

Heavy Judgement

By: IndigoRho

Raf let out a long, drawn out sigh he hoped everyone around him could hear. The grumpy hyena professor had begrudgingly agreed to help judge a competition at the Columbia State University Fair, assuming it'd involve art, or maybe a sport. Of course he was instead “randomly” selected to judge the cookie baking competition. While most would have jumped at the chance for free food, the considerably overweight Professor Raf was already struggling with his diet, and terribly self-conscious about his size. Hopefully there wouldn't be many entrants.

The competition organizer—a stressed-out fox grad student—hurried over and guided Raf towards the first table, her attention dedicated to a clipboard. “Alright Professor Gaines...”

“Raf, just Raf!” the professor blurted out.

“...Professor Raf. Professor Hall's stuck at home with food poisoning, so you're gonna be solo on this.”

Raf sighed under his breath. “Fine, fine.”

“There'll be twenty-five batches to judge, try at least two or three cookies a plate so you get a solid taste.” The fox thankfully missed the flash of shock that crossed Raf's face. “Have fun!”

Raf grumbled for a moment before attempting to act cheerful in front of the first entrant. He managed “boredom” at best. A still-warm plate of chocolate chip cookies welcomed him, and Raf unintentionally ate half of one in a single bite. The cookie practically melted in his mouth, teasing his taste-buds and forcing a brief smile. He finished the second half in an instant, then greedily scarfed down a couple more before reminding himself there were still far too many cookies left to judge for him to start gorging now.

After a nod to the baker and some short notes, Raf took a quick step over to the second entrant, who offered peanut butter cookies that must have been twice as large as the chocolate chip ones. Their taste was just as wonderful, too, and four of the treats vanished into Raf's stomach by the time he caught himself.

The Professor continued, tasting cookie after delicious cookie, his personal restraint being tested nearly as much as the competitors' baking abilities. Raf was oblivious to the buttons of his shirt gradually straining as his belly swelled from the abundance of desserts. Every plate exposed his blubbery gut a tad bit more, till the jiggling line of tan fur was impossible to conceal. The bakers themselves quickly realized the judge would taste more cookies if he was distracted by even the simplest conversation, and most made an effort to chat the gluttonous hyena up in the hopes of getting an extra point or two.

Ten plates in, Raf was already devouring close to half the cookies prepared by each entrant. The first burst button went unnoticed, popping off Raf's shirt as he chomped down on a delightfully-crunchy oatmeal cookie. His belly wobbled comically as it was partially freed from his constraining shirt, and the baker across from Raf swiftly resisted a chuckle before goading the hungry hyena into testing a few more cookies. A second button was lost a couple plates later, discovered only when Raf attempted to adjust his shirt but was met by exposed flab. Raf's face turned a deep shade of red as he glanced down at his bloated belly in surprise, barely able to maintain his composure. *How had he eaten so much!*

Raf muttered a hasty compliment and moved on, insisting to himself he'd only eat a single cookie on each plate for the rest of the competition. He failed immediately, plowing through seven chocolate macadamia cookies while their maker dragged him into a long chat about the recipe's origin. A subtle rearrangement of the plate hid the true extent of Raf's gorging, and the hyena waddled away convinced he'd eaten two, maybe three at most.

More cookies, more distractions, more exposed pudge. By the time Raf finished cleaning off the plate of the final entry, the soft dome of his belly stuck out defiantly, only slightly constrained by his

obnoxiously tight undershirt. He nervously undid the handful of remaining buttons on the dress shirt he'd wrecked, a futile attempt to hide how much he'd stuffed himself. Raf began waddling away as soon as he'd selected the winner, only to have the grad student block his path, an obvious look of frustration on her face.

"Professor Raf, we've got a problem. The judges for the pie competition all bailed on me, we need you to handle it too!" She didn't bat an eye at his swollen gut.

"I'd love to, but I really need to..."

"Please! We'll find you a seat and bring everything to you, you're all we've got!"

Raf huffed and groaned, giving in. He was led to a large table with a thankfully comfortable chair, as the grad student directed everything in a frenzy. His hopes that pies would be harder for him to overindulge on were dashed once he saw the enormous slice presented to him by the first entrant. Eating just one bite was impossible, and Raf found himself finishing off the whole delicious slice out of reluctant respect for the baker.

There were somehow more entrants for the pie baking competition than the cookie one. Apple, pumpkin, cherry, blueberry, chocolate...all far too calorie dense yet far too well-made to resist. His belly continued swelling, pushing into the table's edge and against the armrests of the chair, though at least now his middle was somewhat hidden from public eye. He didn't feel even the slightest bit full, which only made eating easier. Creaks emanated from the chair around the half-way point, but it held up against the hyena's growing girth.

A small belch signaled the end of the competition, as Raf bit his lip and blushed while trying to choose a winner. The victor was a chocolate pie he'd somehow snagged two slices of. Exhausted by the nearly non-stop eating, Raf tried to sit up and finally head home, only to find the weight of his middle to be overwhelming; he was stuck. Raf fumed under his breath as he attempted to dislodge himself a couple more times, but his belly was far too wide and heavy for him to manage. Fortunately no one else had seemed to notice his plight, sparing him *some* shame.

"Thank you so much Professor, you saved my hide!" the grad student had returned.

"Yeah, yeah, don't mention it," Raf grumbled.

"The leftovers should be all packed soon, and I'll have them sent to your office before the end of the day." She missed Raf's eyes growing wide. "Best perk of being a judge in my opinion."

Raf groaned and rested his head upon the table. "Ugh, lucky me." He didn't want to imagine how swiftly he'd make those cookies and pies disappear...or how much fatter they'd make him.