

Tommen and the Tome

By: Indigo Rho

Tommen circled his living room, checking to ensure everything was ready for the night's D&D session. A stack of manuals sat on the table, likely to remain untouched since everyone had PDFs of the books on their computers. His laptop was closed beside them, and his character sheet was on top. Dice were scattered across a gridded game mat that bore faint marks from previous sessions.

Between the dice was a custom miniature of the wolf's character that looked just like him. He'd painstakingly painted the whites, grays, and blacks of his own fur. The miniature's armor and cloak made him seem somewhat rotund from certain angles, but aside from that, it was perfect.

He moved on from the table. Chips and dip were out, along with some soda. Pizza would be ordered later. A lot of pizza, considering his friend Luxford's eating habits. The fox's appetite had been out of control since becoming the DM for their game. He'd ballooned from thin to undeniably doughy, and his gains showed no signs of reversing. Snacking while preparing for sessions had caused some of the gains. And then there was the snacking while playing. And before playing. And of course after playing. Perhaps some blame lay in Tommen thanking Luxford for DMing with an excess of snacks. The fox *had* been mentioning that a lot.

Tommen smirked. Luxford could play the blame game all he wanted. No one had forced him to open another bag of chips or grab an extra slice of pizza.

Confident that essential preparations were complete, Tommen moved on to something more personal. He picked up the leather-bound tome he'd purchased from a used bookstore that morning. It looked ancient. Page edges were worn and ragged. A metal clasp kept the book shut tight. The cover lacked a title or author, but the first few pages proclaimed it a tome of magic spells. It even had an index listing them all.

Tommen didn't believe for a second that the tome contained genuine spells. Whether old or new, it was undoubtedly a fanciful work of fiction. He'd bought it because it looked cool and he believed it'd make a fun prop for game nights.

He opened the tome to a random page. There was a spell called “Solar Absorption” on it, involving a complex ritual and magic words. A faded picture below it depicted a glowing, spherical lion hovering in the sky. He jumped forward a few dozen pages, landing on the “Blueberry Mana” spell. He stared at its picture of a giant blueberry and gradually realized it was a spherical fox resembling a blueberry. A few pages beyond that was a picture of an immense wolf king squeezed tight by the walls of a castle.

The wolf chuckled. The mysterious author hadn’t tried to hide the silly nature of the work. Skipping ahead, Tommen found a spell for creating chocolate muffins. It was simple—only a few words in a language he didn’t know.

“Too bad magic isn’t real,” Tommen said. “I could really go for a muffin right now.”

He raised a paw and put on a severe face, before repeating the spell. A strange chill passed over him. On the table before him, a chocolate muffin had appeared.

He stared at the muffin, waiting for it to vanish. It stubbornly persisted. He cautiously poked it with a finger, pushing it. He looked down at the tome, up at the muffin, and then repeated the spell. The chill returned, and a second chocolate muffin popped into existence beside the first.

“Oh. Oh, that really happened,” Tommen muttered in disbelief.

He picked up one of the muffins and sniffed it. The aroma of fresh chocolate made his stomach rumble. Against his better judgment, he took a bite, and was immediately satisfied. “It’s real,” he said as he scarfed down the muffin. “And delicious!” The second muffin was soon devoured.

The magic words were seared into Tommen’s mind. He repeated them four more times, and quickly ate the four new muffins that appeared.

His heart pounded and his taste buds danced. Against common sense, the old book he’d bought was actually magic. He turned the page and saw a spell to create pie. Speaking the magic words made a pie appear on the table. The taste didn’t disappoint. One paw grabbed slices of pie while the other flipped the tome’s pages. There were plenty more food spells, ranging from donuts to soups to full-blown feasts. There was also a spell that claimed to animate food.

Obsessed with testing out the new powers at his fingertips, he cast the

spell on the remaining slices of pie. They lifted off the table. "Spin around," he ordered, and they did. "Feed me," he ordered, and they tumbled towards his open mouth.

The wolf jumped with joy. He tested spell after spell, summoning a small feast of desserts. Most lasted only a few seconds before being gobbled up.

Muffins, pie, donuts, and cake steadily filled Tommen's stomach. His flat middle rounded out, stretching his black shirt. Wonder at the discovery of magic kept his attention away from his growing gut. Even when his shirt rode up and a wide strip of his taut belly was exposed, he couldn't tear his thoughts away from trying out new desserts.

Only when Tommen's belly pressed against the edge of the table did he recognize something wasn't quite right. He glanced down, and his jaw dropped. His face flushed red. He slid a paw under the curve of his bulging middle and shook it. He nearly whined when it jiggled.

"How did I eat so much?" he wondered aloud. It had felt like a lot, but not enough to make his middle swell like a balloon. He tugged his shirt down, but it couldn't cover the entirety of his gut. Hiding his gluttony from his friends would be impossible. They'd bring up how round he was right away, and he'd spend the rest of the night being teased. Luxford especially would be angling for revenge. He doubted it'd shrink much before the others arrived, and he couldn't cancel the D&D session on such short notice.

He looked at the tome. There had to be a spell to fix his mistake. A picture of a dragon standing behind a table full of empty plates caught his attention. A stomach-emptying spell. His smile returned to him, and he spoke the spell right away.

With a jiggle, the wolf's round belly started shrinking. But as he watched the magic work, his pants grew tighter. Confused, he looked down and realized his rump and thighs were growing thicker. So were his arms. The spell *emptied* his stomach, just not how he'd expected it to. He was simply digesting everything he'd eaten, and learning just how fattening a pile of magic desserts could be.

"Oh, come on," Tommen whined as his beach ball gut slimmed down to a plump paunch. The gains wouldn't be any easier to disguise than his previously swollen middle. He'd be forced to admit he'd foolishly gluttoned on

sweets. He'd never hear the end of it.

Magic had caused his hefty predicament, and he was determined that magic would get him out of it. He returned to the index and poured over the list of spells. On the third, frantic re-read, his finger stopped below the "Instant Weight Loss" spell on page three hundred and seventeen. He nearly dropped the tome in relief. He began flipping through the pages. Soon the pounds would be gone, and no one would be the wiser.

He abruptly stopped when he reached the food summoning spells. The others wouldn't be there for a while. Despite the brief bout of panic gorging on desserts had provoked, he longed to try out the rest of the magic food. He knew how to swiftly digest everything, and how to get rid of the weight that ensued. Why not indulge some more before the party began? The extra practice would make him look more impressive when he revealed his magic to his friends. He couldn't wait to see the shock on their faces when they learned magic was real.

Tommen found where he'd left off. The "King's Feast." A lion as round as he was tall sat on a throne, surrounded by piles of food. If a few pastries tasted incredible, a full feast should taste divine. He recited the long string of magic words. Loaded plates clattered as they appeared across his table. Enticing aromas washed over him, and the wolf licked his lips. The feast lived up to its name, filling not only his table, but every other free surface in the room. There were tankards on his end tables and pies on his desk.

Normally, even one of the heavy plates of food would've felt daunting to Tommen, but today, he felt bottomless.

He brought the feast to life with a flourish, coaxing it to swirl around him. He reached for plates at his leisure, scarfing them down with reckless abandon. Every dish tasted better than the last. And best of all, the calories didn't matter. He could eat and eat and eat, and never worry about a pound, not while he had magic that could slim him down.

The ravenous wolf's belly ballooned faster than before, swaying from the constant influx of delectable food. He occasionally glanced at it, no longer afraid of its size. If anything, he now found it amusing. He batted it back and forth with his paws, feeling its growing heft. It was more wrecking ball than balloon. Most would laugh at it. At least until he used it to pin them to a wall.

He let his belly swell down to his knees. Only then did he cast the spell to digest his feast. The pounds piled on, fattening him up all over. He blushed as he more than tripled in weight, surpassing Luxford in size. Every jiggle flustered him more.

Curiosity got the better of Tommen. And greed. He had the means to grow enormous. He could stuff himself with the most delicious food in existence without a care in the world. It didn't matter how huge he became, he could always slim back down to normal with a few words. He no longer had to worry about counting calories or holding back.

Dishes from the initial feast remained. That didn't stop Tommen from summoning another.

Tommen's appetite increased along with his waistline, and he vowed to give it everything it wanted, and then some. He created fresh desserts simply because he could, scarfing down slices of pies between bites of the feast. He craved more. He *deserved* more.

The power the magic offered Tommen was intoxicating. He'd only skimmed the spells that created food. Far more powerful spells were bound to be hidden within, ones that'd grant him unfathomable wealth and skills. He lumbered around the room, his blimping belly bouncing as he lost himself in fantasies. He'd be able to launch fireballs and breathe underwater and fly through the air. Teleporting halfway across the world would be a snap.

His belly brushed against the floor and his face momentarily twisted in embarrassment. Then he laughed, and digested the mountain of food he'd consumed. His blubbery middle jutted out like a furry ball when the spell had run its course. He squeezed the sides and felt his paws sink into the doughy mass. He ran a paw over the rolls of his neck and the curve of his cheeks. Unused to such incredible bulk, the wolf could barely waddle. When he did, he felt his entire body wobbling with every heavy step.

But rather than feel humiliated or weak, he felt invincible. The preposterous gains were nothing to him. Perhaps he'd fatten up for a bit now and then, just because he could. Being bigger made him feel more imposing, even if he lacked much in the way of flexibility. Surely a spell could handle that.

Tommen's clothing hung on for dear life. His shirt had ridden up the

wide curve of his belly and clung tightly to his soft chest. He doubted he could close a single button of his button-up, the sleeves of which squeezed his thick arms. The button of his shorts had come undone and a few seams had torn to make room for his huge rear and thighs. He'd have to look for a clothes mending spell when he had the time. Or maybe something to make them stretch.

He considered finally using the weight loss spell. Another feast might immobilize him. But more food remained to be tasted, and his stomach rumbled like a locomotive. One more feast. Then he'd take a break. His wide grin pinched his cheeks as he summoned dish after dish and renewed the gorging.

Glut, digest. Glut, digest. Glut, digest. Tommen repeated the spells as if he'd known them all his life, putting little thought into them. He let his imagination grow wild, and grew along with it. He wouldn't just eat like a king, he'd live like one. Work and bills and a million other worries were now inconsequential. The magic tome would transform his life as the feasts transformed his figure. People would do anything in exchange for a glimpse of his newfound power. What magic couldn't handle, he'd leave to servants.

A fresh round of gains left Tommen teetering. His enormous belly was as wide around as he was tall and refused to cooperate with him. The blubbery wolf took a fraction of a step before falling backward onto his butt. It was a short plummet, cushioned by his pillowy heft. Ripples spread over his gut and seams ripped. The tome slipped free of his paw and fell open on the floor, out of sight.

He blushed, reminded that he had yet to completely conquer his significantly increased weight. Hunger rapidly returned to the forefront of his thoughts. The massive wolf craved a massive meal, and a few words were all he required to gain one.

Tommen summoned a swarm of food and commanded it all to dive down his throat. He cast the digestion spell between bites, unwilling to be bothered by even the slightest sensation of being full. It took away from the joy of eating. He gluttoned and gorged and consumed. But most of all, he fattened. The wolf swelled in every direction without a care in the world. His rumbling mountain of a belly pushed the table against the wall. A lamp was knocked over and an end table flattened beneath a tidal wave of pudge.

Eating dominated his thoughts. His fantasies of flying and traveling the world shifted to fantasies of stuffing himself with every imaginable treat. He *could* gorge, so he *should* gorge, and he *would* gorge, all day and night if possible. And what wasn't possible with the aid of magic?

Casting spells and glutting nonstop eventually exhausted Tommen. Magic words once spoken with firm glee were reduced to mumbles and his eating slowed. A final muffin drifted into his mouth and he swallowed it. He tried to speak the spell to summon a feast, but gave up after a single word. He had—at long last—had his fill.

The enormous wolf filled half the room, a hill of blubber centered around a boulder of a belly. A wide, sleepy grin was on his face and his eyes were half-lidded. He didn't think about his absurd size, only how unforgettable his feast had been. He barely heard the front door opening.

A lean lion in a hoodie entered the room, followed by a fat fox in a shirt that didn't quite fit. "Hey, Tommen, why weren't you answering my... texts." The lion stared at the nearly unrecognizable blob his friend had become.

The fox yelped in surprise. "Ignus, please tell me I'm not hallucinating this!"

"I don't think so, Luxford," Ignus muttered. "Tommen?" he asked the blob.

"Hey guys," Tommen mumbled. "Ready to play?"

"Are you?" Ignus asked right back. "What happened?" He couldn't even begin to guess. There was no conceivable way the wolf could've gained so much weight in so little time. And why would he seem so calm about it?"

"Magic book," Tommen replied as if saying such a thing didn't create more questions than it answered.

Ignus spotted the open tome laying at the base of Tommen's gut. He slowly approached, still struggling to believe the immense wolf before him was actually Tommen. He picked up the tome and backed away. It was open to page three hundred and sixteen. Page three hundred and seventeen was missing. He flipped a few pages, trying to make sense of both the book and the blob.

Meanwhile, Luxford had recovered from his shock. A mischievous smile appeared on the fox's face as he sauntered up to Tommen. "I'm

suddenly feeling slim today, I wonder why?" He wrapped his arms around as much of Tommen as he could, only grasping a portion of the wolf's immense gut. He snickered as he saw Tommen blush.

Ignus came to a page with a picture of a muffin. He was sure Tommen spoke nonsense but felt compelled to try out the silly spell. Besides, he felt peckish, and a muffin sounded good.