

Kim and the Cakes

by collargogglebirdhorse

Another cake floated its way over to her, pausing for a moment to hover in front of her before firmly pushing past her lips and into her bulging cheeks.

Kim whinnied softly as it did so, chewing on the sweet, icing-coated treat. She didn't know where the cakes had come from, but they had been steadily arriving all day—the first just after breakfast—with each one pushing itself right to her lips, coaxing and teasing her to eat it. She had accepted the first one, of course, it would be rude to turn away a gift from a friend—even if this friend were one or more anonymous, invisible entities—but dozens more had arrived since, each one increasingly fattening and increasingly insistent that she should eat it immediately, whether she wanted to or not.

She swallowed softly, the thick lump of cake barely visible as it passed down her throat, that one tidbit making her body visibly bloat outwards. It was getting quite late into the afternoon now and the cakes showed no sign of slowing. Her brother would be

getting home soon, no doubt annoyed that she had been sitting here all afternoon eating magically fattening cakes from mysterious patrons.

Kim whined and wiggled a thick, lard-swaddled hoof. Movement was out of the question; she was too fat to waddle even before today, but by now her horseshoes could reach nothing but her own bulging belly, cold hard metal upon warm malleable flesh. The window where the cakes were arriving had been left wide open and she was far too over-encumbered by now to even get near it. She could feel her sloshing, glorping gut droop past the edges of the king-sized mattress, gravity exerting an ever-stronger pull on her mass. Her bed was starting to complain loudly.

Her maw wasn't even empty before a thick chocolate fudge cake forced itself upon her, swelling her cheeks outwards for the few moments before she could desperately swallow it all, her body groaning and lurching as that one cake worked to add another hundred pounds to her morbidly massive form, finally losing sight of her horseshoes past the curtains of lard that encased each leg. She groaned as the collected, shifting weight of her own flab pushed down on her, each minor movement becoming more and more difficult to accomplish.

All the while, another large cake was casually stuffing itself into her face and making its way down her gullet. Her body quaked and ballooned outwards again, accompanied by the sound of splintering wood as the headboard of the bed collapsed, her weight dropping to the floor and sizeable rump slamming against the wall. Much to her dismay, this new angle placed more of her barrel in front of her, tilting her upwards and affording her little view but the ceiling and the sprawling landscape of her own soft, bloated form.

But still the cakes kept coming. One by one they loomed over her, draping her face in shadow as they came in for landing, waiting patiently in her maw before neatly tucking their calories into her burgeoning belly. She kept eating and growing, time ebbing ceaselessly by, feeling nothing but the ever-increasing tug of gravity upon her mass and the overpowering sweetness of a lifetime of cakes upon her tongue.

At some indiscernible point she snapped out from her confection-induced stupor; roused by a sharp snapping sound and a dull thumping.

There were no more cakes.

There was another dull thump against the window, followed by a more forceful splat. A cake denied entry. Somewhere, some part of her must have dislodged the pane and let the window close.

She looked up at the narrow letterbox view of the ceiling she had. She couldn't tell how big she was, but she must've gotten pretty large to have reached all the the window. She grunted as she tried to wiggle her hooves. Nothing. Every muscle was encumbered to the point of uselessness. Even her relatively lithe wings had been immobilised by the swaddles of fat surrounding them. All she could do was lie in wait for help to come.

Thankfully, Grey arrived home not long after. She was surprised she could hear the dull woosh of his wings beating as he moved through the flat, dropped off his bags, and wandered ever closer to her door. The latch clicked as he opened the door.

“...Jeez Kim, did you spend all day laying in bed again?”

He must have come in, she couldn't see. Did he not notice how big she was? How she was practically a beached whale of a pegasus who had crushed her bed and filled half her room?

“If you're not gonna go outside the least you could do is open a window,”

Kim tried to protest but the words failed to materialise. There was a dull rumble as the window was pushed open once more, her skies quickly turning dark as two dozen more cakes forced themselves into her all at once.

“Maybe you should go for a trot in the park some time,” he continued, deaf to her squeals and the sounds of splattering cake upon her lips, “You might work off some of that weight you’ve put on lately,”

Grey quickly made his way out, happy to have dispensed some sage advice and blissfully ignorant of the fact that his sister was probably never, ever going to work off *that* weight.