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<The King>

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Chapter Three

Maeve woke the next day after eating so much food she thought she might burst. She was carried to bed after she passed out from the amount of food she consumed. Waking up, she was surprised she was alone. The insatiable lust for food had seemingly passed her, she was of sound mind again and she tried to sit up but felt an immense pain and pressure in her middle. Looking down Maeve saw her stomach and almost let out a scream.

Her belly was round. It looked like she was with child, it was so packed full of food still from the night before, the skin had a red hue to it as it was stretched so much from the contents within. The only part that wasn't pushing out was her middle, the huge rod was still stuck in her middle and because of the massive bloating that was around her middle it warped around the rod, bulging either side of the first few inches of the metal phallus.

Too much...

Maeve thought to herself, her hand pressing timidly against the edge of

the swollen flesh.

Free... Got to get free...

With a big huff she lifted herself onto her feet. The floorboards were cold, deathly so, this climate was not going to be good for her. She opened the door and made her way to the front door of the cabin. Through the windows, there was no light, it was still pitch-black outside, not even the moon offered any light to guide her path thanks to the thick snow clouds.

Behind her she saw Magnus laid out on the floor, an empty flagon of ale beside him, he was fast asleep.

Now's my chance. I've got to get out of here.

Opening the door, she saw the white tundra at her feet and it sprawled into the darkness. The chill was almost enough for her to enter a state of shock; it was that frigid at this point.

I'll die...

Looking down at her pushed out stomach, her hand cradling the weight of the thing with the metal rod still trying to poke through her middle.

I'll take my chances...

The first step into the cold made her freeze, she didn't have shoes that could deal with the cold, she didn't have time to fashion anything to protect herself. She took a second step, and the cold was already painful. A third step never came. She knew that she wouldn't have made it past ten paces before collapsing.

With a quick retreat she was back in the cabin, she shut the door and

looked back at her sleeping captor.

Despite being a thief, she had not yet killed anyone, it wasn't what she was about, but this was where it needed to change, right now, it was kill or be killed.

Or... Worse...

She wasn't sure what that meant when she thought it, but she quickly made her way to the kitchen area and found a knife, long and sharp, she made her way to the sleeping king.

Raising the knife in her hand, she looked at it coldly.

"Right here." He mumbled; his hand pointed to his neck. "That way you can see me suffer somewhat before I die." His words were cold but knowledgeable. "You won't do it anyway."

Before Maeve could do anything the giant swung and grabbed the knife from her hand. "Many men have tried, women too, yet I remain." He laughed under his breath. "Guess you figured that you're stuck here because of the weather?" The king laid back lazily.

The silence in the room was once again annoying the large man.

"At least tell me your fucking name, if you don't, I'll happily cut your fucking tongue out seeing as you don't want to use it."

"Maeve." She was too frightened to think of a fake name.

"Finally, Maeve." The king sat up, full of life and he reached out and put his hands on her hugely distended middle. "And my... Look at this... After one vial." He admired.

“What... What was it?”

“You really aren’t that bright are you...” He scoffed. “I like women with a bit more meat on their bones. Plus, it’ll help you survive the winter months.”

He continued to rub her stomach.

“So... You’re fattening me up?” She was repulsed by the idea, she felt like she was a pig being fed for slaughter, she slapped his hand away.

“I don’t need you to have hands to enjoy myself.” He snarled at her feisty swat before he returned his big hands to her stomach. “You are going to get fat. Yes.”

The words cut to her core, she felt empty and hollow, it felt like her soul was being wrenched from her body.

“No...” She murmured, unable to hold her tongue.

“Yes.” The king replied, letting her defiant word go.

“And... This?” She was in a state of shock but she pointed to the rod in her middle.

“Well... That’s just a bit of fun... Not yet but you’ll see.”

I don’t think I want to see...

“You must be hungry...” The king said, rubbing her stomach.

She was. Looking in disbelief at the king, he knew she was. She hadn’t been hungry like this in her whole life and now she was stuffed to the brim and still hungry.

“Well... Maeve... Are you?”

She ate, ate and ate for hours that turned into days. She grew bigger at a

rate that frankly shocked and disgusted her, but there was an insatiable hunger inside her. Each time it would ease, there was another vial in her mouth, and she was drinking down the sweet tasting liquid before another wave of hunger would wash over her body.

A rapidly growing one at that.

Magnus woke Maeve on this particular morning, softly rubbing her hugely distended stomach, still taut from yesterday's feeding.

"My my my... Look at what a good pig you've become..."

His words were slow, deliberate and he was enjoying it, the tone gave that much away, Maeve came around, it had been two days since the last vial, she knew there was another one most likely awaiting her this morning, but his words made her look down.

The change her body had undergone was absolutely insane to her, it didn't feel real, Maeve could only really sleep on her back now because of the straps, it was too uncomfortable on her side because of the weird angle and on her front was impossible so she looked down and saw the mountainous stomach rising high above her sizeable tits.

In all of her years she had not ever had enough fat on her to go to her breasts, but this was different, she even noted that her chin was bunching up between her neck and chest.

The strap was around the circumference of her stomach, and the rod was sunken into the peak of her stomach, which probably would've looked more like a volcano rather than a mountain. It was tight, packed to the brim, the

skin had taken time to stretch and grow along with her rapidly increasing mass.

Magnus' hands felt nice on her this morning, he was soft and caring, but she was still disgusted by the absolute fat blob she had become.

“Please... Magnus... This is enough...” She pleaded with him.

“Oh Maeve... You're barely halfway at this point.”

The words stung, she looked at just how much fat had accumulated around her arms, legs, tits and face but to hear she was going to continue to grow from here. She seriously doubted her stomach could grow any more.

“I... I can't get bigger...” She raised a hand weakly to Magnus, trying to apply a softer touch to his gruff face.

“You will.” Magnus squeezed her belly which took her breath away. “You will be the biggest woman in this land. So fat and big, you will go down in history.”

Magnus then leaned in and started to kiss her stomach; the stuffed edges and his tongue danced over the skin. She couldn't help but feel some sort of physical reaction she was not anticipating, her skin was so sensitive.

Her breathing quickened and he knew what he was doing to her.

“There we are...” He teased before reaching up and grabbing her boobs, barely half a handful to the giant but he knew that it wouldn't be long until they were bigger.

“Magnus... Please...” There was no end to that sentence, she didn't know what it should be, whether she was going to tell him to stop or not was

something she wasn't sure she could answer.

Maeve's mind was foggy and she was starting to feel warm, the way this giant man was manhandling her was starting to elicit a reaction she had never expected.

Magnus grabbed some food from the side that he had brought in.

"Time to eat up..."

Maeve opened her mouth, letting a soft moan out before it was filled with some food.

"That's it. Chew." He cooed, rubbing her stomach and slowly easing more food into her greedy maw.

Maeve's eyes rolled into the back of her head, she had not felt such a sensual feeling like this in years, but she continued to chew and eat mindlessly as she relished the feeling of his hands on her stomach, she was almost numb to the pain from the rod in this moment, the pressure only adding to her growing arousal, something she was not keen on admitting.

Soft moans escaped from the side of her mouth.

No.

She tried to resist, but there was something about his touch that was making it hard. Maeve ate and ate, enjoying the sensation of his fingers exploring every new inch of her swollen middle.

This was the start of something new in Maeve.

Finishing her feast, she was worked up to say the least but still Magnus just smiled at his prized pig who was still bound in the leather strapping with

the rod. He tapped his finger against the smaller section of the rod that had not yet been consumed by Maeve's growing gut.

Maeve threw her head back, the tiny vibrations felt unreal, like nothing she had felt before. Gripping the bedsheets, her body shook and shuddered.

"What... What was that..." The formerly lithe woman was so shocked that she actually asked the question out loud.

"Progress." Magnus smiled before turning away to leave her bloated and desperate for more touching.

Progress?

The word repeated in her head, left alone she looked down at her swelling belly that bulged around the rod with each breath, still feeling the aftershocks of the sensations that Magnus had been giving to her not a few moments prior.

Reaching down, she struggled to reach around her giant gut without causing discomfort to the rod in her belly button. It only added to her mounting frustration. She desperately tried to touch herself, the feeling too overwhelming but it was no use, she had become too fat to reach with the straps still constraining her.

"What's wrong with me..."

The anger bubbled up and she looked at her fat form and felt like she wanted to burst into tears. She was thankfully alone so Magnus wouldn't see her break like this.

"I'm so fucking fat... Disgusting... But I'm so fucking hungry... And..." she

trailed off, she couldn't yet admit the throbbing feeling she had below. "What is he doing to me... What's happening..." The questions were rhetorical and she laid back, feeling the shift in her body apply more pressure to her belly button and she moaned, her hand clasping over her mouth and her face turning a bright red.

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