

Introductions

Two short stories about two new characters of mine.

Late Fees isn't actually Meredith's first story, first appearing six months earlier in the incredibly short [The Bird and the Books](#), which was written when she was a little less fleshed out as a character.

Late Fees

Minh laid back into his bed as he picked up the last of the cakes that had been delivered to him: an intricate three-tiered masterpiece composed of four types of chocolate, with gentle curves and subtle decorations that dramatically spoke of the competency of the person who had decorated it. The aesthetic beauty of the confection just made it all the more satisfying when he shoved his face into it.

Icing splattered across his chins, the insides crumbling into spongy soft goodness that scattered around his front; what little of the twenty-second cake of the day made it into his mouth was noisily disposed of, destined to be added to the otter's two dozen tons of filthy bloat.

He smacked his lips loudly as he licked his sausage-like fingers clean, almost immediately following this act with a grumbling belch, depositing a fresh layer of spittle across his stomach and chest. He relished in his largesse for a few moments, murring as his paws rubbed and groped over his engorged middle as it digested his latest snack.

He had long loved his size, and becoming recently bed-bound had done little to stifle Minh's passion for growth—after all, beforehand he merely defied society, now he was defying biology. Biology had not been complacent however, a thing he was all too reminded of as he tried to readjust his position slightly. His thick arms were unwieldy and uncooperative with where his paws desired to be, and even the slightest exertion led to laboured breaths originating from his overworked lungs. His body was unkempt and in an early stage of decay; his matted and greasy fur clung to his body, the follicles hardened by a drying combination of sweat and dandruff; stretch marks streaking and cross-crossing across his flesh like lightning, marking pathways where his skin had given way to the tsunami of fat that was building up behind it.

It took several minutes before he managed to work himself into a position he found comfortable, where he stopped to regain his breath and carry on the process of slowly sinking into himself. He had barely sunk more than a few centimetres before he was interrupted by a knock on the door.

Outside, a large black raven was pecking at the centre of the wooden door. Feathers had historically been unfortunately ineffective at knocking, so she had become accustomed to using the hardest thing she had at her disposal instead—her face. It didn't hurt, but it was incredibly disorienting.

From upstairs a breathless voice called out 'Come in,'

The corvid slowly pushed open the door, peering in to the dark lounge. The lights were out and the heavy curtains closed, the upholstery of the worn three-piece suite untouched by the bright sunlight outside. Everything was covered in a thick layer of dust, but was otherwise fairly tidy; the only sign of life was the path leading towards the stairs, the dust unsettled along this singular stretch of wood. She hesitated for a moment, thinking it a trap, before the voice called down again: 'Upstairs now... don't keep... me waiting,'

She ascended the stairs slowly, becoming ever more aware of the pungent aroma tickling at her nostrils. She clasped her paperwork closer to her chest as she slowly opened the door to Minh's room.

'I thought... I told all... of you delivery... folks... to just come... in?' Minh grunted at her, making a momentary effort to point before giving up entirely, 'It's not... difficult!'

The raven stood in horror at the behemoth before her. This must have been the fattest person she had ever laid eyes on (and that included those in *Fattastic Beasts and Where to Find Them* that she had read some years prior). The otter's bulging body, dimpled with cellulite, overflowing and outright *destroying* the bed, dripping with sweat and gasping for air. Minh grinned as he watched her, paralysed as she tried to process what she was looking at. He loved that reaction.

After a couple of minutes she broke her silence, stuttering as she ruffled through the stack of papers still pressed to her bosom, pulling one out and facing it towards him. 'I-I'm Meredith, from the... from Holder Place Library and you...' her voice fell to a whimper, 'you have an overdue book...'

Minh looked blank for a moment, 'Are you sure?'

'Yes!' Meredith stuttered, skimming the paper for a name, 'Mr Minh Ande, one copy of *The Grand Gourmand: A Recipe Book for the Calorie Counter*, checked out... nearly eleven weeks ago?'

'Oh... Oh yeah! Just... just under... here,' his eyes pointed towards his foot. Sticking out from just under his thigh was the book (paperback, 314 pages, Dewey 641.5, ISBN 978-0572034818). Meredith reeled at the horror, unable to stop herself imagining the book's bent spine

and creased pages; not to mention the staining it must have suffered from the otter's filthy body.

She inched closer, trying to inspect the damage without getting too close to the foul aura emanating from Minh, 'You know there'll be a fee for replacing this... right?'

Without missing a beat, Minh belched, his shapeless mass of folds jiggling around in the aftershock. Meredith reeled again, 'Some weight loss book this turned out to be...' She felt dirtier just being in the same room as this beast; and she wanted out. She reached across the ditch of discarded, rancid food containers that lined the sides of the bed to grab the book, but she had barely laid a feather upon the cover before the pages decided to snatch her instead. Her body tingled all over, magical energy coursed up through her wings and into her head, addling her mind and her memories. The paperwork dropped to the floor, followed seconds later by her head.

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Meredith had been listed as a missing person for slightly over a month by now. She hadn't returned to the library after her round and her flat hadn't been touched. Police and colleagues were at a loss. A few posters had been splashed around town and a small local news segment had shown an old photograph for all of a few seconds, but no concrete sightings had yet emerged.

Meredith belched thickly as her wings grasped at her round, heavy gut; filled (and stained) with the delivery of some fifty large pizzas not even an hour earlier. She was sat on the thin rim of the bed, leaning against the otter's bulk. She felt sated, but frustratingly not *content*. Even as her weight silently ticked over seven hundred pounds, a nagging in the back of her mind called for her to grow larger still. She audibly whined, lamenting how small she felt. Her skirt was torn and her blouse barely contained her breasts, but she felt *small*.

The feeling was not helped by Minh, who in the last month had seemingly expanded his girth by another eight or nine tons. His body had grown increasingly shapeless as each little part of him overfilled their already overfilled bounds. The only things he seemed capable of moving at all were his mouth and his arms, which had remained muscular from near constant use—unhindered by the several hundred pounds of immobilising lard That swaddled them.

He had grown as disgusting as he had fat. Sweat seemed to pour from his body, matting his fur and staining the boards as it pooled on the floor. It congealed anywhere it settled, forming a viscous brown slime that stuck to anything it came into contact with. Even Meredith had it clinging to her feathers. The stench was only made worse by Minh's gas, every few bites of food interspersed by belches of varying strength, each one growing significantly worse whenever a few gallons of soda got involved.

She didn't know why, but Meredith couldn't help but envy him. His size, his excess, his appetite and carefree life. She wanted it all. Quietly she pushed herself deeper into his sticky, sweaty gut, embracing in her wings the dozens of tons of warm softness that lived within it, making a mental note to increase their next order by a few hundred pizzas. Maybe there was something in that diet book after all...

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Meredith huffed and panted between gulps, the viscous creamy lard flowing into her beak, the hose pressed into place by her large, sagging cheeks. The feeding system was a lifesaver. Installed at the point when even eating became too exhausting of an activity, it now kept both her and Minh's weight constantly increasing, saving them from the labour of doing more than swallowing. Meredith didn't know how much she weighed, she no longer cared, she just knew that she was filling the third of the room that Minh wasn't, and that was awesome.

Even as she sweated away, staining her dark feathers a darker brown, she was still dwarfed by the otter. Minh had expanded to well over sixty tons, a super slobby filth factory that spewed gunk and stink from every orifice. He was truly shapeless now, a partially buried face lost in a sea of brown lard rolls.

Written by @kimintodarkness. Originally published 7th September 2015. Minh belongs to @Minh_Ande. Meredith belongs to @kimintodarkness.

Novella

Novella huffed to herself as she magically lifted another doughnut to her maw, taking a measured bite from it before pondering over her work. Paper and takeaway boxes lay scattered around her—the debris of what was rejected by her mind or victim to her stomach. She idly tapped a hoof at the keys to her typewriter before finishing the rest of the doughnut in one fell swoop. She'd been at this for hours now, and yet felt no closer to a conclusion.

She looked down at herself—down at her great wobbling gut that now dominated her whole body—disgusted with her own gluttony. Gone was her once trim frame, yet she felt compelled to eat. Ever since she found out one of acquisitions editors at Pegasus Books had a *thing* for chubby mares she had been purposefully overeating with a hope to woo him and get a deal on her current book.

What she hadn't bet on however was how long writing the book would take, nor how fattening food could be. She originally intended to put on around 15 pounds—just enough to give herself some curves to flaunt—but in the past two months she'd ended up adding closer to

150, and progress on the book was beginning to drag as much as her belly did against the floor.

The unicorn lifted another doughnut to her maw, idly nibbling on it as she looked down at the same half-filled page she had been staring at for the last hour. She tapped out a few more words before finishing the doughnut and grabbing another. This manuscript was going to take a long time.

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It had taken over six months, but her manuscript was done. Novella had mailed it over to the publisher last week and today was her first meeting with the one chubby chasing acquisition editor she had hoped for—Reed Severn.

Her carefully permed blonde mane bounced as she squeezed her 550 pound body through the wide double doors of Pegasus Books. Her hooves, all of which were smothered under piles of fat, barely touched the floor by now; her prepared and professional appearance undermined somewhat by how much exhausted panting it took her to get anywhere. By the time she had signed in at reception and reversed herself into an elevator—taking up the entire cabin in the process—she was sweating quite profusely. Reed was waiting for her when the doors opened on the fifth floor.

“Ah, Ms Novella I presume?”

Novella nodded her confirmation, preoccupied with removing herself from the elevator without ruining her mane style. It was another few minutes of breathless panting (and a helping hoof from Reed) before she managed to extract herself; her embarrassed blushes hidden against her reddish coat.

Reed opted to skip the tour, and instead led Novella slowly towards his office, making sure he didn't outpace the jiggling mare. Novella panicked silently to herself, trying to regain her composure. This was no way for a unicorn of her status to present herself, sweaty and stuck in doorways all the time! She once again cursed at the blubber that swaddled her. At least it should all be worth it soon.

Reed's office was a mercifully short distance away, and after yet more minutes spent squeezing through yet another doorway (this one significantly narrower than any other so far) she was finally ready. She tried in vain to fix her mane and wipe the sweat from her brow while Reed was looking away sorting through paperwork, but didn't have time before he turned back towards her, manuscript in hoof.

“So, Ms Novella, I've read through your manuscript and, well, it's definitely above average,”

Novella, crestfallen, smiled weakly. Her work was not above average, it was amazing! Astounding! It must be so after taking so long for her to create! Fearing a rapid rejection she turned on the charm offensive, rubbing a thick hoof against her heavy, sagging belly directly in Reed's line of sight. "Tell me Reed—can I call you Reed?—do you like what you see?"

Reed, idly flicking through the pages of the manuscript, didn't look up, "Well, it begins strongly, but the story really starts to tail off as it goes on. There's also a lot more spelling errors and," he paused to sniff at a page, "chocolate stains, I think?"

She huffed, leaning into the desk, her bulk pressing against its surface as she flittered her eyelashes towards him, "But there's many other *redeeming* qualities, is there not?"

"Well," Reed started, "as I said, the beginning is very strong. And the protagonist's progression through the first eight or so chapters is great. It's just... it kinda seems hurried from there,"

"Hurried?!" Novella shouted, "I spent six months writing this thing! Six months of writing and doing *this* to myself just to try and impress you!" She tried to shake her gut vigorously towards him for emphasis, the bulging mass staying pinned firmly to the floor. "And for what?! So you can just ignore me and say my work is *average*?!"

She huffed, settling back down but with rage still burning in her blue eyes. Reed looked shocked. He remained silent for a few moments before speaking: “Why would you put on weight to impress me?”

Novella sighed, exasperated, “You’re Reed Severn. You’re the one who likes fat mares, aren’t you?”

“Err... no, I’m not. I think you must have me mixed up with Good Read, he’s in the office a few doors down,”

“Oh...” she went quiet, “You couldn’t set me up with a meeting with him, could you?”

Reed placed the manuscript down on his desk, “I think you should be going, Ms Novella,”

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Novella huffed to herself as she lifted another doughnut to her maw, stuffing it whole into her mouth while pondering over her work. She picked up another doughnut as her hooves tapped at the typewriter balanced precariously atop her obese stomach.

She had grown lethargic and immobile, her hooves perched well away from the ground as her stomach flourished outwards in all directions, fed by sugary treats and her obsession to perform well.

Even as she started to tip the scales towards a ton she knew her success might count on her weight as much as it did her words.

She had yet to get over the embarrassment of that day at Pegasus Books and in the months since had dedicated her time to improving her manuscript and her figure. Maybe this time she'd land a meeting with Good Read instead.

*Written by @kimintodarkness. Originally published 2nd June 2015.
Novella belongs to @kimintodarkness.*