II

“That *can’t* be the same girl that pledged β Σ T.”

In just a few short weeks, Tiffany’s life had turned itself on its head. Gone were her self-esteem issues, done were her diets, and flat was her belly as she sauntered about campus in tight, form-fitting clothes that showed what just a little hard work and a good attitude could do for you!

Even factoring in the fact that most of the stares that she had been getting all across Kingshead College were *mostly* because of the impressive set of tits that she had managed to keep despite dropping almost fifty pounds in the span of two months, it was undeniable that all eyes had been on her pretty much as soon as she dropped the second chin.

“It sure is, Abby.” The tall, curvaceous Sister said with an admiring look towards the pert, perky blonde, “That’s Tiffany Staten alright—the same girl that *you* said was too fat to be a House Member.”

To everyone else, it had seemed like a cruel twist of fate that every other pound that Tiffany had lost, Abigail Williams seemed to gain. A little more than thirty pounds heavier than when she had started the semester, the Senior had softened up at just as alarming of a rate as the rejected freshman had! To the point that she was literally bulging out of the waistband of her pants, threatening to bust the button off of her denim!

“Little ironic, isn’t it?”

“Shut *up* Lacey.”

Abigail’s cheek bulged slightly over her palm as she scooped up a French fry drenched in ketchup. About the guiltiest pleasure that she had allowed herself to enjoy this week. Thirty pounds since October meant that she was starting the new year and her last semester at yet another pant-size! With her fat belly forming a gross pot and her ass spreading across the seat…

Abigail had never been so much as a pound overweight since she’d joined the cheer squad back in high school, and now all of the sudden she was making up for lost time? How in the hell did a metabolism go to shit like this—and so fast? It wasn’t fair, and it wasn’t right! She had school and sorority responsibilities, and *boys* to worry about; how was she supposed to add a lazy thyroid (or whatever the fuck was happening with her) into the mix and be expected to keep up with everything *while still getting fat?!*

Although, and this one somehow hit more closely to home… how was she ever going to focus when all anyone was talking about was *Tiffany Staten*?

They were *supposed* to be talking about her!

Well… not *about* her about her, but… you know!

Somehow, for some reason no matter what she did, Lacey couldn’t seem to stop herself from gaining weight. Her perfect body was quickly becoming buried underneath a layer of soft, embarrassing chub that just wouldn’t go away! It stuck and clung to her formerly trim waist in the form of a gross, jiggling pot belly! It swelled out her thighs and her booty until everything *jiggled*! No matter how much she dieted or tried to exercise, there was no shaking these stubborn layers of fat that had crawled out of the woodwork to *ruin* her college experience!

Sitting in the cantina, watching that awful Tiffany Staten shovel away food… you would have never known that *Abigail* was the one who was having the weight problem. Seriously—out in public like this, stuffing her face! How was she not the one who was dealing with the bulging pot belly and a pair of tight, *new* jeans that almost refused to fit her anymore?!

“Well… at least *she’s* having fun.”

Lacey had sure had a good laugh about it, but unbeknownst to her, Tiffany *was* having all sorts of fun with this newfound ability of hers. Anything and everything she could have ever wanted to eat, often *more*, and she had actually *lost* weight while some other poor sap *gained* it! She was getting seconds at every meal now, getting to indulge her inner glutton without so much as an ounce of restraint!

Why her mother had decided to keep this from her for so long, Tiffany would never know!

Gone was the chubby belly that jiggled to and ‘fro with every step! Her thighs had shrunk down to manageable levels, and had even *toned* as the fat melted away! Her chest had shrunk (but not too much!) and her arms had shriveled until she looked very much like the blonde bombshell that her family had been known for producing. No longer was she trapped in a here-to-for permanent “chubby” phase… this was now Tiffany Staten’s time to shine!

And to think—it was all thanks to one little purple book that she’d found in the attic!

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“I can’t believe that I was ever worried that you would think twice about your heritage.”

Despite half of a lifetime of shunning the communal meals that had been a long-standing tradition in the Staten household, ever since finding out about the family’s dirty little secret Tiffany had been joining her mother and her aunt heartily in each and every meal that they offered! Now that she didn’t have a reason to stick to a diet, Tiffany saw no reason to hold back the appetite that she had been battling ever since she was a chubby little toddler—She was getting seconds and thirds at each and every meal throughout the day, enough that she hadn’t walked away from a meal yet without unbuckling her pants!

“Now, what you want to do is to focus your natural energies into yourself—try to think about the joy that you feel when you’re eating, and then *push* the bad things…”

“Into someone else.” Her aunt Ada helpfully added as she heaped a helping spoonful of mashed potatoes on top of her plate, “I haven’t seen anyone take this well to training since Cousin Clarice—do you remember her?”

“Do I remember her.” Tiffany’s mother scoffed, “She was only the best student I’d ever had—until you, of course dear.”

Tiffany smiled happily, welcomingly at the added calories that her aunt had piled high on her plate and would surely go to widening her rival’s waist to no cost of her own. It served her right, didn’t it? A small voice in the back of her mind that had steadily grown louder as it cheered her on had been telling her not to think twice about what was happening anywhere else but the dinner table. As awful as it might have felt, once upon a time, to force her excess calories onto a poor unsuspecting woman… it wasn’t exactly like Tiffany was feeling miserable about it!

Ever since she had learned of the family secret, Tiffany had been indulging like there was no tomorrow. Eating literally everything that she could think of, and all of the things that she had denied herself whenever she was on her diets. Cookies, ice cream, cake, *cup*cakes—and that was just dessert! She’d stopped skipping breakfast and she’d started indulging in the mountains of fluffy pancakes that her mother and aunt whipped up each and every morning. Now that she didn’t have to worry about keeping a trim figure anymore, she could really see the appeal of starting the day off right with such enormous breakfasts!

“Now, I suspect that you’ve been finding *responsible* places to shunt all of these calories off to?” her mother said with raised eyebrows, “It’s very important that you try and spread it out a little. Too much on one target in a short amount of time can adversely affect them, and—”

“Oh stop being such a buzzkill.” Aunt Ada said with a smile, “You want some whipped cream on those pancakes, sweetie? It’s not your thighs that’ll hate you in the morning!”

And of course, who was Tiffany to say no?

Weeks and months had passed since she had slimmed down into what she had felt was the ideal version of herself. Since she had sculpted the fat on her body to *exactly* what she thought that she should have looked like this entire time. With the guidance of her mother and her aunt, and the spells all written out so helpfully for her in her book by generations of weight witches past, she had been able to subtly shift and shape the excess fat in her body. Strategically placing it until she was happy with the slim, trim, and plucky blonde girl that stared back at her from the mirror.

And of course, making sure that it found its way onto Abigail Williams.

Watching her expand over the course of this semester had certainly been more gratifying than watching her from afar, wishing that she could have been her. They only had one class together, but ever since Tiffany had made it her personal mission in life to make that bitch regret shunning her and turning down her bid to pledge for her stupid sorority, it had become pretty much the most important class of her semester!

As her time as a weight witch had gone on, Tiffany had been watching alongside all of the others as Abigail began to expand out and around the chair that she steadily began to buckle beneath her, as thirty pounds became fifty, edging to seventy… it felt like Tiffany could do anything that she wanted! She was riding the high that came with her magical powers *and* that came with copious amounts of sugar! She could eat anything she wanted, and she would never have to deal with the consequences! All she had to do was to make sure that she cast a spell after every meal, sending all of those pesky calories to poor, unsuspecting Abigail Williams for “future use”.

Every time she would walk into a classroom, students and staff alike would stare at her. She seemed to be growing by the day even to the common eye (not an inaccurate observation) and it got to the point where she was having difficulty even *coming* to classes. Her stomach would be out. The legs on her bottoms would have exploded. More than once or twice, she’d actually busted a button on a pair of pants and it had lodged itself into the classroom wall—she was mortified!

And with every pound that Abigail gained, the more powerful that her private tormentor and social usurper seemed to become…

But truth be told, Tiffany couldn’t help but think that there was hardly any use better than humiliating someone who made her feel about two inches tall and five feet wide. Tiffany had been abusing this power almost as soon as she had figured out that she’d had it—for all of the talk that her mother and her aunt gave her about finding new spells to cast, why would she have ever wanted to use another one?

Well… she could think of a few—ones that came to her as she flipped through the pages of her dusty old grimoire. And since her mother and her aunt had *wanted* her to branch out, her use of this one particular spell was only going to get more and more blatant from here on out.

She was going to need energy, after all.

The higher level spells for lipomancy *were* prefaced by needing a lot of stored calories. That provided a justification of a sort for *why* Tiffany had yet to really practice anything other than the spells that allowed her to shape her body. She could have had no other spells in her arsenal, and it wouldn’t have made a difference—she was just here for the free liposuction and the chance to make some poor girl who was mean to her fat. Nothing else seemed to matter.

But despite the magical abilities that she had been given, they were still bound by her body’s natural ability to absorb food. If calories acted as a magical battery of sorts, shunting them off onto other people was necessary for something as large as she wanted to pull off. Which was why she’d been binging late into the night, in order to ensure that she had more than enough to play around with. Until her stomach was distended, round and turgid. Drooping off of the bottom of her waistband, and holstering itself onto the cold innards of the fridge.

This would be more than enough calories to shove into anyone who thought that they might want to make fun of her.

Now that she’d gotten herself a get-out-of-fat free card, Tiffany was going to milk it for as long as she could manage.

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It had been like nothing that anybody had seen in their entire lives. One of those things that you see on the news or Buzzfeed, but not something that actually, *really* happens.

Abigail Williams had come back from break waddling down the concrete sidewalks of Kingshead campus, spilling out of each and every thing that she owned. She had ballooned out and out at a terrible pace, *desperately* trying to burn off whatever excess calories that she could manage. Her good looks softened and plumped until her face was beset in a thick roll of neck. Her cheeks swelled, appling and bulging until her bright eyes grew beady and dark. Her figure exploded from the middle out, her breasts growing pendulous and heavy as they sagged over the innertube of belly flesh that bulged over her lower roll, while her legs and behind swelled to the point that they didn’t part until after the spread of her chunky knees.

In just the span of two semesters, Abigail Williams had gone from a slender piece of campus eye-candy to a wobbling, monolithic mass of black-haired meat—and nobody quite knew the answer as to why. Not even Abigail—she’d been trying so hard to keep her weight under control even as it exploded all around her; there wasn’t a diet in the world that seemed to be able to help her!

The distress that this had caused her, naturally, had meant that she’d had to take a year off from school. The counsellors understood, and everyone just sort of hoped that she managed to get *whatever* was happening to her under control.

But, with her on an academic leave, that had left β Σ T with new blood in charge of the leadership.

And now that she was much more popular and (frankly) much better looking than plenty of other members of the house, Tiffany Staten was a shoe-in for membership in her Sophomore year. A door prize to be sure, but not something that Tiffany was willing to turn down—given what she had in mind for these poor, unsuspecting undergrads…

“I feel like I have the fattest ass in this whole stupid house.”

One of the Junior sisters had been the first one to say something about it, right as she was twisting and turning in the mirror and struggling to get a flattering look at her bulgy body as it blimped out ass first. It felt like she had to stand further and further back each day—her constant outgrowing of everything in her closet certainly hadn’t helped either.

“I swear to God there’s something in the water around here.” A newly tubby black Sophomore grabbed either side of her gut by the flanks, “I already *gained* my freshman 15—I shouldn’t be putting on the sophomore sixty!”

But theirs were far from a pair of isolated incidents.

It seemed like everyone in the sorority house was having trouble keeping themselves in shape, no matter how often they attended the Kingshead on-campus health and wellness center. No matter how little they tried to eat. Any and all attempts to curb the mysterious weight gain that was gripping the Beta Sigma Tau house fell flat as taut bellies succumbed to the sinister swelling that had taken hold of the poor, unsuspecting Sorority members.

Except for one, of course.

Tiffany Staten—someone who was *certainly* a mark above the standardBeta Sigma Tau material.

And part of having a vast calorie pool to pull from when she needed it was having it ready for when she needed it for newly-learned spells that could rope larger numbers of people into being unwitting cast members added to her little collection of batteries…

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Since she had moved in to the β Σ T house, Tiffany’s mother and her aunt hadn’t seen much of her.

It had worked out great for Tiffany. On top of being a young woman who needed to explore the world on her own without her parental units hovering around, to say *nothing* of the magical half of that equation, she was more or less free to explore and indulge her newfound abilities and appetites without fear of repercussion.

In fact, moving out had actually been *their* idea, so that she could be free to experiment with her newfound abilities. Though she still was privy to their guidance, Tiffany was more or less on her own as far as learning her limitations went.

And she was learning, quite rapidly, that her limitations weren’t nearly as small as she had thought that they were back when she was just a chubby little blonde girl who didn’t have magic powers.

“Oh thank God you’re home.” Tiffany panted out punchdrunk, running her hands in sensual stripes down the swollen apron of gut flesh that domed over her snapped jeans, “I don’t… URRAP… I don’t think that I’d fit through the windows if I had to crawl in.”

“Tiffany Staten, just *what* have you been up to?”

As if her mother didn’t know.

The undergrad weight witch rubbed her stomach drunkenly, cooing and crooning like a spoiled house cat that had just snuck away with the whole bag of her favorite treat. She was short of breath, her haggard gasping hardly an indicator of the sheer amount of *fun* that she’d been having. She certainly *looked* to have been having fun, anyway. She looked absolutely stuffed stupid, and to an unhealthy degree. In any other house, it might have been grotesque. But the two older women knew just what Tiffany was going through—it hadn’t been the first time that a Staten woman had come home looking like this.

It almost certainly wouldn’t be the last, given the rate that Tiffany had been growing more accustomed to her powers.

“Is that *all food in there*?” Her aunt asked with a point of her finger at the groaning, squelching mass that hung from her niece’s waist, “Or are you having... like triplets?”

“S’aaaaaall food.” Tiffany slurred as she took wobbly steps inside, walking swaybacked through the threshold of her childhood home, “I figured that… HIC!... I might wanna start makin’ up for lost time as far as my lipomancy was concerned.”

“Oh Tiffany.” Her mother clicked her tongue and shook her head with a little laugh, “You are *very* much your mother’s child.”

Tiffany’s smile only crept wider along her face in a hardly-disguised pride at what she had managed. Here she was expecting a lecture, and her mother had hit her with the “atta girl”.

Hey, it wasn’t often that *one woman* managed to get kicked out of an all-you-can-eat buffet. Tiffany couldn’t help but feel proud of just how much she had trained her body to take in!

“You know, we’ve been hearing things about a sorority house mysteriously fattening up.” Her mother’s expression turned to one of exasperation, watching as her daughter waddled heavy-footed towards the couch, “You’ve got to learn to be more discrete, or we could get into a lot of trouble with the Elders of the—”

“Oh would you lighten up?” Aunt Ada rolled her eyes and crossed her arms over her chest, “Honestly Gale, are you going to pretend that Mother didn’t have this exact same conversation with you when *you* were Tiffy’s age?”

“You—URAAAAARRRP—tell ‘er Auntie.”

“Don’t get too cocky—judging by the size of that gut of yours, you’re still gonna feel like crap tomorrow morning.”

Tiffany stuck out her tongue as she plopped down onto the sofa, a heavy OOF escaping from deep inside her as she sunk low into the old couch. Rolling her hands lustfully over the distended belly, Tiffany purred thickly and chuckled dumbly as the sensation of being stuffed beyond all measure left her stupidly full.

The older women turned to one another, only to be taken aback by a soft THUMP. And before either her mother or her aunt could even turn back to talk to her, Tiffany had fallen fast asleep.

“We’re not done discussing this.” The older woman said with a point to her sister, “We’ve got to give her some direction in life, Ada.”