

LITTLE WITCH ACADEMIA: “EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES”

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Jazminka Antonenko wasn't stupid. She just really, really, *really* liked food. Often to the detriment of her own safety... and the safety of others.

Right now, for example, she was sneaking a late-night snack from the Luna Nova kitchens. Cooking classes at Luna Nova were dangerous affairs, and so most of the cabinets were locked by night. But that didn't stop an adventurous—and gluttonous—girl like Jazminka.

Nibbling on chips as she waddled through the halls, the pink-haired tubby student slipped behind a cabinet as a teacher peered into the kitchens with a lantern. After the intruder had left, Jazminka strolled up to a huge refrigerator covered in absurdly large warning signs.

DANGER! SLIMES INSIDE!

DO NOT EAT WITHOUT PASTEURIZING FIRST!

IF YOU EAT THESE, YOU WILL BE CURSED!

NOTE TO STUDENTS WHO HAVEN'T TAKEN CURSE CLASS: CURSES ARE BAD!!

REALLY BAD!!

DO NOT EAT!!!!

These notices were reinforced by radiation symbols, biohazard signs and a dozen pictograms of students dying horribly. Jasminka giggled. Those silly teachers were always trying to get her to stop eating the ingredients—as if their petty spells could keep out a *true* gourmand like her.

Plucking a toothpick from her hair, she slid it into the padlock and jiggled it. The lock popped free and the short, round student opened the door.

Inside were dozens and dozens of glass jars, containing various different slimes. Black puddings, tiny Jello-colored gelatinous cubes and simple yellow ochres wriggled and writhed in their containers. Her trademark squint deepened as Luna Nova's resident piglet took the first jar off the shelf, opened it... and dipped a spoon inside.

"Mmm, fruity!"

For hours, the kitchens were filled with the ominous sounds of slurping, lip-smacking... and the occasional wet, self-satisfied belch.

By morning, the fridge was entirely empty.

During first period, one of her friends finally noticed that a certain pink-haired chubby wizard had not arrived.

"Hey, has anyone seen Jazminka?" Akko glanced around the lecture hall, curious. "Usually she's halfway through her third Doritos bag by now... but I don't see her anywhere."

"Eh, she's probably passed out in a food coma somewhere." Sucy smirked as she dangled a spider over the head of a student in the row in front of them; with a shriek, the girl flailed and crashed her way out of the room, tarantula legs scrabbling at her hair. "You know how she is."

"I don't know..." Lotte straightened her glasses. "She's usually on time, if covered in crumbs."

"That's what I mean. I've never seen her pay attention, but she *also* never misses class." Ako stood up, determination on her face. "If she's missing, she might be in trouble!"

The other two witches glanced at each other and sighed. Akko never let down a friend, even those friends—like Jazminka—who barely spoke to her or gave her the time of day. Really, someone should probably update Akko on the correct idea of what a "friend" was. But they could see justice and righteousness shining in their friend's eyes, and they could tell that shenanigans were afoot.

Sucy brushed her curling pink hair out of her eyes. "You're not going to suggest we go *look* for her, are you? If she fell down a well or something, technically, that would help solve world hunger."

"Akko," Lotte gently reminded her friend, "we really need to pay attention today. We've skipped class all week for rescue missions—"

But the harebrained witch was already out the door, running down the hall. "*Don't worry Jazminka! I'll save you!*"

Shrugging, the other two followed her. Watching Akko get herself into mortal peril was pretty standard... but it still beat the doldrums of watching Professor Fish bubble in her fishbowl for three straight hours.

Naturally, Jazminka wasn't in her room. However, a trail of potato chip crumbs led them out the hall, and down towards the school grounds.

The adventurous trio followed the trail closely, Akko magicking up a deer-hunter's hat and magnifying glass for the occasion. "It would seem the suspect has a fondness for greasy foods..."

Sucy yawned. "We already know that, Akko. Get on with it."

"I'm just being thorough!"

They trailed the "suspect" all the way down to the Luna Nova kitchens, where a group of baker-witches was preparing the day's meals. Sneaking behind the cooks, the three students followed Jazminka's trail into the larder, where it mixed with drifts of fallen floor, specks of sugar and a small fairy who'd gorged on too much pastry and fallen asleep in the corner.

"Hey you! Wake up!" Akko prodded her with the Shiny Rod, jiggling the tiny creature's swollen belly. "We're looking for our friend. Have you seen her? Pink hair, kind of... well, you know..."

"Obese," said Sucy in a dead-pan monotone.

The fairy belched, staggering to her feet. Her tiny, wide eyes were wide with sugar-rush and her stomach was swollen to a baseball-sized bulge; fairies, as everyone knew, could ingest up to double their mass in foods—and they *loved* sugar. This one seemed to have over-indulged. When she tried to fly up and hover next to Akko, the sheer weight of her belly dragged her to the floor.

“Whoops! **URRRP**. Your friend, your uh, your friend...” The fairy’s eyes wandered, clearly drunk on sugar. “She went over there. And she **urrrp** ate all the slimes.”

She pointed at an enormous refrigerator across the room, which was surrounded by heavy chains and locks... locks that had been magically opened and cast aside with the bored disinterest of a single-minded glutton. Hurrying away from the fairy, Sucy, Akko and Lotte regarded the fridge with deep concern.

“That’s the fridge for Alchemy class,” Lotte said, swallowing. “She... She ate the Alchemy supplies?”

Akko peered inside. Dozens of empty jars sat there, stripped clean of their contents. Chunks of slime and ooze decked the racks, dripping down to the fridge floor. “Are these... slimes?”

Sucy prodded one of the oozing droplets with her finger. “Yes. Monsters captured to be used as ingredients. I use them for hair gel, sometimes.” She grinned. “I like the way they make my scalp tingle.”

“Ew...” Akko tapped her chin with her magnifying glass. “She ate *all* the slimes. That can’t be good for her digestive system—”

BRRRRRAPPT.

A bass-tuned, rumbling *sotto voce* of intestinal disturbance echoed from somewhere in Luna Nova. Akko jumped and squeaked, pulling down her skirt as a blast of foul-smelling air came from an open trapdoor nearby.

“What was that?”

Lotte wrinkled her nose. “Smells like... farts.”

Behind them, there was a clicking of heels in the kitchen. “I totally saw those two troublemakers going down here, Diana... If we catch them we could get them *totally* expelled!”

“Enough.” The scion of magical excellence, Diana Cavendish, was audible even over the clack of pots and pans. “If they’re in here, Hannah, they could be endangering themselves. There are lots of dangerous magical ingredients in the kitchens—some of which *my* family paid for.” A haughty shadow stretched across the doorway. “And I don’t take kindly to those *clowns* misusing my family’s money. Just look at this mess!”

The three witches glanced at each other... then at the trapdoor. Wordlessly, they hustled down the ladder—and into the underbelly of Luna Nova.

Beneath the school was a maze of maintenance tunnels, which the fairies used... and of course, countless chambers and secret puzzle-rooms built for questing students. Despite the incredible dangers of the Luna Nova campus, these areas were still unrestricted, a fact that the parent-teacher committee had been divided about for years. Some believed questing helped the students mature. Others, notably concerned parents, said that their kids getting maimed, transformed or sent back in time was *not* an educational experience and that they wanted their tuition money back.

The debate did not reach the tunnels, though, and the three schoolgirls shuffled down the ladder, Lotte gasping as she stepped in a patch of slime. “Look! She was totally here. Footprints!”

It was true. Luminescent, Jazminka-sized marks moved away from the ladder, stretching into the dark. The other two students followed Lotte as she examined the trail, Akko nervously watching the shadows. Suddenly, the “delightful adventure” of finding her friend didn’t seem so delightful.

The sub-levels were dirty, slimy and full of skulking, strange creatures. Worse, there were garbage chutes everywhere—the cleaning fairies took disposal bins away periodically, but they were on strike right now, so garbage overflowed most of the bins. Old apple cores, candy wrappers, and even the occasional shoe and discarded wand battery littered the underground. It smelled *rancid*.

“I saw them! Down here!”

The three winced as Hannah’s snotty voice bounced down the trapdoor hole. Akko motioned to the other two and they sprinted around the corner, following the footprints. Akko suddenly wished she’d participated in Magical Gym as she quickly got out of breath.

“Uh, Sucy... Do you know, huff... why... huff, why are her footprints glowing?”

“Magical transformation.” Sucy was gliding alongside them, batlike and hunched, and utterly unworried. “Whatever she ate must have changed her metaphysical essence. The idiot.”

“So she might be... A monster?” Lotte rounded the corner and shrieked, and the others crashed into her, Hanna-Barbera style. The three of them looked up from the floor to see... what *had* been Jazminka.

Now, it was something different.

A garbage chute linked up to the student cafeteria dumped food refuse down a pipe into a bin. But sitting on the bin was Jazminka, looking much larger and *greener* than usual, her cheerful squinty eyes half-lidded in disinterest as she wrapped her mouth around the garbage chute. Her lips stretched impossibly wide, and the trio saw she was looking... *bigger* than usual, as well. Jazminka was a tubby girl to start with, but now she was downright spherical.

“Oh no!” Akko held up her Shiny Rod. “Look, she’s cursed—we have to save her!”

“Akko, no!” Lotte grabbed for the Rod. “You know you’re not good at transformation magic—”

“*Metamorphie Faciessa!*”

Bright light erupted from the Shiny Rod, streaking towards Jazminka... and then it bounced off her, ricocheting back towards the students. At that exact moment, Diana and her two cronies came around the corner, the popular trio facing off against the loser trio. Diana reached for her wand... and then the errant Transformation spell slammed into all of them, blasting each against the wall and leaving magical sparks across their skin.

“*Waugh!*” Akko flopped into a pile of garbage. “Ew, is this a banana peel? Gross...” Yet she found herself relishing the rotten smell, all of a sudden. Allured by it.

“Akko...” Diana rose from the filth with a fish-bone sticking from her hair. “This has gone far enough. I’ve tolerated you messing with my school’s reputation over and over, but this...” She gestured at Jazminka, as the half-slime girl grotesquely guzzled down a load of school garbage, belching with satisfaction. “This goes beyond your usual nonsense. This time...”

Her stomach growled. Absently, Diana reached down and plucked a half-eaten pork pie from the piles of refuse around them. To Hannah and Barbara’s horror, the popular witch began nibbling on it, her eyes wandering. “Hmm. What was I saying?...”

“The transformation spell,” said Lotte, as she reached helplessly for an expired tin of Spam. “Akko, you transferred the curse to *us!*”

“Crap! Crap, crap, crap!” Akko waved the Shiny Rod, trying to correct her mistake, but the battery was dead. She turned to Sucy for help, but Sucy was over by Jazminka, feeding her garbage. The potion-brewer had the light of mischief in her eyes, as usual. “Sucy! What are you doing?!”

The pink-haired alchemist shrugged. “It’s for science. I want to see if she’ll explode.”

Akko stepped forward to stop her... and stumbled, clutching her stomach. Underneath her modest blue school uniform, her belly was gurgling, churning... and swelling. Suddenly, she was desperately hungry, and all the garbage around her looked *delicious*.

An ooze... That’s how an ooze thinks! They’ll eat anything! She tried to stamp down her hunger, but it raced through her, making her feel slow and dim-witted. Full of rumbling needs. *I have to... Resist the curse!*

But suddenly there was a rye bread crust in her hand, soggy from its trip down the garbage chute, and suddenly it was in her mouth, and Akko’s pupils widened as her new slime-imbued frame instantly digested and absorbed the food, adding it to her body. “Lotte! Go stop Sucy, I’m... I’m a little busy...” And then she was on all fours, gobbling garbage like an animal. *Ew, ew, EW!*

But also: *Yum, yum, YUM.*

Lotte staggered towards Sucy, but was distracted by a stream of cooking grease from a nearby chute. Panicking, she found herself walking over to it and lapping it up like a dog. “Sucy... *gllp, glub*... why aren’t you affected? Do something!”

“I made myself immune to curses years ago.” The dour witch giggled as she shoved an entire cafeteria tray into Jazminka’s mouth; with a wet **GA-LUBB**, the swollen fleshy Jazminka-blob widened its jaws and swallowed the thing. “This is lots of fun, though.”

“It’s not fun, it’s... it’s... Mmm, coffee grounds...” Akko couldn’t help it. She dug deep into the piles of trash, gobbling down filth and offal, her belly swelling under her uniform. Soon her belt popped off, and her thickened thighs and rear caused the skirt to ride up. Her face thickened and a double chin emerged over the collar of her uniform. Her skin began to sweat profusely, and a greenish hue entered her complexion...

“Mmff! Gllp, *slrrrp*, **BRALCH.**” Diana was eating with relaxed, refined dignity, popping empty wrappers and expired milk quarts into her mouth with equal eagerness. Her belly was swollen to nearly the size of a beach ball, her obsessive ooze-like gobbling a grotesque display of upper-class manners combined with rotting leftovers.

“Diana!” Hannah was deeply disturbed, even as she herself nibbled on a leftover chunk of thrown-away pancake, long gone stale. “You can’t be... eating like that, **mmrf HURP.** Think of your reputation! Your... your Cavendish waistline!”

Diana nodded. “Yes, you’re **HIC** you’re right. I can’t look bad in front of these... amateurs.” She smirked. “That’s why *you’ll* look bad *for* me. Get down and eat all the garbage I can’t be seen eating, Hannah.”

She shoved her friend to the ground, and Hannah helplessly began devouring the masses of half-eaten school lunches, the teacher’s lounge scraps and even the occasional cigarette butt. “Mmmf! Y-yes Diana! I’ll **urrrrph** save you from this indignity!”

Akko was starting to lose herself in the urges of the ooze-spell, her eyes unfocused and dreamy. Waddling towards a garbage chute, holding her swollen stomach, she found herself pulling her mouth

wide, stretching her jaw beyond all reasonable limits... and then clamping it down on the chute. Precious, delicious garbage flowed down the chute and into her waiting gullet, her new ooze biology pulling it deeper inside her inflating body. This felt right. This felt... *fun*. She just wanted to eat, and eat, and grow... Just like an ooze. A stupid, happy, mindless eating machine. Just like Jazminka.

It was a long time before a teacher bothered to investigate where the seven witches had gone. Finally, Ursula descended the ladder, following Jazminka's glowing footprints, to discover what the curse had wrought on all seven of them.

She was disgusted, at first... then just disappointed. Jazminka was the largest, of course, a gelatinous mass of pink flesh draped in an impossible stretchy school uniform. The uniforms were magical, of course—the school couldn't afford to buy a bunch of new clothes, if a student got too fat for her own britches gorging on school food. Of course, even magical clothes had their limits.

Akko had nearly burst out of hers, her tomboyish frame swollen with unwholesome and supernatural flesh. She laid on the floor, riding her own belly, rocking slowly back and forth to ease more garbage out of her chosen chute. “Mmmf... **ggglpp... shrrrlp. BRUH-HULLCH.**” She was leaking gas from the fermented mass of junk inside her, and occasionally her skirt flew up in a cloud of released flatulence.

The others weren't faring much better. Diana was sitting on her two lackeys, her obese greasy bulk carried by the less “thoroughbred” witches, her ass-cheeks oozing over them and her colossal gut sagging between them. Her servants were on all fours, gorging on the worst of the garbage themselves and passing the choicest meals up to their queen. Boarding school hierarchy had finally become literal, as Hannah's clouded expression of arrogant greed became splattered with half-decayed pudding and flecks of aluminum foil.

Lotte was the smallest, her strong mental resistances allowing her to resist the curse... mostly. Unfortunately she was also lactose-intolerant, and there were plenty of dairy products down here, both fresh and... not-so-fresh. She was pinned in the corner by her freckled, bulging gut, her navel distended into an outie and her skirt fluttering with flatulent bursts. “Oogh... Should have... Played hooky today. **BRUHORRRP.**”

Sucy was the only one unaffected. She was lording it over the rest of them, taking measurements, poking Akko with a pin to elicit jiggling and loud panicked farts, and generally being a perverted nuisance. Ursula berated her, convinced her to finally bow to school authority... and together they pushed, hauled and rolled the brainwashed, ooze-bellied students out of the sewers and into the light.

Of course, it would be a long time before *any* of them could fit into a classroom again.