

Man-Made Pie, Part 3 (Food TF, Inflation)

The fridge's light snapped on with a click. Leaning in, Sophie squinted, her gaze sliding past the cookies and the breast milk and the other refrigerated snacks to the empty spot at the back where she *should* be able to find her big, beautiful, delicious—

“Hey! ...Who the hell ate my pie?!”

Her fellow teachers dipped their cookies in their tea and tried to avoid her eyes. “Maybe a cat took it?” said Clara, nibbling on a Biscotti.

“Don't you mean a rat?” said Evelyn, studying her with a frown.

“A rat? Ew, of course not. What kind of rat can get into a fridge?”

“What kind of *cat* can get into a fridge?”

“I used to have a cat that could get into fridges and things,” said Hannah, swallowing the last of her coffee. “Actually, he was a dog, but, well, it's the same in principle, right?”

“The crumbs are on your blouses!” cried Sophie, refusing to let herself be distracted.

The three looked down, confirmed as such, and then swung their gazes aside again. “Well, we were going to share some with you,” said Clara, “but it's hard to split a pie four ways, you know?”

Sophie stared at her. “You're a Math teacher.”

“Exactly,” said Evelyn, making to stand. “So she knows a lot more about dividing pi than you, Ms. English. Someone should have studied STEM. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a philosophy course to teach.”

“Oh, crap, I'm going to be late as well! Sorry, Sophie, we'll buy you another one after class, how's that?”

“Unbelievable,” said Sophie, folding her arms in disgust as the three of them gathered up their things. “Gluttony is a sin, you know! I really wish someone would punish you for it...!”

A second passed in silence, proving that, at least on some occasions, the universe wasn't totally beholden to the laws of dramatics. Sadly, this break from the cliché couldn't last forever, and not a second later the window of the breakroom exploded with a crash, shattering by three sizzling bolts of pink lightning. Clara, Evelyn, and Hannah screamed as they struck them.

“Ah!” With a squeal of terror, Sophie threw herself back into the corner, watching through terrified eyes as her friends and colleagues' bodies started to shake, vibrating with the energy coursing through them. Clara and Evelyn had both gone pale—*really* pale, like as pale

as alabaster—whereas Hannah seemed to be gaining a sudden tan. Sophie could only stare in horror.

Her friends' change in color wasn't their only alteration: as she watched in shock, their bellies started to bulge, forcing their way over the mouths of their tight pencil skirts and under the hems of their equally-tight white blouses. Fat and rotund as if they were nine months pregnant and packing octuplets, they grew a little larger, fatter and firmer with every passing second, and they bellies weren't the only parts of their bodies growing either:

With a ping, a button flew from Hannah's shirt, barely missing Sophie's eyes. She stared at the hole in the wall in shock—she'd often seen this happen to the obligatory busty schoolgirls she tutored, but for it to happen to a teacher was practically unheard of.

A moment later, the rest of Hannah's other buttons gave as well—pinging off the walls and forcing Sophie to shield her eyes as one shattered her coffee mug—and her boobs burst out into the open, fat and jiggly and firm. Clara and Evelyn's own tops gave in not a moment later.

And still their bellies continued to grow, fatter and fatter and fatter, till the spheres of them stretched their arms and legs apart and hoisted their swelling boobs high. They moaned huskily as their necks threatened to swallow their chins.

Soon, the three had grown so fat and round that there was little room for them: caught between the couch and the coffee table, they pressed the former into the wall, the latter into the fridge, and themselves into both and each other, moaning as their swollen, increasingly spherical bodies rubbed against each other. By now they were almost tall enough to hit the ceiling.

As their underwear gave with a series of snaps, the transformation finally seemed to slow. Sophie, still cuddled in the corner, finally found the courage to stand and figure out what was going on. "Clara? Evelyn? Hannah?" She licked a glance at the window as she approached, in case another bolt came through it, but she was fortunate. Her colleagues responded in wordless moans, sounding like they'd stuffed themselves on a metric ton of chocolate.

Seeing the curve of her friends' bellies, Sophie bit her lip and raised her hands and, curious, pressed them into Clara's swollen gut. Instead of sloshing like she'd expected, it felt firm, more like a sand bag than a water balloon. Evelyn and Hannah's were much the same. They moaned as she rubbed them, making her blush. What had happened to them?

A squeak and a whimper told her the transformation wasn't quite over just yet though. As she stumbled back, her eyes wide in horror, her friends went through one last spurt of growth, their skin audibly creaking, protesting louder and louder. Finally, their eyes rolled back, each released one long last moan, and just like that—

Three bangs, simultaneous, flung Sophie back against the wall. When she dared to open her eyes again, her friends were gone, replaced by three large piles of dust, two white, and one brown. Tiny scraps of what appeared to be plastic floated slowly to the ground around them.

In stunned shock, Sophie rose and approached the nearest of the piles. It looked like sugar, and a quick tasting confirmed it was. The other piles were flour and cinnamon, as it happened.

Stepping back, she trembled in horror. What had happened? Who could have *done* this?! And why...?

Her answer came with the roar of a vacuum. Turning, she saw a nozzle poking through the window, sucking the three piles of powder from the floor and into its mouth. She had just enough time to process what was going on before she found herself snatched from the ground and drawn into it as well, sucked spiraling through the dark and the dust, drawn up, up, up, until at last she dropped out and into—

Landing with a thud on a soft pile of what had once been her friends, Sophie looked up and found herself staring at a chubby blonde-haired catgirl.

“Huh,” said Taberu. “Four for the price of three, huh, nya?”