

Princess: Part 2

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Her throne was gone. Gone the same way her castle and much of her court had gone, and the same way her kingdom would soon be gone too.

The Princess of Gluttony was still growing.

It was a title she had long since made official and the only name she cared about anymore. Despite all logic and sensibility she had continued to eat, gorge and feast upon every morsel her isolated empire could provide, goaded onward by her loyal prince. As the kingdom's supplies drew thin the prince began to supplement her diet with her own subjects, and as the population dwindled down to the last few loyal feeders the prince committed her to devouring the very kingdom she presided over in the pursuit of absolute gluttony. The prince's lurid desires had come to dominate her world as much as she was starting to dominate it, and she happily obliged him without a thought.

The prince had afforded the princess the lion's share of the remaining cuisine, but such unhealthy manners had not left him untouched. He too pushed the boundaries of decency in pony kind: an immobile, greedy slob—a mere fraction of the princess's size but vastly wider than many ponies could ever dream to be. He wasted his days nestled into the rancid folds near her face, pleasuring her bulk in any way he could muster, his encouraging purr pushing her onwards towards her destiny.

Her court had been greatly diminished from the dozens of chefs, feeders, guards, and pampering staff that they once had; most had been devoured in service of the princess's waistline, a few others leaving while they still had the chance. Her court now consisted of just three unicorns, each of them tasked by the prince with keeping the princess eating at all hours of the day. It was their job to source, harvest or steal whatever was necessary to maintain her growth—the prince had commanded that the princess should be fed at any cost, even if it meant their lives. They themselves had only survived this long by their sheer necessity to the immobile royals, their loyalty rewarded with their continued survival and a small percentage of the kingdom's food.

For their efforts, the princess was now somewhere in the region of twelve thousand tons. She would have overflowed her old throne room some time ago had the prince not commanded it demolished

so that nothing could hinder her. Her hooves were invisible, buried under uncountable rolls. Her head had sunken deep into her bloated body, a clear path to her maw—formed by the endless flow of food carried on a bed of magical energy—the only thing clearly indicating its location. The wide stretch marks of her conquest lay streaked across her cellulite, kneaded and teased by the prince at his pleasure.

The immense blob wheezed as her lungs tried desperately to remain functional. Her heart thumped hundreds of times a minute as it valiantly forced blood through ever more clogged and narrow veins. Her surroundings did little to help. It was moist and humid, her disgusting habits permeating the environment around her like a disease. The ground was slick and muddied by sweat, the air burning with body heat and poisoned by her gas. No pony should be living in this environment, less one in such poor health as she was. The servants' basic ability with healing magic had helped her get this far, but they were reaching the limits of possibility with her now.

Still, the prince persisted. "She must be fed!" he would cry at any hesitation, "The glory of our kingdom must be preserved!"

The prince rarely deviated from these commandments, and when he did call an end to the feasting it was usually to ask that he be moved to meet his bride. It took two of the unicorns to levitate him into the crevasse that enclosed the princess's face, easing him into it so that he may meet her face to face, ostensibly so that he could mutter more intimate words of encouragement and messily make out with her until he too was left a wheezing, breathless mess.

This way the situation had remained for many moons; the whole time the princess's girth expanding and her health degrading, the prince gleefully coaxing out every modicum of gluttony and hedonism she had left.

That is until the day a messenger arrived.

"My liege!" The stout pegasus mare called from ground level, "After much journeying, I have acquired the artefact you requested!"

The prince signalled that he be moved to meet her. The unicorns obliged; one continuing to feed their princess as the others levitated him down off of her.

He belched wetly as his mass was forced to shift, the swampy ground sinking underneath him as his imposing mass landed. He was easily as wide as a buckball stadium and even from ground

level he loomed over her; it was easy to lose scale when he spent so much time perched upon his beloved, the prince would probably be the fattest pony alive if not for the billowing princess behind him.

“Give it to me,” he wheezed.

The mare obliged, unfurling a square of fabric to reveal a large magenta gemstone. A unicorn levitated it close to the prince’s eye level. Roughly hewn and dazzlingly luminescent, it seemed to shimmer even in the princess’s shadow.

“Is it to your expectations?” The mare enquired.

“It is,” the prince responded coolly, looking down at her. She was such a small pony from up here.

Reaching slowly out, he took the gem in his mouth and held it there, closing his eyes tightly. He had heard of this gem’s power many years ago. It was regarded as legend, crafted by a unicorn who barely scraped a footnote in Equestria’s history books, but it had piqued his interest nonetheless. He had sent scouts and scholars to search for it years ago, and now it was here he knew exactly what he wanted to do with it.

He felt the gem tingle. Through the darkness, he could hear a commotion unfolding below. He smirked.

The messenger pony was glowing. More than that, her body was erupting outwards with fat. Within a few short seconds, her hooves had left the floor, a few seconds more and those hooves had been swallowed by rings of lard. The unicorns rushed around her trying to somehow help the distressed pegasus, but she was growing much too quickly. Already they couldn't meet her gaze—her ballooning belly pushed them away while her features were buried by billowing cheeks and chins, sinking ever deeper into her blubber.

The growth stopped as quickly as it started. The prince's eyes were open once more, gazing down with perverse glee upon the miniature mountain he had created. He spoke quickly, the gem—still held in his mouth—slurring his words.

“Fank you for your servwice tew our kingdwom,”

He looked commandingly to the unicorns. They hesitated amongst themselves for a moment before finally capitulating. Their willingness to perform this grisly task was the only thing that had kept them alive, there was nothing to gain by objecting now.

Now close to the size of an Ursa Minor, it took two of the unicorns to gently levitate the mare off the ground and towards the looming behemoth they called their ruler. It was only a few more seconds of muffled, strained screaming before silence fell around them once more.

“I wiss to conversh with her,”

The unicorns nodded. The flow of food stopping as all three of them lifted the prince to her facial canyon and pressed him into it.

The inside was dark and filthy. A dense layer of food debris, sweat and slobber caked every inch of flesh around these parts; the heavy, rotting malaise smelling like wonderful perfume to the prince’s nose. His face touched with hers as they finished inserting him, his body surrounded by the gargantuan cheeks and cascading chins of his lover, delightfully bathing in her heat and mess.

“Eat thwis,” he cooed to her, “and dweam of your destiny, my schweet,”

He pressed his mouth to hers. They made out, like all things, slowly. Their thick tongues swirled clumsily against one another, unable to navigate with particular dexterity. Globbs of spittle

dribbled out from between their lips. In the disarray he pushed the gem into her mouth, continuing their sluggish tongue dance as he heard her gulp.

A pregnant pause. A shudder. The kiss broke off as the princess let out a panting, carnal moan. Her whole body started moving as it lit up in the same magenta hue as the gem, every ounce of adipose multiplying itself again and again and again, shifting and expanding around the prince. He grinned from cheek to swollen cheek, embracing her mouth once more and making out furiously as her flab rolled over him in a twisted sort of full body massage.

Outside, the unicorns were already fleeing. The glow was warning enough, and now their princess was surging towards them at an unprecedented speed. The last loyal few of the princess's court fell victim to her gluttony, crushed beneath her majestic weight, never to be seen again.

There would be little warning for all the others. Her girth easily dwarfed Mount Aris by the time she reached their borders; the Crystal Empire was shattered by her momentum; and the many smaller settlements were consumed in mere seconds. Only Canterlot—seat of the “real” princesses of Equestria—proved to be any impediment and time was not on their side. No barrier could hold her back for long, no spell could stop her incursion into their

space. Even once they had identified the mass as being the blubbery hide of a mere pony they weren't sure what to do. They settled for an evacuation.

The Princess of Gluttony spread her kingdom onwards from sea to sea and across the oceans, the continents shrinking to insignificance beneath her. Her healthy glow lighting the night sky and the city of Cloudsdale above.

Deep inside the tumulus trillions of tons, the prince could do little but adore her.

“Bigger, my love, bigger. It is all you deserve. You are my world, and so you shall be the world. You are my universe, and so you shall be the universe. You are my everything, and so you shall be everything.

“All this, until the end of time, my princess.”