

The Hills

She had been walking for hours, literally hours. The normally bouncy pegasus let out a discontented sigh as she dragged herself along the soft, brown earth. Up ahead it gently curved into the distance, just as it did behind her, an endless gentle incline that she was tasked to conquer.

Walking was no easy feat for Kim. She was more than a little chubby by pony standards, and had a gut weighty enough to make flight all but impossible for the young pegasus. The ground sunk and squelched under her each lumbering step; her weight and lethargy dragging her into the hillside as she plodded perpetually onwards. She lamented why she had been chosen for this particular task. She wasn't physically fit. Even the mild incline of this infinite hill was enough to exhaust her of the usually boundless energy that filled her spirit. She found herself panting for air and dribbling with sweat; her belly dirtied from being dragged across the floor for so long.

Her pace slowed, she felt ready to collapse—there must not be much oxygen up here, she thought. Indeed, the air seemed much different to what she was used to, itself much heavier, in a way. It was a while

before her tired eyes could focus properly on the rolling brown lumps ahead.

The previously smooth incline had stopped, replaced by a range of small valleys that marked the path ahead. In the distance two larger hills seemed to rise upwards, larger than anything in the immediate vicinity.

She approached the nearest valley. It only fell by a few metres before rising up to where it was before and was filled with water. In fact, the entire area ahead seemed to be completely sodden with moisture. From what she could see this was true of all the valleys: small, water-filled dips that seemed to stretch horizontally to each horizon. There was no going around and no going over. With a quiet sigh she started descending into the first valley.

The water was viscous, with a consistency more akin to jelly than any water she'd drank before. It even smelled bad. She paddled across the small gap (her weight at least afforded her buoyancy) and pulled herself out of the liquid. It clung to her fur. Even shaking would only dislodge the thicker clumps of it. She quit trying after a short while—there were many more valleys to conquer regardless and not much use in trying to stay clean now.

And so it went for an hour. Down, paddle, up, shake. The valleys kept coming and coming, some deeper, some shallower, but all of them

filled with the same sludgy water. If anything it seemed to become more abundant and less avoidable; even the hills that bordered each valley had a thick coating covering the earth. She tried vainly to shake it off as she exited the last valley, but the thick mess clung relentlessly to her, unmoving.

Looking up, the two large hills were bearing down upon her now. Up close she could see that they were the same featureless brown dirt that the ground was made of, and coated in the same thick water. Unlike the ground they were large and rounded like a pair of smooth pebbles balanced precariously upon the incline. She brushed a hoof into the body of one, and was surprised that it readily yielded to her, an unexpectedly soft and squishy mass. Even more surprisingly it seemed to make a noise. Not a clunk or a screech, but a very animalistic moan.

Following the sound she met a most unexpected phenomenon: a sleeping face, buried in the soil in the space between the two hills. After so much featureless space seeing eyes, a nose, whiskers... it was all quite overwhelming. She took a moment to compose herself.

“Hello...?”

The face mumbled quietly but remained largely undisturbed. She felt inclined to prod it with a hoof.

“Hello? Are you the Hill?”

The eyes scrunched open, tongue blurting outwards along with a splatter of thick slobber.

Kim found this an adequate enough response. Quickly she reeled off the reason she had been sent here. “Excuse me Mr Hill, but we were wondering why you have spontaneously appeared in the middle of our city? It’s all been quite inconvenient with you covering up the buildings with your body and everything,”

The hill looked at her. She looked at the hill. The hill yawned, quickly converting into a retched belch. Kim winced slightly.

“Mr Hill? We—”

The hill spoke up: “My name’s Minh, horse. Not ‘Mr Hill’ or anything close,”

“Oh. Sorry Mr Minh,”

“S’alright,” he muttered, eyeing up the pony before him. After a moment his eyes lit up. “Come up here to be a slob like me, have ya?”

“I’m sor—?”

“Look at you! You’re damn fat, you smell terrible and you’re sweating so much it’s like you just waddled a marathon or twelve,”

Kim blushed, shame burning her features red.

Minh smiled wider, “I knew it wasn’t just me! I knew there’d be others who want to be huge, disgusting, filthy animals! Tell you what, I’ll do the spell on you. I found a spell that would do it all and, well, it worked on me, so...” Quietly he started muttering under his breath.

Kim squeaked as she finally processed the hill’s words, flustering over her own. “N-no! I’m here beca-aaAAAUUUUUUUURRRRRPP!”

A riotous belch burst free from her maw. Her blushing cheeks grew darker. Minh’s smile grew wider. He kept muttering.

Warmth started to fill her tummy, another burst of hot gas stifling her speech as she tried to protest the transformation. She groaned as her belly pressed against the insides of her legs, even more fat piled into her face and fetlocks, weighing her down and pinning her where she stood.

The hill kept smiling, kept muttering his magic words toward her. The warmth within her kept building, like a star was forming in her gut, powering the changes at hand. She felt like she was burning in

the midsummer sun, she could feel beads of sweat starting to drip down her face.

A third belch erupted from her muzzle, this time accompanied by a splatter of thick, viscous drool that dribbled down her forming chins. Valleys, she thought, the water-filled valleys.

The blubber kept coming, growing exponentially faster. Her stomach had lifted her hooves free of the ground completely; her legs rapidly transforming into useless saggy orbs, unable to move from the sheer volume of fat within them. Her facial features followed suit and she found herself unable to move her head, prevented by the build up of fat on her cheeks and neck. She huffed deeper and deeper breaths, panicking, unable to move at all, sweat pouring down her filthy, dirty body, she felt like she was gonna—

She squealed as a thunderous, putrid fart blasted out from her rump; her tail flew upwards, her fatty flanks rippling in the aftermath.

Minh's grin was almost audible. "Now that's a good slobby pony," he cooed. He had stopped muttering the spell, but the burning in her gut wasn't dissipating, indeed she could still feel herself growing heavier. "Give it about six more hours and you'll be almost as big as me, give or take a few hundred tons,"

Kim stared down at him silently. She couldn't see properly, her bloated cheeks were obscuring her vision.

He continued. "I'm so happy that I'm not the only fat slob! Goodness, I mean, you know the phrase 'it's lonely at the top'? It's basically like that, but just SO much worse," he fluttered his eyes up to her bulging, sweating mass, "You look fantastic,"

Kim squeaked again, blush returning to her cheeks, "R-really?"

"Absolutely," he smiled. Oddly the smile didn't seem so threatening anymore.

"People have never complemented my looks before. Most of them just make fun of how fat I am..."

Minh chuckled. "Well soon they'll be seeing a whole lot more of it, though the more the better if you ask me,"

Kim's smile faltered, "I didn't come here to be a fat slob with you, though. I was sent here to find out why this huge hill had appeared in the middle of the city," She unsuccessfully stifled another belch mid-sentence.

"THAT was an accident; though in retrospect I wouldn't call it a particularly bad one," he paused for a moment to think, "Don't you

want to be a slob? To be as huge and hedonistic as you want, without fear of judgement or retribution? To live out your days in pure, unadulterated bliss?”

“I... don’t know...” She sighed. She felt tired. More so than she had ever been. Even if she could still move, she didn’t know whether she’d be willing to run from this fate.

She could feel her body growing thicker and faster. She must’ve broken twenty tons by now, easily. The magic burning within her was pushing out gas and sweat in greater quantities than she ever thought she could handle; but it was easy, effortless, almost fun.

“How long until I’m as big as you are?”

“Eh, six hours or so, give or take,”

She permitted herself a sly smile, “I think I’ll answer your question in about six hours then, give or take,”

Kim belongs to @kimintodarkness. Minh belongs to @minh_ande.