

The Desires of an Empress

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An empire born from the blood and flesh of its people, fed by grit and stone to grow into the city that it's become now. The walls were rough like the calluses and scales of the workers that built them, etched with polygonal images of gods in hopes their image would grant the structures heritage that shall last for eternity. Pyramids dotted the land, their stepped walls lightly browned deep within the cracks with dry blood despite the years of rain and cleaning. Enchicotl, whether it be describing the name of a city, it's people, or even its empress, the same emotion is felt to all those that have heard it before.

Fear and dread.

Enchicotl wore it's brutality on its sleeve while shrouded in its mysticism. Many considered death by the Enchicotl in battle to be a hidden blessing, as being a slave to the Enchicotl was drawn out torment. Rumors of the dying, their own organs torn asunder, kept alive and in pain by dangerous sorcery, just so that their blood could be harvested to paint the warriors heading off to war. Gossip about how its people would gather around the strange pyramid to see their empress cut open the gut of a screaming prisoner to consume his still beating heart. The truth of the matter was never put to question, as there were no slaves that have escaped untraumatized, while its own people humor the allegations and seem to spread them cheerfully.

The only thing that ever dared challenge the Enchicotl was nature itself, a ravenous plague killing many of its inhabitants during many months of turmoil. Even then, as its own Emperor and his wife were on their death bed, the walls stood strong and intimidating. The change in leader was quick and bloodless, a rarity for Enchicotl, as an infant empress was put into power. In ceremony, the child ate her own parent's hearts and organs until she was stuffed, their power and guidance said to be transferred into her.

For this was the beginning of Mahina's mighty rule.

Shadows danced across the walls with obscene flickering movements, seemingly bringing the stone imprints of gods to life. The fire burned with a resolute calmness, perfectly controlled and maintained, like the people of Enchicotl.

Mahiña stood at the fire, looming over the stone bowl that it heated. Her hide, crimson as the blood that flowed through her veins, was illuminated by the dancing light. She had a grin, large and filled with sharp teeth, plastered across her short muzzle causing thick dimples to form at her plump cheeks. Every small movement she made caused her short fat body to lightly sway and jiggle, causing the engraved faces of her stone jewelry to lightly clink together. She could feel the warmth radiate from the fire, barely fazed by the sparse clothes she wore. The Empress's own thick gut, hanging halfway down her calves, did a better job of covering up her inner thighs than her loincloth. Glowing yellow eyes gleamed through a massive

bush of dark red hair barely contained by the stone headdress dotted with luminescent turquoise, a heavy headband pressed against her brow to keep the wild hair out of her eyes.

Mahiña raised her stubby pudgy arms up over the bowl, eyes somewhat hazy and unfocused, as if lost within her own mind. The calm Cardian lightly licked her lips as her red fat body still swayed, her thick breasts shifting under the stone slabs that covered them. She took her time slowly pushing away the large earrings that hung on her long pointy ears, attempting to dig the hair that began to tickle the sensitive flesh.

POP!

Mahiña flailed her arms, seeing the white speck pop out of the sand and attempted to catch it. Yet all it resulted in was her jewelry shifting against her bloated body and her tiny tubby tail flicking side to side in a desperate attempt to keep her balanced.

POP POP POP

The child empress listened as the hard kernels popped within the sand, giggling at the slightly muffled sound. Her ears twitched and wiggled, trying to listen closely to the song of the fabled 'magic maize'.

"Empress Mahiña," boomed an authoritative voice, "are you prepared for the Tlachtli game?" The young crimson Cardian sneered, flinging her thick little arms down in frustration.

"I'M ALMOST DONE CHICKAHUA!" She whined, a firm pout pressed into her snout, her hair shuddered like a bush in the breeze. Her tiny wings, no larger than a large hand, fluttered violently within her all-

encompassing curly hair, “I ‘want’ to hear the magic maize pop before the gaaaammeee.”

“Empress Mahiña, the sun is almost at ‘hora de inicio’, if you take too long we will have to cancel the game” Chickahua commented in a much calmer tone, “I’ll have the servants bring your snack out when it’s finished.”

The room flooded with light as the curtains were pushed away, forcing Mahiña to squint in discomfort, trying her best to cover her eyes without disturbing her stone jewelry even more. Flooding the room showed the large pile of cushions and pillows at one corner of the room, a polished silver mirror hung at one wall, and several baskets and jars populated one wall of the room.

“Chickahua, can’t the people have their stupid game without me” she whined stepping off of her short stool and waddling towards the light, hand still partially covering her face, “it’s so boring and loud, and it’s so hot outside.”

“Mahiña, you should not deny the people the blessing of being in your presence” Chickahua informed her, his black roux hide lightly draped in colored beads and topped off with an elaborate headdress of feathers. The young empress sighed, her short stubby legs making light ‘tapping’ noises against the stone floor, feeling every jolting shake and wobble through her well-fed form.

“Very well,” she decreed, “but please make sure the servants don’t crush the maize into a gruel, I like having it when it’s still light and fluffy.”

“Anything else?” Chickahua asked, slowly bowing as she passed.

“Yes, along with the usual snacks, I would like a live hare, a nice fat one” she commanded him with a wave of her claw, “not to mention several blankets, I’ll like to have a nap during the game.”

Mahiña waddled out of her room, soon to be flanked by two warriors as she plodded down the well-lit interior of the temple. Thick pillars lined the building's interior, sound echoed against the stone walls making Mahiña grimace in disgust. Exiting the door, the light of the sun outside beamed down on her and her mighty empire.

The entire city, stone buildings spread far out into the distance was an awe inspiring sight. Not that Mahiña could ever get the chance to enjoy it, her eyes squinting in attempts to obtain better focus, yet it remained a blur to her. Still, the sound of drums and ocarinas in the distance was a pleasant distraction as the chilly wind blew across her mostly exposed body.

"Mahiña, we are ready to take you to the court" a massive servant announced, kneeling down beside her with what could be described as a small tent strapped against his back. Mahiña merely raised her arms as one of the warriors grasped under her pits and slowly lifted her up. The Cardian's fat body seemed to sag more, her shoulders pressing against her cheeks a bit as she was lifted into the small tent and onto the chair inside. With the fabric door closed, Mahiña was left to her own devices once more, sighing inward while her body lightly jostled against the movement of the chair. Every bump and shake only served to demonstrate how plump the young Empress was, feeling her rolls shake and slide against each other. An absent minded claw grasped at her thick gut to give it a scratch.

The roar of cheering grew louder and louder, and soon the beating of drums emerged, signalling her arrival. With a light touch, the carrier was placed on the ground and the curtain drawn. Thunderous applause ripped across the stone bleachers surrounding the grass playing field. Thick stone

loops dotted the sloped walls, players separated in their two teams, donning only loincloths of their color, before dancing in front of the Empress. Their war cry was echoed by the audience, causing even the stone under Mahiña's feet to rumble.

With slow steps, the child stood in front of the long slide that was in front of her, a heavy leather ball placed between her tiny claws.

"BLESSED BY THE EMPRESS MAHINA AND THE GREAT GODS!"
Hollered the cryer, "MAY THIS EPIC BATTLE COMMENCE BY THE
COMMAND OF THE GREAT GOD SOLLARIS!"

It all grew silent as the masses stared at the stone sun at the center of the field, its angry face only stared back mostly illuminated by one of the scoring loops. The circle of light crept further and further onto the circle.

"Is it ready?" Mahiña whispered loudly, trying to glance at the warrior with the black roux hide.

"Not yet" the warrior commented with a much more subtle whisper, noting the impatient look on Mahiña's face. It was clear her arms were starting to grow tired during the short time she held the ball out as it was already firmly pressed against her soft gut for support.

"Now" he whispered out watching the circle of light fully engulf the Sollaris icon.

"FINALLY" Mahiña sighed, letting the ball drop and turning around towards the throne. The leather sphere hurtled down the slide with speed and launched itself into the field, players throwing themselves at it with a subtle desperation.

Heavy grunts slipped past Mahiña's muzzle in attempts to climb into the throne, quickly to be assisted by a servant lightly pushing against the Cardian's plentiful posterior. With her body slowly sinking into the plush

cushions, the empress stretched out and did her best to get comfortable. Yet, her nostrils twitched, a seductive scent ripped her away from the current boredom.

“I smell Xocolati” she said with a giddy grin, “that better be for me.” Her head turned to the source of the smell, one of the heads of a rich family looking back at her with a considerably large goblet in his hands. Mahiña brought out a hand and motioned him to approach, the noble nervously smiling and knelt at her feet, holding the goblet.

“Why thank you” she said sweetly, slowly lifting the goblet onto her throne, the chalice was so large she had to lift it with both hands. Drool lightly dribbled down the corner of her fat cheek smelling the spiced cocoa mixture. It sloshed in the goblet, a little splashing against her cleavage while she brought it up to her muzzle.

With rehearsed gluttony, she drank, thick gulps of the bitter concoction flowing down her throat. Her belly slowly started to fill as a tingling sensation spread from her deep core, to the ends of her pudgy limbs. She let every swallow fully coat her tongue, making sure she savored the taste every time, the young figure ever so slightly growing more bulky and plump as she drank.

One or two warriors merely stared, in awe watching the tiny Empress slowly drain a goblet meant to be shared by a married couple. Though they were safe from her ire, as she was too distracted in her drink to notice anyone but herself in the reflection at the bottom of the goblet.

The metal cup soon clattered to the floor, her arms burning from the effort, yet a slightly sedated smile was plastered on her face. Sinking back further into the cushions she placed an arm on her sloshing gut, feeling the drink take full effect in her body. A warmth flowing through her crimson

body, accompanied by a slight jitteriness that almost seemed to give a pleasant itch under her hide. So wrapped up by her pleasant feelings she almost ignored the servant arriving with a wooden cage containing a brown furred lump.

“The hare you requested my Empress” the servant said, a female one, leaning forward to show off the creature, “cleaned and declawed. Fattened in captivity for several months.”

Mahiña drowsily leaned forward, her bloated gut sloshing in her lap, eyes adjusting to properly see the caged creature as it ‘was’ a hare. Yet this one has lost all of its lithe form and had grown into a thick lump of brown fur. It rested with its front legs out, slightly covered by the fat breast that expanded under its muzzle. A heavy gut seemed to ooze out to each side giving it the appearance of a dough ball with floppy ears. It tried to move when the cage jostled, but all it merely did was kick a leg out to shift its fat form across the bottom of the cage, thick fat sagging through the grates at the bottom of the wooden cage.

“Gooooood” moaned Mahiña, followed by a very petite belch. Her arms stretched out to pull the locking pin of the cage and flopped the door open. Mahiña’s meal kicked its legs out, attempting to escape, but her paws were already firmly squishing the hare’s soft gut. She could feel the creature squirm under its thick layer of lard, desperately pawing at her with useless paws.

She opened her jaw, revealing the rows of large sharp teeth layered in saliva, pushing the hare into her awaiting gullet. The creature was a mouthful, filling up her entire muzzle and then some, Mahiña’s teeth digging into her meal’s torso and cutting thick gashes into its hide. Blood dribbled out of her mouth as the hare kicked and squirmed inside, causing

Mahiña to moan in pleasure, her hands pressing into her blood soaked neck and smearing it.

Yet her eyes grew wide, feeling the legs attempt to go in, her neck swollen and distorted by the fat hare that was shoved in it, now almost wider than her own fat cheeks. She grasped at one of the legs lazily, her energy already starting to drain, and folded it into her mouth. Yet the other one kicked and wiggled in its extended position. So, she brought her jaws down slowly, feeling her own teeth push deep into the hare's flesh.

CRUNCH

Blood spurted out of the leg and into her mouth, dislocating the joint and severing it from the rest of the body. The bloody hare leg fell against her gut and bounced off onto the throne. All the while the young empress moaned in lustful satisfaction, feeling the still living creature kick and squirm while it slipped down her throat. A satisfied smile, covered in blood and gristle, was smeared across her muzzle. Lethargy settled in while she rubbed her wriggling gut, feeling the hare try to escape it's fatty tomb. Mahiña's eyes blinked, slower and slower, her mind in a haze as the energy was taken from her to digest her massive meal.

With the roar of the crowds around her, and the pleasant full feeling in her gut, Mahiña wondered deep within her tired mind.

"What will my meal die from first? Blood loss or drowning in Xocolati?"