

Your entry into the palace halls of Canterlot leaves you unsettled and nervous, and you can't entirely sort out why. The job itself seems strange to you, your pack still has the diplomatic assignment right there – complete with the royal seal from the neighboring lands you've just arrived from, but why *you* of all people were selected to come to Equestria and serve as a diplomatic envoy eludes you. Beyond that, as you tread through the distractingly opulent and grand halls, you find yourself trying to sort out the other thing bothering you..

It's not until you're standing before the doors to the throne room itself that it dawns on you, every single guard you've seen – every roaming pony on the road to Canterlot – they'd all been stallions. You haven't seen another mare *anywhere* on the way, and now-

“Ah, welcome! We have been awaiting your arrival with great anticipation. We- oh, goodness! Look at you! You poor, pleasure-starved thing.”

Princess Twilight is *right there* in front of you, something you've been dreaming of and wondering about how you'd handle ever since you received this posting from your aunt. The questions were still swimming wild through your mind – your aunt doesn't really *like you* all that much and you had wondered if she was trying to get you out of her lands. Now, as you find yourself staring at a heaving blob of purple that never seemed to stop moving, but one that had the broad strokes of an Alicorn to its shape – royal clothing – the proper cutie mark – you find yourself staring at another possibility.

“Wh.. what.. I don't- *oh my goodness you're fat!* I- oh no, I said that out loud.”

You half expect to be smote on the spot, but instead the massive room-sized cluster of fat rolls and raw magical power just.. laughs. A gentle, pleasant kind of sound. It sneaks its way into your ears and leaves you feeling curiously at-ease with what you're seeing.

“Why, of *course* we are! Goodness, you do seem surprised by that. Were you not- well, we supposed it doesn't matter all that much. As an envoy you are technically one of our subjects now.”

It's mesmerizing, watching the Princess move. Not that she was going anywhere, you can barely tell where her legs are amid all those layers upon layers of lard, but it was still *moving*. Like an ocean of blubber, a purple sea swaying and lurching in the breeze. As you watch, transfixed, you dimly realize you aren't entirely alone. There are servants, pegasi mostly, approaching with food and ferrying it up to Twilight Sparkle to feed it to her by hoof.

“W-what do you mean? I.. wait, sorry. I uhm. I am.. officially here to act as envoy for-”

The Princess raises a hoof and you trail off. You realize, a little late perhaps, that some of the serving staff entering the room aren't heading for the Princess, they're approaching *you*.

“Darling, we *know*. Your aunt told us to expect you weeks ago! Now, we just have to do something about your dreadfully underweight figure. If you're going to spend the next decade at our court you simply **must** be properly fed. Our stallions have grown quite accustomed to pleasing mares of *proper stature* and it *is* the law of the land. Granted, that's because we *made* it so~”

You had been telling yourself it couldn't be that. She wouldn't do that. But your aunt really *doesn't* like you much, and you did comment about her ass during the last festival dinner, and now? You look at Twilight and the way she takes up a royal bed the size of a swimming pool all to herself, being rubbed at by a dozen ponies and idly feasting on pastries you could never dream of affording, and you spot a few of the other staff dragging out a second cushion.. Only slightly smaller.

One that matched your coat's colors, broadly speaking.

“Oh.. oh *no*, I couldn't.. ah.. h-heh. I uhm, I'm quite happy like I am, and-”

There's a flash that leaves you momentarily blinded. It glares and reflects wildly off the polished surfaces of the royal hall and leaves your skin feeling warm. Or.. maybe not just your skin? Your whole self starts to feel it, a kind of odd serenity, one that makes it seem like the Princess' voice isn't just a sound bouncing around the room but a thing.. A warm liquid pouring right into your ears, into your head. You hesitate, mouth hanging open, and someone stuffs a nice plump cream puff in there for you . You close your teeth around it and feel the thing burst, dense sweet cream flooding your mouth and leaving you shivering.

“Darling, we can't even begin to guess at what was going on between you and your aunt, but you really don't have a choice now. Don't worry though, we wouldn't dream of making this a torment. Trust me, you'll *love* being too fat to walk – let's get you started with the *good stuff*~”

Whatever the 'good stuff' was the serving staff seemed to know. Two stallions began guiding you toward the massive cushion, helping you nestle in the center of it and removing your traveling pack. Another pair of servants show up to feed you a few more small pastries in the meantime, and to help rub you down from the remaining dust and sweat of your trip. It's.. nice. Relaxing. Comforting. Not being expected to do anything except relax and grow. You finally get some inkling of what the 'good stuff' is when a pair of burly stallions start to pull in a massive keg of something. The cask is the size of an entire carriage, with a hose affixed to one end..

“You've been deprived far too long, my dear. We've cultivated this brew with care, from friends and former foes alike. We think you'll find it *intoxicating*~”

When you find the hose placed up to your lips you open your mouth without thinking. Or, at least, without thinking about the physical act – your mind is awash in thoughts about what you've been thrust into. They *knew*. The whole court *knew* – you'd get here and you'd spend the rest of your life a heaving, quaking landmass of fat. But it tasted so very divine, a creamy delight with a hint of butter and some of the haze of a nice cocktail under it – you don't even really pay attention when they slip a leather cord around your muzzle to hold your mouth shut around the thing. All that matters is the warm, pleasant weight of it settling into your stomach – and the welcome glow in your blood, the creeping greasy feeling under your skin.. The heavy sensation all around your body, how your thighs are starting to feel like they're brushing together a little~

“Yes, yes we thought so. It's our masterpiece, you know. Our best friends spent years getting the flavor right, the color, the magical properties, even cultivating the ingredients. You'll double your size by the end of the day. Within the week you ought to be fat enough to start drawing the eye of some of the stallions.”

A little whimper escapes your throat while you work on swallowing faster. A few of the servants *do* look like they're imagining you bigger – but then, you're imagining the same thing. Wondering what it'll be like not to be able to move under your own power anymore. Dragged by burly stallions, fed by them, fucked by them..

You shiver as a little rush of pleasure runs through your body. Almost enough to send you over the edge all by itself, and that seems to earn you the approval of the Princess.

“Yes.. that's the look. We know it *very well* indeed. Trust me, darling. As lovely as your daydreams are going to be for the next week they are *pale imitations* of how wonderful your life will be going forward from this moment. But, for now, just *enjoy yourself*~”

With the Princess telling you that was as good as a Royal Order, but then.. you were already doing just that anyway. It seemed like that might be all you were going to do from now on~

Memories of your first night in Twilight Sparkle's court still come back to with surprising clarity, and sometimes you even still dream about it – like today. You've caught yourself wondering at times, even asking the Princess, if maybe it's other versions of you *finally* ending up here where

they belong. The notion of it pleases you, but just about *everything* about life does that anymore. Suckling on another carriage-sized barrel of the Princess' special reserve in particular. You wriggle a bit, just to remind yourself of how hopelessly obese you've grown. Trapped in a sea of your own blubber, you slosh gently to and fro, like being rocked in a hammock or on a gentle breeze at sea. Your hooves dig gently into your own blubbery expanse, not having touched the ground in.. months? Or was it years..? You can hardly remember the specifics.

It isn't like it matters. Diplomatic relations were now so good between your home and Equestria that you've been invited to stay for life, and accepted. Your aunt doesn't know what she's missing.

Somewhere behind you the sound of hooves on the stone floors of the palace, the halls outside your official quarters as an envoy, tell you someone's coming. Being aware of little things around you is a thing that's become odd but ever present since you grew too large to get around anywhere, like how you can tell it's a stallion and not a mare by the way the hooves are moving regularly, and not shuffling along at an agonizingly slow pace between the scraping sound of a belly dragging on the floor. There *were*, you learned, still mares that were mobile – albeit very fat.

..Granted, you learned that *after* the Princess saw to it you'd need to be moved either by magic, a team of stallions, or heavy machinery for the rest of your days.

This was definitely a stallion though – you let out a happy little trill as you feel him crawl up behind you, pressing your mountainous ass cheeks apart and pushing you forward enough that you roll a few inches deep into your own neck fat – but you keep drinking. There was no reason to stick to just one kind of deep, physical paradise.

Getting yourself fucked silly by a well-hung stallion was *so much better* when you had a glutted belly to go with it. A desperate moan vibrates its way through the feeding hose as you're mounted for the first time today and the rutting begins. You can't even see who it is, you never really can, but it doesn't matter. Being split apart by a throbbing horse cock and feeling your ass clap down against him like pillowy thunder leaves you too far gone to care. It's a kind of nirvana, helpless to do anything but be completely content and happy.

Somewhere in the back of your mind you make a note to talk to the Princess later. You're *pretty sure* you can talk your old homeland into signing something forcing them to submit to Equestria's rule of law in order to continue trade – you aren't entirely sure if it's spite or sympathy

motivating you at the moment. On the one hand, you love the idea of sharing delight with every mare possible.

On the other, you can just imagine your aunt's face when she learns she's legally obligated to eat until her ass as fat as her head is. Somewhere between that delicious thought and the furious hammering of that stallion buried in your cavernous, blubber-entrenched cunt, you quiver and shake through your day's first orgasm of many to come.