

RoomWeights

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A Patreon Prompt

After an overheard comment, two roommates place a wager on their weights. By the end of the contest, whoever has lost the least or gained the most weight will be branded "The Big One." Will they make an effort to change their diets, or play dirty to come out on top?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and contains a Female Red Panda, a Male Kobold, Public Gluttony, a Friendly Contest, Magical and Alchemical Meddling, Unaware Stuffing, Rapid Weight Gain, Wardrobe Malfunctions

The clatter of plates and silverware rang through the buffet, peaking above low conversations as a pair of roommates devoured their courses. The red panda and kobold matched each other bite for bite, wholly invested and unaware of their gathering audience. Heads turned as their ravenous rampage stretched across helping after helping, only pausing when they stood to fetch more food. The red panda stifled a belch into her paw and rested a palm across her belly as she waddled across the restaurant, and the kobold followed sluggishly in her wake. The his tail dragged across the floor and supported his growing weight, counterbalancing the towering plate of food he assembled. The pair locked eyes and nodded as their final helpings reached equal heights, and the pair balanced their precarious feasts back to their seats. They each dug in as soon as they settled, throwing manners to the wind as they raced through their final stretches. Their middles swelled and squished against the table as their piles diminished, and their fellow buffet enthusiasts couldn't bring themselves to look away. Like a wobbling train-wreck, they watched with mixed awe and disgust, trapped in the porcelain pile-up until the red panda and kobold licked their plates clean in unison. They let the dishes drop with a resounding clatter, breaking the surrounding silence. Both reclined in their seats and admired the work of the other, until an errant comment cut both of their ears.

"I told you the big one would win."

A torrent of emotions rushed through them as money changed hands, and the two fell into introspective silence. Their bill arrived before either found their voice, and they paid with hasty embarrassment. The red panda pulled a hood over her ears and departed with what little subtlety she could muster, and kobold followed with his chubby tail wrapped around his waist. They walked straight to their car, took their seats, then pulled out and started the drive home. Along the way, they finally broke the silence.

"It happened again," the kobold groaned. "It always happens! I don't know why we keep going there."

"Because the food is too good to pass up and no where else can beat that price?" the red panda offered.

"Yeah, but that's the problem." The kobold grabbed the sides of his belly and dropped it in his lap. "We always get carried away."

"It wasn't that bad," she bluffed, both to him and herself.

"Yes it was! You heard that fox, they placed bets on us."

"How do you know it was us?"

"They said 'the big one,' that's obviously you."

The red panda paused. "No, they definitely meant you. You're the big one."

"Hardly," the reptile scoffed. "I only look bigger because I'm shorter. You actually weigh more than I do."

"By no more than a few pounds, if I remember right."

"Now you're just making stuff up. You're the bigger one."

"I won't be in a few days," She smirked. "My diet is gonna pay off in a few days, and then you'll be the big one beyond doubt."

"We both know that's not happening." He reached over the console and patted her belly. "You can't control that appetite any better than I can tame mine."

Her eyes sparkled with mischief. "So sure? Care to make a wager?"

"Absolutely."

"Alright, we'll weigh ourselves when we get home. In two weeks, whoever loses the least amount of weight will be the big one."

The kobold waited for the red panda to stop the car, then shook her paw. "Deal. I hope you're ready to be the bigger one~"

The pair arrived home without issue, and the spirit of competition offset the gluttonous lethargy settling into their bones. Still, neither opted to get an early start on their game. Instead the roommates went about their day as normal. The red panda and kobold simply reclined on their shared couch and watched whatever graced their television, unwilling to acknowledge or curb their ceaseless snacking. Both would rather let their opponent sabotage themselves than actively take the lead. A pile of bags and wrappers grew between them as the sun finished its arc across the sky, casting lengthening shadows through the windows. Their lazy trances only faltered when the sun began to set, darkening the room until one of them finally felt the need to turn the lights on. The kobold rose from his seat with an unflattering grunt and raised his arms over his head, sending his stuffed middle tumbling from his lap. Its shifting weight threatened his balance, bringing a chuckle from his equally stuffed roommate. Her laughter ended when he pointed out her own stuffed belly, a gesture punctuated by a pair of needy growls. It became clear they were evenly matched, and the two set the blazing competition aside to prepare their dinners.

The clinks and clatters of an active kitchen drowned out their movie's over-the-top explosions as they moved between cabinets and appliances, narrowly avoiding brushing against each other's curves. Slight hesitant glances traded between them with each near miss, but they eventually pushed through the tension and readied their meals. The kobold

returned to the couch first with a plate of chicken tenders, and the red panda followed shortly after with a bowl of stir-fry. The roommates shared a nod of approval with the other's work, then dug into their dinners with untempered fervor. Despite the nature of their contest, they ate as if they'd skipped a week's worth of meals, cleaning their platters in record time. The red panda finished just ahead of her counterpart, and she flaunted her counterproductive victory with a waggle of her hips as she rose to retrieve seconds. Whether or not she intended to goad him on, she succeeded in doing so, and the chubby reptile swallowed the rest of his food with ease. He smirked and flashed his fangs as he loaded up his plate again, stacking it substantially taller than his counterpart's second. She gathered up her left overs and stashed them in the fridge before she rejoined him on the sofa, where he'd already eaten most of his serving. She ignored her seat's groans and creaks when she sat back down, confident the day was hers. The certainty of her victory waned with each of her bites however, and by the time she reached the end of her meal, she found the idea of leaving their contest to play out naturally unappealing. The wheels in her head turned as her roommate's soft snoring filled the air, and a devious grin spread across her face as a plan took form.

The red panda stood with what little stealth she could gather, fetched her spell book from her room, then set her scheme in motion.

Sunlight filtered through curtained windows as dawn broke, bringing with it the songs of birds and the warmth of day. The kobold stirred and teetered on the edge of sleep as the sun's fingers crept across the floor and climbed the couch, heating his scales with gentle intensity. He stretched and groaned when consciousness became unavoidable, and a low moan resonated in his chest when he tried to move. His claws sluggishly traced over his figure and focused on the dome of his belly, where he gently rubbed and squished his accumulating pudge. The kobold's softly scaled paunch squished between his fingers with ease, a sensation that spread a dreamy smile across his muzzle. He basked in his own massage until memories of the night before returned, spurring him to recoil and leap from his improvised bed. The apartment shook with his landing and soft waves rippled through his form, and he stood otherwise still until relative silence returned. The muffled snoring of his roommate quelled his fears of detection, and he gingerly returned to the sofa as he pondered his wager and predicament. There were of course worse fates in the world than being labeled "the big one," though he knew that title would never come off once earned. Plus, the thought of sticking it the red panda proved infinitely more appealing than earning it himself. Fragments of schemes and plans drifted through his mind as he put together a plan, quickly settling on the idea of sabotaging his friend instead of putting in the effort himself. A plot coalesced, and his scaly muzzle parted in a smile as he refined the fledgling scheme.

The kobold crept into his room and threw open his alchemical cabinet, then rummaged through its contents. He set aside several jars of leaves and powders, only ending his search after filling his small work table. One hand flipped through a notebook while the other

measured out the reagents, and a recipe gradually took form. A mortar filled with the assorted ingredients in their proper proportions, growing into a vibrant pile of mystical effects. The slew of hues blended into one when the kobold brought his mortar down, pulverizing the mixture into a fine dust. He covered his mouth and turned away as a cloud consumed his desk, and his gaze didn't return until he waved the plume away. Shimmers and sparkles dissipated and dissolved through the air, fading to reveal the base of a potent potion. The kobold grinned broadly and measured the grit out, dividing the mixture into several tiny piles. He filled tiny containers with equally tiny portions, careful to keep the dust off his fingertips in the process. His efforts left him with roughly two dozen doses, along with a fist-sized jar filled with the excess. Ordinarily he would mix his powder into a liquid of some type, though in its current state, the dust would work perfectly as a seasoning.

The kobold hid the leftover mix as he cleaned his station, leaving only a couple vials out. He scooped them up once he finished and clutched them to his chest. A brief peek from his doorway confirmed the red panda was still asleep, and he seized the opportunity to set his scheme in motion. The lizard ignored the floorboards creaking beneath his feet and crept toward their shared fridge, then opened its door with a soft pop. A quick glance about its shelves confirmed he brought enough vials, and he deftly separated his food from hers. Once done sorting, he broke into each and every one of the red panda's waiting meals and added a sprinkle of his secret ingredient. It sank into some dishes seamlessly while others required a bit of stirring, but within moments, the mischievous kobold had marked every one of her meals with his appetite enhancer. The effect would be subtle at first, enough to skirt her detection, but he had confidence in its potency. Satisfied with his sabotage, the kobold put everything back in its proper place and secured his breakfast. He fetched a plate-sized cinnamon roll from the back of its shelf, warmed it up, then sauntered to the couch and plopped down into its embrace. He sliced a bite off from its edge and popped it into his maw, then let out a groan of satisfaction. The kobold jumped in his seat when the red panda echoed his moan, and she answered his ensuing glare with a lazy smile.

"I hope that roll is worth the contest," she teased. "Because you're not beating me indulging like that."

"You'd be more convincing if you even tried to diet. After last night, I know I've got this in the bag."

"There's a reason 'hubris' is a word."

"As you'll discover in a couple weeks~"

"If you say so~" The red panda answered.

Their conversation fell silent as she made her way to the kitchen and gathered her own breakfast. She reached into the cool depths of the fridge and retrieved a hash-brown casserole, bursting with high-calorie flavor. She locked eyes with the kobold as she placed it

in the microwave, and their miniature competition ended when her food was ready. She plated it and sauntered to the sofa, then took the seat next to her reptilian counterpart. The furniture bowed between them and tipped them toward one another, though months of practice spared both their sides and their food. The red panda mocked his moan once again with her first bite, though the second swiftly ended her act. The kobold relaxed and resumed eating once she was thoroughly occupied, cutting into his roll again and again while she gulped and swallowed. The sweet bun gradually consumed his focus, and before long, he could hardly tear his gaze away from the flaky treat. Still, he saw enough to confirm his secret ingredient surpassed his expectations. As she tore through the last of her portion, he started to wonder if he overdid it.

While the kobold split his attention between his breakfast and hers, the red panda stole glances at her opponent as well. She fought back the blooming hunger in her core long enough to watch him cut away the same mouthful several times in a row, oblivious to his meal's strange regenerative properties. Pride swelled in her chest while she watched her work pay off again and again, until ravenous need consumed that as well. A brief mote of suspicion floated in the back of her mind as she accelerated through her meal, but the satisfaction of eating soothed her thoughts. She shoveled bigger and bigger bites onto her fork as her dish diminished, sprinting through her serving in anticipation of the next. She remained oblivious even as she licked her fork clean, scouring it for any remaining scraps or crumbs. The kobold merely smirked and chewed through his roll as she rose and returned to the fridge, and his confidence rose when she gathered a helping twice the size of the last.

"Can you do me a favor and grab me a drink while you're up," the kobold smugly called. "Oh, and make sure its a diet."

"Bold of you to assume I'd let that stuff stay in the apartment," the red panda retorted. "But I've got some regular here if you want it."

"That's be fine. On second thought I think I have enough of a lead to burn to relax."

The red panda grinned out of his sight. "You're going to eat those words, just like everything else on your plate."

"I'm not the one already on seconds."

"I grabbed a small portion the first time. Probably only half the usual size, so I'm still good~"

"If you say so," the kobold teased through a mouthful. "I'm not going to go easy on you when you lose though."

The forkful of food in her muzzle muffled her witty reply, though her roommate got the gist of it. Still, he found it impossible to take her seriously while she was so completely

under his spell. A constant grin curled the corners of his mouth as he basked in the success of his alchemical prowess, which in turn rendered him blind to her arcane trap. Even if the red panda didn't equal his skill in her own craft, he likely would not have noticed the persistence of his meal. Each slice of roll separated with the cursed fork restored what it removed, creating a course beyond completion. A slight modification of her own design concealed the effect in a cognitive blindspot, burying the sense to question the situation. In between her own ravenous bites, the sorceress watched his stomach swell with copied sweets, inching over his waistband and filling his lap. A laugh nearly escaped her chest when he moved his plate from the slow avalanche of his middle, unaware of the blatant action. She watched and reveled in her assured victory as long as she could, though it wasn't long before his miraculous powder fully sunk its fangs in.

The kobold reclined back in his seat and watched his roommate's eyes glass over with hunger, sapping her inhibitions and slowing her reasoning. Their wager was the farthest thing from her mind by the time she finished her doubled serving, and the effects of her gluttony were already apparent. Though her top hugged her curves tightly at the start of her breakfast, it left nothing to the imagination as she stood and dashed for her third serving. The round dome of her stuffed belly stretched the fabric to transparency, revealing the constrained fur beneath. Her frantic sprint did little to ease the garment's trouble, and relief only came when she sat down before the chilly monolith. An empty moment hung in the air after she threw its door open, brought on by indecision, but a growl from her middle spurred her to act. The red panda reached for the nearest dish and dug in without hesitation, and the sounds of her gorging drew the kobold from the living room. He took a seat at their dining table, endless cinnamon roll in hand, and watched the hedonistic carnage unfold.

The kobold jumped when the red panda finished licking her next container clean, cracking the air with the sound of glass against tile. Fortunately, the dish stayed in one piece, as did the ones after, and it served as a regular announcement of her progress. As her waistline expanded with high-calorie spoils, other notes of alarm joined in the percussive concert. The regular popping of threads tracked her growth much more closely, stretching thin across her curves before snapping apart. The seam of her shorts marked the first major casualty, splitting wide to reveal the bare crack of her ass. Wide rips opened along her expanding thighs, shaping the growing pudge with deep ridges and valleys until the final fibers gave way. Her shirt fared marginally better, creeping up the dome of her middle and bunching up beneath her chest, but it would not have such a luxury for long. Her chest bloomed with gathering pounds while her stomach gurgled and churned, shortening her breath until her top yielded. Her shirt split abruptly and completely, tearing into front and back halves that fluttered to the floor around her. The red panda let out a grateful sigh with her newfound freedom, but otherwise paid her nudity no mind. Her attention snapped back to the fridge, determined to sate her alchemically enhanced appetite.

The kobold shifted in his seat with the gluttonous display, unaware of the creaking and groaning beneath his widening hips. Too far gone into her own hunger, the red panda failed to note the sounds as well. Her carefully crafted illusion collapsed with the overworked

seat, and the stuffed reptile dropped to the floor with a mighty crack. His flabby thighs and arms wobbled with the energy of the impact, though the taught dome of his belly remained rock solid. The weight on his pelvis stoked his smoldering arousal, and while he recovered from his jarring return to reality, his spire throbbed in the shadow of his middle. A blush tinted his cheeks as a shameless moan tumbled from his snout, and the sound turned to one of irritation as realization donned on him. Glowing runes flashed across his knife and fork, and though he lacked arcane literacy, it didn't take a rocket surgeon to identify the mystic handwriting. His indignation slipped into admiration while he measured the damage however, willing to grant respect to his roommate's play. Had she not been locked in a gluttonous spiral, he would have congratulated her.

Fortunately, the kobold didn't need to wait long to give it. The floor bowed under her weight by the time she cleaned the fridge of its contents, of leftovers and raw ingredients alike, and a food coma crept in on the edges of her vision. Her head rolled with impending sleep, though the kobold stood from the wreckage of his chair and brought her back to the waking world.

"I'd offer to walk you to the scale for a weigh in and placement, but I don't think we need to anymore," he laughed. "But you didn't go down without a fight, that's for sure."

The red panda blinked the sleep from her eyes and visibly processed his remark, until it eventually clicked. "Oh stars and stones what did you do," she groaned.

"Nothing you didn't do yourself," he teased. "But uhh, it does look like my plan worked a little better."

The red panda surveyed her form and would have leapt up from the floor, had her figure permitted. The appetite enhancer sped her metabolism as well, packing nearly everything she devoured onto her frame. The ruined scraps of her clothing had long vanished beneath her rolls, which thankfully maintained most of her modesty. Her tree-trunk thighs squished together and eliminated the slightest gap, and the apron of her belly added a second layer of protection. It also served as a shelf for her swollen breasts, propping them up into her second and third chins. Soft flab swaddled her arms and restricted their movement, though she found she could still reach her mouth without issue. Her entire figure rolled and rippled as she craned over her shoulder, angling for a look at her rear and tail. Her cheeks spread across the floor and eclipsed the base of her bottle-brush, which draped over her crack and narrowly spanned its width. A torrent of mixed emotions washed through her chest as she drank in the damage to her figure, though the sight of the kobold's mitigated the worst of them.

Similar to his roommate, his belly dominated his figure. Unlike her, however, it was the only major alteration to his frame. The sounds of gurgling and churning filled the kitchen as his stomach struggled to process the super-sized meal, unable to muster a pace beyond a painfully slow churn. He screwed his eyes shut with discomfort as the weight of his meal seeped into his senses, unleashed by the red panda's broken magic. His strength waned as

he rubbed his swollen middle, running his fingers across the tender hide between his parted scales. The kobold's tail thumped and lashed the floor in his search for relief, venting frustrations his voice couldn't release. The reptile managed only a strained laugh when she acknowledged his victory, but managed a more substantial utterance of thanks when the red panda offered relief. She struggled and stumbled to her feet, adjusted to her considerable weight, then waddled toward her fallen roommate. Each footstep sent a tremor through the floor that resonated in his middle, eliciting pained hisses until she spread her paws over his dome. Magic flowed from her fingers and into his belly, granting the relief he so needed. His hide relaxed with enhanced elasticity, and the tension drained from his muscles.

"Let's call this off," the red panda suggested. "I don't think either of us will survive another two weeks of this."

"Deal," he blurted

The red panda slumped with relief, and a grin crossed her muzzle. "Should we celebrate the draw with a buffet run? I think you need to work on your capacity."

"I never want to think about food again," he retorted. "Ask me again around lunch though."