

A Heavy Deception

By: IndigoRho

Evon Gnashblade walked amongst the tables of his newest restaurant, admiring the feast laid out upon them. Glistening steaks, hearty stews, overflowing bowls of sauce-doused pasta...the variety and quality was unparalleled in the city of Lion's Arch. The wondrous amalgamation of aromas made his mouth water, and the charr was sorely tempted to sneak a bite for himself. Of course, one bite would turn into many. Every meal on display had been specially prepared by his newest business associates, the Gut Warband, who were exceptionally skilled at highly addictive, highly fattening cuisine.

Gnashblade had seen the results firsthand after sending his assistant Nero to them as an unwitting test subject; the unfortunate dope was still trying to lose weight after nearly doubling in size. Then there was the Pact Commander, who'd haplessly gorged on the copious gifts of food he'd sent him. Two charr of relatively average weight, both expanded to an almost unrecognizable degree with barely any effort on Gnashblade's part. They'd have plenty of hefty company as long as his plan continued going smoothly.

The doors to the restaurant swung open, drawing Gnashblade's attention, and the charr turned to see his guests. A pair of his company's guards were escorting a rather uncooperative fellow with more than a passing resemblance to Gnashblade himself. Dark black fur with a bit of white on the chest and muzzle, golden nose ring, tall horns that seemed to curve upwards in the exact same manner. For the businessman it was uncomfortably similar to looking right into a mirror. Perfect.

"Impressive! I'd heard others claim over the years they swore I was in two places at once, and I now see you're the one I can thank for that," Gnashblade grinned, still impressed.

His doppelganger was a lot less rowdy now that he knew who he was dealing with. "W-why was I dragged here, this has to be breaking a law!"

"You should be more concerned with all the laws *you've* been breaking, friend," Gnashblade said. "I could have you put away for a very, very long time for impersonating a public official of my standing. Not to mention you've likely defrauded half the bars in Lion's Arch by claiming free drinks in my name."

The other charr grew quiet.

"Don't worry, though, I'm in a very merciful mood today!" Gnashblade's smile somehow said otherwise. "I'm willing to completely forgive all your past transgressions—and maybe even some future ones—as long as you do me a single...little...favor: get fat."

"What?" His double was beyond confused.

"Get fat!" Gnashblade laughed. "You see, I've obtained a revolutionary new elixir that will ensure no one will ever have to struggle to lose weight ever again. Unfortunately I fear most will assume my product's too good to be true, and will miss out on being able to shed the pounds holding them back."

The other charr simply nodded, still not understanding what that had to do with him getting bigger.

"However, if a prominent official were to publicly display the incredible effects of the elixir, then there'd be no doubters left at all," Gnashblade continued. "And who better to test it out than me? Or rather, you. I need you to put on a sizable amount of weight, imitate me for a few days like you always have, then I'll reappear and stun the populace with my swift weight loss while crediting the elixir. Simple, right?"

"If that potion's so good, why don't you just gain the weight yourself and lose it!" The double grumbled, not fond of the idea of getting huge.

"Trust me, I'd love an excuse to indulge a little and eat whatever I wanted, but I'm also a busy charr," Gnashblade said. "My company requires a lot of attention, and I can't be distracted by the extra

bulk. Of course, if you're unwilling to help, I'll unfortunately be forced to have you brought to the stockades..."

The imposter gulped. His scheme had started by sheer accident, when a drunk had mistaken him for Gnashblade and bought him an ale. Sure, he'd played up the resemblance over time and grown rather accustomed to the free booze, but he'd he'd always felt it was an innocent charade. Now he had to choose between potential hard labor or growing fat. The choice was an easy, yet frustrating one. "Ok ok, I'll do it. I'm not sure how you expect me to put on that much weight anytime soon, though."

"Trust me, once you've had a sample of what the Gut Warband has to offer, you'll find yourself stuffed beyond belief," Gnashblade chuckled, before gesturing towards the tables full of food. "Just take a few bites, and let your newfound gluttony do the rest."

With understandable unease "Evon" approached the closest table, his stomach growling slightly as he looked over the offering. The food *did* look incredibly appealing, far better than he was used to having. Still, he couldn't imagine something being so delicious it'd make him overeat to the extent Gnashblade seemed interested in. Almost overwhelmed by the selection, he inevitably settled on a large moa drumstick and bit into it. The first taste practically sent a chill through his whole body. His mouth watered and he shed small tears of joy, stunned by how unbelievably wonderful the meat was. Without further hesitation he tore through the remainder of the drumstick, swiftly reducing it to a picked-clean bone.

Fortunately there was plenty more. Another drumstick was picked up, and another, the charr switching between the two in a desperate frenzy to revel in the taste once more. A nearby mug of cider was used to wash the meat down, and even the drink was hands-down the best he'd ever had. He'd only been mildly hungry before, but now he was suddenly famished. The plate of drumsticks quickly became a plate of bones. Gnashblade's double let out a belch as he finished, his stomach already visibly rounder from the rampant gluttony. His hunger hadn't diminished, though.

A stew was next and—just as he'd hoped—the taste was beyond compare. Beef, potatoes, and carrots, all in a thick broth that warmed his swelling belly and forced a grin on his face. Even the fresh bread that went with it was amazing. If this was what high class food was like, then it was a wonder as to why all the city's merchants weren't massive. Dominated by hunger and seduced by the best food he'd ever eaten, the imposter was completely oblivious to how big his gut was becoming. The seams of his tunic were stretching thin, his black-furred middle peeking out from underneath and pressing against the table. Every new plate caused it to expand more, every drained mug tearing another seam.

The real Gnashblade was well aware of the change, of course. Watching his double gorge with reckless abandon was a curious sight, the other charr compulsively compelled to eat beyond reason. He knew Nero had apparently come to his senses after a while, forcing his Gut Warband hosts to "help" him finish off his feast, but this one seemed unlikely to stop glutting any time soon. A week of feasts like this would absolutely cause him to balloon in size, creating the perfect fat "Gnashblade" for the public eye. Once the rest of his new Gut Warband supplied food stalls and restaurants opened, though, the whole city would get to experience that girth first-hand. The scheming businessman's grin grew wide along with the imposter's gut...

* * *

"Evon" Gnashblade wiped his brow as he waddled through the streets of Lion's Arch. His large round belly bounced with every step, causing his shirt to ride up over time and forcing him to constantly readjust it. Being fat was a lot more difficult than he'd expected. He always felt hungry, and tired out swifter than usual, not to mention how often he'd found himself accidentally belly-bumping stuff. At the very least enough people were still mistaking him for Gnashblade and too afraid to mock his gains. Soon he wouldn't have to worry about any of it, though, as he'd just finished his last official day as a body double.

His first day had been a blur. He vaguely remembered gorging on the wonderful food he'd been provided, but didn't realize he'd consumed everything on his own until waking up from a food coma the next morning, his belly immense. Breakfast had begun shortly thereafter. For an entire week he did nothing but eat and sleep, never full and always hungry. The meals never lost their luster, though, and he couldn't remember turning down a single plate or mug offered. Gnashblade had thankfully been satisfied with his transformation, otherwise he'd have ended up fat *and* in a cell.

Eventually the charr arrived at the warehouse where his debriefing would occur, and where he'd be given enough weight-loss elixir to reverse the effects on his waistline. The guard at the door snorted when he saw him, but nonetheless let him pass, the imposter huffing through a narrow corridor of stacked crates until he reached an opening where his "boss" and a pair of charr even fatter than him awaited. There was a familiar aroma in the air that caused his stomach to faintly rumble.

"You did a fantastic job, *Evon*," Gnashblade laughed. "The city's filled with rumors that I doubled in size while on vacation, and that I've started clearing out the pantries of entire taverns with my gluttony."

The imposter blushed in embarrassment. He hadn't *meant* to eat so much, he just couldn't help it. "Glad to have been of service."

"Now I'll just disappear from public sight for a bit again, then make an official reappearance considerably thinner, with some mesmer illusions to give myself a bit of a lingering belly." Gnashblade said.

"If you could use magic to look fat, then why did I have to put on all this weight!" the imposter growled, squeezing his gut with both paws.

"Because flab can't be dispelled like magic can," Gnashblade gave the fatter charr a menacing poke in the belly. "Besides, I wanted another test run of the Gut Warband's cuisine."

The two strangers with him both chuckled, and the imposter realized they were eagerly eying his middle. "Fine. I paid my dues, now give me the weight-loss stuff and I swear I'll never pretend to be you ever again."

"Oh, I'm not worried about that at all. Help him with his weight, boys." Gnashblade snapped his fingers, and the other two charr swiftly grabbed the imposter by the arms and began dragging him to a post. Despite his struggles and cursing, his captors were simply stronger.

As the imposter was chained sitting against the post, Gnashblade continued talking. "I really can't risk you being rediscovered and creating suspicion, even if you keep quiet about our deal. Besides, it'd be bad for my reputation if anyone else found out I'm the one who owns the incredibly fattening restaurants and food stalls that are about to open all across Lion's Arch, especially now that I've coincidentally begun selling weight-loss supplements."

"W-we had a deal! Just let me go and I'll leave the city forever!" The imposter feared the worst.

"One step ahead of you! Well, more than that actually," Gnashblade said as he strolled over to an open crate. "You've got a lucky opportunity to join the Gut Warband here, but first you'll need to meet their strict weight requirements."

Gnashblade pulled out a large tin almost overflowing with cookies. "I don't believe you've had a chance to try out their pastries yet. Apparently all it takes is one bite to make you never want to stop eating them."

The imposter's eyes went wide as Gnashblade approached with the cookies, his struggles renewing. He clenched his jaws shut and tried to angle his head as far away from his potential doom as possible, but there was no avoiding the inevitable. Gnashblade easily forced open his mouth and shoved a pawful of cookies inside. Just as he'd feared, the taste was wondrous. Impulse overrode common sense, and the imposter chewed and gulped down the cookies without hesitation, his gaze locking on to the plate instinctively. His willpower held out a few moments more, but Gnashblade ensured he'd finished half the plate before then.

Stomach growling, the imposter now willingly opened his mouth wide, allowing Gnashblade to

dump the remainder of the cookies right in. By then the two Gut Warband members had arrived with offerings of their own, pies and pastries larger than anything the imposter had ever seen. He couldn't even begin to imagine the sheer amount of calories they must have contained, but his stomach didn't care, and he was driven by the need to eat everything given to him. His feeders weren't gentle, feeding him as quickly as they could, always prepared with a new meal the second the old one was finished off. The imposter's already large gut steadily ballooned outwards, tightening and tearing his tunic inch-by-inch.

Soon an oversized keg was rolled over to the imposter, then lifted with ease till the nozzle hovered over his mouth. He closed his eyes as a torrent of sweet cider gushed down his throat, his rapidly swelling belly shredding his shirt as it wobbled in freedom. There was a brief second to gasp for air once the keg was drained, then the eating continued. More, there was always more. Cakes, cookies, pies, tarts, fudge. The black dome of the imposter's middle grew and grew, spreading across his lap and past his knees, threatening to block his vision completely. Eventually his weight was deemed properly immobilizing, and his arms were unchained so he could aid in his own punishment.

Gnashblade, meanwhile, merely stood back and watched. The incredible addictiveness of the Gut Warband's food still left him in awe. Sure, those he'd targeted with the cuisine had eaten the most potent creations the chefs were capable of, but seeing another willingly stuff themselves into oblivion was remarkable. He wouldn't be able to get away with serving anything nearly as volatile at the restaurants, of course; couldn't have the customers realizing the source of their significant weight-gain *that* easily. Still, Gnashblade was now fully confident his elaborate scheme would be a runaway success. Between the addicting food and the soon-to-be in high demand weight-loss elixir, he was going to make an absolute fortune.

For now, though, he was content ensuring the fool who'd dared impersonate him got his literal just desserts. The imposter's belly was far larger than it'd ever been during the official feeding sessions, and his appetite hadn't waned at all. His legs were hidden beneath its bulk, and the charr was now wider than he was tall. Empty crates and kegs lay strewn around the warehouse as the Gut Warband members eagerly worked to fatten their new recruit, intent on turning him into the fattest charr in history; if he were still mobile once everything had been digested, then they'd consider their efforts a failure.

The imposter was in a daze. He was too massive to eat on his own anymore, his jaws perpetually open to welcome whatever treat his captors brought. The consequences of his forced gorging were lost to him, his mind only interested in one thing: eating. As he swiftly became more belly than charr he struggled to remain conscious, straddling the line of an impossibly deep food coma that could knock him out for days. He could only avoid the inevitable for so long, though, and after one last keg he passed out hard.

"Excellent work as always," Gnashblade grinned and gave the gluttonous charr's belly a triumphant slap. "I'm sure he'll make a fine addition to your warband, or at least a good food taster!"

The larger of his business associates laughed. "He'll probably be living in a kitchen for months till he's mobile again. *If* he ends up mobile again."

"Just what I wanted to hear. As long as you keep him out of sight and away from Lion's Arch, we'll both make a mountain of gold bigger than he is!" Gnashblade declared.

"The Gut Warband always keeps its word, Gnashblade," the other charr said. "You'll be living in the fattest city on the continent in no time."

"And as their waistlines expand so will my coffers," Gnashblade chuckled. "I'll leave the butterball to you, then, Doomgut. I've got another mini-vacation to enjoy."

With that the businessman parted, his mind filled with visions of gold and waddling citizens. There were few things quite as good as being the *real* Evon Gnashblade.