

Voodoo Plumping

By: IndigoRho

Rho sat alone in his room, the orange-striped zebra's ears twitching as he listened for the sound of approaching steps. There were none. Convinced he'd have a few minutes of privacy at least, Rho walked over to the closet and retrieved a small plushie of a gray lion. Its features were rather simplified, and if it weren't for the coloration it likely wouldn't have been recognizable as being modeled after his boyfriend, August. To the untrained eye it was a mere plush, but in reality it was enchanted with rather powerful magic.

Voodoo dolls certainly weren't uncommon, but the one in Rho's hooves had a rather specific and curious purpose: it could fatten its likeness. At the moment it was rather slim, just like August. With a small plastic pump, though, he could fill the plushie with air—and cause August's waistline to balloon to match it. Of course the real lion's belly would be pure fat rather than air. That alone would've been enough for Rho to commission it, but there was the added benefit that August would be oblivious to his magical gains. Instead he'd be convinced he'd *always* been that big. Rho grinned.

With voodoo doll in hoof, Rho quietly left his room.

August was on the couch, relaxing in his gray flannel pajamas. The lion was eager for the weekend, having made plans with friends for his first snowboarding trip of the season. Compared to his plump boyfriend August was far more active. He'd also always been the thin one in the relationship, and adored teasing the soft zebra or encouraging him to grow larger.

Rho was just out of August's line of sight, while having a good view of the unsuspecting lion himself. He took out the pump and pressed it to the voodoo doll's lips, then gave it a few test squeezes. The plushie's flat middle rounded out a little—and so did August's.

The lion now ported the slightest bit of a belly, just round enough to stand out. His flannel button-up clung to his middle more, but the magic of the plushie would ensure clothing grew to match the target as well. Just as promised, August show no signs of concern for the sudden changes to his body, even when he went to scratch an itch on his new belly.

Delighted by the results of the first test, Rho eagerly began pumping the voodoo doll again. The zebra's gaze remained on August. To begin with the effects on the lion were barely noticeable. Rho slowly approached the couch to get a better view, and the closer he got the wider his smile grew.

The once-lean August was undeniably chubby. His jaw had lost its sharp edges, rounding out somewhat along with his cheeks. A double chin had started to form, though it was fairly hidden by his mane. His middle was—of course—much doughier. Rho also swore he spied the beginning of moobs. It was a wonderful start.

Pumping continued, both plushie and lion ballooning up in sync. August had reached a size where his whole body jiggled along to the pumps. His pajamas were perpetually tight, only stretching when absolutely necessary and ensuring his new curves were showcased clearly. As he fattened he adjusted his stance on the couch frequently, yet thought nothing of it.

“And how's my fat cat doing tonight?” Rho said, finally making his presence known.

August gave an exaggerated frown. “Oh I'm not *that* fat,” he insisted. “At least not compared to you.”

“You're well on your way hon. I bet you'll even surpass me one day.”

“Ha! You've been saying that for years, yet you still take up more of the bed than me,” August retorted.

The memory alteration magic was even better than Rho had expected. It was as if his boyfriend had always been a bit plump. Rho guessed there was still a forty pound gap between the two, and decided it was time to see how the lion reacted to being just as wonderfully large as he was.

Pump. Pump. Pump.

Rho casually strolled around to sit beside his ballooning boyfriend.

August saw the voodoo doll and shook his head, amused. "I'm not sure why you need a mini-me when the big me is right here."

"Well two round lions are better than one as far as I'm concerned." *Good, he even ignores the voodoo doll that's turning him into a butterball.*

August was barely recognizable. He'd jiggled past two hundred and fifty pounds, swiftly nearing Rho's weight of two eighty. His belly was incredible, his cheeks pinchable, and his rump likely just as great. Rho had always been able to pin the smaller lion to walls as a way to counter his teasing, but there'd be no chance of doing that anymore.

Meanwhile, August was distracted trying to think of what he actually wanted to do that weekend. Friends had asked him to go snowboarding, but he rarely hit the slopes anymore. At some point in the distant past he'd been able to perform tricks, and practically lived at the resorts during Winter. That was before he'd put on so much weight, though. He could still snowboard, just not on the same level. If he did go along with the others he'd likely spend most of his time chilling at the lodge, which wasn't too bad.

"You've been shaping up real well," Rho chuckled and gave August's belly a playful rub.

The lion blushed. "Ugh, you're a terrible influence on my waistline! Sometimes I look at my old college baseball uniform and remember when I used to be thin! Course I kind of like being able to eat whatever I want now..."

Rho wished he had the patience to question his boyfriend further and learn of how his past had changed by being bigger. Instead the desire to see August get even bigger outweighed his curiosity.

The jiggling intensified as August swelled up against his Rho, the lion passing three hundred pounds. Rho noticed August blushing at every loving prod and poke, though there were plenty of poorly-disguised grins as well. So being hefty both flustered *and* delighted him. All the more reason to keep fattening August up.

August's stomach rumbled loudly as he passed three hundred and fifty pounds. "Oof, dinner just isn't cutting it. Gonna have to order some pizza for a midnight snack."

The lion freed his phone from his pocket after a bit of wrangling, Rho leaning over to eye his order and still pumping away. He resisted the urge to laugh as he saw his boyfriend constantly adjusting how much he was getting. First the pizza was increased in size, then a second one was added, followed by an increasing entourage of appetizers. Eventually he managed to settle on an order that satisfied him, one far bigger than anything Rho had ever seen August order. Perfect.

"So, Rho, I was thinking we could hit that new buffet again this weekend, unless you're afraid you'll get fat~"

August gave Rho's belly a prod, and now it was the zebra's turn to blush. The shift in size difference between the couple had apparently re-gifted August his confidence.

"I'm a twig next to you, jumbo, and all the buffet trips in the world aren't going to change that," Rho countered, squeezing August's blubbery love handle

There was a moment of fluster from the still-fattening lion, but his wide grin returned soon enough. "Well I'm sure I can get to work fixing that once the pizza arrives. Can't let ya starve now, Stripes, can I?"

August leaned into his boyfriend, letting his flabby sides press against him. The sensation was euphoric, the zebra snorting, pumping up the voodoo doll even faster.

The couch groaned under the weight of its occupants, not used to handling a four hundred pound lion in addition to Rho.

"Rho if you get any fatter you'll finally break the couch!" August laughed, his massive belly jiggling as he did. "Course we could certainly use an upgrade. It claims to be a three-seater but right now it can barely fit two."

August was still growing, still wobbling. He was round all over, from his cheeks to his butt. Every pump of the voodoo doll put August closer to being twice as heavy as Rho. The zebra had

dreamed about it often, but now that it was becoming reality he couldn't help but wonder if he should make his boyfriend *even* fatter.

The protests of the couch were getting louder and more prominent, though Rho ignored them and August merely joked about them as if they'd existed ever since they'd bought the couch.

Four hundred eighty. Four hundred ninety. Five hundred.

Finally the combined weight of the couple proved the couch's undoing. Springs snapped and metal bent as the couch collapsed to the floor, both Rho and August yelping in surprise. Thankfully the fall wasn't a far one, leaving them startled rather than hurt.

August burst into laughter. "Guess I *have* been hitting the buffet pretty hard lately!" He gave his gut a happy slap, popping a button off his shirt in the process. "I hope the pizza gets here soon, though. I'm starving!"

Rho ceased pumping. The voodoo doll of August was almost spherical, more like a balloon than a plushie. It had performed better than ever expected, and Rho couldn't wait to enjoy his new life as the "slim" one in the relationship...