

You let out an exhale full of nerves as you step from your car and hear the thing creak. It was falling apart in a few places and the suspension was one of them.

“Fuck.. sorry, it's fine old girl. You made it through *all* of college for me, you don't owe anyone anything. Now I just.. need to finish the job. Right? Right..”

A look at your phone for the time gets your heart thundering again. You snatch your bag out of the car and shut the doors to run toward the campus. *Immediately* you descend into a fit of panting as your body bounces and jiggles around you with the physique of a fat STEM course college student quaking from the impact of every step.

“One m-more ex..exam! One m-more.. *oh god.. already winded*. F-freshman fifteen my ass, I am *so fat*.. W-why- can't I lose any of this..?”

You stumble your way through the rest of the short run and already feel sweat soaking into your clothing, whether that was from nervousness or effort or both hardly matters. What *does* matter is you planned ahead for this. Awkwardly hustling through the halls to the bathrooms nearest your class, you duck inside and look in your bag. Spare clothes were *always* a good idea. You snatch up the white T-shirt and peel off your current one, trying not to think about how plump you still look, and put a few paper towels to work drying yourself off before a beep from your phone lets you know just how close to disaster or not you are.

“*Fuck*. Okay, two minutes. Now just.. j-just..”

Yanking the shirt down over your body is easy – which is weird. You've gotten used to everything being too small most of the time but this one just slips over you like it's perfect, maybe even a size too big. With that seen to you zip your bag up and rush through the doors to the exam room, not *quite* late. You do feel like you are though, which might be more to do with the way everyone turns and looks at you as you enter - and most of them stare.

Swallowing hard, you move to take your usual seat and try once more to calm your nerves. Straightening your shirt out you finally notice the writing across the front, where it rests.. bright orange letters. Coomers. With little nipples in the 'O' letters. The sight of the word sets your whole body tingling, a chill flushes through your blood, you remember.. something. Wrong things. A little pyramid, a voice-

I wondered how long it would take you~

“If you could please take a seat, we are about to begin.”

You can't seem to move. More people are staring. The anxiety creeps over your skin while memory does the same to your brain. Things you'd blotted out, or *had* blotted out *for you*.. a slow and aching sketchy transition back to human at the hands of an alchemist who only really got *most* of the weight off your body and a long road assimilating back into life after you got around some of the worst of people not quite remembering who you were properly. Years of it. Therapy, legal proceedings, hypnotism, diets, jogging, very awkward holidays – you shake your head and start repeating 'no' in a quiet mantra but your clothing is already feeling tight.

“If you are here to take the exam please have a seat, otherwise-”

*I can't imagine anyone in one of those seats for an entire hour – they look so uncomfortable. You need some **cushion** for that. Welcome back, sweet thing.*

Everything freezes around you. Panic begins to build as you feel a kind of greasy pressure under your flesh, a familiar thing as your memory rebuilds itself in chunks. You aren't sure how long you spent at that place, waddling around waiting tables while everyone groped you for hours on end and more than a few bent you over a table as your tip. Time kind of melted away in a haze of dimwitted horny servitude and now.. now you feel yourself growing again.

The first impulse you have is to turn around and try to wrench the door open, to flee into the halls and run. Whether that would help or not you can't even guess but it doesn't end up mattering, the handle won't move, and while you look down you can already see your hands turning violet, your skin tightening into scales like before, and of course.. all that fat piling onto your frame.

You know, I prefer puzzles to quizzes personally. Memorization is the worst, most idiotic way to measure cleverness. That said-

Stumbling back a step, you can already feel yourself bouncing and jiggling all over from the creeping changes moving through your body. Your belly starts to droop out from under the shirt and you can see the front of it filling out as a pair of gargantuan tits throb their way into being. It's your ass that's getting the worst of it though. You back right into the face of one of an acquaintance and your ass just about swallows their entire head. Worse yet, as you hurriedly try to correct course and at least get steady on your feet, you can feel something *else* wrong.. A kind of soft, floaty buzzing in the back of your head. You look at the student whose hair and face you just doused in ass sweat while your tail starts to grow in and your butt cheeks blossom out into things the size of armchair bean bags and his name just.. escapes you. Trying to concentrate doesn't help either. It-

Quick. What's twelve times twelve? Is this even a math test? Who cares.

The voice grips you somewhere in the chest and your brain tries, instinctively, to give it the answer. Maybe it's a hope that if you do somehow you'll satisfy the presence that seems to be making this happen and it will leave, undo the changes, let you go – but then you stumble again. Your ass just *won't* stop jiggling and your whole core has gotten so thick you can't get your arms to lay flat on your sides. The shirt even seems to be growing, making sure it stays properly covering your tits.. mostly.. and your belly, sort of. When you just about manage to recover by leaning your ass against the wall while it gradually widens and spreads you feel your face start to shift. Your jaw stretching and growing sharper teeth and little nubby horns. It makes speaking feel awkward, but-

“G..otta b-be uhm.. a- about.. one-twenty.. ish? I uh...”

The back of your mind feels like sludge as you grope for the numbers. You know it isn't right, and you can *feel* the disapproval from the presence. Mostly because you feel your body bloat outward an extra three inches in just about every direction right that instant. It sets off a terrified squeak as you look for something – anything – that might be the source of it. Nothing stands out though, you're just stuck in here with it.. and it has all the power.

Oooh, too bad. Too hard, sweetie? Let's try.. six plus nine. Nice.”

Part of you nearly shouts in relief, that was a *way* easier question. Except.. as you reach for the part of you that ought to know basic arithmetic it just fails to register. Your thoughts, the ones responsible for problem solving anyway, go limp on you and you just stand there a moment with your mouth hanging open and your hands wandering to your chest to give it a squeeze and a bounce. *Some* part of you manages a moment of brilliance though as you realize this *is* a math exam, there's calculators everywhere! Except.. as you reach to try and use the nearest one by that nice looking guy with the mussed up hair who seems sort of familiar you find the buttons not working. You can't even seem to make them push inward, just like you can't turn the door handle.

Oh dear. That's cheating, and that has consequences dearie. But that's okay, I don't think you were ever going to recover from this one anyway. So just.. buckle up and enjoy the ride.

Your whole frame twitches gently as you thicken a little more, though it's *mostly* in front this time. Something weighty and full of ominous potential settles into your belly as you're overtaken by a gentle rush of vertigo. It leaves you waddling with dim purpose up toward the professor, your every jiggling kobold inch flying wildly about as the momentum of your movement

flies back and forth through all that caked on blubber. Every step you get caught up in groping yourself, digging your clumsy little clawed fingers into your tits and your belly and the huge shelf of an ass you've grown into. Nothing you could even charitably call a 'thought' crosses your mind until you're sliding down onto your butt in front of the professor and you realize there's a nice *thick* bulge there and it even kind of smells familiar..? Like a real nice tip.

You don't even notice when the world starts moving again. There's just a bit of quiet muttering and then the professor speaking.

“A-ahem.. Alright! Time starts now! FACES DOWN. GET WORKING. You! Y.. you. I *swear* what even is between those horns of yours..? How dumb *are* you? You have to at least *pretend* to take the test and then you suck your way to a C *afterward* you brainless.. you know what? Get out. This isn't worth the stress on my heart anymore. *Go on!* I'll.. see you at Coomers on Thursday.”

It's jarring, being told to go, and not having anything in your mouth either. You shudder and swallow reflexively, then nod and begin the painstaking process of getting off your own gigantic ass. Some part of you kind of understands that the fog gets better after you get a good rough fucking in but it's the thickest it's ever been right now, and you just got turned down, which is weird and new and.. as you shuffle through the door frame and fight for a full five seconds to get your ass to squeeze through it one pillowy inch at a time you realize as you bumble into the hallway and nearly bounce off the far wall that you aren't at all sure what to do.

Or where to go. Or-

*Don't worry darling. I'm not **completely** mean about this stuff. Sure, this might be my fault.. kind of, but you're **so darn** compatible with being a dimwitted slut of a Coomers girl!*

You can't entirely help smiling. Confused and disoriented as you are, it's important and heartening to know that whatever else is going on you're *good* at something. There's a thing you do and you do it better than just about anyone.

And the brain fog really does get better after you get some spunk in you. Especially if you end up knocked up – which you will. Like.. every single time. So come on out front.

“Cum.. Out.. Front?”

Somehow you can feel the presence both laughing and rolling its eyes.

Sure. Cum out front. I'll pick you up, and get you where you need to go so you can get busy with that ride. Plenty of hands on you, dicks in you, swollen with eggs. It'll be a blast – way

better than six plus nine or nine to five. I promise.

The voice had been an inspiration of terror to you not minutes ago, you do still remember that, and yet now? Now you hear it and there's no trace of any deception in the tone. There's just a kind of sympathy, maybe a warmth even. Besides, as you try to fish about in your mind for anything resembling focus or clarity the only bits of it you can find stem from what you were just told. It would be the easiest thing in the world to just.. do what the voice told you. Besides, as you waddle your way through the front doors of the campus center, you can't help but think about the offer.

Perpetually pregnant table-waiting slut queen is starting to sound like an awful fun way to spend the rest of your life.