying to adjust to his new, immense form. Orion guessed he’d tripled in size.

“My...my score should’ve been near perfect, this wasn’t supposed to happen,” Zak mumbled in disbelief. Talking alone was enough to jiggle the massive mouse.

“Oh, your score *was* nearly perfect, but only because you cheated,” Professor August said. Zak’s eyes widened. “It was a very good attempt. If you’d hidden the spell just a little better I’d likely have missed it. Having someone look through your eyes and remotely move your paws to answer the questions for you is a crafty tactic. Far more advanced than what I’m used to seeing. If this were a rogue class I’d be praising you. Unfortunately, it’s not. You failed the class, but I look forward to seeing more of you next time. *A lot* more of you.”

Zak opened his mouth to defend himself, but thought better of it. He lumbered out of the room, his large belly swaying like a wrecking ball, cursing under his breath. The blubbery mouse became wedged in the doorway for a second. After furious squeaking and wobbling, he pushed through.

“We’re off to an exciting start already,” Professor August said. If the attempt to cheat had offended him he didn’t show it. Fattening the rogue up had made him look practically giddy. “Next up is Oats.”

Oats nodded as the spell was activated. Just like Zak, he began to fatten right away. His gains looked slower in comparison. His rump swelled and his legs got thicker. His cheeks puffed up, pushing against his muzzle more. His moobs grew larger, resting atop his barrel of a belly. It didn’t take long for him to pass Zak in size. But a few dozen pounds later he stopped gaining weight.

He shifted in place, rounder than ever. The donkey breathed a sigh of relief that jiggled him. Though still enormous, things could’ve been much worse, especially after he’d seen how much weight missing every question would add.

“Congratulations, Oats, you passed! You showed an incredible amount of improvement,” Professor August said. “I’d be careful about sitting down if I were you. I’m not sure you’d be able to stand back up again on your own power if you did.” Oat’s relief was short-lived. “Oh yes, at this point you’re probably practically immobile. Watch what you eat, or you’ll get too fat to move at all and be in danger of becoming a bard blob.”

Oats froze in place. “R-Really?”

Lance slapped the donkey hard on the back, sending ripples through his blubbery body. Oats yelped in surprise, arms flailing as he fought to keep his balance. After a few tense seconds, he steadied himself. “Don’t worry, Oats, I’ll gladly roll you around the Academy if you fail to shed those pounds and blimp up even more. It’ll be so fun!”

“Not for me!” Oats insisted, blushing hard. “I think I’ll take a walk. Around the whole campus. J-Just in case.” He carefully waddled towards the doors and—to the surprise of no one—promptly got stuck. He wiggled for a few seconds before giving up. “Um. Can I get some help?”

“Of course,” Professor August said. The snake waved a claw, and four spectral

claws appeared out of thin air. They flew over to Oats. Two grabbed onto his hooves, while the others pressed their palms against the enormous donkey's soft back. They pulled and tugged, and eventually Oats popped through the doorway.

The ghost claws returned to Professor August and orbited around him. "I wonder if we'll have to push another student through the door? Let's find out! It's your turn, Lance."

The arctic fox stepped up and took a bow. "I'm prepared to feel the weight of my mistakes!" he declared. While Zak had been cocky and Oats nervous, Lance remained amused. The spell was activated, and the fattening began.

Lance's flat middle bulged out. "And just like that my abs are gone, covered in layer after layer of fresh, doughy pudge!" He placed his palms on his small belly. His paws slowly pushed away from each other as he continued to gain weight. "Two wrong questions. Three wrong questions. Four wrong. Five! I can feel them weighing me down."

Orion couldn't help but smile at the wolf's theatrical display. He doubted he'd be able to take such gains in stride.

Lance had grown chubby, every sharp line on his body softened at least a little. He remained in constant movement, and Orion saw the moment the wolf's belly grew large enough to wobble. He reached Orion's size and swelled past it.

"Already my movements are less nimble. If I tried to do a flip, I fear I'd fall right on my ballooning butt! I won't be able to squeeze past things as easily now, either." Lance lifted his belly and let it drop. His smile was wide, punctuated by his rounding cheeks. He was a good deal heavier than Orion now, having swelled past plump into the realm of being just plain fat.

"More mistakes, more challenges! Jogging will leave me huffing and puffing—however will I lose this weight? And the stairs! I'll wobble and sway as I climb each one, never allowed to forget how fat I've become." He stomped around in a circle, bouncing his belly dramatically. "My hunger, I can feel it growing with every pound. Modest meals will no longer be enough to sate me. Light snacks will clear out pantries. I'll have to order a pitcher of ale instead of a mere mug. I'll find myself going for seconds and thirds and fourths, never satisfied. My life as a ravenous wobbling wolf draws near!"

Lance had already more than doubled in weight, but the grin refused to leave his face. His confidence hadn't faded like Zak's had once the pounds began to pile on.

The wolf's rump swelled and his belly ballooned. His tunic hugged his rolls. Pacing back and forth, he'd stop to pat and squeeze his belly, feigning shock before continuing again. And through it all, Lance wouldn't stop rambling on about all the challenges he'd face after gaining so much weight.

"The swelling, it's stopped! Though mobile I remain, I now stand heavily before you three times fatter than when I entered this room, practically unrecognizable," Lance said. He spread his arms out wide, and his belly jiggled. The movement widened his

smile. "But perhaps I should look on the bright side of things. I look so much jollier, right? Cozier to snuggle up with as well! And my foes are bound to underestimate someone as rotund as me. They'll assume I'm sluggish and overlook me in battle, only to learn having a gut doesn't make my spells any more potent!" He posed, his belly jutting out.

The ghostly claws clapped. "Well, Lance, you passed. Though you already had one of the top grades in the class so that wasn't ever in question," Professor August revealed. "When I was grading your test I was rather confused. There was no consistency in which questions you missed and which ones you got right. Now I see you simply took the test to gain weight."

"Professor, I'd never take advantage of your generosity for such selfish reasons! And who could ever dream of wanting to get big and fat on purpose? Surely not me~" Lance idly rubbed his belly with a paw.

"Of course. Though I think it's time you waddled off before I decide to give you another test with far harder questions and far heftier consequences," Professor August said.

"I do believe I've had enough fattening for today." Lance looked to Orion as he left. "May your gains be pleasant."

With Lance gone, Orion was left alone with Professor August. "There have certainly been some surprises today," the snake said. "I guess we'll see if there's one more in store for us."

Orion felt his tunic tightening, and realized his gains had begun. He watched his belly swell with disbelief. Seeing his three peers fatten up hadn't prepared him enough. The weight itself wasn't noticeable at first. Even when he'd gained a few inches on his waistline he didn't feel the difference. The strangest part was how his clothes always felt just a little too snug. They were stretching magically, as promised, but only when necessary. And he could hear the fabric creaking as it stretched.

Gradually the modest belly Orion had grown during the semester turned into a solid gut. The phoenix glanced down at his expanding butt and imagined the tighter fit some chairs would be. He'd need to get new pants. And new shirts. New everything.

Orion tried to guess how much he'd gained already. Fifty pounds? No, more than that. Maybe one hundred. The road to being thin again was getting harder and harder.

Maybe the gains will stop soon, Orion thought to himself. His concern over his weight shifted to concern over his grade. The sizable ball belly he now sported had been born of a good many missed questions. What if didn't score enough to improve his grade? He'd have gotten huge for nothing.

Orion's stance widened along with him. He limited his movements as much as possible. He couldn't adjust to his growing weight on the fly. Originally he'd assumed Lance's parading around had been for show, but now he wondered if it'd been a sneaky way to quickly get used to his bulk. When he tried walking in place himself his large gut

swayed.

Orion passed Lance in size, and his mood deflated. He had to have bombed the test somehow. Not enough studying, even though he'd done little else for the last week. Losing the weight would take forever.

The phoenix ballooned past Zak and then Oats, but the gains didn't stop. He looked down at himself in confusion. Even if he'd managed to miss every question, he should've stopped gaining weight.

"Professor, something's wrong—I'm gaining too much!"

"Nonsense, you're gaining exactly the right amount," the professor said.

Standing had become a chore. The weight of his enormous belly kept threatening to topple him over. His thick legs quaked. While trying to compensate for his gut, Orion managed to throw off his balance and fell backward. He landed on his ass and jiggled, before settling on his back. Groaning, he tried to sit up. Instead, he just wobbled. He was immobile.

"I'm way too fat! You gotta stop the spell, it's gone haywire!" Orion begged.

"As I said, it's working perfectly fine," Professor August said. "You did fairly well on the test, Orion. You simply missed a few dozen questions I added after you'd turned it in."

"But...why would you do that?!"

"I happen to owe a favor to an alchemist friend. He's been needing a new source of phoenix feathers *and* a new bed, and I realized you'd make a perfect candidate for both. The whole reason I made this test was so you'd take it."

Orion was speechless. He wanted the professor to be joking, but the look in his eyes was all too serious. He frantically tried to get up again, wobbling wildly.

"Now don't fret, it'll be an easy job. All you'll have to do is lay around, eat, and get a feather plucked now and then. And maybe test some rather fattening potions. My friend can't seem to make anything that doesn't add a few pounds in the process. Back in the day, I was massive thanks to him!" Professor August chuckled. "You might grow to enjoy the job so much you'll never want to leave. Though I can't say when you'll be allowed to. Giving up such a valuable, cozy bed will certainly be difficult."

Orion's belly rose above him like a hill. When it finally stopped growing, he was as wide as he was tall and so fat he could barely move his arms. He couldn't believe what was happening to him.

Professor August waved, and a dozen more ghostly claws appeared. They swooped down on the blubbery phoenix and lifted him. All the wobbling in the world wasn't enough to fend the claws off, which squeezed at his soft body.

"Professor, please, there's gotta be another way! I don't want to be a bed!"

"And how can you be certain of that?" Professor August asked. "Have you ever been one before? I think not! You won't be able to make an informed opinion until you've tried it out for a while. A few months or years should do nicely. Now let's take

you to your new home, borb.”

The ghost claws carried the helpless Orion off, followed by Professor August. Another student had reached his potential, even if they didn't quite agree with it...yet.