II

“I kind of understand why Gabby was so upset at all of us when she left…” Ginny frowned as she stirred the great cauldron that stood in the center of their kitchen area, “It’s only been a week, and the two of them together are *really* starting to make me anxious—they’re always fighting!”

As the youngest of the Grimoire sisters, she had always been predisposed to sisterly squabbles. Griselda with her loud opinions and belligerent tone, Gabby with her wry remarks that had a tendency to start spats if they weren’t far enough under her breath; this was all territory that Ginny more or less understood. But the *constant* fighting between the two other members of the coven without Gabby’s intervention had been driving her crazy!

Thank the Old Gods that she’d learned how to cook in the aftermath of Calahree’s uprising—otherwise she might have *never* known how to relieve any of this stress!

“I—mmph—know how you feel.” Painted blue lips parted for shallow breaths as Leveret loomed hungrily over her place at the dinner table, “My sisters—mph!—are always… mmm… they’re *always* fighting and… could you pass the butter?”

The chubby bunny hadn’t been paying much attention to the conversation at hand. At least, she hadn’t been watching her girlfriend as she whirled around the kitchen ranting about Griselda and Malary. Her eyes had been locked squarely on the steadily growing spread of lunch that Ginny had been whipping up for her since even before she’d waddled down the hallway from the teleportation circle—deep blue eyes wide and manic as she continued to stuff her face with abandon.

Technically another casualty of Calahree’s magicks influencing the town of Aemple, Leveret was just one of many of the Bunny Dancer troupe that had found herself struggling to squeeze into her fishnets. By the time it was all over, she was far from the fattest among her sisters, but she was one of the few residents of the town that hadn’t managed to lose *any* weight since Calahree’s energies had begun to fade from the Mortal Realm. In fact, she had *gained* it! And it was largely in part due to the fact that she got to come over to the Grimoire tower and enjoy big meals like this before collapsing on her girlfriend’s bed for some light tummy play and *other* forms of gratification.

Sure, she definitely missed the days back when she was a svelte dancer, but dieting had proven so hard when everything was so tasty! And it wasn’t like she was the biggest bunny out there—plus, Ginny *really* liked to cook for her! And Leveret had learned that she *really* liked to eat. And eat and eat and eat…

“I just don’t know what I’m going to do—do you want to maybe, like, go over to your house after lunch?” Ginny whined, plopping down in a chair across from the feasting black-haired fatty and resting her one cheek in her lilting green palm, “I could *really* use a break from being stuck in this tower… listening to them fight all day is really starting to bum me out.”

“After lunch? Yeah, sure.” Leveret barely paused between bites as she skewered a chunk of roast with her fork, “Like, in an hour or two?”

Ginny sighed in her typical overdramatic way, glancing wistfully across the table as she watched her girlfriend gorge herself. Leveret’s jelly belly pushed hard into the edge and had begun to lay softly down along the table’s surface if she sat too close. Her fat, round face had helped to narrow her once big blue eyes to little hoggish slits that glimmered whenever something edible fell within arm’s reach. Her magically tailored unitard colored her vast belly a bright sky blue, and the cuffs and collars that she wore as a part of her uniform visibly strained against her chubby wrists and meaty double chin. The long black hair that billowed down over her shoulder framed her face well—her immaculate makeup and insistence that her witchy girlfriend help keep her well-dressed very much spoke to her sense of style despite the changes that had occurred in her body, mind, and priorities.

“I guess. Maybe after a nap.”

Leveret tittered fondly at the idea as she continued to take chomp after chomp of Ginny’s chub-inducing grub. Already picturing her sexy, skinny girlfriend nestled into her side, running her hand along her tummy as it gurgled and churned and squelched. A good belly rub after a long meal while her girlfriend snoozed her way through it, occasionally drifting low enough to tickle her sensitive undercarriage sounded like *just* what she needed on a lazy afternoon like this.

“No Lev, you don’t have to speed up for me.” Ginny tut-tutted her spherical sweetheart gently as the black-haired fatty’s intake noticeably increased the longer her thoughts went adrift, “You can totally take your time.”

Leveret hadn’t realized that she’d started hunkering over her food, one long curl of black hair falling down over her flabby shoulder. With how small her chest was, it was almost impressive just how much they got squeezed by her hammy biceps, especially when they were so busy getting more of Ginny’s food into her mouth.

“Just… trying to help.” Levvy lied, her blue-painted lips spreading sheepishly as her moon pie face grew pink, “You know me—super supportive girlfriend!”

“Aww—you’re such a sweetie!” Ginny squeaked, her expression turning from dour to doe eyed as she fell for Leveret’s half-truths, “I think I’mma sex you up real nice later.”

“Fffph—!!”

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“Hff… pff… this is… ridiculous…”

Griselda’s black veiled belly was the first part of her to summit over the horizon of the slight incline that was giving them so much trouble. Swinging her fat sausage arms from side to side as she struggled to gain momentum and waddle uphill, Griselda didn’t want to be seen like this—but who knew that the last two hundred pounds out of the two *thousand* pounds that she had put on would have been the hardest for her to lose?

“You had really ought to… gaahhh… get a better handle…hhaahhh… on that sister of yours.”

Malary was hardly in any better shape than Griselda was. Nearly a hundred pounds heavier and dressed in a *far* more layered dress, Malary’s prodigious petrol puddle of a girlish figure was sweating something fierce. She was a big blue hog in heat, pouring from her silver bangs down even underneath the shade created by her brimmed hat. With her topheavy upper half forcing her to slouch, and her colossal gut forcing her swayback, Malary was having a hard enough time keeping steady without the unbearable chub rub that came with hauling one leg over the other.

It had already been uncomfortable enough with Ginny divvying up all of those portions to *just* Leveret. She had been eating since before Supper had even started, and Griselda and Malary were *ostensibly* on diets. Watching that fat hog in rabbit ears get to suck down everything in sight had been hard enough, but once they started flirting with each other during? Griselda and Malary hadn’t been able to handle that any easier than they’d been able to deal with her getting to enjoy thirds before dessert.

“Bad enough when she started… rubbing her belly…”

“…Malary are you *actually* implying that you want—”

“*Well it wouldn’t feel* ***bad****, okay?!”*

Getting out of the tower and into town was something that the two of them should have been doing more often anyway. Getting over the immobility that came with being magically fattened up into batteries for a demoness had left them with the nasty habit of not leaving home a lot. And if they were ever going to shed these last few hundred pounds, the exercise that came with the long walks into town from their tower were almost certainly going to have to become a part of their routine eventually.

But just getting to the *Residential Area* was enough to have left them absolutely exhausted!

“Ughhh… ohgawd…”

Griselda’s haughty demeanor had melted the longer that this unbearable trek had continued, her jaw left slack and her bangs matted to her forehead as she struggled to haul her fat figure gut first for this long.

“Where… where’s that Tavern again?” she wheezed, “It’s… certainly not… that much further…”

“It’s… uuuugh… in the Market District.”

Another dramatic outburst as Griselda openly bemoaned her fate. Forced outside for fear of bearing witness as Ginny porked her girlfriend and cursed to waddle into town so that they could have something else to do. At the very least, they’d be able to sneak some extra portions from Freya’s Hearth. It wasn’t like *they* were going to tell them they were on a diet. And if they were going to get kicked out of their beds for an evening, a cheat day was certainly in order for the both of them!

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“That was… *excruciating.*”

The two witchy whales had only just now managed to reach Freya’s Hearth, with the sun getting ready to set behind them. After so many pit stops so that they could catch their breath, Griselda and Malary were strolling into the tavern well into the afternoon. After having tried to enter the door at the same time, all of their wriggling and writhing to get in first had inadvertently gotten the two of them stuck in the doorway. Requiring the work of not just one, but *both* waitresses on staff to help get them out.

Griselda and Malary had both been left rubbing their hillsides of rolls by the time they’d gotten pushed out, with Greta and Hermia similarly out of sorts thanks to fatigue.

“I think I pulled something…”

Hermia tried and failed to hold back a frown as she thrust out her chunky chest, arching her back and trying to relieve the pressure that had built up there in the aftermath of helping to haul those heifers inside. Two plush arms were arched into the small of her back as she whimpered in mild pain.

“*Hahh…* you wait on these two… I’m gonna… check on the other tables.”

Among those that were losing weight since Calahree’s influence had begun to fade from the Mortal Realm, Greta the waitress was definitely not one of them. Her fat butt sloshed from side to side beneath her yellow dress, her chubby thighs rubbing together all the way down to the knee.

Even if she got to enjoy nothing else tonight, Griselda could take solace in knowing that the waitress who had been so rude to her was getting her comeuppance.

“Okay, um… I guess follow me—we’ll get you a table.”

Hermia was still rubbing her sore back when she took the first few steps forwards, waiting on the two greedy-guts behind her to catch up. Seating them near the stage was hard enough, given the tight quarters, but it was the only open table that was *close* to them. And it was clear that these gals weren’t going to be going that much farther tonight. Getting them parked was almost going to be as hard as it was going to be to keep them fed!

“Thank you.” Griselda offered a half-hearted wave as Hermia ran off to get the menus, “You skinny little…”

Lowering down on the extra-wide, extra-sturdy stools, Griselda and Malary both required two of them to sit comfortably. And even then, comfortably was a bit of a stretch. With their stomachs rolling onto and over the table, their dresses eating the edge as the stomachs beneath them burbled for sustenance, they were hardly any more comfortable than they’d been standing up.

Maybe when they caught their breaths.

“This was a stupid idea.” Malary harrumphed, “We could have just gone downstairs.”

“And done what? You know you don’t fit into those smaller teleportation circles anymore.”

“Fuck *off* O Chosen One.”