

Princess

Quietly she ran her tired eyes across her kingdom, making note of every pony and every pound it contained—the princess of gluttony, some had taken to calling her. In reality Equestrian royalty had no such title, nor was she a demi-god granted any sort of supreme, life-changing power; she wasn't even an alicorn, and yet here she was, flanked by guards and with a healthy grouping of servants and serfs, all contained within a grand castle in a far flung corner of Equestria.

Here is where she filled her throne. A wide if hastily constructed number, the twenty-four foot wide bench was filled to capacity by her girth, her unofficial title sourced from the forty-seven tons of heaving, heavy lard that hung from every inch of her body. The throne was built for this, reinforced to hold that much and many more tons that would come in its wake. What it wasn't built for was her hygiene. The abundance of sweat and slobber, the spillages of food and drink, had warped the seat more than any structural failure could hope. Mess spread across the carpets and tiled floors, all of it originating from the grand princesses bloated hide, and with it came the stink. The throne room smelled putrid, hot and humid. The smell hung in the air like a thick, invisible cloud, consuming all who set foot inside.

The princess could only gasp in stunted breaths, stunted by the weight upon her chest and the thickness of the surrounding air, stuck inside without respite. Her entourage had a less pained time of things. Though they themselves had swollen into larger frames in her presence, their remaining mobility afforded them time away from the room's stuffy atmosphere.

The only possible exception would be that of her lover, the prince. He dwarfed many of the servants in size, verging on the cusp of mobility himself as he enjoyed to feast as much as she. He had refused to leave her side for the longest time now, and indeed seemed to revel in her immensity; his adoration of her body seemingly extending even to the filth that poured from it. He almost always remained at the seat by her side—prime real estate for snuggling and nuzzling—and expressly denied any servant's requests to clean the princess.

It was he who put her into her position of power now. He had overseen the swelling of her rump, the overflowing of her gut, the birth of new chins and the debilitation of her hooves. His undying devotion—nay, obsession—with her. His love for her and her potential. He would see her as vast as the entirety of Equestria, a desire whispered into her ear the last time the pair had copulated, burning redness into the princess's cheeks as they slowly fucked. She confessed that she could not imagine being larger, but at the same time that she couldn't imagine being as large as she was now. She admitted: she wanted more. For them both, she would grow.

A loud bell rang throughout the throne room. The guards stood to attention, the prince reseating himself at the smaller throne as the royal buffet entered the room, suspended upon a cloud of unicorn magic. Treats entered the room in succession, first the vast trays of meats, fried in batter and covered in a thick gravy. Platters of hayburgers followed—each one containing a hectare of grass and daisies—with barrels of sodas and milkshakes as thick as ice cream in tow. And lastly, an earth pony; a convict, most likely. These occasionally came to the princess's dinner table, though more recently the prince had commanded that they be kept in the dungeons and force-fed to excess before they were presented to her. The pony was little more than a rounded ball of fat by now.

The princess smiled down at the assembled snack before her, extending another grin at the terrified earth pony. Her maw salivated thickly, slobber pouring down her chins as she eyed up the meal. The prince voiced his approval, and the unicorns who delivered the meal started the feed. Food paraded through the air, marching towards her waiting muzzle, grease and gravy splattering along her front and mixing with her warm sweat. She gobbled eagerly at all that approached, defying her apparent immobility to swiftly chomp at the feast flying towards her. Barely a crumb could come within an inch of her mouth without being consumed with vigour.

The unicorns sped up on instruction from the prince. They were to keep her eating constant, to push her to her limits. The food became

a blur, entire steaks and ham joints forcing themselves into the princess's cheeks, gravy splattering across her face. Broken moans rumbled from deep in her throat as she was forced to consume, forced to add to her majesty, any illusion of etiquette vanishing as farts trumpeted from her vast rump. She gorged on the platters of food, urged onwards by her rapidly growing appetite and the encouragement her prince was muttering to her, his hooves kneading her bloating mass with increasing arousal.

As the stocks of meat depleted the unicorns started to lift the vats themselves, placing them to her lips in turn and upending the remaining sauces directly into her, replete with the lard and butter that they had been made of. Her moans grew louder, rumbling through the waterfall of fat that was poured down her throat. The throne was groaning as loudly as she was, her stomach gurgling loud enough to echo through the throne room, drawing the attention of a few serfs. A belch exploded from her muzzle after the last vat was cleared, only a minimal amount of the fattening mixture having missed her greedy maw. She felt fatter already, something that the prince took all too much pleasure in pointing out as he whispered the details of his carnal desires into her ear.

The meal, however, was not over. The earth pony—fattened to immobility but minuscule by comparison—was being floated up to her on a platter of magic. She met him eye to eye, and with a wicked smile decided now would be an *excellent* time to play with her food.

“So...” she huffed, her breathing even more strained than usual, “you saw it prudent to try and steal from the royal pantry?”

He squirmed, “P-please! I have a family to feed! Your court has taken everything!”

“I take it my guards fulfilled the standard punishment of force-feeding you the amount stolen twenty times over?”

The prince interjected: “Yes, my love. And I had the dungeon keepers feed him extra, in honour of the anniversary of your first ton,” he smirked, “We were surprised he did not burst. Though he yet might,”

“Thank you, dearest,” her grin widened, “Are you aware of the phrase ‘you are what you eat’, thief?”

He stuttered, trying to break his magic bonds, “It was just a few hamburgers, your majesty! It... it can’t be worth all this?!”

“You are what you eat. This is why I am so grand, so resplendent, so... gorgeous. Meanwhile, you ate food that belonged to me, and that would make you...?”

“No! NO!” he squirmed more, held fast by the fleet of feeding unicorns keeping him suspended, “Y-you can’t! The others will find out!”

“I care not what any common pony knows of me! I will crush them underhoof as if they were nothing more than an insect, for they are nothing greater compared to me!”

“But... but...!”

“Insect or no, the one thing I will not tolerate is a pony who thinks they can steal from me and go unpunished,”

The unicorns, sensing the climax to the conversation, started rocking the poor pony back and forth. He strained against his bonds further, tears building in his eyes, as the moist, hot breath of the princess washed over him. “No no NO...!”

In a moment the pony was in her maw, wiggling within her swollen cheeks for only a few seconds before she consumed him in a single, straining gulp. A round lump, barely visible through her fat-swaddled flesh, descended down her neck and vanished.

Her meal was complete.

Without prompting the feeding unicorns stepped closer, each one casting a spell to speed her digestion. The prince’s hooves laid into her, kneading the bountiful, bloated belly that sat before him, pressing his own bulk into it, taking in her mass with unadulterated delight. She felt the spells at work, her body temperature rising

rapidly, a sickeningly fleshy sound filling the room as she started to bloom outwards, pounds in their thousands filling every nook and cranny of her form. The throne complained loudly, becoming even more invisible under her rump which had swollen by at least another ton. Her stomach had swollen forwards many more feet, a guard barely managing to step away before the space he was stood was engulfed. The massive, sixty-six ton mare did nothing but moan in ecstasy until her body settled down, slowly becoming accustomed to her even more bloated size.

The prince (and more than a few servants) watched with glee as this happened, many of them with a twinkle of lust in their eyes. Some even moved forward, joining in the feeder ponies in massaging the royal bulk. The prince meanwhile was lifted up to her, pushing his tongue into her mouth as he laid upon her chest, her struggling heart pounding like a drum below him. It took a few attempts for him to kiss her properly, her swollen cheeks kept pushing him away in their attempts to engulf him, and even when their lips did meet properly an indulgent belch and shower of slobber drew it to a premature end.

It was a while longer before he could land a single tender, swirling kiss upon her. They smiled to one another, the prince eagerly detailing all the things he wanted to do to her—the romantic, the hedonistic, and the sexual. He nuzzled and smooched at her disgusting, swollen bulk, whispering “Til you burst, beloved.”

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