

Magic relies on belief.

A belief in the concept of magic itself, and a belief in the power of the one wielding it.

Dantine had helped Jacob discover that belief, as well as some other things.

He was really hoping his belief wouldn't falter right now, however.

"YES! More Darling, Harder, Faster!"

Dantine still liked to be on top during sex, which got more and more complicated the more gargantuan his girthy wife became.

As such, fueled by lust and a hope to not be crushed, Jacob was levitating his former teacher and current wife above him while he thrust.

Some of the best magic practitioners in history could not have hoped to achieve this, but they clearly were not as motivated.

Dantine, meanwhile, was in bliss.

The revelation that the headstrong, motivated and legendary Sorceress was actually just a submissive and greedy feedee had been a shock to the both of them.

Dantine knew that she could, and maybe rather *should*, be scouring the world for secrets, fighting dark mages in far flung and enthralling adventures across the land.

She had been praised by her professors for her latent magical potential.

And the fact that she squandered that potential by eating herself absurdly obese only turned her on more.

At long last, they both finished at the same time. Dantine was panting from the effort, while Jacob felt the relief of being able to slowly lower his wife down after he got out of the way of her mind blowing bulk.

"Have... a good... class, dear."

Jacob kissed his wife, who was already beginning to drift off to sleep.

With a flash, he got dressed, then teleported to his office.

Walking out, he was so engrossed by the pleasant experience he just had that he almost ran into his student waiting on the other side of the door.

“Oh, so sorry, Professor!”

Freyja, like many of his Sorceress students, was supernaturally stunning.

As a Dark Elf, her lilac skin was perfectly contrasted by her snow white hair, and irisless white eyes.

She had an hourglass figure, and long sculpted legs....

At least she used to.

Stumbling into his student, Jacob noticed she looked more, fed, then usual. Primarily, she was looking particularly soft on her hips.

The robes she wore had a vertical slit to show off her firm thighs, but now showed them to be rather doughy.

It was not much of a gain, maybe 15 pounds, but it was enough to get the fat admirer's attention.

“I've just been so clumsy lately, professor.”

Jacob dusted off his robes and said. “Mostly my fault, Freja, I have to get to my class. I shall see you tomorrow, yes?”

She nodded and he scurried away. She smiled deviously.

She was right.

With her head held high, she sauntered to the cafeteria. She found her group of friends at their usual table, and summoned herself a calorific Parfait,

“Someone looks proud of herself.” Said Tonje, a Tiefling with bright red skin, short coal black hair, and burning red eyes.

“And hungry.” replied Skiensa, a dwarvish woman with ruddy red hair.

“ I was right.” Freyja said.

“About what?” said the 4th and final occupant of the table, shy little Jezebel, a blonde human woman.

“Professor Jacob loves fat women.” Freyja said before resuming her parfait feast.

“So the lad likes his women thicker, big deal. Have you forgotten he’s married?” Skiensa stated skeptically

Freyja scoffed.

“What Sorceress do you know that wouldn’t want a threesome or more now and then? I’m sure she would be keen if asked.”

“So that’s why you’ve been glutting yourself like a pig.” Tonje sneered.

“Precisely. Graduating here with the top marks will be all the more easier if I can get a professor under my thumb.”

“But don’t you think your weight will get more... severe, if you keep this up?” Jezebel asked innocently. “Weight loss magic is very hard to master.”

Freyja just snorted.

“My people braved the underdark for thousands of years. Surely some pounds will be no difficult task to rid myself of.”

Freyja resumed her gorging, summoning a delicious cream pie, ignoring the concerned look on her friends faces.

Eventually, the end of the year came, and the students waited to hear they're results.

“I hope her plan worked.” Jezebel said aloud, eagerly awaiting to hear the results of her dark elf friend.

“Even before becoming a lardass, Freyja was the best caster out of all of us..” Skiensa reassured her.

“She better have fucking aced it, for what she did to our figures.” Tonje sneered.

It turned out that having a friend desperate to blimp herself up, plus the knowledge that a burst seam or two might improve your grade, can lead to some weight gain.

Each Sorceress was at least 100 pounds heavier than the day Freyja revealed her inside scoop.

Tonje was very top heavy, her robes showing a large amount of scarlet cleavage. That might have been wanted, if she didn't have to deal with the plump gut that came with it.

At least it wasn't as bad as Jezebel. She was almost exclusively a belly gainer. Her small blue robe held in her globular gut, barely.

Skienza, meanwhile, looked downright spherical. From her chubby thighs to her jowly cheeks, no part of her was spared by the calorific onslaught of her tutelage.

Finally, the doors opened, and a wall of purple flesh attempted to squeeze out.

The trio went to help. After all, Freyja needed their help just to get in.

Freyja grunted, wheezed, and wined.

"Why. is it so much harder. getting you. OUT!" Tonje exclaimed.

"The Professor.. Offered me chocolates... to show his appreciation... for my studies."

"Did ye eat the whole box?" Skienza grunted, forcing a fatty leg through the door.

"No..... I ate the whole crate."

Freyja finally popped out, revealing the bottom heavy drow in all her glory.

A dress that looked like it was on its last legs when she entered the office now looked like it was begging for mercy.

Lard filled thighs billowed out, giving her an ass that was only balanced by the gelatinous gut hanging down in front of her.

Her breasts had seen only small gains, but her face was noticeably fatter, with a double chin even when she wasn't looking down. There was no way in the god's name she was under 500 pounds.

After some awkward moments waiting for her to catch her breath, Jezebel asked "So did it go the way you thought?"

Freyja smiled.

"Oh yes. Not only did I get the best marks in the class, he even asked me to return later for "Dinner with his wife." I'm in, girls.

“But wasn’t the idea to stop gaining weight after his class? Going to dinner surely means you’ll gain more.” Tonje said.

Freyja lifted as much of her gut as she could. She looked to be lost in wonder.

“Perhaps.. I might want to actually get fatter. There’s something so... intoxicating about the thought.”

The other girls outwardly looked concerned, but deep down, they were thinking the exact same thing.