Noira had always believed that the true power of Necromancy lied in semantics.

While in and of as much could be said of any school of witchcraft (forbidden or not) Necromancy had a rather peculiar set of powers that revolved around revival and reversal of things ceasing to be. While this could be (and too often was) dangerous in the wrong hands, Noira had always been of the mind that this particular school of magic was not best suited towards the conquering of kingdoms or the enthralling of hordes of zombies, but rather for its *practical uses*.

And what was more practical than prolonging your life pretty much indefinitely by using your magic powers and *semantics*?

“I’m really… really not sure about this one.”

“Yeah, well, what do you know—you haven’t had a brain in your head since the Rose War.”

“It was called the War of the Ro—”

“*Shut up!”*

If anyone would have told you that Noira was a day over 19, you would have never believed them. Not so much in the way that she acted (despite the *hundreds* of years she’d had to mature) but in the way that she looked.

Noira hadn’t aged a day since the early thirteen-hundreds. She was fair of skin, pale of face, and had the darkest hair that anyone had ever seen. She looked like the illustration out of a book—mostly because, through one reason or another, she actually *had* worked herself into at least one or two books over the course of her ridiculously long life.

But, as keen eyes might have noticed, there was a certain softness to her figure that had eluded her “back in the day”. Back before things like television and Instacart. Before there were sweet and salty temptations around every corner, and before there were so many reasons to stay *inside*!

Overall, thirty pounds since the thirteen hundreds wasn’t a *huge* gain—that fatass Merlin at least had her beat there—but to a young, proud woman like Noira, it may as well have been thirty-thousand!

“You can’t *resurrect your metabolism!*” the oft-put-upon skeleton ran his bony fingers over where is face would have been, “*It hasn’t changed since the minute you—*”

“That’s just simply *not* true!” Noira tugged at the tight black top that clung to her pot-bellied frame like saranwrap, “No matter how good of a necromancer I am, there’s always going to be *some* effects that prolonged life will have on a person.”

The skeleton sighed.

“Nowhere in these tomes does it say that a slowed metabolism *isn’t* a side-effect!”

“*BECAUSE IT WAS WRITTEN BEFORE WE KNEW METABOLISMS WERE A THING!”*

And, like always, Noira was hell-bent on proceeding with her plans despite the valid criticisms and skepticism presented by her beleaguered and soul-bound assistant. After all, he was so very rarely right when in the face of Noira’s overwhelming stubbornness—why should she have started doubting herself now?

With a little song and dance, some candles lit and the magic words, goats’ blood yadda yadda, the incantation was complete—Noira was confident that her supreme ability to circumvent the logistics of necromancy had meant that, once again, she would get what she wanted with very little effort.

And with that in mind, there was absolutely no reason for her to not go out and celebrate her newly revived ability to eat like shit without gaining so much as a pound!

Newly young in the gut as she was young in the face, Noira descended upon the local eateries and food stalls with a gusto not seen since she’d partied in the Tudor court! Ice cream and fried fish and hot dogs and street meats galore, things that she had so horribly denied herself in the hopes of slimming down! But as the dumplings and the burritos and the burgers and the buckets of fried chicken came and came, Noira was confident that she had been able to beat the curse of her steadily slowing metabolism…

Without considering that perhaps going overboard on the junk food wasn’t the best way to celebrate being able to shed poundage more easily.

Confident that her ability to beat those stubborn pounds and inches was in the bag, Noira didn’t notice her clothes becoming tighter; so long as there was something yummy dangled in front of her, she was as happy as could be to indulge herself in the fat-girliest of thoughts!

Until, of course, she decided to check in on her weight loss progress.

“*HOW HAVE I GAINED WEIGHT?!*”

Tugging on the newest addition to her already black closet, the poor thing had barely stood a chance in the face of its owner’s growing gut and plumping breasts. Her love handles poked out on either side while the slope of her stomach drooped ever downwards in an ever-growing witchbelly. Her face had fattened up, her double chin creasing as she yelled shrilly throughout her lair.

It had only taken her three months to put on as much as she had in the past eight hundred years!

“I don’t want to say *I told you so* buuuut…”

Her beleaguered assistant extended a bony finger into his mistress’s flabby white gut, losing it two knuckles deep as he pressed into her pillowy pudge.

 “Knock it *off* you bonehead!” she shoved her skeleton aside violently, making him crackle and come apart as he met the brick wall, “I must have messed up the spell somehow… I’m gaining weight faster than ever!”

“You’ve also been *eating* more than ev—”

“*QUIET, YOU!*”

With a punt the offending assistant was cast out of the ritual room, leaving Noira alone with her thoughts.

Taking the easy way had almost never failed her before… what was she doing wrong? All she wanted was the youthful, overactive metabolism that she used to have. And to be able to eat all of that yummy modern food without blowing up like a big goth blimp…

“We *may* need to get a virgin for this one.” She said finally, fingers tapping on her chubby chin, “Let’s go to the Comic Book Store.”