

Plus-Sized Elf Marcille

Separated from the rest of her party, Marcille only had the glow of magical lights at the end of her staff to accompany her through the dungeon. Shifting her eyes back and forth, the elf with twin braids of blonde hair, was wary of any sound she made. The slightest ruffle of her blue robe or clack of her sandals threatened to garner the attention of a horrifying monster. Coming to a halt from the sound of a growl, she only calmed down once she realized that it was coming from her ravenous stomach.

As the elf begged for her hunger pangs to stop, her nose twitched at an odd aroma. The dungeon was filled with a variety of strange and unusual odors, owing to the wide variety of creatures that inhabited it. However, what wafted into her nostrils smelled far too good to belong to any of the fearsome beasts. Stopping to wipe the drool from her face, she followed the smell down one of the corridors.

Marcille came to a stop as she spotted an out of place looking door. At a glance it looked to be made out of a strange, grey painted stone. The handle was curved in an odd direction and made of a reflective metal. As bizarre as the door appeared, the continued rumbling of her belly under the effects of the heavenly aroma forced her hand to open it up and step inside.

Blinking from the bright lights overhead, Marcille's eyes adjusted to see that she was surrounded by other beings. When her vision acclimated to the environment, she managed to see a collection of Tall Men dressed in odd garb. Trying to ignore their awestruck gazes, she glanced around the building to glance at the plastic chairs and the strange, shrine-like structure where a majority of the smells were coming from. Amidst the unknown music filling the air and the strange feeling of being cast far from the dungeon, she looked for any clue about where she was.

Marcille found what she was looking for as she spotted a familiar set of pointed ears. Locking eyes on the similarly blonde haired elf, she quickly made her way over. Her pace slowed a bit as she noticed that the other elf was dressed in the same attire as the Tall Men. The main difference was that her green sweatpants and white top inscribed with the words “Fry Fan” were undersized for her chubby features. Forcing herself to break her gaze of the other elf’s protruding belly, she looked up to see the stranger biting into a handful of delicious smelling, golden colored sticks.

“What are those?” Marcille asked as she got closer to the table.

“Fried potatoes,” the plump elf replied. “They’re also known as fries. Want some?”

Curious, Marcille accepted one of the gold sticks. Putting only the very tip past her lips, she took an experimental bite. After only a few chews, her hesitancy was replaced with eagerness as she ate up the rest.

“This is amazing,” Marcille commented as she finished chewing.

“That’s the power of fries,” the other elf said, helping herself to a handful. “My name is Elfuda.”

“I’m Marcille,” she replied, raising an eyebrow at the odd name. “What kind of dungeon is this?”

“Dungeon?” Elfuda asked. “What are you talking about?”

“What else could this be?” Mariclle replied, looking around at the strangely dressed Tall Men and the peculiar, white floor.

“This is a fast food restaurant,” Elfuda answered. “It’s the best place in this world to try out its delicacies.”

“What do you mean by this world?”

“Hmm,” Elfuda said as she massaged her chin. “I don’t think you’re from where I’m from.” Taking another basket of fries, she pushed it closer to Marcille. “Eat up and tell me more.”

“It definitely sounds different from the place Elfuda came from,” Naoe commented, the black haired, physical therapist still clad in his work attire. “Marcille, was it?”

“Yes,” Marcille replied. “Although, your world is even stranger,” she added, looking around the room and being mystified by the various oddities along the walls and on the shelves. “I appreciate your hospitality so far, but I really should get back to my party. Do you know how I can get back?”

“Sorry, but I have no clue,” he said, scratching the back of his head. “So far, all of the elves I’ve seen have come from the portal, but it doesn’t sound like it leads to the same place.”

“There must be some way to modify it,” Marcille commented as she pulled out a spell book from her pack. “This might take some time though. Is there an inn somewhere? Hopefully one that takes gold?”

“You can stay here if you need to,” Naoe offered. “We already have plenty of space so another person shouldn’t make a difference. You can have the spare bedroom if you’d like.”

“Thank you so much,” Marcille said, standing up to shake his hand.

Marcille was stopped as she felt a sudden chill strike her. Lowering her gaze, she spotted the source in the form of the pudgy potbelly currently peeking out from her robes. Even after the walk through town and the few hours she had spent arriving at the house, the bloating from her feast had yet to go away. Face red with embarrassment as she tried to cover up her belly bump,

she looked up to Naoe to try and explain herself. She didn't have a chance as he was currently busy glaring at the elf who had brought her there.

"Elfuda," Naoe called out, stopping the elf mid-bite of a fry. "What did I tell you about those things?"

"I was just showing her this world's delicious food," Elfuda explained. "And fried potatoes are the best way to do it."

"And the best way to keep her from using the portal."

"WHAT!?" Marcille called out, wincing as her gut jiggled about.

Giving Elfuda one more, scornful look, Naoe turned back to Marcille. "Yes, the portal requires you to be the same weight you were when you entered before you can use it again."

"I-I'm sure it's fine," Marcille said, trying to keep herself calm as she massaged her mid-section. "I've been able to burn off lots of fat before. It shouldn't be a problem."

"Then maybe you can try a few more fries along with..." Elfuda trailed off, already feeling Naoe's disappointment building.

"In any case," Naoe spoke to Marcille. "Take as much time as you need."

"Thank you so much," Marcille said, sitting back down and using her robe to try and obscure her belly. "I promise that as soon as I'm able to, I'll head back to my world. My party members are surely missing me."

For all of the time Marcille spent reading over magic tomes, this one had completely stumped her. When she had exhausted every option in the books she on her, she had to resort to searching through the tomes of the other world's elves. As she poured over the text, there was a

feeling in the pit of her stomach as she thought back to her early days of learning magic. With all of her knowledge seemingly useless in the face of the foreign magic, she struggled to find a way to keep herself on task. While she did have a solution, it was one that came at a dire cost.

With one hand hanging onto the page, Marcille used the other to dig into a bag of potato chips. Just like the fries that Elfuda had been so eager to share with her, the crispy flakes provided her with a flavor unheard of in her realm. Glancing away from the bag, she could see a collection of several others that consisted of a variety of flavors. The spread of snacks helped her to ignore the additions that had been made to her body over the course of the few weeks she had spent at Naoe's house.

Emptying out a bag, Marcille convinced herself that eating another one would be enough to give her the motivation she needed to finish. This mindset was shattered the moment she stood up from the desk and felt her belly slip out from the white shirt that she had borrowed from Elfuda. The change of clothes was supposed to help her better blend in with this world, but that was hard to do considering how tightly the white fabric hugged around the extra fat layered onto her chest. Completely halted on her quest for more chips by the more pressing matter of fixing the green tights stretched tightly around her bubble butt, she failed to notice the door to the room creak open.

"Ugh, you stupid, potato crazed elf. How many times has the human told you to stop stuffing your face with..."

Turning around to address the antagonistic voice, Marcille spotted someone standing in the doorway. Initially, the sight of the elf's dark skin and white hair brought up images of Thistle into her mind. However, one glance at the person's green collared shirt pressed around her

bosom revealed that it was far from being the same person. That was confirmed when her gaze lingered a little too long on the dark elf's ample backside.

"I'm sorry, I thought you were someone else," the new arrival explained. "I'm Kuroeda. Who are you?"

"Marcille," she replied, shifting her gaze between the dark elf's face and the bag clutching her fingers. "Are you another friend of Naoe?"

"Yeah, he's been helping with my weight problem," Kuroeda replied, pinching at her meaty rear as she placed her bag on the table. "He called me over here to see if I could help with the spell book."

"Thank you so much," Marcille replied, taking a seat across from Kuroeda. "I can't even begin to understand this. Everything seems so different than what I'm used to. I really appreciate the assistance."

Kuroeda raised her head to show off her smile. "Well, at least one of your kind seems capable of showing gratitude. Here, have some snacks from the store I work at."

"Oh no, I really shouldn't--"

Marcille was stopped by the smell that wafted into her nose. Glancing over at the bag, she watched as Kuroeda removed a paper box similar to the ones she had seen at the fast food restaurant she had appeared in. Opening up the lid and getting a full dose of the heavenly aroma inside, she was already drooling before she saw the crispy exterior of the fried bun. Without thinking, she grabbed the morsel and brought it to her mouth.

Sinking her teeth in, Marcille was met with a meaty flavor and a hint of cheese. As she continued to munch on the snack, she didn't notice the crumbs that tumbled out of her mouth. That was until a second bite sprinkled some of the fried skin onto her pudgy gut. Taking a

moment to brush away the crumbs, she continued to munch on her snack while perusing the spell book with Kuroeda.

The midday sun sneaking in through a crack in the window curtains managed to awaken Marcille from her slumber. Slowly opening up her eyes, she stared out at the television screen she had left on from the night before. Letting out a yawn did little to relieve her of the grogginess she had developed from yet another, night long session of diving into one of Kuroeda's books. For the time being, she managed to convince herself that at least her sorry state was because she was making progress on her attempt to return to her party.

Marcille was given the harsh reality of the situation when she swung her legs over the side of the bed and crushed an empty chip bag beneath her foot. Looking out across the floor, she spotted empty soda cans and take out boxes that gave her a clearer picture of the night's events. Chewing on her lips, she forced herself into a standing position and rushed over to a mirror.

What Marcille saw was a myriad of crumbs that had clung to the tight, white t-shirt that looked painted onto her body. The poorly held together top did little to obscure the doughy gut that was bulging out from her mid-section. What little fabric was left threatened to rip against the sheer heft of her bosom with each slight shift of her fatty arm. A similar battle was being fought by her borrowed, green leggings as they struggled against her chubby legs. Wincing as she felt more of her ass fat threatened to expose itself, she let out a slight yelp as she heard a knock at the door.

"Marcille," Naoe called out from the other side. "Can you let me in? I want to talk to you about something."

“J-just a minute,” the elf replied, staring wide eyed at her frayed hair and two chins. Unwilling to allow the human to see her sorry state, she frantically searched the room for something to help her. Amidst the stacks of spell books and spread of empty food containers, she was able to spot her supplies bag. Shuffling over to avoid tearing her clothes, she stuck in a hand and pulled out her old, blue robe. While it wouldn’t fully cover herself up, she was content to wear it like a coat in the hopes of obscuring at least some of her weight problem. Figuring that this was the best she could do for the moment, she made a weak attempt to hang her hair behind her back as she finally opened the door.

“Are you feeling alright?” Naoe asked as he stared into the nervous expression on her face.

“Y-yeah, I’m doing just fine,” Marcille replied, adding a nervous laugh to try and sell the obvious lie. “Just a little tired from another night long study session.”

Naoe shook his head. “Getting a proper night’s sleep is important for your body’s health. I know you want to get back home as soon as possible, but-“

In response to Naoe attempting to step inside, Marcille shifted her body to block the way. “What are you doing?”

“I was going to see if I could help you with your books,” Naoe replied. “A fresh set of eyes might help you.”

“That’s really not necessary,” she insisted, moving aside again to stop him from seeing the mess she had left behind.

Naoe raised a suspicious eyebrow. “Marcille, are you trying to hide something from me?”

“N-no, not at all,” Marcille’s shaky voice answered. “I just don’t think your assistance is necessary. You might not believe me, but back in my world I was an expert on-“

A loud ripping noise filled the air to put a dead stop to Marcille's words. Realizing that she had stretched her body too far in her effort to keep Naoe out, she tried to remain as still as possible to avoid worsening the situation. However, all of her effort was for nothing as a slight twinge of her foot was enough to set off a chain reaction.

The first to go were the elf's pants, letting her thigh meat bulge out and adding the sound of her fatty butt cheeks slapping together to the cacophony of destroyed fabric. In her panic to try and keep some of her clothing together, her flailing, flabby arms finally won over her top. With nothing in the way, her head-sized breasts were free to wobble about and get rid of the scraps of cloth that had managed to cling to her. As her tits settled down to rest on her gut, she begrudgingly lifted her head up to meet the disappointed gaze of Naoe as he looked over her near 300 pound figure.

"I knew it," the human commented, looking past the exposed elf to see the shameful collection of empty food containers. "This explains the constant chewing noises I heard last night."

"I'm sorry, but everything just tastes so good," Marcille whined out, trying and failing to cover herself up with her robe.

"Guess that's another thing that you have in common with the other elves," Naoe said, stepping to the side. "Elfuda, come here."

A series of heavy stomps preceded Elfuda making her appearance. If it weren't for the sudden destruction of Marcille's clothes the pair of them would have looked like twins. The main difference was that the potato-crazed elf's belly was a few inches skinnier and her breasts were dwarfed by Marcille's. What she still had in common was a look of shame as Naoe motioned for her to step into the room.

“I take it you’re at least partially responsible for this?” Naoe asked.

“I was just trying to help her,” Elfuda replied, finding it fruitless to try and hide her crime.

“By worsening her weight problem?” Naoe followed up, holding an empty fry container in his fingers.

“She was just trying to let me sample all of the food your world has to offer,” Marcille spoke up in Elfuda’s defense. “It was my fault for not paying attention to how much we were eating.”

With a groan, Naoe tucked the container under his arm. “I won’t fault you there, but we still need to do something to bring you back to your original sizes. I was hoping that I would be able to fix it on my own, but it looks like we’ll have to get some help.”

“What do you mean?” Marcille asked, an uneasy shudder going down her spine.

“I’ve called someone in to assist you two,” Naoe answered, doing little to help with Marcille’s fears. “Someone who can combat even Elfuda’s bad eating habits.”

Thanks to her time spent in dungeons, Marcille was well versed with running at full speed. However, that was back when she was running away from mere dungeon monster. Now, she was under the watchful eye of a woman without a hint of mercy. Her tormentor pushed her through one grueling task after another, not even giving her a moment to deal with the extra layers of flab that had enveloped her body.

Panting like a dog and with sweat beading down her two chins, Marcille tried to push herself to finish off her run. The already imposing task of moving her thick thighs back and forth was made all the more difficult by the tight, blue sweatpants stretched around her wide hips. With each stomp of her blubbery legs, she winced at the feeling of the fabric sinking deeper and deeper between her meaty ass cheeks.

With the finish line in sight, Marcille frantically began to wave her blubbery arms about. This resulted in her flabby, 350 pound gut slipping out from beneath her blue hoodie. However, the boost of speed she achieved as her basketball-like breasts threatened to pop out of her clothes was just what she needed. Finally reaching the ending point, her strength finally gave out to send her collapsing to the ground. Using her chubby cheeks to suck up as much air as possible, she managed to recover enough strength to tilt her head up toward the figure standing above her.

“You have a lot of room to improve,” Oeda commented, similar to Elfuda in hair and race, but easily differentiated by the various battle scars along her body. Though Marcille did notice how the other elf’s shirt and pants were tightly wound around her chubby figure, she didn’t dare to bring it up. “Where is my niece?”

“She collapsed a while back,” Marcille replied, dragging herself over to a bench and sitting down. “Can I have something to drink?”

“Here,” Oeda replied, handing over a bottle of water. “Better rest up. You’ll need all the energy you can get for the second lap.”

“Second lap?” Marcille whined, only for her to straighten up at the glare in the other elf’s eyes.

“We’ll start once I retrieve Elfuda so be prepared,” Oeda said before running back through the park.

Realizing that she needed to make the most out of her downtime, Marcille unscrewed the cap and brought the bottle to her lips. The refreshing taste she expected as she took a sip felt lacking as it touched her tongue. Pulling the bottle back, she let out a sigh of mental exhaustion. On top of having to deal with the extra fat it put on, her obsession with what Naoe called junk food had cursed her with a need to have all of her food be unhealthy in terms of either sugar, grease, or both.

“So what if I’m a little fat,” Marcille muttered to herself as soon as she was sure Oeda was out of earshot. “Back where I’m from, they say the best adventurers are those with meat on their bones.”

Putting aside the unappetizing water for a moment, Marcille opened up her bag. Skimming through the pages of another spell book, she tried to find something to pass the time. She didn’t expect much considering her months of studying the tomes had given her little things of use. That made it all the more astounding when her fingers randomly turned to a page and found a spell she hadn’t seen before.

Re-reading the description multiple times didn’t help Marcille’s disbelief. Wondering if she had perhaps misunderstood the spell, she hazarded to give it a test run. Grabbing the bottle and holding it out in front of her, she spoke the incantation. As the last word left her mouth, her eyes went wide as the water transformed into a bubbly cola. Putting the bottle to her lips and taking a swig, she confirmed that it wasn’t all a mirage brought on by her exhaustive run.

The elation Marcille felt about her discovery lasted until she recognized a pair of figures approaching. Fearing retribution for her sugary drink, she chugged down the soda. Her quick drinking was a skill she had developed to secretly keep up with her growing appetite when no

one was looking. Licking any stray droplets, she put the bottle aside and tried to look innocent as Oeda and Elfuda approached.

“Ah good,” Oeda said, slumping her niece onto the bench. “You drank it all up.”

“Y-yeah, got to be prepared to sweat it up,” Marcille said with a nervous smile.

“I don’t know how you do it,” Elfuda panted out, wringing out the sweat from her green exercise outfit. While she shared a similar distribution of fat with Marcille, she was about 25 pounds smaller. “I’m ready to pass out.”

“Nap while you can,” Oeda replied. “You still have the hardest part ahead of you. You were able to take on the easy route, but we’ll see how you do once I get the obstacles up.” Reaching into her cooler and handing the distraught Elfuda another water bottle, she grabbed a collection of tires and headed off back towards the course.

“She could at least give me some fries for making it halfway,” Elfuda said, bringing the water to her mouth only for Marcille to snatch it away. “Hey! What do you think you’re-“

Elfuda fell silent as she watched the water turn to soda before her eyes. With a grin on her chubby cheeks, Marcille graciously handed over the concoction. Watching her fellow elf chug down the soda brought a strange sense of pride to Marcille. As Elfuda finished off the last drop, she shared a wordless conversation with her fellow, overweight elf. If they could survive Oeda’s training, they were more than willing to make the most out of Marcille’s new ability.

Naoe had thought he had prepared for everything to go on his trip. A rigorous schedule of exercise routines had been put together with Oeda to keep Elfuda and Marcille in shape. He had also given specific orders to his companions to constantly check in on the pair to ensure they

were sticking to their diets. Most importantly, he had ensured that there wasn't a single crumb of unhealthy food left in the house to tempt the elves. Unfortunately, he was completely unaware of the new skill Marcille had spent the last few weeks honing in secret.

Sitting upon the couch, Marcille peeked up from her spell book to watch as Elfuda gathered the necessary supplies. The mere act of having to haul the food packages and water over to the table brought a sheen of sweat to the 400 pound elf. Setting down a pack of water bottles, she leaned back as her hand massaged the blubber around her mid-section. She was forced to pause for a moment as she felt the tear in the back of her pants widen to show off more of her chunky rear. Already revealing so much helped her to shed any shame as she opened up the top of her shirt to give her heavy breasts some air. Picking up one of the bottles, she turned towards Marcille with a look of wanting on her face.

Shutting the book in her pudgy fingers, Marcille began to recite the spell. Wagging about her chins, she managed to harness her magic to their full extent by stretching out the limits of the robe adorning her 450 pounds of flesh. Just as her stomach rolls and udder-like breasts were about to slip out from the garment, she was pleased to see the entire collection of water turn into a variety of different sodas. Watching Elfuda guzzle down one of the bottles, she spread her wide rear across two of the couch cushions as she basked in the pride of her abilities.

"This is better than anything I've ever drank before," Elfuda commented with a half-empty bottle in her grasp.

"Thank you," Marcille said, further straining her clothes as she took a soda for herself. "However, this is just the beginning. I still want to modify as much food as possible while Naoe is..."

Marcille trailed off as she noticed the distraught look on Elfuda's chubby face. Turning her thick neck to the side, she spotted the angry glare of Oeda baring down on her. For a moment, a terrified shudder went through her back flab. Reminding herself that she had a plan, she shifted her heft around to face the battle-hardened elf head on.

"So this is why the two of you have been putting on weight despite my training," Oeda accused. "Well, what do you have to say for yourself?"

"Elfuda," Marcille began, ignoring the imposing elf for the moment, "hand me one of those yogurt cups."

Graciously accepting the container from the nervous Elfuda, Marcille held her pudgy hand above it. Repeating the incantation, she quickly moved her fingers back to avoid her palm getting covered by the tower of ice cream that erupted out from the lid. As tantalizing as it was for her to gobble the sweet treat up, her hunger paled in comparison to the longing gaze Oeda gave to it. With a smug smirk, she offered up the ice cream and allowed the elf to snatch it from her hand.

The imposing demeanor Oeda had held onto during the weeks of vigorous training fell apart the moment she took her first bite. From there, she devolved into a beast of hunger as she greedily ate up every last bite. Not stopping until she had licked the cup clean, she looked up to meet the expectant gaze of Marcille.

"How?" Oeda asked.

"I managed to finally work some of your world's magic in with mine," Marcille replied, taking another pair of cups and repeating the process. Handing one container of ice cream to Oeda, she kept the other for herself. "Keep quiet about this to Naoe and you'll be able to enjoy as much as you want."

Seeing Oeda express her agreement by eating the second helping of ice cream, Marcille turned over to see a concerned looking Elfuda. “What’s wrong?”

“Something doesn’t feel right,” Elfuda replied.

“Don’t you want to eat the tasty cuisine of this world?” Marcille asked, not dropping her mischievous smile for a second. “You’re the one who introduced me to it.”

“Yeah, but this might be taking it a little too far. Not to mention, once the human finds out what we’re doing, he’ll scold us again for getting further and further from our goal of returning through the-“

Elfuda fell silent as Marcille hurried through another recitation of the spell. Put into a trance-like state by the smell and sight, Elfuda stopped thinking about the ramifications as she helped herself to one of the many fry baskets that had been created. By the time she had eaten up the serving and was gifted several more, the only words that left her mouth were ones of gratitude for the deliciously greasy meal.

“I’ll take care of fixing our weight problem later,” Marcille said, her own voice barely audible as the other elves ate. Dragging over a platter of veggies, she quickly transformed it into a sampling of fried chicken wings and various sauces. “For now, I want to make the most of my new abilities.”

Having successfully recovered from keeping Oga and Hime from getting into trouble with their latest brawl, Naoe returned from his vacation ready to relax. Stretching out his arms, he realized that part of his return would be spent checking the status of Marcille and Elfuda. He was quite pleased with himself for the plan he had left them. He was certain that any day now

Marcille would be back down to her original weight and they would have the means to return her to her world. This optimistic outlook was shattered against reality as he approached his front door and knocked aside an empty container of butter.

Sprawled out on the doormat was Reika, the lycanthrope in her hybrid form. Though her grey furred ears twitched from Naoe's approach, she did not stir from her nap. The reason became clear as he looked around to see more licked-clean containers of butter littering the front lawn. Staring down at the chubby belly of the wolf woman filled him with unease. Carefully stepping over her, he opened up the door and headed inside.

Things didn't get much better for Naoe as he made it to the living room. There, he spotted the blobby belly of Kuroeda resting on the living room couch with her thicker ass cheeks barely able to remain on the cushions. His initial thought was trying to figure out where Oeda might be. He found his answer by glancing over at the armchair to see her fast asleep, with a dozen or so empty ice cream cones littering her heftier bosom and doughy gut.

"Oeda," Naoe called out, getting her to wake up by poking her exposed belly button.

"What happened--"

Naoe managed to swiftly avoid the pudgy limb that came swinging his way. This was less so about his own dexterity and more due to the lethargy that had afflicted the once-battle hardened elf. Pulling back her arm, she glanced between the mess on her body and Naoe before wiping her lips clean of leftover ice cream.

"Sorry," Oeda said. "I couldn't resist their influence."

"Do you mean Elfuda and Marcille?"

"That's...partially true," Oeda forced out. "You should see them for yourself. I would join you, but..."

Shifting herself back and forth, Oeda managed to show how her backside was properly wedged into the seat.

“Do you need any help?” Naoe offered.

“It’s fine,” Oeda said, helping herself to some of the leftover ice cream on her chest. “I sent Raika out a while ago to pick up some butter to help me slip out. In any case, you should go check on the others first. I’ll be fine.”

With the knowledge that neither Oeda nor Raika were going anywhere anytime soon, Naoe moved on to Marcille’s room. His path there was guided by a collection of water bottles and food packaging randomly spread along the ground. Picking up one of the bottles, he held it up to his nose and smelled the tell tale aroma of soda. More than a little confused, he put the containers in a pile for the time being and continued on to the source of the mess.

Creaking open the bedroom door, Naoe noticed that the lights were off. Stepping inside, he was able to see a chunky figure illuminated by the glow of a TV. Creeping up closer to the blob, he managed to recognize its pointed ears and bundled up, blonde hair. Though he was a bit taken aback to see that her chunky rear and back flab was fully exposed, the professional inside of him pushed him forward. Though his attention was to merely tap on her shoulder, his attempt to sneak up on her was foiled as his foot crushed an empty fry box.

The noise immediately got Elfuda to turn over. While she tried to stand up, it was a task made all the more difficult thanks to the 600 pound belly dragging her down. Try as she might to lift herself up, her struggling only succeeded in shaking loose crumbs of leftover fries from her well-endowed, melon-sized bosom. With her three chins still jiggling, she slowly tilted her head up to see the disappointed look on Naoe’s face.

“I can explain,” Elfuda said, holding up her pudgy fingers to try and buy herself some time.

“There’s nothing to explain,” Naoe refuted. “You did what you always do and let your hunger get the better of you. Our guest has been trying her hardest to return to her friends and then you go about hoarding a bunch of snacks. I thought you were better than that.”

“That’s not what happened!” Elfuda insisted. “If anything, Marcille is the bad influence. You should see what she’s been-“

“Enough,” Naoe said, stomping away from her and towards the light switch. “You can start apologizing by helping me clean up this mess.”

With a flick of the switch, Naoe succeeded in lighting up the room and momentarily blinding Elfuda. Adjusting to the brightness, he tried to survey the area to see how much work was in store for him. He paused as his eyes made their way over to the bed. In the darkness, he had assumed that it was a mix of bundled up blankets and a mound of empty food containers. He turned out to be only half right.

Slowly, the massive mound of flesh began to stir. With quakes going through the countless amount of flab rolls, the various bottles and leftover food boxes were shaken off to be spilled onto the ground. Rolling over, the figure’s grogginess led to her having no problem with showing off the set of beachball-like breasts that rested upon her gut. Swinging her thick, tree trunk-like legs over the side of the mattress, she made the bed springs groan under her weight as she spread out her double-wide rear upon it. When Naoe finally managed to look over the four rows of chins and the rounded cheeks, she spotted the sleepy expression of Marcille.

“How did this happen?” Naoe asked, approaching the elf as she used her plump, sausage-like fingers to tug at her unkempt, blonde hair. “You’ve got to be over 700 pounds.”

“750, last time I checked,” she casually replied as she helped herself one of the half-full soda bottles. “Don’t worry, I won’t stay this way for long. I can always get bigger.”

“But all of the exercise and food I had planned out for you,” Naoe said, hoping saying the words aloud would give him the answers he needed.

“Yeah, I didn’t really bother,” she replied as she lazily rubbed at her face. “As for your food, I found a way to make it better.”

Picking up a small granola bar, Marcille muttered the incantation. A moment later, the bar was enveloped by a bright light. When Naoe’s vision returned, it was to see a collection of candy bars plummet onto the elf’s bountiful stomach rolls. Claiming one of the treats, she tore off the wrapper to eat the entire thing in one bite.

“Marcille, why would you do this?” Naoe asked while the elf continued to indulge herself. “Don’t you want to lose weight?”

“Nah,” she replied, stuffing another bar in her mouth while the other hand jostled around her fat. “I think I’m starting to like it. It’s soft and plush. Makes me feel like I’m permanently enveloped by a warm blanket.” Finishing off the last of the candy bars, she took up a container of yogurt to transform it into a bucket-sized milkshake. “That and I’m not ready to go yet. Your world has so much more delicious food for me to try.”

Watching Marcille stray further from her goal as she drank heavily from bucket, Naoe collapsed to the ground. Sitting amidst the empty containers, he watched as Elfuda shuffled her way over to collect any misplaced crumb from Marcille’s fat folds. Witnessing the extent of the elves’ hedonism, he closed his eyes to mentally prepare for the herculean task of reigning in the appetite of two gluttonous elves.