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<The King>

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## Chapter Four

Magnus was far from finished with her and he continued to feed her, vials every few days, feasts beyond anything her mind could've conjured up. Her stomach grew, as did the rest of her. The pounds piled on and she looked nothing like she did a few weeks prior. As winter approached she had outgrown anything she could've imagined, Magnus had told her she was going to be the biggest woman in the land and right now she felt it.

Maeve's body had blown up, the rate at which she exploded in size just made how the fat formed on her body look even more extreme. Her legs had grown thicker, not proportional to how much she weighed really but sitting down most of the time did see her thighs and ass take a good siphon of the overall weight, it was like gravity was piling the fat down into her lower half. Her arms were heavy, no longer light and nimble instruments to help her thief, any movement required a large amount of force with how much fat clung to her arms, her biceps were just soft tissue now, no sign of any muscle.

Maeve's exotic face had been filled up too, her cheeks were round, puffed up and a lot of her features were sunk over the fat that was covering her face, her neck was consumed by the fat from her chin, and she looked huge all over.

That was because she was.

Her fat tits were now bigger than her head, they were heavy and thanks to what propped them up, they looked perkier than they should've been, massive and too much fat for the amount of skin, a testament to how much she had grown in such a short amount of time. Her nipples were thick and long and always hard now. Magnus had made sure that over the following weeks he had ramped up his teasing, since she couldn't pleasure herself she was becoming more desperate by the day to experience an orgasm again. His words only fuelled her arousal now, something that was a shock to her at first, but her brain had become so filled with a fog of hunger and horniness that she just begged for a release.

The biggest difference in the weeks since she had arrived in this cold land was her belly. The straps first placed on her lithe form were now becoming too small for her, despite the constant adjustments by the giant king, her stomach continued to swell larger. The straps were not going to last much longer because of how gargantuan her stomach had become. Each strap was overwhelmed by the fat that oozed over them, her belly button though was where the true display was.

Magnus would come in each day and before he did almost anything he would just gawk and admire what the rod had done to her belly button. Despite

the huge rod being a solid and thick 12 inches it now was consumed by her belly. Maeve noted that whenever she moved her stomach there was significantly less pain now, her fat had cushioned it somewhat and it was like the rod was a support beam that allowed her to move, how quickly she had gotten used to it was quite shocking to her.

Sitting there on the bed with her stomach stretched out in front of her like a giant dome, the rod tightly plugging her belly button she watched the large man walk around the bed, as he normally did, the look of glee in his eyes was like nothing she had seen before.

“Well... You’re almost there...” He muttered.

The words made Maeve’s legs twinge, and she reached her plump hands to start to rub the tops of her fat tits, trying to manipulate them so her nipples would find their way to her hand. A much harder task than one might think when you have exploded this much in size.

Her whole body had become much more difficult to manoeuvre; everything was a fight against the over encumbered fat that ruled her physique. Magnus could leave her now and he would know that she would not have a chance to escape with the size she was now.

“Stand up...” He commanded.

Magnus loved this part of the day, just taking in her whole form, it was rare that he asked her to stand but he loved to watch her struggle into a standing position.

“Y-yes...” Maeve groaned.

With her hands under her still taut belly from yesterday's feast, she lifted it with all of her might, and it was barely enough to shift the taut belly. She struggled, gasping and grunting with a breathless agony that was music to Magnus' ears.

"Oh Maeve... You've grown so fucking fat haven't you..." He teased as he watched her shift his weight.

Still she struggled, not wanting to give up, however the rate in which she had grown meant that she basically had no muscle as her body had not gotten used to the bulk, the small girl had not lived with this weight so her body could build muscle, so it was really a struggle.

"Let me..." Magnus walked over to the struggling girl and he grabbed one of the straps and with his might he steadied her onto her feet. "There..."

He stood back and watched Maeve wobble.

"This is incredible..." He pondered as he walked around the now giant woman. "I've never seen such a belly in all of my days."

Looking down, Maeve could see her tits blocking most of her view, the massive melons hung over the top of her swollen stomach but despite how absolutely massive they were. There was no way to know how much she weighed but she had to be the fattest woman in the land at this point, no doubt about it in her mind.

"Please... This is it... No more..." Maeve moaned, rubbing the sides of her stomach. "I must surely be big enough now..."

Magnus looked from her stomach into her pained eyes. His own were

filled with a fire, a desire that frightened Maeve.

“Please... Magnus...” She pleaded again.

“Please what Maeve?” He snarled.

“I... I...” She stuttered.

The words that should've come out should've been her asking him to stop giving her vials, to stop making her grow bigger. Yet. These words didn't come out. They wouldn't. Maeve's legs wobbled, not from the weight, but something else. Something she wasn't quite sure she was ready to admit. She looked at the desire in the king's eyes and he clocked her expression.

“You can't say it... Can you...” He said in a husky tone that just made Maeve shudder all the more.

Silence.

“Look at you... Your chest is rising and falling faster. Your face. Flushed. And these...”

His big strong hands reached for her thick nipples, and he placed his fingers on them. Maeve moaned loudly and almost fell over when her legs trembled, thankfully Magnus grabbed the strap that was stretched over the top of her stomach and he held her up.

He leaned in towards her fatter face, his breath against her cheek.

“I think it's time...” He whispered.

“*Time for what?*” Maeve managed to think before she was thrown backwards onto the bed.

The reinforced frame almost shattered to splinters from the impact. The

giant fat blob of a woman felt her stomach almost run her whole body over and she was not in a position to stop it, Magnus came to the rescue again but it wasn't for wanting to save the fat woman, it was for something else, that much was clear to her.

"M-magnus..." Her voice betrayed her true deep feelings. The panting woman gasped as her whole body shook from the aftershocks of the push.

Reaching down to his belt, the king pulled out a knife, nothing fancy, just sharp.

"Stay still..."

Maeve was scared at first but the look in his eyes didn't scream murderous intent, but something else. The flat side of the blade was cold against her skin, with a swift motion there was a release of pressure, a snap as a strap was cut off of her. The way her fat advanced to fill the gap, she continued to feel the blade make swift cuts as her body oozed to fill the space with each strap removed.

Watching the king get to work over each of the straps she saw how her body was even bigger now that it was unrestrained. Her breathing quickened as she looked like she was visibly expanding before her eyes.

Desperately turned on, something that she clearly was, Maeve looked at the king who threw the knife to the floor. The clang was loud; it brought all other noises to a halt except for her breathing which was laboured and ragged.

She realised that the one thing he had yet to remove was the rod in her belly button. Maeve wasn't sure how long she had had this thing there, but

from the growth of her stomach it was now stuck there, as if it was a plug to a barrel.

Magnus stood tall over her, leaning over her stomach, he looked directly into her eyes as his large hand reached down to grip the rod. The second his hand made contact with the rod Maeve gasped. It hadn't been loose in there, ever, the pressure from the straps made it uncomfortable but ironically now it felt loose and free, it was like it was stuck and she didn't want it to come out.

"I've been waiting for this..." He muttered before he started to slowly and delicately pull the rod out.

"FUCK!" Maeve screamed as every nerve ending in her core was being tickled.

The rod moved slowly, it only made her feel the sensation more. Every inch it was pulled made her gasp, her legs clenched together and she started moaning louder by the second.

"Oh gods!" She screamed as her body was taken quickly by an orgasm.

Magnus smiled and he slowed down, letting his captive ball of lard cum from her belly button. Once she had regulated her breathing down again, he started all over. Inch by inch being removed from her, she came again.

Her whole body wobbled, her fat shook and each second that the rod was in motion was an ecstasy she had not felt ever before, only compounded by the fact that she was already so pent up.

Four times she came before there was an audible pop from the rod being removed from her navel. The only reason she was still upright was because she

knew that she needed to collapse forward, lest the boulder of a belly she now had would crush her, Magnus' firm hand on the swollen dome kept her there too. Her head snuggled against her tits and his arm.

Looking down at the massive woman he smiled.

“My turn.”

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