

Sundae's Fuller Figure

Chapter Two: The Rules of Consumption

Sundae waddled into class the next day jittery with excitement. He was here, in the Mecca of weight gain! So many of his heroes had passed through these doors before steadily outgrowing them, and he was now following in their hoof steps, intending to outgrow them all!

He had spent the previous evening gorging himself in celebration, downing through determination alone over a dozen hamburgers and fries (each with a milkshake, of course). Combined with the top-up breakfast he'd guzzled just an hour ago he was feeling pleasantly full and just a little bit lethargic. Despite this he was disappointed to find that his solitary desk wasn't piled high with food and gainer shakes in time for his arrival.

"Good morning, Sundae Brunch," Fuller said without looking up from her paperwork, "I hope you had a pleasant evening,"

Sundae blushed, remembering how much he'd eaten since learning he was to be student to *the* Fuller Figures.

She raised her head, knowing instinctively everything he had done since the day before, "Don't worry, every pony does it," she smiled softly and motioned Sundae to his desk, where he found a large cushion available to him in place of a chair.

Fuller stood up and started pacing back and forth around the front of the vast, empty room, evidently still deep in thought. After a moment, she began: "This is the only formal lesson you will receive here. There will be no examination, no homework, and you are graded by how well you take what I say to heart. Your reward, so to speak, for following my tutelage is that you will grow and grow dramatically, perhaps more than you could have imagined," she paused for a moment, "Do not follow what I say, and you will fail. Understand?"

Sundae paused, wings in a panicked flutter. Failure? It hadn't hit him until this very moment that he was really, actually doing this; taking the first steps to the future he dreamed of for so very long. Was it even possible he could fail? Was there more to this than just eating beyond his heart's content? More hesitantly than he intended, he responded "Y-yes, m'am,"

Fuller eyed her student before continuing, “In which case, we shall begin,”

Fuller trotted over to the blackboard at the front of the room and took flight, she hovered near the top of the board, scrawling in a loopy cursive the words “The Rules of Consumption.”

She removed the chalk from her mouth but remained flying, her wings pushing a light breeze in Sundae’s general direction, “The Rules of Consumption are just that, they are the rules, the guidelines, the laws—whatever you want to call them—to gaining as much as possible in as little time as possible. It is up to you to remember and enact them all, however I’m going to cover the most important ones with you now,”

Sundae looked around his desk to see if he had something to write these down with. He didn’t. He didn’t think a class in gaining ludicrous amounts of weight would actually involve writing.

Fuller went on regardless, “Rule fourteen: choose quantity over quality. If you’re gonna spend ten bits on a hamburger then get ten of the cheapest, greasiest burgers you can find. None of this ‘gourmet’ burger stuff you see nowadays, alright?”

The pudgy pegasus nodded, thinking back to past feasts and gorges. “I already do that, ma’am. Quantity over quality, even if it’s not all

that healthy,” He saw a faint flicker of a smile in her lips. He smiled back.

“That said, rule forty-two: everything is fattening if you eat enough of it. Just because you’re not eating, say, a three-tiered quadruple chocolate sponge cake, doesn’t mean you can’t get fatter. Whether it’s a ton of bricks or a ton of feathers, it’s still a ton,”

Sundae thought about that one for a while, something his teacher noticed with a hidden smile. A ton is a ton. Quantity over quality. Almost the same thing, but it resonated in him. The eager gainer had daydreams of his training here being full of the most decadent, elaborate dishes. But it made sense. A ton of fat from hamburgers was the same thing as a ton of fat from a gourmet meal, would be easier to do, and probably far faster. He saw himself eating mountains of the things until he rose higher than any mountain in Equestrian, and then something occurred to him: “What did Solar Eclipse eat to grow so quickly?”

“Solar Eclipse? Oh, his vice was butter, lots of butter,” Fuller leant against the blackboard as she spoke, as though lost in some obscure memory, “If what he was eating wasn’t cooked in the stuff then it was normally melted on top of it. Hamburgers with butter, milkshakes with butter. I’m sure there were more than a few occasions when he just ate the raw butter, especially when he was getting close to taking the record for the first time,”

“Butter?!” Sundae stared at her in shock and awe, “But wouldn’t that kill any pony?” A look crossed his eyes, a battle between fear and inspiration, perhaps terror and lust. Fuller Figures went quiet for a while, watching her new student process this information.

“Sundae, it takes a lot more than just pigging out to reach ‘World’s Fattest’ status. Any pony can eat a lot of food and get merely fat. It takes an extreme effort to become extremely fat. It’s like climbing a mountain, or becoming one, I suppose. Summer Skyes gave up flying, gave up walking, would eat herself into a stupor at every meal. Honey crisp would drink countless gallons of cider to stretch his stomach so he could fill it with more food. It’s that level of commitment, of drive, of sheer power of will that pushed them into success.

“Solar wanted it more than any pony I’ve ever known. Nothing would stop him from gaining weight. He did extreme things. Be they out of a sheer lust... or love... or both... of being fat, of being the fattest. How else can a pony expect to reach a ton, let alone fifteen tons, or whatever he’s at now? If you want to be like him, if you want to be BIGGER than him, you have to realise that your life is going to change forever after today. For better or worse, you’re going to get bigger. You’re going to lose the ability to walk, to do anything really beyond eating. You might lose friends over it, maybe even family; and there’s risk. There’s always risk. You’ll have to decide soon if you

really want to do this, because—should everything go to plan—you won't be able to back out after a couple of weeks.”

Sundae fell silent, the immensity of this undertaking hitting him like a train. Not only could he actually fail, he could lose everything in the process; if it got particularly bad he might not even make it out with his life. Was one dream really worth all this?

He took a moment to just stare at his hooves, watching his stomach rise and fall with each breath, just out of focus. The room had fallen ominously silent around him, Fuller respectfully waiting for him. It was several more minutes before he could finally muster the words for a response...

Written by @jaye_bunny and @kimintodarkness. Sundae Brunch belongs to @jaye_bunny. Fuller Figures belongs to @kimintodarkness. All other characters are fictional. Any resemblance to actual pony OCs is unintentional.