

“EXPANDING THE BRAND”

By Zaftig Industries

Starring Zaiva Nixux, a dark elf OC by @NerevarMoonStar on Twitter

CW: Mild farts, lots of burping, weight gain, body issues, softcore domming, hot twink elf boys.



Long before the sun rose, a trickle of cars filtered into the parking lot of Phantasmedia Inc., the glass facade of the building absorbing employees into its post-modern architecture like a gigantic beast.

The illusory spell keeping the company’s logo floating over its doors flickered as a goblin employee changed out the enchanted projector inside, and then glowed even brighter than before--a beacon of progress, chicness, and sleek digital development in an urban ocean of similar companies.

The dawn had barely arrived, and already the workers of Phantasmedia--Orcs, trolls, Duergar, goblins, kobolds, and demons--were reporting to their workstations. Their former species rivalries long forgotten, they were sipping lattes, nibbling on bagels or crunching on granola.

In another world, another time, they had been the terrors of the night--creatures widely feared and shunned by society. But now, with their nocturnal tendency allowing them to work day *and* night shifts in rapid rotation, they had an advantage over other social media employees. And their CEO, Zaiva Nixux, made sure that everybody knew it.

Zari, a slim but well-toned dark elf male in casual office-wear, hurried towards his boss’ office as he heard the tell-tale alerts coming from his phone--he was being summoned. He was a very capable assistant, but even *he* had the tendency to sweat when he heard Zaiva coming down the hall. She was brilliant, she was beautiful, she was a force of nature turning the whole industry upside down... but she was also a *challenging* boss to work for. She was, in a word, a little “eccentric.”

The glass doors to the private office bathroom flew open as he entered, and Zaiva sashayed out, several pixies following her holding hand-mirrors, makeup kits and the occasional cup of coffee. The boss was in her usual gear today: a form-fitting black skirt and suit-jacket, with just enough suggestion of shoulderpads to make her look serious, but not quite intimidating enough to put off potential customers.

Her long, white hair was bound back in a tight bun behind her curling, undulating demon-horns, and her scorpion-tail lashed behind her as she entered. The powerful drow sorceress adjusted her glasses, waving away her pixies, who returned the Feywild with little pops and puffs of pixie-dust.

“Zari, honey, can you get that Heavenly Donuts meeting going? I’m supposed to meet with them at nine-thirty, but their COO of advertising hasn’t picked up any of my calls, so I don’t know if we’re even still on... Oh, hang on, I’ve got that idiot from the Alkemi app calling again...”

Zaiva’s Bluetooth headpiece was lit up with yet another call... and it seemed, to Zari’s ears, that it wasn’t one she wanted.

“I thought I was clear the last time you called, Mr. Drek. Why would I *ever* want to acquire your company? I have no use for Alkemi, do you even know what *year* it is? Besides, an alchemy-vending app has been done a hundred times...and by people with more talent in their little finger than you have in your entire rodent body! Go peddle your knockoff potions somewhere else, and *stop wasting my time!*”

Zari winced as Zaiva ended the call... and immediately took another one.

This one was from the Centaurs’ Office Workers Accessibility Group, according to the info on Zari’s smart-watch, and even as he started setting up her meeting for her, the young assistant marvelled at how his boss simply turned on a *dime*, summoning sweetness where a moment before she had been cruel and domineering. Zaiva practically oozed uncharacteristic, girly enthusiasm as she gushed at her newest client:

“Sagittara, so *good* to hear from you!! Yes, I got the plans for your accessibility ramps yesterday--yes, I’m making it the company’s *first* construction priority this week. Yes, of course we’d love to have some of your workers come test it out, it’d be my pleasure!! Oh yes, we should meet up soon and discuss more partnership options. Maybe coffee on Teusday? Down at Domovoi Bakery? Done, I’ll have my assistant add it to my calendar. Talk to you soon! Bye, now!”

With that, she ended her Bluetooth call, and let out a heavy sigh, slumping into the rolling office chair that Zari had rolled up behind her.

“Zari, baby... Darken the office walls, would you? I’m a little frazzled this morning, I don’t want the cubicle drones seeing me sweat...”

Zari nodded, and pressed a hotkey on his phone. Instantly the office walls went from transparent glass, which allowed Zaiva to see everything going on in her company below them, to a dark tint that felt more like ‘home’ to both of them.

As dark elves, they'd made an effort to add "nocturnal" and "cave dwelling" illusion spells to the building, to make things a little comfortable for their subterranean employees. But this also allowed Zaiva to just tune out the world and relax for a few minutes, before diving into another meeting.

"Ugh... These calls are just so *tedious* in the morning, Zari. Why do I even have to be here this early? I'm CEO, I should at least be allowed to sleep in..."

"Yes, ma'am."

Zaiva rubbed her forehead, her glowing white eyes narrowed in consternation.

"And that absolute *cow* of a centaress is asking me to install ANOTHER ramp next week... I love her organization, I really do, they're good people. But have you seen how *wide* the average centaur is, in this city? Their obesity rates are through the roof!! We'll have to widen all the doorways, if I hire even a single one of them!"

"Yes, ma'am. Rather sedentary, they are."

"Exactly. Like big fuzzy blimps." Zaiva snorted in derision. "And our office gym isn't properly set up for them... which means they'll be a flabby embarrassment to the company, until we can get the gym modified for them, and get those butterballs into shape."

Zaiva sighed and waved a manicured hand, tucking a few errant strands of white hair behind her pointed ears.

"Alright. I'm ready for the next meeting. Fetch the promotional donuts, please."

"Are you sure you don't need some... Stress relief first, ma'am?"

Zaiva looked him up and down as he suggestively unbuttoned the top two buttons of his collared shirt, smiling coyly at her. She licked her lips and Zari heard a soft purring sound emanate from the back of her throat.

"Mmf... You do love to tempt me. Not now, little man... Maybe after our meeting. Can't have any of the Donuts team think I've just been *lewd* with my assistant... no matter what a little *hunk* he is. Just grab me the donuts--oh, and an espresso, please? Thanks."

"Of course, ma'am."

Zari smiled ruefully; it had been worth a try, but Zaiva seemed too stressed for a "quickie" this morning. Which he understood--it must be stressful, running Phantasmedia as the only drow software CEO in the country.

He crossed to the *cuiraffe* in the corner and began brewing Zaiva a fresh espresso, reaching into the mini-fridge under Zaiva's enormous black-onyx desk and pulling out a box of donuts.

Zaiva's high-energy lifestyle required lots of snacks, but these donuts were a special case: she *needed* to have them on-hand during the Heavenly Donuts meeting, to show her dedication to the brand. Heavenly Donuts was quite evangelical about their product, and they needed to see that devotion in their business partners, or they tended to walk away from merger deals and promo agreements en masse.

Taking a deep breath, Zaiva sat down behind her desk, with the box of donuts open beside her. She looped the stinger of her scorpion-tail into the hole of one of the donuts, and brought it to her lips, nibbling half-heartedly. She wasn't really a donut person--protein bars and fruit shakes were more her speed. She was only eating it so that when they started the meeting, she would be displaying loyalty to Heavenly's brand.

But to her own astonishment, she actually *liked* it.

The strawberry-frosted donut she was munching on wasn't just good--it was *exceptional*. The strawberry frosting was sweet but not *too* sweet, with just the right amount of sprinkles. The donut itself was fluffy and filling, and almost addictively relaxing to eat: like nibbling on a cloud. And it gave her the most pleasant, relaxing sugar rush--some kind of magic, enhancing the dough maybe? Either way, she felt better and more cheerful after just a few bites.

"Zari!"

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Why didn't you tell me these are actually good?!"

He shrugged. "I hadn't tried them, ma'am."

"Well... *Mff, gllp*... next time, taste-test the product for me. These are delicious and it is a *scandal* I have not been enjoying them every morning! Mm, ooh, there's a chocolate one..."

"Ma'am?"

Zaiva turned towards him, her cheeks stuffed with donut.

"**Whmff?**"

"You have a meeting, ma'am."

Crap!

Zaiva hastily swallowed the many mouthfuls of donut she'd eaten, already feeling a little full--she wasn't used to such rich food, so early in the morning. But when she opened the meeting window on her computer, a few crumbs decking her blouse, she was smiling genuinely, rather than using the fake smile she usually reserved for customers.

Surprisingly, the meeting went well. The aasimars of Heavenly Donuts had no love for a part-demon like Zaiva--there were some snide comments about her "choice of employees" and her drow heritage--but Zaiva paved over these verbal bumps in the road with genuine compliments about Heavenly's brand, their perfect match for ad promotions in Phantasmedia's new platforms, and so on. By the end, Zaiva was on her third cup of espresso and closing the deal.

"And I would just *love* it if we could pursue a more... long-term partnership," she said, laying on the charm and shifting her shoulders a tad suggestively. "Heavenly Donuts is such an excellent fit for our apps--and with our algorithms, we can combine our customers' personal info with your donut types and advertise them the *perfect* donut for their tastes!"

Heads were nodding, half-angel culinary experts earnestly agreeing and making new suggestions. When the meeting wrapped up, Zaiva had expertly sealed the agreement--and when the window closed, her hand went instantly back to the donut box.

"Whew, that was *exhausting*," she said, biting into a Boston creme donut and not seeming to notice the cream that dribbled onto her blouse. "Fucking angels always talk your ear off... But at least they're good cooks. Zari, dear?"

"Yes, Boss?"

"How fast can you get me another box of these?"



The advertising merger went forward on schedule. Zaiva's software engineers worked tirelessly to roll out the new tailored donut ads, and Heavenly Donuts kept their end of the bargain--they refused offers from other companies, instead focusing entirely on Phantasmedia's partnership.

And it *worked*. Donut sales skyrocketed in Heavenly locations across the country--not to mention in the offices of Phantasmedia itself. But their biggest consumer of donuts in Phantasmedia wound up being Zaiva Nixux herself.

It wasn't *her* fault, of course. She was required as part of the merger to make social media posts involving the donuts--and therefore, she had to keep them around at all times. It was a completely necessary part of the merger.

“Mmm... Ooh, this one's got little chocolate sprinkles and vanilla frosting... **GLomph, gLLp,** mff...”

Zari raised one white-haired eyebrow as he scrolled through Zaiva's personal schedule. They were enjoying one of the company's corporate retreats--a nice little getaway in the mountains, with log cabins all around them, a luxurious infinity pool, and plenty of sunshine. Lounging beside the pool with Zaiva, he couldn't help but notice something.

“Uh... ma'am, it appears the majority of your schedule is... donut-related?”

“Yes.” Zaiva licked frosting from her fingers. “Ten o'clock, taste test donuts with milk. Eleven o'clock, taste test donuts with wine. What's your point?”

Zaiva's frosty tone told him he had better abandon this line of inquiry. Zari sighed and closed the laptop, glancing over at his employer.

“Uh... Nothing, ma'am. I was just... Making an observation.”

But that wasn't the only “interesting observation” available to him.

Zaiva was laying back in her pool chair, clad in a very revealing jet-black bikini which hugged her curves and supported her ample breasts while also leaving little to the imagination. The bikini had fit just fine during their last corporate retreat together... but in the weeks since the Heavenly merger, Zaiva's figure had made some *big* changes.

A constant influx of donuts, plus the elegant drow's exotic taste in delicacy foods and wines, had tipped Zaiva over from “thick” territory into “very plump.” She had swung like a pendulum back and forth between these two ever since she'd had children, but Zari had never seen the pendulum go *this* far.

Zaiva was getting... big. *Really* big. Her already impressive bosom surged against the limits of the bikini, swollen and jiggling, while her ample hips threatened to snap the clasps of the bikini-bottom. As she stuffed the last of her chocolate-sprinkled donut into her mouth, belching softly, Zari's gaze fell on her stomach.

She'd always had a little softness, ever since the kids came along... but this was different. Her stomach seemed puffy, swollen and distended all the time--most likely because it was packed with donuts and sloshing with mimosas or *mojitos*. She was riding so high on the success of the merger that she hadn't seemed to notice, and Zari wasn't looking forward to when she started to panic over it.

Because she always, always did.

Zaiva's body issues were... well, just as over-the-top as the rest of her personality. Zari had coaxed her back from the brink of a dozen ill-advised diets, crazy exercise programs and even religious movements when she noticed excess softness on her body. He didn't mind doing so--he cared for her quite a bit, and he didn't mind her chubbier. In fact, he kind of liked it.

But... they didn't really have *time* for her body issues, right now. This merger had to succeed. If Zaiva had a mental breakdown over her weight *now*, it could derail the whole merger--and maybe even destroy Phantasmia's stocks. He didn't dare say a word to her about her size... at least, not until they had cemented the financial gains from the merge.

"Zari... Another martini, please? **Urrp.**"

His boss let loose a soft belch, covering her mouth with a perfectly manicured--and recently, rather chubby--hand.

Zari sighed to himself and obeyed, mixing her drink with the skill of an expert bartender. He was used to this task, as well--Zaiva drank a *lot* when she was under stress, or bored, or afflicted with the malaise of an elf who had lived for hundreds of years. So, she pretty much drank constantly. Another of her personality traits that he was required to babysit, now and then.

"Here you are, ma'am."

Zaiva pounded back the drink with the easy grace of a seasoned alcoholic, and handed him the empty martini glass, the olive rolling around in the bottom.

"Thank you. **Gllg... glug... BLLCH.** Mmm, that'sh good..." She licked her lips. "Oh, and could you be a dear and bring me more of those *lovely* donuts? They're so addictive, I can't seem to stop eating them..."

"Yes, I... noticed."

Luckily, Zaiva was too tipsy to take much note of his hesitation. Tucking her white hair back in a bun, she shifted her bulk in the beach chair so that her tails weren't pressed against the slats. This also had the effect of showing off her *extremely* ample bosom to Zari, who coughed as he felt an erection forming in his colorful Hawaiian-themed swimming trunks. Her breasts flopped and slapped against each other, a pair of softly seductive water-balloons full of enticing drow-meat.

“I don’t know what they put in these things,” said Zaiva, taking several duck-faced selfies in quick succession as she nibbled her next donut, “but I just feel so relaxed with them around. Maybe it’s divine magic, or something? I wouldn’t put it past those goody-two-shoes scum, to enchant their donuts...”

“Yes, ma’am. Those scoundrels are capable of just about anything.”

“You don’t think I’m eating too many of them, do you?”

“Wh-what?”

Zaiva had looked up from her phone, and she was fixing him with “The Look.” “The Look” was a mix of her domineering, austere drow eyes and an expression that said “if you lie to me, I will have you roasted over hot coals.”

Not that she’d ever actually *roasted* him over coals. But she did tend to give him the silent treatment when she caught him a lie, which was... somehow worse, honestly. She would also refuse him sex, which was... difficult for him, given how much he enjoyed being with her. Even at the more “rotund” sizes on her personal weight-pendulum.

“Well, ma’am,” he said, coughing, “they have certainly made your figure more... *fulsome* lately. Not that I’m complaining!”

Zaiva raised an eyebrow. Then she saw the stiffness inside his Bermuda shorts, and grinned with sudden delight.

“Ooh, Zari, you *bad* boy, you certainly aren’t complaining, are you? It’s true, I’ve gotten a little thicker lately... But I’m just growing with the success of my company, wouldn’t you say? I’m not...”

She bit her lip, and for a moment Zari glimpsed the woman she was on the inside, the deeply insecure, constantly anxious drow girl who had grown up under an abusive mother and spent hundreds of years trying to escape cycles of self-abuse and masochistic loathing.

“I’m not getting *fat* again, am I?”

And there it was. If Zari dared to hint that she might be getting overweight--which she *absolutely* was, at incredible speeds--the merger would collapse as Zaiva withdrew from public life, exercised obsessively, meditated and prayed to gods of beauty to return her looks to her. And so on, and on, and on. The whole tiresome *schtick* of someone with raging body issues in an out-of-control negativity spiral.

Zari had a job to do here. He couldn’t tell his boss she was getting fat... even though she clearly was. Her cheeks were chubbier, her thighs were going from thick to almost flabby, and her stomach was

rapidly ballooning towards “potbelly” territory. It would destroy her ego, and their company, in one fell swoop. But he *also* couldn’t lie and claim she looked the same as always.

“You look just fine to me, ma’am.”

She frowned suspiciously... but seeing his “flagpole” standing at attention, seemed to lose her concerns, and licked her lips avariciously.

“Hmm, your little *lie detector* seems not to be going down... I guess you’re right, I’m just being paranoid. Bring me more donuts, would you? Oh, and a few more drinks--it’s already noon and I’m hardly **urrrrph**, even wasted yet.”

Zari swallowed, thankful that his loins had supported him. Not that his cock ever seemed to care how big Zaiva got--it was ever lustful for her curvaceous form. Only his brain seemed to have any concern for her waistline. Oh, how traitorous his anatomy could be...

“Yes, ma’am. Right away.”



Thanna, the orc “fitness sorceress,” got her call from Zari a few months after the big merger was announced. She’d worked with Zaiva before, many times--the large-bottomed drow had a tendency to call Thanna every time she got panicked over her size, asking for a friend to help her lose the weight. But this time it was Zaiva’s personal assistant calling her. Which was... unusual. She liked the little twink-boy--he was a sweet, succulent little snack--but she rarely talked to him, and didn’t really know him that well. In fact, she didn’t even recall giving Zari her number.

She answered her phone through Bluetooth while jogging on a treadmill at her local Interplanar Fitness Club, wiping sweat off her forehead and admiring her own tusks in the reflection of the big bay windows, which looked out onto downtown. Her toned body, stuffed into a sports bra and Spandex shorts, pounded furiously against the treadmill.

“Zari! To what do I owe the... **huff, huff**, the pleasure?”

“Thanna. It’s good to hear your voice. Things have been... A little *chaotic* around here.”

In the background of the call, Thanna heard a furious female voice shouting.

*“These are CRULLERS, you stupid imps! I asked you to order more **DONUTS!** Do-nuts, do you understand? Get your **urRRrp**, infernal butts back out there and get me my damn snacks!”*

Thanna sighed.

“Uh oh. She’s gone off the deep end again, huh?”

Zari’s pained groan told her she was correct.

“Yes. And it’s worse than ever before. I don’t know what’s in these Heavenly donuts, but she doesn’t even seem to notice the weight. Which is... Good for the company’s bottom line, and my stress levels, but she’s bound to notice *eventually*. Yesterday I had to pull on her arms, just to get her out of her office chair. I managed to convince her the new chairs had accidentally been ordered too small, but...”

Thanna nodded.

“Eventually she’s going to freak out, yeah.”

“Exactly.” Zari paused. “We’ll happily double your usual rates, if you can get her back in shape by the next in-person meeting with Heavenly Donuts. If any of them comment on her figure during the meeting next month...”

Thanna frowned. She knew Zaiva very well--in addition to having a business relationship, they were also close friends. And she knew Zaiva was an *absurdly* powerful sorceress. If any of her new business partners implied she had gotten fat, there would be Baleful Polymorph spells flying all over the place. Not to mention a wave of lawsuits, once Heavenly Donuts finally collected all their transformed executives and board members.

“I’ll drop all my current clients for today. They’re all in pretty good shape anyway--I think Zaiva needs my help now, more than they do.”

“Oh, I assure you, she does. I’ll send you a picture of her... uh, current condition. So you know what you’re dealing with.”

Thanna nodded. It was always

“Thanks, Zari honey. Keep me posted on her mood, okay?”

“Will do. Talk to you later.”

As she hung up and stepped off the treadmill, wiping sweat-streaked hair from her eyes, Thanna heard an alert pinging from her phone. That would be the photo from Zari. She opened it... and her jaw dropped, eyes widening.

Zaiva had gotten *enormous*.

Thanna's eyes struggled to take in what she was seeing. The elven CEO tended to yo-yo from curvy to plump, but this... This was something else *entirely*.

Zaiva Nixux had truly let herself go.

The photo was taken from behind. It seemed like Zaiva was leaning down to retrieve some boxed wine from her personal, office mini-fridge--an appliance Thanna had warned her against buying, because of its obvious threat to her personal fitness levels.

Zaiva's coal-gray office-casual skirt was stretched to its absolute limit, two colossal chunky buttocks overflowing it from the top and the bottom. Two massive, hammy thighs gleamed with a natural sheen of sweat, stretching down into plump calves... and what Thanna suspected were beginner "cankles" pudging out over the tops of Zaiva's fashion-nouveaux pumps. Even her *tails* looked fatter, with chubby flesh bulging around the armor of her scorpion-tail, her second and third devil-tails grown thicker and heavier with their sharp tips dulled to plump, rounded nubs.

Even taking the unflattering perspective into account, this was *bad*. Very bad. How the hell had this even *happened*?! She had seen Zaiva in person just two months ago, and the woman been a bit plump back then... but this?

This was... well, it was obesity. Actual, real obesity. Reversing this would be very painful and difficult... and Thanna wasn't even sure it was possible. They would need cosmetic magical spells to hide all the saggy skin, even *if* Zaiva could lose all this weight in a month. And then expensive polymorphing spells to help re-sculpt the woman's body, after. This was very, very bad indeed.

It might, she realized, be the biggest challenge of her career. Literally.

And that gave Thanna some hope. Orcs liked a good challenge--it was in their blood. If they had an enemy to fight, they were happy. In this case, the "enemy" was Zaiva's fat, and Thanna was determined to battle it into submission using her smarts and experience alone.

Stripping off her sweaty clothes as she returned to the locker room, she sent Zaiva an invitation to go jogging--just to catch up, of course, nothing serious. She didn't say anything about Zari contacting her. This would just be a visit between friends, nothing more.

And hopefully Zaiva would get through it without collapsing.



“Can’t we... *Huff, pff*... can’t we stop for just a little... snack break? *Oof*... My poor *feet* are killing me...”

Thanna crested the top of the hill, her ponytail bobbing against the small of her back as she turned to regard her friend. While Thanna cut a fine figure in her skintight black jogging pants and white sports top, Zaiva was... a tad less appealing, in appearance.

Jiggling along, her plump midsection wobbling and her overfed rear flopping and bouncing, Zaiva would have been a comical sight even if it weren’t for her eccentric taste in exercise clothes. After the addition of an orange headband, too-small orange spaghetti-strap top and purple booty shorts that clung embarrassingly to her enormous rump, Zaiva had gone from comical to simply absurd. Even pathetic.

And her *blase* arrogance about her appearance was beginning to crack. All the way through the jog, Zaiva had been making snarky comments about other women in the park--especially the chubby ones--and Thanna thought it might be a subconscious effort to distract Zaiva from the fact that *she herself* looked to be almost three hundred pounds.

The weight had been well-distributed across her nearly seven-foot frame, but even so, she was enormously tubby in the thighs and belly, and the sheer size of her ass was attracting attention and the occasional whistle from local men. Surprisingly, Zaiva had taken the whistles as a compliment, and notably perked up when she was catcalled... another sign that just maybe, beneath her arrogance, she was a little insecure about her size and *desperate* for flattery right now.

For her part, Thanna had avoided referencing Zaiva’s body, even when she suggested the jog. She had claimed she was training for a marathon, and just needed a training buddy. Naturally, Zaiva was too proud to turn down the offer--to refuse would have called her fitness into question, after all. But when she arrived in workout clothes she clearly hadn’t worn in weeks, with seams audibly creaking and splitting all over her outfit, Thanna had physically struggled with the urge to say something, *anything* about her friend’s weight.

She had never seen Zaiva this big, not even after the kids were born. And while she'd long suspected Zaiva of using magic to enhance her appearance, no glamor spell Thanna had ever heard of could hide a body this tall, this flabby, this... Eye-catching.

“Come on, Zaiv! You can do it!”

Zaiva jiggled to a halt and put her hands on her knees, wheezing and gasping. She was trying not to pay attention to how hot and sweaty she felt, or how a jog that would have lightly winded her a few months ago was now *destroying* her. She felt like her lungs were on fire, her tails drooping sadly in the summer heat around them.

“Thanna... I need... just a little break... HUFF, maybe a protein bar... and some hydration... m-maybe a Donut Shake from that Heavenly down the street...”

Thanna gritted her fangs, irritated. Zaiva had always been a little lazy, but this was absurd. They had barely jogged half a mile!

“Hey, I believe in you--this is nothing, right? Remember we did that triathlon, a few years ago? Where we wrestled the dragon-turtle? You can *do* this!”

Zaiva grunted in acknowledgement, her stubbornness overcoming her laziness at last... and she started up the hill, chest heaving, buttocks jiggling, sweat flowing freely from her forehead and armpits.

“**Huff... HUFF... Ohhh gods... wheeze, huff... Urrgh**, I think I'm gonna puke...”

By the time she reached the top, she was nearly having an asthma attack, leaning against a tree and struggling for breath. Thanna patted her on the back, leading her to a small clearing on the hill and laying out two yoga mats she'd been carrying at her waist.

“Alright, now we're going to do some stretching. Gotta loosen up those running muscles, right?”

Zaiva immediately flopped down on one of the mats, her entire body bouncing with the impact. She winced as she left a dent in the earth below the mat.

Maybe Zari was wrong, she thought to herself, reluctantly. *Maybe I have put on... a little more weight than usual, this time...*

She wasn't a fool--she knew she had gotten bigger. But, distracted by Zari's charms and the delightful, unending flow of donut-carbs and sugar into her body, she had fatefully assumed that it was just her weight yo-yoing upwards again. And it would come down again, like it always had...

Except this time it hadn't.

She had disdained mirrors for a few weeks now, preferring to have summoned imps put on her makeup and do her hair for her. And she'd studiously ignored all the jeans that didn't fit, and the tops that were getting skimpier and skimpier, and the brassieres that wouldn't fasten... after all, she could just buy new ones, that was what her massive CEO paycheck was for...

But now... all that denial had brought her here. Sweaty, disheveled, her hair in a messy bun and her breasts resting heavily on the donut-fed belly she had developed. Fuming with frustration, she struggled to stand up... and refused Thanna's hand when the orc woman tried to help her.

"I'm... **urrgh**, fine," she wheezed as she straightened up. "I'm still as strong as... **HUFF**... as I ever was. Now let's... Do some yoga. Okay?"

Thanna sighed as she watched Zaiva's chest heaving, those pendulous purple globes inside her top bobbing up and down.

This was going to be a difficult training session.



"Zari? Zari, where are you, dammit? *I need you!!*"

The petulant cry from inside his CEO's office brought Zari running. He had been reviewing some lab result emails; a gnome alchemist he knew had been analyzing the content of Heavenly's donuts for him. But any discoveries would have to wait. The queen of Phantasmedia demanded his assistance... and he soon found out why.

Inside Zaiva's office, the room was covered in donut boxes. They were piled on chairs, covered the meeting table in the far end of the room, and surrounded Zaiva's desk. It was like a hoarder's den, but for fried pastries instead of newspapers and cats. And the plump businesswoman herself sat in the center of it all, wedged into her office chair.

It had been only a few weeks since Zaiva cut off her training sessions with Thanna--she claimed she "couldn't bear the humiliation" of regularly jogging with the buff orc. Zari had cautioned her against it, reminding her gently that fitness should be a priority for any CEO, but the acidic responses he'd gotten caused him to drop the issue. And now, the results of his failure to sway her had made themselves clear.

Zaiva hadn't stopped overindulging in Heavenly's donuts since the training ceased--if anything, her eating had only accelerated. Temporary attempts at crash-dieting were made, but these had only lasted a day each, before Zaiva seemed to tumble face-first into a pile of donuts. And, well... all those calories had to go *somewhere*.

Somehow, she'd continued to stuff herself into her comically outgrown office clothing, perhaps using magic to stretch the fabric around her ballooning body. Zari had watched as one by one, the buttons on her starched white shirt had gone from snug... to tight... to practically ready to *explode* off her. And it wasn't just the shirt. Her fashionable pencil-skirt was stretched absurdly around her mammoth ass, which had now achieved the size and consistency of two small bean-bags stuffed into an overstrained fabric prison, constantly jiggling and wobbling whenever she moved.

Her arms had gotten saggier and doughier, her face growing rounder by the day. And her chest--he had never, in all his time with her, seen her chest get so eye-poppingly *huge*. Many awkward brassiere fittings had filled the last few weeks as Zari struggled to find undergarments and lingerie to fit his boss' rapidly swelling "assets." Finally he'd reached out to an industrial supply company who manufactured bras for Goliaths and giantesses; they had been the only ones who could handle the sheer *power* of Zaiva's rapidly bloating mammaries.

"Zari... Could you be a dear and **URRRP**, help me out... I believe I have gotten, um... stuck..."

"What was that, ma'am? I didn't hear you..."

Zaiva went beet-red under her ashy Drow skin, which was lately covered in a thin sheen of fat-girl sweat at all hours of the day.

"I... am... **STUCK**, dammit. There!! Do I have to *urrrpff*, spell it out for you? Now get me out of this chair, immediately!"

Zari rubbed his forehead. So... At last, it had come to this.

Hadn't he warned her about the donuts' effects on her figure? Hadn't he tried to get them away from her, only to be foiled when Zaiva just ordered more? And now, her ass was literally too big for her chair. It would have been adorable, if it weren't so damn pitiful.

Sighing, he walked over to the desk and inspected his employer's buttocks. They were indeed firmly jammed into the chair, the black plastic arms of the object creaking as Zaiva's fat duelled the chair's structure for personal space. He grabbed her wrists and gave her an experimental tug; the result was that the chair just rolled forward. They were completely fused. Zaiva had become one with her office equipment, her fat cramming her into it like rising dough overflowing a bread-pan.

Sweating, fuming with rage and holding back donut-scented burps, Zaiva bit her lip in irritation.

“I told you, I’m *STUCK!* A little pull isn’t going to do it! Use those muscles of yours--what do I pay your gym memberships for?!”

Rolling his eyes at her childish petulance, Zari circled around back, looking for an angle. Finally, he found it--he could try pulling her ass itself out of the chair, inch by inch. Digging his hands into the overflowing bounty of her warm flesh, he found that he could pretty easily tug handfuls of her flabby ass-meat up over the arms of the chair... but it was a slow and tedious process.

“What are you doing back there, you pervert??”

Zaiva’s voice had taken on a slightly helpless, whimpering tone. Her tails, which emerged from a special hole cut in the back of the chair, twitched with nervous insecurity... and maybe just a little bit of arousal, as her lover felt her up by accident.

“Just... maneuvering... your bounties, ma’am.”

“Flatterer...”

Zaiva sniffled, pushing an app on her phone to close the door and turn the windows dark again. She couldn’t let anyone see her like this--it was too humiliating.

“You were right about the donuts, Zari. I should have listened to you--why didn’t you *MAKE* me listen?! Look at me--I’m disgusting, now! I’m *hideous!*”

“You’re not hideous.” He huffed and puffed, tugging at her newest fat-folds. The pressure was easing. “You’ve just... put on a little weight, that’s all.”

Zaiva’s screech of fury made him wince.

“A little weight? I’m a COW! L-look at me, I’m a big, fat, gassy--*URRRRRP*--cow! I never should have taken that damned merger!!”

Zari shrugged as he reached down below her tails, to wiggle and jiggle some more fat loose from the chair.

“Maybe not... but money-wise, the merger is a huge success for us. Maybe you went a little far in ‘representing’ the client, but it worked... There is, however, one small problem with the merger.”

Zaiva wiped away miserable tears. “And what... snff, is that?”

Zari sighed--there was no use hiding it, anymore. "I had one of our alchemists examine those donuts... They've got a very subtle divine magic worked into them. Some kind of sacred blessing or enchantment."

Zaiva's voice turned to ice.

"What *kind* of enchantment?"

Zari reached under the chair and adjusted one of the hydraulic levers on it, tilting Zaiva forward.

"A type of mood-booster, I think. The company claims the donuts are 'guilt-free' and it seems they meant that literally--while you're eating them, you literally *can't have negative thoughts about yourself*. But once the spell wears off..."

Zaiva howled in impotent, chubby fury.

"Those *bastards!* Why, when I get out of this chair, I'm going to--why, I'm gonna--"

In her thrashing and wriggling, however, she'd disturbed her donut-filled digestive tract. A look of horror passed over the drow woman's face as she accidentally released her normally rigid control of her body... and a wave of sugary flatulence blasted out, making Zari's eyes widen.

PFRRRRRRUMMMMPTFFF.

Zaiva swallowed slowly.

"Zari. Dear."

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Never... NEVER speak of what just happened, to anyone."

"Yes, ma'am."

Finally, after much huffing and puffing, Zaiva was pulled from her temporary prison. She immediately collapsed on top of Zari in a clutching embrace of despair, dragging him to the floor amongst the donut boxes as he tried to soothe her.

"Those bastards. I should have known something was **urRRrrp** wrong... and the worst part is, I still *want* those damn donuts... I need to find some way to lose this damn weight. Liposuction, maybe? Or perhaps I should have my fat chewed off by a dragon... we have enough healing potions for that, right?"

Zari wheezed as he was crushed by her massive chest. Her colossal belly was mashed against his crotch, her breasts nearly smothering his face... and he had to admit, this was a part of the job he enjoyed.

“Actually,” he gasped, wriggling a bit to avoid suffocation, “I rather like you this way, ma’am. You’ve got... well, a lot of new curves to enjoy.”

Zaiva snorted derisively... but her tails lashed with smug pleasure at the flattery. Leave to Zari to know how to make her feel better, even when she felt like a bloated cow...

“Oh, please. All of this disgusting blubber couldn’t make anyone hard--stop buttering me up!”

Then she felt a stiffness under her swollen gut... a hard, firm, long object rising up against her own sagging obesity.

Zari smiled. “I mean it. You look good--every pound is perfect, as far as I’m concerned.”

Zaiva sighed. She really did want to go burn down Heavenly Donuts... but it would have ruined the merger, and they’d made *so* much money off this thing already. Besides, if Zari liked her this way... well, maybe she didn’t have to *hurry* to lose the weight.

“I suppose we could find a way to spin this,” she grumbled, biting her lip as Zari’s cock pressed against her gut. “Body positivity... that’s all the rage with fatties now, right? I can make this work. At least until I figure out how to drop the pounds...”

Zari craned his neck up and kissed her.

“We can make *anything* work, Zaiv. As long as you’re comfortable with it.”

The obese drow winced as another small fart escaped from her.

Frrrrrt...

“I don’t know if I’ll ever be comfortable with *that*,” she said, wrinkling her nose. “But if you like me this way... and you *promise* to help me lose this baggage, eventually... I can maybe have a few more donuts. Enjoy the magic just a little bit longer. I... I kind of like feeling good about myself. Even if I had to be tricked into it by stupid, *stupid* aasimars! And their STUPID spells!”

She kissed him back, and Zari’s small hands rose to caress her love-handles, fingers sinking deep into the doughy meat of her sides.

“I’d like that,” said the male drow, whispering in her ear. “Do you mind eating a few donuts while we... you know... do a little *merger* of our own?”

Zaiva chuckled, running her pudgy fingers through his hair, nails grazing his scalp.

“Only if you feed them to me... while on your knees. Little man.”

What followed was strictly company-confidential. But suffice to say... they had to cancel all their meetings that afternoon.

And by the time they were done, Zaiva was feeling *much* better about the size of her waistline.

