

## “PANCAKES”

*By Z.O.B. Industries*



The port city of Koriko was quiet during the winter, and laden with snow. The crunch of passing trucks and cars filled the streets, and decorations filled the shop windows, adorning signs and archways.

While Japan did not enjoy Christmas in the same way as its overseas cousin, America, it remained a time for merriment. For exchanging gifts, for love and affection... and for food. Lots and lots of food. Which meant Kiki's Delivery Service was very, very busy around Christmas.

“Order's up!” Osono, the red-haired baker whose shop was the pride and joy of the community, waddled around the back counter with a fresh bag of deliveries. Once again heavily pregnant, she stumbled as her toddler son scurried around her, and leaned on the counter for support. A merry and kindly woman, Osono had put on a lot of weight since her first child, and now it was challenging to tell if she was pregnant, or just fat. Her chubby freckled cheeks turned red as she huffed and puffed her way towards the door, where Kiki the witch was landing on the sidewalk.

Passersby cheered as she hopped off her broom, wearing her usual purple dress and slippers. She was a popular fixture in town, and something of a tourist magnet with her magic powers and cheery demeanor. The red bow in her hair was smaller nowadays, for aerodynamic reasons, but she made up for this lack in decoration with a pair of flying goggles and a tool belt strapped around her waist. The belt let her dangle multiple deliveries as she flew, without upsetting her center of gravity.

Jiji the cat leapt from her shoulder as she landed, rushing inside the shop. “That's enough flying for me, for one day,” he grumbled, perching in the shop window as Kiki hurried inside. “You can do the rest yourself.”

“Jiji! Don't be lazy.” Kiki was just as red-cheeked as Osono as she accepted the new baked goods, strapping the bags to her waist with several carabiners. The wind had blistered her cheeks, and her nose was cold and rosy. “This is the busiest time of year! I need all the help I can get.”

“Yeah? Why doesn't your fiancé help you, then?”

Osono scolded the cat off the windowsill as Kiki sighed. “She's not my fiancé, she's my girlfriend. And she's busy painting nude models today. Are you jealous or something?”

“Jealous? Of that weird pervert? Please.” Jiji rubbed up against the toddler, looking for an ear-scratch. “She’s the one with big manly forearms—she should be carrying the muffins. Not us.”

“Jealous,” Kiki repeated, smiling as she climbed back onto her broom. “I’ll be back in a few minutes, Osono. Mayberry Street is just down this hill.”

“Kiki!” The plucky eighteen-year-old paused as Osono squeezed her shoulder. “Don’t you want a break? You’ve been going non-stop for hours.”

Kiki considered it. She was tired... And hungry. But the sight of her flying by always made the townsfolk so happy, and she relished the grins on her happy customers’ faces. A veteran people-pleaser, she couldn’t do without that rush of gratitude. “Maybe in a few more runs. Oh! There is something I wanted to ask you about, though.” She set a snow-dusted bag on the counter. “That pesky girl with the antler hat down in the condo said this food wasn’t ‘good enough’ for her friend Kobayashi. I hope we don’t have to throw it away.”

Osono frowned. Her goods were rarely turned away—even she herself couldn’t resist them, as her enormous rear and massive bust demonstrated. Her pregnant stomach was layered with over six inches of extra fat, which strained the fabric of her green dress and her flour-spotted apron. “Well, you can have it then. Consider it a Christmas present.”

“Me? I can’t eat a whole fruit cake!”

“Sure you can! Flying burns calories, right?” She poked Kiki’s stomach. “My husband says you’re much too skinny, anyway. You need some holiday fattening!” She winked as Kiki blushed.

“Osono, stop that.”

“Take a break, honey. Eat some fruit cake, and *then* you can make your next delivery.” She nodded at the bags. “They’re still piping hot—the merchandise will keep.”

“Fine...” Kiki regretfully set her broom by the door, unhooked her deliveries, and sat down to nibble some fruit cake. She was hungrier than she’d expected, and before she knew it, she’d devoured the whole damn thing, down to the plate. Picking crumbs off the platter, she burped softly.

“Wow. That was really good!”

“Damn right it was. You think I’d look like I do, if my husband’s cooking was *bad*?” Osono smirked as she squeezed her rump into the back-room bakery. Kiki watched the twin hills of butt-flesh smack against the doorframe, blushing... but fascinated. She’d always been a slender girl, and Osono’s body made her a little jealous. She leaned on the counter, as the business in the shop had finally begun to slow for the day, and murmured quietly to her cat.

“Jiji, do you think I have a guy’s ass?”

Her familiar raised one furry eyebrow. “Say what?”

“Look at this.” She patted her tiny rear, grabbing a handful through her dress. “There’s nothing going on here. And Osono has this giant...” She gestured, wiggling her hands in an hourglass shape. “She’s got butt for *days*, Jiji!”

“She’s also got *guts* for days,” jibed the housecat. “Your point?”

“She’s pregnant, her stomach’s not her fault.” Kiki frowned. “Ursula won’t even feel me up when we kiss. I think I need to grow a butt.”

The cat snorted as Osono’s toddler played with his ears, oblivious to their conversation—as all non-magical people were. “Yeah? What are you gonna do, order a butt from Discount Butts?” He purred. “I’m hilarious. ‘Discount Butts’. Get it, because there’s no such place as—”

“I get it.” Kiki frowned... and her eyes landed on the bakery display, where crullers and donuts of every type filled the shelves. They glistened under warm display lights, seeming to beckon to her. “I can’t fight genetics,” she said, stroking her chin. “And I can’t just magic up a new butt... But there might be a better way.”

“Kiki, I don’t think that’s a good—Yeow!” Jiji yelped as the kid yanked on his tail, and shot out the door. Inside he saw Kiki reach for the “free samples” tray, considering her plan. She was clearly already full, but bit into a cookie regardless, crumbs showering her dress.

The cat sighed. “I have a bad feeling about this.”



After delivering the rest of the day’s food, her oversized lunch of pastries churning uncomfortably in her stomach, Kiki was exhausted. Her feet hurt from lurching, overburdened landings and her belt was pinching at her waist from the overeating she’d done at lunchtime. As the sky turned dark with the grim speed of winter, she hopped on the bus—flying lost some of its fun when you did it all day—and headed for the edge of town. Customers who recognized her on the bus greeted her with a bow or a smile, and she performed a curtsy at them, despite her exhaustion. Public relations was important, after all.

Her girlfriend’s house was a cabin at the edge of the woods, dusted with piles of snow and with a warm, cheery light in the windows. As the resident “out” lesbian of a very traditional, mostly middle-aged town, Ursula preferred to keep her own company. She’d never been attacked for her orientation, not by the mild-mannered people of Koriko... But people did gossip, and fingers did point. It was easier, for her, to practice her painting and enjoy Kiki’s affection, far away from prying eyes.

As she hiked up the bus station, trudging through the snow in a pair of Osono’s old boots, Kiki felt her stomach growling. That was surprising, given the huge meal she’d eaten earlier—

but she had done a lot of exercise today. Or maybe her body had just adapted to the carbohydrates, and was now looking for more. Either way, she was hungry.

“Good thing I brought some snacks for the way...” She dug a few brownies out of her pocket and nibbled them as she clomped through the snow. Jiji followed her, occasionally plunging up to his neck in the cold white powder.

“You know this isn’t going to work, right?”

Kiki glanced at him, face full of brownie. “Whfff do you mean?”

“You can’t control where fat deposits on your body. It’s basic biology.” The cat spoke as if he were an expert, when Kiki knew he hadn’t read a book in his life. He *could* read, being a magic cat, but he was just lazy. “You’re going to end up looking like the back end of a truck.”

“Jiji!” Kiki paused, nervously considering his words. When she was younger she’d had a terrible phobia of getting fat, refusing to even eat Ursula’s pancakes for a while. Her body image had improved with age, and at eighteen she was fairly confident in her shape... except for her butt. Jiji’s words brought all those insecurities rushing back. “It will work. You’ll see. Soon I won’t look like a little girl any more.”

The cat chuckled. “Too bad eating won’t fix your height.” Kiki tossed a brownie at him.

As they arrived at the solid oak door of Ursula’s cabin, the window opened, revealing the face of a cheery woman with high cheekbones. “Kiki! Stay there a second. I’ve got a surprise for you, but it’s not ready!”

“Uh... Okay!” Kiki implicitly trusted her girlfriend, even though Ursula’s artistic passion could be... unpredictable, at times. She stood outside, shivering slightly in the cold, until Ursula opened the door.

“Tada!” The whole cabin, with its bare-bones logs and unadorned wooden furniture, had been decorated for Christmas. Holly hung from the rafters and little paper reindeer decorated the walls. A big canvas mural of Kiki wearing a Santa hat and dropping presents from the sky hung over their queen-sized bed.

The witch blushed. “Ursula! You didn’t have to do all this!”

“Yes, I did. I don’t want my little bird coming home to the nest without it looking... festive enough.” She pulled Kiki into her embrace, and the black-haired girl felt her heart flutter in her chest. Ursula’s arms were firm and supple, and every time she felt them around her, the embrace melted her a little.

“Ooh, someone’s been working out.”

“Mm hmm.” She kissed Kiki’s cheek. “How was work?”

“The usual.” She set her broom beside the door, as Jiji curled up beside the roaring fireplace. “Osono’s looking bigger than ever, now.”

“I bet she is. That hubby of hers dicked her good, huh? What’s she at, three kids now?”

Kiki nearly dropped her mug. “Ursula! You know it’s her second.”

The brunette snickered, flopping down into an armchair. “Hey, I don’t blame him. If those two weren’t going at it like rabbits when I got to town, I would have made a move on her.” She licked her lips, relishing Kiki’s giggles. “A big, juicy redhead with birthing hips? Mmm... I’d hit that in a heartbeat.”

“Don’t be lewd.” Kiki sat down in her lap, wiggling slightly to bring her thoughts back to the present. “Osono’s a very sweet woman. I’m sure she just wants to make a nice family, have some grandchildren—”

“And get *dicked*.”

Kiki rolled her eyes. “You are so gross!”

“I’m not gross, I’m realistic. Come here, you.” The two snuggled in the armchair, the fire crackling beside them. “We can be gross together, if you want...”

Kiki shivered as Ursula ran a hand down her back, but winced as those gentle fingers approached her tiny rump. “N-not right now. We, uh, we should have dinner first.”

Ursula sighed. Despite their age difference, or perhaps because of it, her libido way outstripped Kiki’s. It had been a point of contention between the two. “If we must. I’ve got a pot roast in the fridge—let me get the oven started.”

“Did you get any gravy?”

Ursula stood, slapping her rear through a pair of tight, paint-spotted jeans. “I’ll give *you* some ‘gravy,’ babe.”

Kiki snorted her hot cocoa up her nose. “Ow! Look what you made me do!”

“Aw! Here, let me clean it up.”

“Stop, I’m not a *baby*. Yuck, it’s all over my dress!”

Jiji, for his part, was doing his best to ignore the two of them. *Maybe I should just hang upstairs, with the crows... At least it would be quieter.*



The next morning saw Kiki reporting bright and early for work—earlier than she needed to, by several hours. Osono and her strapping husband were warming up the ovens when she

arrived, and when Kiki asked if she could have breakfast, Osono was much too pleased to turn her down.

“Of *course* you can! We have bagels, muffins, a couple of quiches, French toast...”

“I’ll take them all,” said Kiki, beaming.

The tubby chef was surprised, but she obliged, handing over several plates of hot baked goods to her protégé along with a glass of milk. Osono’s son watched with wonder as Kiki scarfed down the food, her mouth wide and gaping to try and fit as much food in as possible.

“Easy there, dear,” said the pregnant cook as she waddled out of the kitchens. “You’ll give yourself a hernia, or something.”

“Just... mff, loading up on calories... **bwurrrp**, for the day!” Kiki grunted as her packed stomach bumped against the table. Growing a butt was harder than it seemed. She’d stayed up late last night eating candy to try and add more calories to her rear, and her guts felt packed and distended. By the time she finished her breakfast she looked like she’d gotten pregnant as well, though her “food baby” wasn’t nearly as far along as Osono’s real one.

“Oof...” Staggering out to the front of the shop, sipping coffee from the baker couple’s teacups, she climbed onto her broom. The morning’s deliveries were already clamped to her belt. Gigi jumped on the doorknob, opening the shop to the chilly air outside, and Kiki’s broom bristled with a pulse of magical energy. She pulled on warm winter gloves and her goggles, wiping syrup off her lips and beckoning to the cat.

“Come on, Jiji! Here we... **urrrp**, go!”

They shot out the door, the slipstream of air closing the shop behind them. Kiki’s route always took her over the stone ledge across the road, but this morning the extra weight of her breakfast made her bang the deliveries on the stone wall. Something smashed inside her bags.

“Aw, newt’s legs! Hold on Jiji!”

“Maybe you should have eaten less breakfaaaaAUGH!” The two of them skidded across several rooftops, before Kiki finally got her broom under control and zipped across town towards the first delivery. Jiji clung to her shoulder, shivering, and she dropped him down her cleavage to keep warm. There wasn’t much there—at least, not yet—but at least he wouldn’t freeze.

“You smell like powdered dough,” grumbled her companion.

“Well, that’s gonna be how it is for a while.”

He looked up at her, newly concerned. “You’re really committed to this, aren’t you?”

“Of course.”

“You know Ursula likes you the way you are, right?”

Kiki sighed. “Of course. But she calls me *cute* all the time. Like I’m a little girl. Cute isn’t sexy, Jiji—I want to be *sexy* for her. And sometimes, that means making changes.”

The cat curled up in her sports bra, fur bristling against the cold. “Whatever you say. I still think you could’ve just magicked a new butt.”

“That’s not how my magic works, and you know it!”

For a moment there was silence, as the wind howled by and snowflakes pattered on Kiki’s cheeks. “Are you worried you’re gonna get fat?”

“A little,” the witch confessed. “But I’ll just stop once things start to jiggle. Ursula’s always going on about ‘cushion for the pushin’,’ it’s time I gave her some. Right?”

Jiji, in an uncharacteristic moment for him, was silent. Kiki reached in and stroked his ears, and he purred. She understood his fear, and his doubts reflected her own... but her body had stayed mostly the same since she was a preteen. She’d barely gained an inch in height. It was time to grow up, and if her bust and rear wouldn’t do so on their own, she would make it happen. Ursula deserved the kind of body ideal she was always painting: fleshy, soft and curvaceous.

And what was more, Kiki deserved to feel attractive. Even sexy. God knew she’d already worked hard enough to get Ursula’s attention. The woman had resisted their budding romance for years, worried Kiki was too young to be seen with her, that what they were doing was wrong in some way. Only since she’d turned eighteen had the witch been able to convince her that what she felt was *real*, that she’d never really cared about boys and that Ursula was everything she wanted. After a quiet midnight chat, they’d fallen into each other’s arms, and that was that.

Kiki didn’t know where it was going. She’d never done anything like this with anyone—hell, she’d never even known what she *wanted* from being with someone. But she didn’t want it to stop.

And, she thought as her broom dipped a few feet lower from her heavy meal, she would do just about anything to make sure things kept going between her and Ursula.

“Jiji?”

“Yeah?”

“Hang on, we’re stopping for a snack break.”



The deliveries were late that day. In fact, after Christmas came and went, Osono got several reports of Kiki’s baked goods arriving cold... or mysteriously going missing. She thought nothing of it, knowing that stress sometimes affected the girl’s magic, and tried to shore

her up with lots of coffee and Danishes whenever she returned. But she did worry about Kiki—ever since that incident with the dirigible, she'd been different. Quieter, more reserved. And she was always hanging out with that Ursula girl, who Osono *knew* was a trouble-maker.

But it wasn't her place to judge. So when Ursula showed up at her bakery one day, Osono treated her like any other customer.

"Ursula! Hi, sweetie. What can I get you?"

"Just some donuts, thanks. I rented a gallery for the day, and my contractors are hungry."

"Coming right up!" She leaned into the kitchen to holler the order to her husband, and nearly went off-balance due to the weight of her belly. Whew, but she'd put on a *lot* of pregnancy weight. Osono realized she'd need to start exercising, or her kids were going to have a cream-puff for a mother.

Huffing and puffing slightly, she returned to the counter. "How's things down at the cabin?"

"Not bad. Kiki's been enjoying the peace and quiet, since she moved in." A small silence hung between the two women. Osono knew very well that Kiki was interested in Ursula, though she couldn't understand why. An artistic, butchy girl with mannish shoulders seemed such an odd pick—again, not that she was judging.

*Well, maybe judging a little bit.*

Osono just wanted Kiki to be happy. And this sandy-haired, stubble-legged wilderness woman didn't exactly broadcast stability.

"Osono?"

"Hmm?" The heavysset woman brushed red hair out of her eyes. "Sorry, were you saying something?"

"I was asking if you noticed anything different about Kiki, lately."

"Sorry! Pregnancy brain, I must have drifted off." She loosened her apron as the baby gave a kick. "Something different, like what?"

Ursula struggled to find a way to put it politely. "Has she been... eating more?"

The freckled woman blinked. "I mean... sure, but the job is hard on her. She needs her energy."

Ursula raised an eyebrow. "Uh huh. Last night she came home with half a dozen eclairs and *insisted* on having them all before dinner. I just thought it was kind of weird, that's all. Have you been sending her home with extra food? You know how she gets guilty over not finishing your stuff..."



The baker-woman bristled. “As if I would ever guilt her! No, she paid for those herself—out of her wages.” A thought struck her. “Has she put on weight, then?”

“I mean, she does wear those big dresses, but... yeah. She’s gained a lot. Almost twenty pounds, in the last couple weeks.”

“Twenty *pounds*?” Osono leaned on the counter, shocked. She’d noticed Kiki’s chin was softer, and her step less sprightly, but she hadn’t thought anything of it. “That can’t be good for her.”

“That’s what I was thinking.” Ursula sighed. Personally, she didn’t mind the weight at all—Kiki’s softening figure brought back old desires she’d once had as a kid, fascinations with heavy bodies that had filled her first paintings before she’d moved on to more classical figures. But she worried about her girlfriend’s self-esteem.

Kiki’s place in the community, her magic and her appearance were all closely tied to her identity... and the last time one of those things had gone out of whack, she’d lost her powers and entered a depressive funk. Ursula didn’t want to see that happen again, even if Kiki’s new love-handles *did* make her want to drag the girl into bed. “Osono. Can I ask you a favor?”

The tubby redhead shrugged as she counted the register take. “Sure.”

“If Kiki keeps trying to snack on your stuff, could you maybe... tell her to cool off a little? I don’t want her to get an eating disorder, or something.”

Osono fixed Ursula with a steely glare. “Miss Ursula. I know you care about Kiki, and I know you two are... well, enjoying each other’s company. But I’m not going to tell her what to do.”

The lesbian, for her part, could sense prudishness a mile away. And she didn’t take kindly to it. “If you’re going to say we’re fucking, just say it, Osono. Don’t beat around the bush.”

“Ursula!” Osono blushed, and reached down to cover her toddler’s ears as he played with an old baguette. “Please. Don’t be like that. I was only going to say, Kiki is an adult! I can’t tell her what to do with her body—and neither can you.”

The leggy artist crossed her arms. “Well, you don’t seem to have a problem with enabling her, letting her gobble up fattening goodies all day.”

“That’s not fair! You know I only want the best for her!”

“Even if ‘the best’ makes her a whale?”

The bell over the door jingled. “Osono? Ursula? What’s going on?”

Kiki was standing in the doorway, broom in hand. The two of them went silent at her arrival, Ursula ashamed and Osono red-faced. Now that she looked more closely, Osono could clearly see the extra weight. Kiki’s hips were wider, and her belly bulged under her purple dress. Maybe Ursula had a point...

But she wasn't going to tell either of them what to do with their lives. That wasn't the kind of woman she was. "I'm just going to put the cash in the safe," she said, nodding at Ursula. "It was nice to see you. Kiki, your check is in the mail."

And she disappeared into the back room, a small cloud of flour following her. The toddler waddled after her, blowing spit-bubbles.

Kiki turned to Ursula. "What'd you say to her?"

"I didn't—"

"She never gets like that. What did you *say*?"

"Ugh..." Ursula inspected her nails. "We were just talking about your... well, your diet."

The temperature in the room seemed to drop several degrees. Ursula winced as she felt magical energy permeate the whole bakery. "What's *wrong* with my diet?" Kiki said, broom clenched tightly.

"I... Nothing's wrong! It's just, you know, we thought you've been having a lot of sugar, that's all—"

"You think I'm fat." Kiki's eyes brimmed with wetness. "I knew this was a bad idea. I knew it!"

"What was a bad idea? Kiki!" But the witch was rushing out the door, hopping on her broom, a rush of air sending her soaring into the sky. In the flare of her dress, Ursula caught sight of her panties. The seams were split wide open.

"Dammit..." Frustrated and ashamed, the older girl picked up Osono's phone. The gallery showing would have to be cancelled—her girlfriend was mad at her. And you really didn't want a *witch* mad at you, when you were in a relationship with her.

In the back room, Osono leaned against the cool stone of the bakery wall. She'd heard every word, and none of them were good. She might not understand what attracted Kiki to her lover, but she had to help somehow. Looking down at her own enormous body, she realized maybe she had been "outsourcing" a lot of food onto the witch lately—to avoid eating it herself. Well, that was a problem she could handle pretty easily.

*Hold on tight, little guy, she thought, patting her swollen belly. Tomorrow, Mommy's putting her big, freckly ass on a diet.*

*Someone has to be a role model for Kiki—and I can't do it if I'm too fat to climb the stairs every morning.*



Ursula caught up to Kiki back at the cabin, emptying the cupboards with telekinesis. She wasn't particularly talented at it, and a hazelnut-spread container shot across the room as Ursula entered, bouncing off the sofa.

"Kiki, please..."

"I thought you *liked* big girls. I was so stupid!" The bow was gone from her hair, and Kiki looked frazzled and out of breath. Of course she was—the sudden rush of exercise would be out of the norm for her, these days. "I can't believe I came up with that stupid plan!"

"What plan—Jeez!" A box of cereal ricocheted off the ceiling. "Could you stop it with the magic, for five seconds?"

"I thought for once maybe I could make you happy." Whoosh, and a loaf of bread shot past Ursula's head, joining a pile on the table. "I thought for once, I could be what you wanted!"

Ursula sighed, running a hand through her hair. She'd been with a lot of girls over the years, and breakdowns like this weren't exactly new to her. Body image was a problem for everyone, and she felt bad for allowing Kiki to paint herself into such a corner. But the truth was, she was very flattered the girl had even *tried*. Most people would be horrified by the concept of gaining weight for their partner, and given it was what she liked anyway... well, Kiki's heart had been in the right place. But, inexperienced and nervous person that she was, now that someone had questioned her plan Kiki was abandoning it. With style.

"Sweetie, calm down."

"Don't you 'sweetie' me. I'm going on a... a water diet, or something!" She pulled open the fridge, pulling out Ursula's beer—which, granted, was most of the contents of the fridge—and dumping it on the table. "I'll do fasting! Whatever it takes. You think I'm fat? Well, just wait. I'll get so skinny you can use me to cut bread!"

"Kiki. Stop this." When the witch didn't respond, Ursula snuck up behind her and grabbed her wrist. She hated being the "butch" stereotype, the rough one, the one who always had to steer things. But sometimes it was necessary. "I said, stop!"

She pressed the girl against the fridge with her body, resting her lips in the crook of Kiki's neck.

"Kiki, baby. I... I like the weight. Okay? I *really* like it. I don't want you to get skinny."

"You... You don't?" A hovering cloud of groceries tumbled to the ground, and Kiki looked up at her lover, tears leaking from her eyes. "You really mean it?"

Ursula sighed. *Well, this was going to happen sooner or later. Time to have 'The Talk,' I guess.* "Come into the den. I have something I need to tell you."



Curled up on the couch together, with Kiki sipping a tea-and-brandy mix Ursula had made for her, the two regarded each other. Kiki had stripped down to her bra and panties after her dress had been stained with tears and mud from her wild flight home, and Ursula was wearing a bathrobe. The older girl's eyes ran up and down Kiki's frame, savoring every fresh bulge and roll of white flesh. She *really* was getting pretty tubby.

The problem was, she wasn't nearly tubby enough.

"Look," Ursula said. "You know how you always call me 'pervert'?"

Kiki nodded, with a small smile. "Yeah. 'Cause you are one."

She chuckled. "Right. It's true. But... That goes way deeper than you think. I'm not just bent, Kiki, I am really, *truly* weird. I like things no one else does." She prodded her girlfriend's doughy little pot-belly.

Kiki blinked. "Huh?"

Clearly more specific demonstrations were needed. Ursula pinched the belly-fat, and jiggled it. Kiki squealed and pulled away. "Kiki, I like fat. Flab, blubber. I used to be obsessed with it. All my exes are overweight—did you know that?"

"I... did not."

"All of them. And you know how they got that way?" She leaned in. "Because I *made* them overweight. By cooking them pancakes, and sweet potatoes, and cookies and quiches and pretty much anything they wanted. I dated a girl named Chihiro once who was three hundred pounds, by the time we broke up."

Kiki's eyes widened as she tried to imagine this. "Three hundred? That's... That's big."

"Yep. So imagine my surprise, when I found out you were trying to gain weight for me." She sighed, leaning back into the sofa. "Here I was, restraining myself from filling your face with pancakes every morning. And you started to get soft and sexy, all on your own, with no help from me! God, it drove me nuts."

Kiki's cheeks burned with embarrassment... but despite the weird tone of their conversation, she was a little pleased. Ursula had finally called her *sexy*, and it was like someone had taken a huge weight off her shoulders. Or, put weight on them, to be more precise. "So... That's your thing. You like big girls."

"You underestimate me, honey. I don't like big girls... I like the *biggest* girls." Ursula spread her arms wide, triceps standing out. "Huge, enormous, gigantic women. Colossal. The fatter they are, the harder I fall. I'm a hopeless pervert for them."

Kiki giggled. “You must have been pretty disappointed when you met me, huh? With my tiny butt.”

Ursula poked her belly again, relishing the girl’s squirming and lip-biting. “No. You were skinny, but... I liked you. Enough to remind me that tiny girls can be beautiful.”

“But not sexy.”

Ursula paused. “I didn’t say that.”

“Uh huh.” Kiki smirked. From the ashes of her previous plan to grow a butt, a newer and more depraved idea was growing. “So, you’d like me more, if I was two hundred pounds?”

Ursula cleared her throat. “I’d never ask you to...”

“Two hundred fifty?”

“Kiki, that’s *very* unhealthy. I can’t...”

The witch leaned in, her breath tickling Ursula’s ear. “How about three hundred? Would you like that? Big, fat Kiki—so fucking fat she needs help standing up? Waddling around and wheezing, too big to ride a broom?”

“Fuck...” Ursula was sitting absolutely rigid, and Kiki realized with glee that she was witnessing a ‘I’m trying to play my arousal down, and failing’ pose. “You’re not making it easy for me to *avoid* being perverted.”

“Why should we avoid it?” Kiki, sensing vulnerability for the first time in her relationship, went on the attack. Maybe it was the brandy, maybe it was her rabid desire to appeal to the girl who had all her affections. Or maybe, deep down, she actually *wanted* to be able to eat like a pig—but she tried not to consider the implications of that. “Make me fat, Ursula. Make me *huge*. Why not? You did it to your other exes, right? Why can’t we—”

“Because it’s wrong!” Ursula gently pried her off. “Listen. I fattened those girls up without telling them what I wanted. I made them huge, and for what? So I could get my rocks off? It was dishonest and dangerous. It was incredibly selfish.” She pulled her knees up against her chest. “After last time, I promised never to do it again. That’s why I don’t cook for you very much.”

Kiki sat back, fascinated. After all this time, to have this much information about her lover suddenly dumped on her... it was deep stuff, and Ursula was right. Getting fat *was* dangerous. But life was a dangerous thing, and so was love. Sometimes, you had to take the plunge—step off the edge. Climb on the broom.

Gripping Ursula’s wrist, she guided the woman’s hand to her stomach, where Ursula’s fingers met the shameful quiver of pale flesh. She kissed her beloved, pressing that hand into her own fat.

“Hey. You were dishonest, yeah. And you shouldn’t have done that. But... You’ve just spilled everything to me. You tipped your hand, and I’m glad. Because guess what? None of

your exes was a witch.” She pulled the hand higher, to help Ursula squeeze her chubby breasts. “I can ask my pen-pals for potions, to help me stay healthy. We can really do it—I can become what you want. Please... Let me get fat for you.”

Ursula swallowed. “Won’t you be embarrassed? What if it gives you more... issues?”

Kiki shrugged. “It’ll be weird, sure. And people will stare at me. But you know what? When I came to this town, *everyone* stared. They’d never seen a witch before—they were scared, creeped out, confused. But they got over it.” She grinned. “Is ‘fat witch’ really that much of a jump, from regular witch? They’ll deal. And so will I. Besides...”

She crawled up to straddle Ursula, the first time she’d ever done anything remotely dominant for her girlfriend. “That look on your face? The one where you gape like a fish, and stare at my stomach, like it’s the sexiest thing you’ve ever seen, because you’re my sweet raging pervert?”

“Kiki...”

“Yes! That’s the one.” She silenced Ursula with a kiss. “I *love* that look. I want to see it every day. And I don’t care if I have to be five hundred pounds to do it. Understand?”

“Holy shit.” Ursula’s eyes sparkled with desire and she reached around, unclasping Kiki’s bra. It tumbled to the floor, exposing two plump, overfed breasts with stretch-marks decorating their undersides. Behind the two of them, the fireplace crackled and hissed, its close proximity giving the two of them a sheen of sweat.

Ursula swallowed. “Is it... is it okay, if I call you fat nicknames? While we... do stuff?”

Kiki leaned back, relishing the way her newly softened body pressed Ursula into the sofa. She tweaked her nipples, the flesh stiffening, and licked her lips.

“I’d be okay with that.”



Several months later, Kiki reported for duty at Osono’s bakery. The morning was bright and clear, the ides of March sweeping away the cold and gloom of winter. Change had arrived... both in the landscape, and in the people of Koriko. Smiles were cheerier, greetings more enthusiastic. Spring was finally arriving, and people were joyful.

Nobody had changed more than the town’s resident witch, however. As she passed, carrying her broom—now reinforced with a metal brace above the brush, after her rump had snapped it in February—people smiled, but their gazes lingered. Kiki had been right about the reactions of the world to her new “lifestyle.”

To be fair, though, her new appearance *did* take some getting used to.

Under her classic purple dress, Kiki's hips swayed and quivered with extra flesh. Her belly, round and saggy, bounced and wobbled with its own momentum. Her bosom had filled out and was now almost as eye-catching as the rest of her. A soft, wide double chin framed her moonlike face and her thighs chafed together—Ursula had been forced to order her special leggings, to avoid chub-rub. But on top of this, finally, after *years* of waiting... Kiki finally had an ass.

Broad and thick, jiggly but still brand-new enough to be perky, her enormous rump swung and undulated beneath the thin cloth of her dress. The fabric clung to every fold and crease in her rear, draped over small but growing saddlebags of fat just above her ass. Every step made the twin hills of witch-fat slap against each other.

Kiki loved it. People were staring, alright—but mostly they were looking at her butt. And as weird as it felt to be heavier, and slower, and often out of breath, she liked the attention. She finally felt like a woman, not a little girl... and the sexually exhausted, blissful Ursula she'd left back in bed at the cabin agreed with her. Life was good.

Inside the bakery, she found Osono doing calisthenics behind the counter again. She was almost at the end of her third trimester, and her belly was enormous, but the rest of her had slimmed down after weeks of cardio training with her husband. Kiki didn't quite understand the woman's new obsession with fitness, but she seemed happier than ever—and thankfully, she hadn't questioned Kiki's new fatness, sensing the positive vibes radiating from every flabby inch of the witch's new frame.

"Hey, Osono. How many orders today?"

"We're slammed," said the baker, lifting a dumbbell with one arm as she rang up a customer with the other. Her child had a dumbbell of his own, but was mostly just using it for a chew-toy. "Are you sure you're up to it? I don't want to tire you out."

"I'll manage." Kiki loaded up her broom with deliveries, pulling down her flying goggles. Customers parted as she headed for the door. "I'll be back as soon as I can. It's windy out there. See you a bit—oof!"

Her takeoff arc usually took her through the bakery door, but something was in the way this time... namely, her ass. She was wedged in the doorway, the door half-open, her chubby face smooshed against the glass door sign.

"I told you," Jiji said, slipping by her to sit on the sidewalk outside. "Don't say I didn't warn you."

She sighed as Osono blushed and squeezed out from behind the counter to help her. Customers snorted and averted their eyes with good-natured modesty as Osono used a pizza paddle to squeeze her newly obese employee out the door.

*Well*, thought the witch as she floated up into the air, her vast rear visible for miles around, *it's not all bad*.

At least now she had more wind resistance.