The trouble with royals is that, for the most part, they’re not used to hearing the word “no”.

It seems like a simple problem at first. The sort of issue that you do your best to solve when they’re at their youngest and most impressionable. Simply start telling them “no”, or something to the same or similar effect, and try to instill a sense of responsibility in the young prince or princess.

And normally, you’d be entirely within your right to think as much—because *most* royals had a chain of command, previous members of the royal family, to instruct them on the most proper way for a would-be ruler to conduct themselves.

But Empress Nadia, the sole survivor of an invading force that had left her orphaned from a young age, had no such guidance.

She had always been a rather greedy child, often stealing snacks from the royal kitchen well before mealtimes. It had been at the age when that sort of thing was tolerated as simple childish antics, things that most people grew out of. But after the invasion had left her without both a mother, father, and an older brother who had been next in line to inherit the throne of their kingdom.

For all intents and purposes, Nadia hadn’t been adequately prepared to run an empire—was it any surprise when she conducted herself the way that she did?

“MORE!”

Nadia wriggled and writhed on the dais like a giant slug, pinned to the stone slab by her own enormousness. Her caramel-colored flesh oozed and sagged over the edge of her throne room like biscuit dough baking over the pan. Her bejewled stomach rippled and quaked with her impotent movements as she offered her third temper tantrum of the day to the servants who served her so dutifully.

“Yes Your Highness.” Her chambermaid bowed her head, “I’ll see to it right away.”

“MOOORE.”

She made her demands known loudly, and to all that would listen. Or rather, could listen. When it came to policy and the strength of her nation, Queen Nadia was silent—preferring instead to gorge herself on the plentitude that her people offered her. But when it came to the day-to-day run of her royal chambers, she was incredibly vocal about what displeased her. And what had been most aggravating to her highness, for a number of years, was her servants’ inability to keep up with a vast and growing waistline.

The mere act of screaming for her servants had left her short of breath. Her tennis-ball sized cheeks were flush with exertion. Her ring of chins puddled around her neck, expanding and receding ever so slightly with her haggard breathing. Her fat little hands hung to either side of her at an angle, propped up by the meatiness of her massive arm wings and her supple side rolls.

“Servants.” Her husky voice carried throughout the throne room, “Your queen desires a belly rub.”

At once, a swarm of underfed serfs took flight towards the unabashed nakedness of their ruler. They climbed the stone steps that had once led up to a throne, crumbling in disrepair. Her hugeness meant that nobody had to fight for a particular spot—everywhere was fair game on the massive stomach and sensitive side rolls of their hedonistic Queen.

The large roll where the belly button used to be, adorned with a simple red gem, was of a most important position however. Nadia enjoyed the sensitive skin being fingered lightly, often while being hand-fed luscious fruits from her village’s farms. Or during… *other* carnal activities. Though the two were not mutually exclusive.

Four or five sets of hands swarmed her stomach, the fat woman rolling her head back in utter bliss and appreciation of her servants’ expert touches. They had been hired specifically for the prolific softness of their hands—rescued from pimps and elevated to the service of Royal Masseurs, afforded a certain grace and dignity in their ability to elicit such base reactions.

Nadia had considered them lucky to have been given the opportunity, rather than stoned.

“*Hrnnn…”*

Her toes were too fat to clench, but they twitched in utter bliss. The team of women coming to her aide, rubbing her enormous gut after the first of many big meals of the day were so appreciated in ways that they never could have been outside of this kingdom. Outside of her palace. Nadia needed them. She wanted them. In more ways than one…

But alas, some things she had proven too large for.

“Your highness?”

“WHAT?”

The large woman snapped, her jowls sloshing back and forth as she whipped towards the attendant who had dared to interrupt her most private time of the day. The smaller woman did not take a step backwards, as she was well out of the Queen’s swing zone, but her expression did falter ever so slightly as she fought back against her natural instincts.

“The dignitaries from Nubia are here to discuss trade routes.” She said simply, her hands folded behind her back, “Shall I—”

“Point them in the direction of someone with a head for that sort of thing.” She sniffed, her head already turned back towards the great ocean of her stomach, “In case you couldn’t tell, I’m otherwise occupied.”

The adjutant sighed as she hopped off of the dais, leaving her hedonistic queen to do what she did best—be pampered, spoiled, and occasionally hand-fed by her team of servants.

By the time that lunch rolled around (or rather, the meal that was formally identified as lunch) the Queen had begun gorging herself left and right on everything that she could reach—which wasn’t much. She relied on her servants to do most of everything in her advanced stage of obesity, up to and including feeding her the enormous amounts of food that were required to keep her weight up.

In time, she would come to regret relying on such a team of lazy, lackadaisical people to protect her royal rotundity, but that was another story for another time, and another page in the history books.