III

By the third October since her induction into the coven of Weight Witches, Tiffany’s life had changed completely.

No longer was she the chubby, meek little blonde who cowered at the thought of mingling with those she deemed more popular than herself, now she had all of the confidence in the world and the powers to get what she wanted, and a body granted to her by a growing ability to control the powers that she had been born into. With wide hips and a full chest, but an appealingly slender waist to counterbalance the thickness of her t and a, Tiffany Staten had become a campus bombshell that warranted looks from both interested and disinterested parties.

Her relationship with her mother and her aunts had never been better—now that she truly felt like a member of the family. After all of these years of being chubby and awkward, she had *finally* been able to indulge herself with them guilt-free, without fear of affecting her diet, and feel just as beautiful as the two of them were. Because there was no dieting anymore—and there never would be, ever again!

They had been teaching her how to use her powers to their fullest extent, using calories to manipulate everything around them. And in return, she had helped reawaken some of the passion that had been lost to them as they’d gotten older and more used to having such abilities at the tips of their tastebuds. While the two of them had always been shamelessly indulgent in the past, Tiffany had helped to push them over the edge! They were eating like they were kids again!

“Okay, I’ll admit it, that was—”

Tiffany’s mother let out the biggest belch of her life. She covered her mouth in an attempt to save face, but the bulging stomach that rolled out from underneath her blouse top managed to say even more than that enormous emission.

“I couldn’t agree more.” Aunt Ada tittered, patting her own stuffed stomach—slowly receding as their more apt magic went to work on redistributing the calories that she had absorbed, “How you holding up back there, sweetie?”

Tiffany weakly raised a thumbs up before slapping her hand back down over the handle of the wheelbarrow. The heft of her gut threatened to knock the thing off-kilter. Her great gut sloshed thickly as it struggled to contain the epic meal that she’d spent the better part of the week digesting—her body was still working overtime from *last* Sunday, and it was all that she could do to keep herself decent! With her fat gut barreling out in front of her, she looked like a water balloon with arms and legs!

“Oh this *has* been fun though.” Her mother chuckled heartily, “It makes me feel like I’m a teenager again.”

“It helps that, thanks to our expertise, we get to keep the *asses* of teenagers, despite having wolfed down, like, an *entire* Golden Corral.”

The three of them had worked up quite a stir. What with their uncanny ability to devour almost everything in sight. People couldn’t keep their eyes off of them—it was almost like their own belts were getting tighter just by *seeing* the unholy carnage that they could unleash against everything edible.

And while that might not have been far off from the truth, part of Tiffany’s lessons were how to more effectively redirect the excess calories that she’d absorbed and to store them in more responsible places, where she could draw on them if need be.

Fortunately for them, she’d already found an entire house full of co-eds that she could stockpile calories into.

And unfortunately for them, the lesson was how to combine stored calories with other witches within the coven.

Within months, talk of β Σ T sisters (or “Tau Cows”, as they’d become known across campus) growing too fat to fit through the doorway at their sorority house had been spreading like wildfire. Abigail Williams had managed to gain back all one hundred of the pounds that she had lost while she was on sabbatical in less than *eight weeks*. Investigations were called in, dieticians arranged, and doctors were baffled in short order at this strange sort of mass psychosis that had gripped a seemingly normal group of co-eds.

Was it something in the water?

Was it some kind of parasite?

Nobody could quite put their finger on just what the hell was happening to this sorority of unsuspecting women, why it had taken so long for it to start developing outside of the sorority, or why it suddenly felt so tight in clothes that had fit only that morning.

All the while, Tiffany was free to indulge herself without consequence. She felt as though she had earned it—after all, a miserable time as a teen had to afford some payoff at some point, didn’t it?

By the time that she had graduated, none of her sorority sisters were able to join her on the stage. A few of them had dropped out of school, or transferred to another chapter. One where that creepy blonde didn’t walk into each room belly-first and stuff herself stupid without gaining a pound. The few that had remained throughout the entire saga were confined to their dorm rooms, trying to starve themselves thin with little success.

As Tiffany’s powers grew and the bodies of others, as well as her own, became mere playthings, she *did* try to reign herself in now and again. Perhaps it was seeing a flock of fattened sorority sisters, waddling around acting as living batteries for her power that tugged at her heart strings. She went from consuming tens of thousands of calories a day to a mere ten thousand at most.

Spreading the effects across the Kingshead campus had a similar effect—allowing some of the smaller girls to regain *some* of their mobility.

But parleying the confidence that she had gained into a successful career in academia, as well as keeping a large chunk of power squirreled away in key members of her social circle, meant that she couldn’t afford to stray *too* terribly far from campus. She had already lost a fair bit when most of her Sorority sisters had fled to their homes out of state, with only the local co-eds who were either still too fat to make long-distance trips or too set in their ways feeding her still-growing power…

Even after her Masters courses were over, those who had graduated alongside her had become quite hefty, but she would still need more constant sources of power.

Becoming a teacher at her alma mater seemed to be the most logical answer.

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“I’m professor Staten, and I’ll be teaching your Occultism in Modern Media Class.” She turned to face the small class of thirty young, supple students. She accidentally hip-checked one of the wrappers of the sub sandwich that she’d been eating when they’d come inside. “I think we’re all going to get *very* close by the end of the year.”

The room full of undergrads couldn’t have been any less excited for what they perceived to be “just another class”—and an elective at that. However, Tiffany had so much more reason to look forward to this than any of them ever could have imagined. Not only was this going to be her first year of teaching, but it was going to be something of a capstone project in her studies as a weight witch.

After storing up all of these calories in people far and wide away, using that which she had squirreled into her sorority sisters and fellow students in her Masters course, she was finally going to have a reason to use them. To make this campus into a long-standing base of operations for her. A place where she could continue to grow her power for as long as she needed to, and also continue to enjoy stuffing herself to her heart’s content and shunt the problems onto everybody else.

As it turned out, there was already a spell for creating just such an environment.

And Tiffany was going to see to it that she was able to use each and every calorie stored to make her alma mater into the kind of place where she’d be able to keep working incognito for a long, long time…

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The hardest part of Tiffany’s new spell was altering the perceptions of not just everyone in Kingshead College, but of the campus itself.

In a lot of ways, it wasn’t too different from a glamor charm. She had learned about them early on in her career, and had thought about using them to enhance her good looks until she realized that she could actually shape the fat on her body.

But rather than a glamor charm being placed on a singular person, it was being placed on the ground that she and everyone else walked on. This was much more difficult, and would require much, *much* more calories…

“That professor sure does like the food here, huh?”

“Well, I guess if she has to spend hours here every day, she might as well enjoy it.”

“Maybe she gets an employee discount?”

“I *hope* she gets an employee discount—look at how much she’s got!”

The fact that glamor spells had become a necessary part of her life the more that she had come to realize that she couldn’t just gorge herself in public constantly had something to do with it too. Even with the cloaked visage of their professor’s indulgence, the lot of them had no idea the *true* amount that she had claimed for herself. Enough to fill the table, and then some.

Her stomach pressed hard against her khakis, snapped at the clasp as her turgid stomach surged forward in a sickening swell. With her Weight Witch physiology and training, she had found herself more than capable of housing enough food to make her look well into her fourth trimester. Even as she greedily licked her lips, eyes flitting back and forth for more, she maintained a level of concentration required to keep the spell up and running.

There was no telling *what* these kids might think if they saw what she was *really* doing, and not just what the glamor allowed them to see.

But that was beside the point. She was going to make sure that, even if the whole campus was going to swell with the consequence of her indulgence, it wouldn’t go unrewarded. She’d spent plenty of time making everyone feel bad about their colossal weight gains caused by her own reckless appetite. If she was going to have a steady stock of calorie batteries, she needed to make sure that they were *happy* with their lot in life, and that their choices felt more like their own.

Nothing like this had been attempted in quite a long time, her mother and her aunt had warned her, and it could go very wrong if she weren’t ready to undertake such a massive amount of spellcraft. Making (essentially) a perpetual motion machine for calories and indulgence was going to be the most difficult thing that anyone in their ilk had ever even attempted—but Tiffany Staten knew that she had what it takes.

And as she prepared for this next great chapter in her comparatively short life as a weight witch, scarfing down foot-long chili dogs and guzzling down gallons at a time, Tiffany knew that this was going to be the culmination of all of her hard work. Every stored calorie that she’d nestled away across the country as sorority sisters had been airlifted back home was going to have to be on the table.

And as much as the thought of Abigail Williams being able to saunter back to her old skinny bitch self upset her, Tiffany knew that she had to make some sacrifices in order to get what she really wanted…