

The rat squirmed in her bindings, but Alisha couldn't move. Couldn't speak, either. All she remembered was a knock to the head and then darkness, pain, and now? Now she was shackled to a slab of stone looking up at a red moon while creeps in robes chanted around her.

“L-let me go! This is.. this isn't funny okay?! I'm – my dad is.. very important and-”

The whole lot of them were chanting around the little, slender blond rat. They raised their arms, one of them holding a knife in his hand and some kind of foul looking substance in the other. He brought the knife down over top of Alisha. The rat winced, waiting for the pain.. only to feel something cold, slimy, and kind of gross on her belly instead..?

It was butter. The knife wasn't a ritual dagger and the stuff that had been in the ritualist's hand was a huge mound of *butter*. One they had slapped messily down onto Alisha's belly and then started using the knife to smear around into a messy looking pentagram with a few haphazardly made runes on it. The whole thing seemed patently ridiculous.

“What.. the *fuck* are you doing?! Seriously, is this for Tiktok or some shit? I don't-”

At least, it did until the demon showed up. The circle formed on the moon itself, like an open wound scrawling its way around the lunar body's edge as if a claw were scraping across it, then the entire inside went dark.. Except for a dimly lit figure in the back of it. A *really thick* one. It was hard to make out the details, and Alisha was breathing hard and trying to remember how to scream so she wasn't terribly clear-headed, but whatever it was was *fat*. Then came the ritualist's voice beside her snapping her out of it as she recognized her room mate Veronica's smug tone.

“Lady of Gluttony! We offer you this *snobby bitch* and *annoying ass* diets and jogging and all the personal trainers she's fucked! We sacrifice to you any life she ever had where she's not a heaving, gelatinous *freak* of a *bitch* who can barely waddle and will beach her fat ass by twenty!”

While Alisha desperately wanted – needed – to tell Veronica to fuck off with this weird shit she didn't get to. Her mouth opened, sure – but it was so something could enter it. Nothing she could see.. but she tasted it just the same. It was like a heavy, thick cream. One that was saturated at least partly with a kind of warm, cinnamon flavor.. and one that was rapidly making her grow fatter. Not slightly fatter, *catastrophically* fatter. Alisha struggled against her bindings but she could feel a greasy, cold sensation under her skin and a heavy sagging one to go with it. Her arms drooped, her belly swelled mercilessly and rapidly out in front of her only to flop over her waist while her thighs pressed into each other as they thickened as well. She had gone from beach-body to trailer

park mother of five in mere moments and the fell magic at work upon her form wasn't stopping there, it was still writhing through her and leaving her struggles weak and jiggly.

The worst part though was the taste.. it was *divine*. Alisha whimpered as she guzzled from the teat of whatever otherworldly entity was inside her, feeling new fat rolls wrap and crease and dimple around her body as she sprawled out and took up more of that stone altar she was on. Even the effort of squirming and struggling was growing to be too much, she was sweating in the night air and jiggling gently but not accomplishing anything except to eat and grow.

Alisha could feel, as her body crept outward like a slow moving landslide of lard, the sinister nature of the ritual. The hope that she'd ever lose any of this weight was non-existent, she was being flooded with *pleasure* and it was dulling the fear and disgust. Not quite removing them, but it blunted everything and softened it as much as it softened *her*. Alisha could feel it in her bones, in her now tainted soul. She'd never have the strength to say no to a cupcake again.

..And by the time morning came, she wouldn't have the strength to get off her fat ass anymore either.