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Contains: *Weight Gain, Stuffing*

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## A Tiefling in the South

Misxori woke in a soft bed, thinking about her plans for the day. They weren't much. The only task on the Tiefling's list that was even remotely urgent was editing the latest episode in her podcast, continuing her series on The Underdark. It had taken some time for her to get used to the magic the humans in this world called "technology," but the incredible sending stones they used eventually let her earn her keep. Brenda, her human companion, insisted she didn't need her money, but Misxori knew the food she ate was no more free here than it was in Faerûn.

As Misxori thought about the recording and how much time she'd need to get it ready to publish, her thoughts were interrupted by a rumbling deep beneath the vast thickness of her middle. While the editing was important, she had a more urgent need, and she tried to muster enough energy to walk down to the kitchen. Brenda's cooking had done a number on her figure, and she was nearly thrice the woman she'd been when she woke up in this magic-less realm nearly a year ago. Hunger finally winning out over laziness, Misxori heaved herself into a sitting position, heavy pink breasts flopping onto her belly and splaying to either side. After getting some momentum, she rocked herself up onto her feet, now mostly obscured by the rolls of pudge around her ankles. Not that the Tiefling could see anything below her tits and belly rolls when she was standing anyway.

Misxori waddled through the door, carefully avoiding scraping her wide hips on the wooden frame. Following her nose, she plodded down the hall and into the kitchen, where her eyes widened into saucers. Brenda always cooked enough food to feed a

village, but this morning's breakfast looked more like a royal coronation feast. Not that the once-wizard had ever attended a feast of any kind before coming to South Carolina.

"What's all this?" Mixxori asked.

"Did you forget? It's the one-year anniversary of y'all showin' up in my yard." Brenda said.

"Oh, wow. Has it really been a whole year?"

The chubby blonde human nodded with a knowing grin, stepping into Mixxori's personal space. "Sure has. Hard to believe, isn't it? 'Member how surprised I was when I found out these were real?"

Brenda grabbed Mixxori's horns, pulling the Tiefling's head down so she could reach her lips with her own. Her fingers tickled the soft wattle of Mixxori's double chin. "You've got so nice and healthy since back then—all skin and bones."

Mixxori thought back to her first day in Spartanburg. Despite Brenda's words, she'd been a perfectly healthy weight for a Tiefling Wizard from the Sword Coast. Subtle curves to her hips and breasts large enough to fill her palm, she'd never been self-conscious about her body. She'd been walking the streets of Baldur's Gate to meet a friend for tea when an explosion knocked her unconscious. She woke up in the manicured garden Brenda called her yard, thinking she'd been caught in a teleportation spell and ended up somewhere in the Dalelands. Brenda had invited her in without question, assuming she was hungover from a Halloween party, and served her breakfast. Biscuits and gravy, though the biscuits were sweeter and richer than any scone Mixxori had ever tasted, and she thought the gravy was some kind of stew, baffled by Daleland customs.

Having never experienced the feeling of eating her fill, let alone well past fullness, Mixxori hadn't recognized the tight pain in her middle. And anyway, the chorus of flavors dancing across her taste buds proved to be a far more dominant sensation. By the time she finished the last of the spicy-smooth stew Brenda had scraped onto her buttery biscuits, Mixxori fell into a deep food coma right there at the table.

Coming back to the present, Mixxori eyed the table that groaned with the weight of a miniature city of food towers. Since meeting Brenda, the Tiefling felt like she spent every waking moment eating. But the food here in the South was just *so good*. The human had a seemingly endless list of delicious foods Mixxori had never tasted, each

more delicious and filling than the last. She was greeted with a royal feast every morning. Waffles and pancakes, hashbrowns, eggs cooked half a dozen ways, even the grits made the Tiefling moan with pleasure. There were salads and sandwiches for lunch, all doused in fantastic sauces. Dinner was grilled or roasted on the rare days when it wasn't all fried, and Mixxori honestly couldn't say which she liked better.

Today's breakfast was like a week of Brenda's feasts all at the same time. "Still..." Mixxori said, "This sure is a lot of food."

Brenda wrapped her in a hug. "A special occasion always calls for extra food, Missy."

The woman's arms didn't meet behind Mixxori's back; there was simply too much bulk between the two women, even if the Tiefling was forced to admit that the lion's share of that bulk was on her side. Indeed, she could feel Brenda's fingers resting just past her hips on the wide rolls of fat the human called "love handles." She bent down to peck a kiss on Brenda's cheek. "Thank you."

Brenda squeezed her body tighter into the vast softness of the obese Tiefling. "Anything for you, baby."

Mixxori thought about the day Brenda had found out the truth. She'd been suspicious almost from the start when the Tiefling washed herself in the chamber she called a shower. When Brenda realized Mixxori's horns and tail, not to mention her mauve skin, were real and not a Halloween costume, she'd had no choice but to tell her the whole story.

Brenda had listened patiently while she described the Sword Coast, other races, and Tieflings. After several agonizing moments of silence, she'd said, "Well, Missouri, I can tell yer no demon. If my momma were still with us, she might have a different opinion—god rest her. Anyway, I've got two empty rooms now that my girls are gone, so yer welcome to stay here while you figure out how to get home."

Mixxori never thought of herself as an overly emotional woman, but Brenda's generosity had genuinely moved her. She thought of that day as the start of their relationship, though it took a few months before they took their friendship to the next level.

Her reverie was interrupted by another insistent rumble from her stomach, and Brenda grinned up at her.

“Come on, get you sat down and dig in.” She took a step back from Mixxori until her hands rested on the sides of her belly, which she gave a little shake. “I reckon you’ll be able to finish it all, big girl.”

Mixxori felt her cheeks heat as they flushed from mauve to full pink, and she stepped up to a pair of chairs she now needed to support her ogre-sized ass. She felt Brenda’s fingers on her tail and stiffened.

“Look, Missy, even your tail’s getting a little chubby.”

Mixxori pressed her chin into a plump shoulder to look behind her. Brenda’s fingers were wrapped around her mauve tail, her fingertips not reaching around its girth. Once lithe and firm—just like the rest of her body—the scaly appendage was twice the size it’d been a year ago, softened with a thick layer of adipose.

“If y’all keep doing that,” Mixxori said breathily as Brenda stroked her tail, “I’m gonna take you back to bed, and all this good food’ll get cold.”

Brenda released her tail. “Alright, alright. Get sat down, and I’ll fix you some coffee.”

Mixxori sat gingerly on the creaking chairs, pulling a plate of biscuits and gravy toward her. She cut a bite with her fork and closed her eyes in pleasure. The gravy was smooth and creamy, with a spice that tickled Mixxori’s tongue in just the right way. The meat was similarly spiced, and she reveled in the way the spices burned and the gravy soothed—back and forth in a way Mixxori never wanted to end.

A year ago, the platter would have filled the Tiefling to capacity. But after a year of Brenda’s pampering, her stomach had stretched out along with her waistline. As Brenda returned with a steaming mug, Mixxori was already scraping the plate and reaching for the hashbrowns.

She lifted the coffee and took a sip. It was even more sweet and rich than usual. “What’s in this?”

“Just some cream,” Brenda said with a wink.

Brenda’s coffee was almost as incredible as her food, but with heavy cream instead of milk, the drink was almost a dessert by itself. Mixxori alternated bites with sips: savory potatoes, pancakes drenched in syrup, grits swimming with butter. When they’d first met, Mixxori had guessed the human must be some kind of merchant. She

lacked the snooty air of the nobility, and in Faerûn, only the wealthy were plump. But everyone she'd met in South Carolina ate like this, and it took no time at all for her to make herself at home.

*At this rate, Misxori thought as she scooped fluffy scrambled eggs between her teeth, I'll be too big to walk by our second anniversary.*

If she ever did manage to find a portal back to Faerûn, the Tiefling doubted she'd even be able to fit through it. As Brenda ladled steaming gravy over a fresh plate of still-warm biscuits, Misxori decided she didn't care.