

# “THANNA’S BIG BREAK”

By Zaftig Industries

*CW: Weight gain, dumbification, intoxic kink, group sex*





Sweat pooled on Thanna's forehead and trickled down her cheeks as she finished another bicep curl, her powerful Orcish muscles flexing as the nearly seven-foot courtesan finished the final reps of her set. Breathing lightly despite the exertion, she set aside her dumbbells and tossed her long auburn braid over her shoulder. Usually she wore her hair loose, but lately she'd been shifting to a more modest style--it was essential, after all, not to have all her luxurious locks tangled in her workout gear.

Wiping the sweat from her forehead with a towel, the muscular, toned orc woman sighed with satisfaction and stretched. Her skintight workout leotard strained dangerously around her massive chest--her girls were practically fighting tooth and nail to escape from the restrictive fabric. Thanna adjusted them, heaving her vast tracts of tit-flesh around in an attempt to make her almost comically large bosom behave.

"Oof, did they get heavier again? Well... No matter... That's the one part of me I can afford to pack on a few pounds, heheh..."

She threw her workout towel over her shoulder, and stood, calling for her goblin assistant.

"Emerald! I require *hydration!*"

Her short, ample goblin assistant scurried into the workout chamber, bearing fresh towels and a cuiraffe of fresh water for her mistress. Thanna took it and quaffed a deep draft, taking a moment to regret that it wasn't wine. Not a drop of liquor had passed her lips for months--she was gearing up for a major seduction, the next leg up in her journey to sleeping her way to the top of all the local kingdoms, and staying away from calories was key.

"Ahhh, that's good. Thank you, dear."

"Anything else, Mistress?"

Emerald glanced up hopefully at Thanna's well-sculpted, curvaceous body, her mistress' green skin glistening with sweat, her braids slightly frizzed from all the exertion. Emerald was Thanna's most loyal servant... and not without reason. The little goblin was hopelessly besotted with Thanna, something Thanna sensed intuitively... but refused to explore, at least for now. She had her sights set on much more wealthy targets than a former goblin-warren princess with a fixation on her (admittedly quite amazing) rack.

"No, Emerald honey, that's fine for now. Can you go get the carriage ready? I want to be early for my big debut..."

"Of course. Would Mistress care for breakfast?"

Thanna paused... and her stomach rumbled, growling unsatisfactorily under her washboard abs. The towering orc frowned and placed a hand over her stomach, as if to silence its complaints.

"No, no... I shan't eat a single bite until that prince is in my grasp. Prince Abstinus is the toughest nut to crack in all the kingdom--he takes concubines, but refuses to marry, and I'll be damned if I miss the target because my ass is too fat, or I got water retention at the wrong time."

"Of course, Mistress. As always, your wisdom is only exceeded by your beauty."

Thanna smirked, glancing down at the little goblin, who smiled up at her with a hopeful expression... and then grew crestfallen when Thanna tossed her sweat-soaked towel at her.

"Flattery will get you nowhere, Emerald. Though I have to say, I don't mind it... Come. I must prepare for the meeting with the prince."

The tall orc paused as her stomach rumbled again, the empty ache in her belly distracting her.

"And... Prepare me a fruit smoothie, I suppose. I should have SOME fuel in the tank when I meet His Majesty. I don't want to faint clean away... I guess, unless he's into that kind of thing."

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Mere hours later, Thanna's carriage--a well-appointed number, decked in traditional Orcish runes and bones--rolled up in front of the castle of House Abstinia, its banners fluttering in the morning wind.

The orc courtesan was wearing her traditional "seduction mode" garb: a long, flowing dress of clingy black fabric with purple highlights that faded to a lush pink at the ends. The purple silk running down the middle of the dress inevitably drew attention upwards to the vast canyon of her cleavage, rosy and warm with exertion from her morning exercise. She wore long black gloves, golden bracelets and several fetching thin golden chains around her neck, as well as her usual golden diadem on her forehead. With flawlessly plucked eyebrows, freshly sharpened tusks, and hair painstakingly arranged by Emerald in the most lush and flowing fashion possible, she was a dream to behold. Now... If only she could feel as confident as she looked, everything would go perfectly.

When Thanna emerged from the carriage, she did so alongside a number of other courtesans, all of whom had arrived for the same meeting she had--the Grand Selection, the process whereby a new concubine for the Prince was selected. Thanna steeled herself for the inevitable as she watched the human and elven women approach, flanking her as she made her way up the massive front marble staircase.

"Oh, look who's here, girls," said one of the courtesans, a haughty elf named Fasha Moonshade. "It's the Great Green Giant. Hope the prince enjoys a dance partner whose knee is at his face level..."

"Maybe she'll get lucky," drawled a human noblewoman behind Thanna, a busty maiden from the hinterlands named Jocasta. "Maybe he's got a kink for gigantic, freakish, tusked monstrosities."

Thanna gritted her teeth... and smiled, nodding respectfully to both women as they advanced on the massive iron double doors at the top of the staircase.

"Ladies, it's been so long since we last saw each other. Sorry, I barely noticed you all the way down there... My peripheral vision seems to have shrunk again, too. Funny how that keeps happening."

And she put a little more swish into her step, bouncing her colossal bosom in an exaggerated, aggressive fashion. She meant, of course, that she hadn't been able to see her rivals past her own massive, expansive tits--a statement that was quite true, for anyone shorter than her who stood directly in front of her.

The other women fumed silently; Thanna could feel the rage wafting off them. Her cup size had definitely increased since they last saw each other, Orcish genetics doing for her what human and elven genetics could never accomplish: making her titanic green milkers utterly impossible for the Prince to ignore.

Armed guards stood at the doors, reading the invitations presented by each courtesan in turn. As Thanna stood in line waiting for her turn, Emerald scurried up to her, bowing to the other courtesans... but not as deeply as she bowed to Thanna, and with only a fraction of the respect she held for her mistress.

"Mistress... Your perfume bottle. I'm so sorry, it was left behind in your carriage."

"Oh, thank you, dear. Whatever would I do without you?"

Thanna slipped the crystalline bottle into her cleavage, where it vanished from view as surely as it had never existed. She heard audible teeth-grinding and muttered expletives from the other woman, and Fasha actually stepped out of line to call her out as Thanna approached the doors.

"A goblin, in the royal halls? The Prince will never stand for it! Get that *\*thing\** out of here at once, Lady Thanna!"

Thanna rounded on her. For a moment, her Orcish blood surged to the fore and her delicate, manicured hands balled into fists. She felt all the fury of her ancestors filling her with a desire to clout the woman down the staircase... And maybe sit on her, afterwards, just to make a point of dominance. Her rear end was just as ample as her chest, after all, and it wouldn't be the first time she had deployed it to put an uppity rival in their place.

But she soothed her own wrath as she saw the tears in Emerald's eyes... and saw the other courtesans all watching with bated breath, to see what she would do. They *wanted* her to lose control, to act like an Orc on the steps of the castle. Nothing would make them happier.

And so, she merely crossed her arms, smiling and cocking her hips, staring down at Fasha with feigned amusement.



"You think so? Last I checked, each courtesan was allowed handmaidens to accompany them... And this one is mine. I hope you wouldn't want to break the good Prince's rules by forcing my little friend out of here, would you, Fasha?"

The elf stuttered and grumbled... and finally withdrew, shrugging and looking away. Thanna nodded, assured of her win, and turned back to the door even as Emerald moved closer to her, practically hugging her skirts.

"Th-thank you, Mistress."

Thanna shrugged one shoulder, fluffing her hair with a ring-decked hand.

"Pay them no mind, dear Emerald. They are jealous little harlots, envious of our success in this field. I wouldn't have gotten this far without your help... and they know it. Stick with me, and we'll get through this."

Emerald nodded... and stayed close to her mistress, as they passed under the massive double doors, and into the Prince's domain.

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The Prince's selection process for his courtesans was shrouded in mystery. Rumor had it that there was some sort of feast, and then some sort of contest--but no one could say openly, for all who left the castle were magically sworn to secrecy. Not even Thanna's most skilled spies could weasel out the truth, and so she was walking in ready for anything. A juggling contest? Firewalking? Whatever it was, she would have to be ready... and on her best behavior.

However, she wasn't ready for what came next--not at all. As she entered the grand, tapestry-strewn hall beyond, a bevy of delicious smells hit her nose... and her stomach rebelled, growling viciously.

There was a feast arrayed for them, all right. A feast Thanna could never have imagined. The most luxurious foods she had ever seen--dishes that made the wealthiest larders she'd visited seem peasantly--were piled high on a massive, long table stretching from one end of the room to the other.

And at the far end of the table was the Queen Mother. A regal, resplendent High Elf in silver and diamond finery, she wore a bustier decorated with hanging crystals, and her gloves were the finest elven gossamer, clearly woven by Feywild spiders. Her blonde hair was done up in an elegant bun, and her mature but still quite beautiful features were set with serene calm as the contestants filed into the room.

Once they had all entered, the guards shut the doors, and the Queen spread her hands, greeting all who had come with a soft, melodious voice.

"Hail, courtesans of the Many Kingdoms. Long have I waited to select a new concubine for my son's private harem. His chosen must be elegant, refined, comely maidens... and they must have special talents. Please, sit."

Special talents? What the hell did that mean? Thanna suppressed a frown as she moved to her seat--marked, of course, with a little hovering, magical illusory nametag indicating the chair was hers--and sat down, her ample bottom more than filling the narrow seat.

The others did the same, clearly also perturbed. Thanna saw Fasha's face clench and audibly heard the woman's stomach growl. So she, too, had been starving herself and struggling to maintain her figure all this time, in the hopes of catching the Prince's eye. What a waste--he wasn't even present, and Thanna had a funny feeling they wouldn't see him for some time. The Queen Mother had an expression of barely suppressed glee on her face, and it wasn't the nice kind. Whatever process this entailed, the Queen was in charge of it... and she seemed to relish how uncomfortable all the courtesans were.

"You have one simple task here," said the Queen, gesturing at the table before them.

"You must eat as much as possible of the lovely feast my Prince's chefs have prepared for you. My dear boy loves a woman with an appetite--he is so precocious, with his little passions. Whoever remains upright and eating the longest, will win the contest and become his new concubine, added to the harem with his favorites from across the kingdoms. Those who are unable to continue eating... will lose, and have their lips sealed with magic to never speak of what transpired here. Are we clear?"

"Your Majesty," said Fasha, voice trembling, "You... want us to eat as much as possible of this? This... looks rather rich..."

The Queen's face darkened.

"Are you refusing the hospitality of your Prince, courtesan?"

"Wh-what? No, never! It... It looks delicious!"

This, at least, was quite true. Thanna had never in her entire life seen such a repast, and her mouth was watering just looking at it. Again, the instincts of her orcish ancestors rose in her--she was filled with desire to grab a haunch of steak and simply rip into it. But of course, the golden forks and spoons and fine golden plates indicated this would be a genteel affair. She would have to restrain herself.

Already, her keen mind--much accustomed to out-witting and out-thinking other, much wealthier courtesans--was calculating how to win this thing. All she had to do was keep eating the \*longest,\* not the most. As she looked around, she saw all the courtesans were quite demoralized--understandably so. Their year-long fasting and dieting regimen was about to be ruined beyond repair, their delicate figures filled with the kind of sugary and greasy calories they had avoided for months. Thanna doubted a single one of them would fit back into their Selection Day clothes for weeks after this.

But Thanna had one advantage over them, an unexpected one, yet still useful: She was \*bigger\* than they were. Her stomach could physically hold more food--and her Orcish metabolism,



bred from the steppes and chasing game across the deserts, would burn through the fine food fairly quickly. She tried to avoid it, but in truth, she could be quite the overeater when she allowed herself to be. Only the strict beauty standards of the kingdoms were sufficient to hold her orc appetites (and thus, her figure) in check.

And so she steeled herself for the task ahead.

The Queen nodded as Fasha fell awkwardly silent.

"Any other questions? No? Then, by all means... Dig in, ladies."

The relish with which she said this sent a chill down Thanna's spine. There was a deeper game being played here... but for now, she couldn't afford to think about what it was. She looked down at Emerald, who was already armed with several napkins and a kerchief for her Mistress to wear as she ate. The two of them nodded at each other: they were pot committed. If they wanted to win, they would have to out-eat the others.

And so, with a little bit of reluctance at first, Thanna began to eat.

Her reluctance didn't last long. Emerald piled her plate high with roast pheasant, treacle tarts, danishes, and figs and grapes, the lush feast making Thanna's tusks glisten with saliva. When she finally did take a bite of the first tart, she practically creamed in her dress: It was utterly delicious. Her mouth exploded with flavor, the kind of rich sugar she had denied herself for months. Thanna felt her long -suppressed appetite roar to life, and despite her desire to eat genteely and patiently, felt herself unintentionally chewing and swallowing a bit faster.

Soon the tart was gone, then the grapes, then the figs, and Thanna was soon digging into the roast pheasant. Her stomach cried out with joy as she finally, finally fed it the kind of calorie-rich treats she had been denying it so long... and once it had been stirred from slumber, her appetite was a vicious beast. She ate steadily, resolutely, like a carefully restrained orc in a public setting where sinking her tusks in too deeply would be a faux-pas.

Looking around, she saw the others were doing the same. The other courtesans were chomping away with restrained enthusiasm, each of them clearly quite hungry... but taking it slow, just as she was, dabbing their lips with gold-thread-woven napkins, sipping poshly at goblets of wine, and nibbling at the food slowly.

The Queen seemed to take offense at this. Beckoning forth some court musicians, who provided a lilted backdrop of lute music to the scene, she raised her hands and looked around at the gathered throng.

"Clearly, our food must be disgusting for you to eat with such reluctance... Perhaps my son shan't take a new concubine this year after all... What a shame."

At this, Thanna saw most of the courtesans pick up their pace. She raised an eyebrow at the Queen's comment... but did the same, scarfing away, relishing the action. For the first time, here was a court activity that came easily and naturally to her, instead of needing to be relentlessly practiced like all the others.

As the music swelled and the courtesans ate, the air filling with the now-audible chomping and slurping of consumption, Thanna realized what the Queen was doing. Her Majesty was relaxing in a throne by now, watching the contestant with jaded disinterest, a Court jester amusing her with juggling and tricks... but she retained her laser focus on the table, watching food moving into lipsticked mouths with almost sensual intrigue.

Thanna felt herself growing rather full... but this had never been an obstacle to her before. In times of famine, Orcs were known to feast on entire roast boards or oxen, not sure where their next food might come from and eager to stock up on much-needed energy. She pushed through the feeling of fullness, soldiering on... even as she watched some of the other courtesans beginning to flag.

Jolenta in particular seemed to be having trouble. Under the deluge of rich food, she was having digestive trouble, and Thanna blushed as she heard the courtesan audibly pass wind. Muffled giggles were heard from around the table, and Jocasta turned beet-red. Shortly afterward, she groaned and pushed back her plate, belching softly and clutching her distended middle.

"Ooogh... I'm s-sorry, Your Majesty, I simply can't continue... It's too, **URrrrP**, too much..."

The Queen barely seemed to notice, waving a hand at her guards.

"Shame... Gentlemen, take her to the ritual circle and ensure her lips are sealed, then release her back to her life of chasing the phalluses of nobles..."

Jocasta looked miserable as she was assisted up from her chair and and staggered towards an adjoining chamber. Thanna, for her part, somewhat enjoyed watching her go. Another longtime rival had bitten the dust... and in the most humiliating fashion possible.

Suddenly, she paused in her eating, glancing down at Emerald.

"I think... I think I know what's going on," she whispered to the goblin.

"Yes, Mistress?"

"Humiliation. It's a show of dedication--how low are we willing to go for the Prince?" Thanna nodded to herself, convinced of her certainty. "He must be quite depraved--the Queen is testing our willingness to debase ourselves. Like I did for that one Noble who had a thing for slum prostitutes."

"Ahhh," said Emerald, nodding sagely. "That was a great outfit, by the way, Mistress. Loved you in that one."

"Thank you. Alright, here's the deal--I'm going to make my move. Just keep the platters and goblets coming."

And Thanna set aside her fork and spoon, grabbing a haunch of roast boar with one gloved hand.

The assembled Courtesans gasped. Openly flouting the rules and manners of court at the Queen's table? It was unheard of. But when Thanna lifted the meat to her mouth and bit into it, juices running over her tongue, she saw the Queen raise one eyebrow and glance at her with more than a passing interest.

Of course--if the Prince liked greedy gluttons, or whatever his kink was, why stick to decorum? Grabbing a goblet of wine from Emerald, Thanna slugged it back, dribbling a little down her chin. Muffled gasps came from the other women... and they looked more than a little intimidated.

Good. Thanna wanted them rattled... it would help her cause.

More food, and more, and more. Pottage, roasted duck, lumps of sugary taffy, steamed brussels sprouts with an excellent seasoning, diced potatoes fried in oil. Thanna ate it all and eagerly reached for more. She was feeling more than full now, her stomach bulging painfully under her dress. But she had sensed a weakness in her enemies--and damned if she was going to give it up!

For their part, the other courtesans were quickly dropping out. Their small human and elven stomachs were simply not designed to contain such massive luxurious feasts, and quickly they began to give in, belching and moaning and practically sliding out of their chairs. One woman, a hearty halfling with an impressive bust, lasted quite a while--but even the legendary greed of Halflings was no match for this feast, and she was gently escorted out when she grew too sluggish and stuffed to even reach for another slice of fried potato.

Eventually the courtesans dwindled away. The whole time, Emerald continually served her Mistress as much food as she could fit on a plate, loyally scurrying to and fro with the other handmaidens. Normally, such an event would have been rife with sabotage--wine spiked with sleeping drugs, handmaidens attempting to trip each other, and so on. But the presence of the Queen's baleful eye discouraged this, and besides, the handmaidens literally had too much to do, to bother

with sabotage. It was a no-holds-barred contest of wills, and they were all at pains to keep up with their gorging mistresses.

Finally, it came down to just two: Thanna, and the elf Fasha, who had against all odds endured past her weaker compatriots. The slender elf was stuffing herself slowly, but with determination... and yet, Thanna saw defeat in her eyes. The ancient rivalry between Elf and Orc had a new battlefield now, and Fasha knew she was beaten. Thanna's size, something she had mocked on the way in, was now a crucial advantage, something the elf simply could not compensate for.

Finally, with a groaning belch and a helpless hiccup, the elf leaned back in her chair. She reached to spear a sausage with her fork... missed several times... and shook her head, slumping in her seat.

"So be it," she groaned, her lips and chin splattered with grease and sugar. "You win... this time, orc... you great, gluttonous, blimp-titted buffoon."

As she was escorted to the door, Thanna winked at her, whispering as she went by.

"Hurts to lose, doesn't it? Enjoy your time in the privy tonight, I suspect you'll be there quite often..."

Fasha gave her the finger as she passed... and Thanna smiled as the door slammed behind her, half a dozen handmaidens supporting the elf's limp, bloated form. And then it was just her and the Queen in the massive room together, Court jesters withdrawing to one side.

Thanna looked at the Queen... met her eyes... and kept eating.

That seemed to get her attention. A willingness to continue beyond the bounds of the contest seemed to light some fire behind the Queen's eyes, and she clapped her hands, rising from her throne.

"My, my, the determination. The grit! I haven't seen such a thing in many Selection Days. What is your name, orc?"

"Thanna. At your service, **URRRP**, Your Majesty. Pardon me, oof..."

"No need to pardon yourself. You simply pay respect to my chefs with your... emissions."

The Queen walked up to her, curtsying slightly. Thanna tried to bow, but this compressed her gorged stomach, and she burped, covering her mouth with a hand.

"Goodness. Your food is so... generously portioned, Majesty."

"I do hope you enjoy it. There's much more where that came from... and my son does love a well-fed woman."

Ahhh, thought Thanna, so that's what this was all about! The Prince likes chubbies, eh?

She could work with that. In fact, it would be child's play--she put on weight easily, perhaps a bit too easily. And now that she'd won the contest, she could turn her formidable seduction powers on the Prince... whenever he deigned to eventually show up.

"Where is, um, His Majesty anyway?"

"Oh, I shan't introduce you just yet. You're a little thin for his tastes, no offense."

Thanna blinked as the Queen reached over and pinched her cheek like an indulgent aunt.

"Uhh... Okay. What should I do until I get... er... More in line with his tastes?"

"WHy, relax, of course!" The Queen spread her arms to indicate the whole of the castle around them. "Our facilities are at your service. Our kitchens, of course, but also your private lodgings, our hot baths, our wine cellars... and our servants, as many of them as you need. It might take a few weeks to get you into... shape, so to speak, but I am confident you will be quite sufficiently *padded* when I finally introduce you to my dear son."

Thanna nodded. It sounded like a pretty damn good deal to her--relax, lounge around and eat, until she was plump enough to be the Prince's concubine full-time.

"That sounds like a dream, Your Majesty. Thank you for... well, everything. I think I'm going to enjoy being the Prince's consort very, very much."

The Queen's eyes flashed with that eerie light as she looked Thanna up and down: the massive bust, the comely face slightly splattered with sauces, the swollen stuffed midsection.

"Oh, yes, you'll have a wonderful time here, dear... I'll make *sure* of it."



After her resplendent feast in the hall, it was difficult for Thanna to even stand, much less make her way to her new quarters. But she did so anyway, driven by a desire not to appear rude, even though she felt as if she could have simply fallen asleep at the table.

"Ooough... My stomach... That prince certainly has some, **BUOARRP**, unusual taste in women..."

"Quite so, Mistress."

Emerald, as always, was by her side and doing her best to help the busty Orc through her difficulties. Thanna was doing her best to walk in a stately and dignified fashion as she always did, high-heeled leather boots clacking over the castle's stones... but every twenty feet or so she needed to stop and lean against the wall, struggling to suppress the bubbling burps that oozed up her throat from the mess of food she'd consumed.

"You can do it, Mistress, just a little further..."

Outside the ornate, oaken double-doors of her new chambers--which opened on a lovely, walled-in palace garden filled with plush lounging chairs and comfortable-looking shade awnings--Thanna saw two servant women waiting for. They curtsied as the orc approached, though Thanna could see their visible surprise that *she* was the winner of the Queen's little contest.

*Of course, she thought grimly, they've probably never had an Orc as part of the Prince's concubine circle before. Well, get used to it, girls--I'm here to stay.*

She let Emerald do the introductions, nodding at appropriate points and struggling not to belch despite the painful amount of gas churning in her stomach. Finally they were allowed inside, and despite her gorged and sleepy state, Thanna still took a moment to goggle in awe at her new lodgings.

The room was gorgeous, everything made of white marble or gilded in some way, elaborate tapestries covering the walls and with fancy furnishings all over the room. In one corner, a massive claw-footed tub sat on a raised dias of marble, flanking a set of spun-glas windows that let the midday sunlight stream in. The bed in the corner was enormous as well, a king-sized mattress covered in neatly arranged silken sheets and plush duvets. Around the bed translucent curtains hung, wafting softly in the breeze.

"I'll be damned," said Thanna, glancing up to see a high ceiling covered in erotic frescoes. "I'll say this: they really know how to put a girl up in style."

"They certainly do," said Emerald, examining several brass plates in the wall, with long golden cords emerging from the ceiling next to them. "These are dumbwaiters, Mistress. Seems you can order food at any hour of the day... And there's even a speaking-tube for your order. Fancy!"

"Fancy... And not accidental."

Thanna groaned as she looked down at her stomach, which bulged painfully under her dress. All her hard work on her figure, all those crunches, those morning jogs with her chest tightly bound to prevent it bouncing too much... All that hard work, wasted. She didn't mind being a bit on the chubby side--some men preferred that, in her experience, and clearly the Prince was one of them--but she distrusted a place designed to surround her with pleasures. She was a predator, a lean mean machine of sexual conquest, and she didn't like being kept in a gilded cage with endless temptation around. She reminded herself she would have to stay in \*some\* kind of shape, if she wanted to seduce the Prince properly, and secure his hand in marriage.

Then again... Would it be so bad, to enjoy herself a little? After all these years of hard work, she'd finally made it. No more scamming mid-tier nobles for their fortunes, no more seducing the virile sons of local dukes. She could rest easy for a change... and although she was slow to come around to the idea of lounging all day, she had to admit, it sounded kind of nice.

"Alright, Emerald... Have my things brought in, and let's make use of that lovely closet, over there. In the meantime, I'm going to lay down. I feel like I might **URRRP**, need a little bit of a nap..."

"Of course, Mistress."

Her mind reeling with plots and schemes for seducing the Prince, Thanna laid back on the comfortable cushions and sheets of the bed... luxuriated in the sensation, as Emerald unlaced her boots for her and removed them. Kicking out her feet and stretching, Thanna let herself sink into the mattress, sighing in satisfaction... and allowing herself to finally let out a little of the pressure in her gut.

"Ahhh, that feels nice... **UUUUAARRRRP**. Excuse me."

"You're excused, Mistress," said Emerald, teasingly. She set aside the boots and began unpacking Thanna's things [author's note: they would already be in the room, the Queen doesn't do things halfway.] "Though I must say, Mistress... You may want to get used to doing that. It sounds like you've got a bit of eating to do, if we want to satisfy the Queen..."

Thanna groaned, rubbing her distended middle. She couldn't see it over the twin hills of her breasts, which were nudging up against her chin in their usual inconvenient, slightly suffocating way that they did whenever she laid on her back.

"Ugh, I know... That crazy old bat is going to make me fatter than a prize goose. And after all my dieting and hard work, too. Go figure, of course she'd have a pervert son who likes them chubby... Ah, well. What's the cost of a waistline, compared to a life of luxury?"

She propped herself up on one arm, staring around the room. As a dream sorceror, she had a certain sense for magic... and there certainly was magic in this castle. It was practically seeping from

the stones. But what its purpose was, she couldn't quite tell. Might be a project for later investigation... for now, she needed to rest.

"Emerald..."

"Yes?"

"Do you think I'd still be beautiful with extra weight on me?"

The goblin blinked at her around an armful of dresses.

"Of course, Mistress. You'll always be beautiful!"

"Aw, thank you. That's very flattering. Though I don't feel too beautiful right now... More like a sack full of potatoes. **UARRP.**"

Emerald paused... and then climbed up on the bed, her small body jostling the mattress.

"Mistress... If you don't want to do this, we could always just tell the Queen we'd like to leave."

"What? Are you kidding?! After all I did to get in here..."

Thanna bit her lip, however, considering this comment. A future of wealth assured for her... but at the cost of her figure. It was certainly a devil's bargain.

"No, we'll stay. I can always lose the weight after I marry the Prince, after all. If anyone can teach him to appreciate the perks of a slender, fit lover, I'm the one. Heh-heh... Oof, my stomach. Emerald, could I trouble you for a belly-rub?"

The goblin nodded, moving over and pressing her small hands against the dome of gorged gut. Thanna whimpered a bit, then sighed with delight as Emerald moved her hands in concentric circles, pressing into Thanna's gorged flesh and eliciting groans of pleasure and small burps from her mistress.

"If every dinner is like that," Thanna sighed, "we might end doing this a lot... **HURRP.**"

"I don't mind that, Mistress. Whatever it takes to see you succeed."

Thanna smirked.

"Emerald. Have I ever told you that you're a complete simp for me?"



Emerald blushed, glancing away.

“N-nonsense, Mistress, I’m a professional... Now lay back and relax...”

Her words, however, made Emerald burn with lust and a little bit of irritation. Emerald had never actually fooled around with Thanna--much as she’d always wanted to. The goblin had been in the orc’s service for years, ever since Thanna prevented a war between Emerald's clan and the Dwarves by sleeping with half the dwarven regiment that was planning to exterminate them. Ever since, Emerald had been Thanna’s right-hand woman... and years of watching Thanna’s firm, soft ass undulating above her had begun to add up. Even now she had to suppress her desires to grope her Mistress.

She paused, however, and her hands moved upwards... kneading and massaging Thanna's bosom. Thanna glanced down at her, wondering whether to put Emerald in her place over such audacity.

"Not now, Emerald, dear. I'm much too bloated to fool around... much as I'd like to celebrate our new lodgings... I think I might take a quick nap, actually... Make sure to... wake me if anyone knocks... *SNNRRRrrrr...*"

The orc slipped into overstuffed, gluttonous slumber, leaving her goblin attendant to manage her affairs. Emerald smirked at the sight of Thanna's massive chest rising and falling. For all her airs and fanciness, Thanna snored like a lumberjack sawing logs, something that had always endeared her to Emerald. Hard as she tried, Thanna couldn't be a perfect lady of the night twenty-four-seven, and Emerald had grown to love her for her flaws, rather than love her in spite of them.

"Sleep well, Mistress. I'll get us ready for supper with the Queen..."

After her refreshing nap, Thanna awoke to find Emerald with nearly a dozen dress options for her. She eventually chose an evening gown of lightest black gossamer with an enchantment on it, that made the dress appear to open on a field full of stars. It was quite snug on her due to her distended stomach, and she frowned down at her midsection as she struggled with the bustline of the dress.

If the Queen was going to have her meet for lavish meals all the time, she was going to need a tailor... maybe several tailors. She asked Emerald to make a note to reach out to some, or see if the servant girls had a royal tailor.

The evening dinner went smoothly--Thanna reported to the Queen's dining hall at the appropriate time, and found the table there laden with countless lush treats: racks of prime rib, enormous bowls of pasta, rich cuiraffes of wine, and towering puddings, enormous fruit pies, and candied apples arranged delicately in huge bowls.

There was also, to Thanna's delight, a menu she could select off of. The queen explained to her that during her "concubine training," as she grew more "fulsome" for His Majesty, she would of course be able to select her own meals--pick and choose what sort of delicacies she wished to indulge in. The only condition was that the Queen be present at each formal meal, morning noon and night, to ensure she actually ate what she was served.

Thanna acquiesced to this condition, and happily--she had never even heard of half the things on the enormous menu, and despite her still-protesting stomach which was still churning through her previous meal, her mouth watered as she gazed upon all the different treats she could now afford to indulge in, as much as she wanted. Sure, it was risky to her figure... but that was part of the point, no? If the prince wanted her plump, well then... by the gods, why not give him the plumpest concubine she could manage?

Thanna began ordering off the menu, footmen hustling to and fro to obey her orders. And soon, she began to eat. Not every delicacy laid out was her cup of tea--but there were plenty of enjoyable meals on display.

The amount of food defied counting, and the variety defied description--she couldn't decide what to eat first, so Thanna simply chose a segment of the table and focused on that, chowing her way through until the plates were clean, and then moving onto the next. Pottage stew, venison, wild boar flanks, grilled salmon with herbs, freshly caught pike from the rivers of the royal hunting grounds... A huge platter of pears, a common dessert in the kingdom, was gobbled down to their cores and set aside. Fruit preserves and sweet pastries topped with freshly picked fruits all vanished down Thanna's gullet, one at a time, the orc chomping away at her feast with dogged, rigid determination.

The whole time, of course, she had the Queen's resources at her fingertips--jesters, bards, and entertainers of all types. Thanna wasn't usually one to order others around, but the appeal of being able to summon any kind of minstrel or skald amused her, and she soon began to call for them as she ate, to break up the monotony of the gluttony. Bemused and distracted by their lovely music and cavorting forms, she found herself losing track of how much she'd eaten, and suddenly found herself hitting that same wall of fullness she'd experienced previously.

"Nngh... Oof... Your food is... Quite rich, Your Majesty... **Urrrp...**"

"Mmm, yes, our chefs work day and night to provide all the Prince's concubines with only the finest treats and delicacies. I'm sure you'll put all their hard work to good use..."

Thanna had secretly been hoping for a bit of reprieve, an offer from the Queen to stop eating. But no such reprieve was offered, and feeling slightly green about the gills, Thanna dove back into her feast.

It was strangely soothing, to have nothing in her schedule but eating. No rivals attended these banquets with the Queen, it seemed; no courtly intrigues were to be found here. She could simply focus on her meal, and sometimes she found herself vanishing into the task completely, “coming to” in the middle of gnawing on a chicken leg after having eaten on autopilot for several minutes. These moments of “gluttony fugue” grew more and more frequent, until Thanna was practically nodding off in her seat, so gorged and glutted that she could hardly think straight.

“Majesty... I don’t mean to be *URRRP*, rude... But I may need a bit of a break...”

“Of course, of course,” cooed the Queen, beckoning a burly servant to her side. “Fetch a palanquin and convey my son’s concubine to the royal spa. Be quick about it.”

*A palanquin... The royal spa...*

These words were music to Thanna’s ears. She’d never been lavished with such luxuries! When the palanquin arrived, Thanna almost laughed—it was far too big for her, far too wide. But she allowed the well-muscled page boys who lifted her to carry her down several hallways and through a door billowing with steam... the royal spa.

What followed was a deluge of luxury the likes of which Thanna had never experienced. She received a hot-stone treatment, a foot massage, a belly massage (naturally, the servant girls said, she would need one, concubines here always did) and even a facial mask. She enjoyed the delights of the sauna, and there was even a hot-bath ready for her, bubbling and churning away with healing mineral water.

She was digesting in the hot bath, her breasts bobbing at the surface of the steaming water, when Emerald came to her, bearing fresh towels. Thanna blinked; in her luxury-stupefied state, she couldn’t remember when the little goblin had last been at her side.

“Oh, *URRRP*, there you are, Emerald. Why don’t you join me in the bath? It’s lovely...”

“I shouldn’t, it’s not my place...”

“Nonsense! I’m a royal concubine now, and what I say, goes. Come on in.”

“Oh, uh, very well...”

Emerald nodded, red-cheeked as she disrobed and stepped into the bath. Thanna practically purred with delight at the sight of her lovely little servant: wide, ample goblin hips and long, elegantly pointed ears, and that lovely aquiline nose. Emerald’s bosom was ample, for her size, though obviously dwarfed by Thanna’s huge assets.

“Isn’t this the life, Emerald? Never lifting a finger... Everything provided for us... And the food is **URRP**, delicious. Pardon me... Ugh, I’ve never eaten like this in my life! It’s such a thrill!”

Emerald nodded... but looked pensive. She sunk into the hot water up to her neck, sighing in satisfaction... but even the rush of pleasure across her small body couldn’t banish her concerns.

“Mistress... I’m not sure if I... Entirely trust our friend, the Queen...”

Thanna raised an eyebrow... and glanced around, looking to ensure there were no servants nearby. There weren’t; after handing Thanna her last daiquiri, they had departed, presumably to get more snacks for her—as if the massive charcuterie board next to the baths wasn’t enough. Thanna nibbled from it as she spoke, her mouth loaded with fine cheeses, crackers and grapes.

“Mmf... **Chomp, glp**... What do you mean? She’s been nothing but hospitable to us... Other than ordering me to eat at all hours, which, I will admit, is a bit much. **URRP**.”

Emerald shrugged one soft, freckled shoulder, struggling to put her fears into words.

“That’s exactly it, though. How big does she want you to be? She won’t say, and with all this pampering, I have a feeling maybe she doesn’t want us to ask... I dunno, it just seems like she’s keeping secrets from us.”

“Of course she is! She’s the Queen Mother. I’d be surprised if she *were* honest with us, really.”

“Sure, but... I just worry she’s going to wreck your figure. That she won’t be satisfied with just *plump*.”

Thanna winked at Emerald as she gulped another mouthful of grapes down.

“Ha! As if I’d let it get that far. Look, if it’ll make you feel better, let’s resume our morning exercises. I’m a guest here, not a prisoner—if I want to stay reasonably fit, I’m sure the Queen wouldn’t have anything to say. After all, I won. I’m the new concubine. She can’t very well kick me out now—she’s depending on me to fill out her son’s harem. I’ve got leverage on her, and she knows it.”

“Are you... sure?”

She yawned, grabbing her daiquiri from beside the pool and glugging it back. A little tipsy, she burped and settled back against the warm stones of the bath, her bosom bobbing and wobbling in the bubbling currents of heated water.

“Emerald, I’ve been in the business a long time. When your only heir is a massive pervert, that puts you in a bit of a situation, doesn’t it? You’re duty bound to ensure he gets all his royal dues—lands, titles, and so on. But you also have to keep him happy. And a pervert without a chance to indulge his needs, tends to be very unhappy.”

She waved a hand dismissively, sipping her daiquiri.

“If I’ve seen one of those, I’ve seen a thousand... and ridden most of them, to be honest. Many men are just holding back their fantasies their whole lives, waiting for someone like me to come along and fulfill them. This prince is just another one of those—and if the Queen Mother wants me to work my magic on him, then she needs to meet me in the middle. I’ll put on weight for him, sure, but I have my limits. I’m going to remain in complete control of this situation—just you watch!”

Emerald nodded... but as she watched her mistress accept another daiquiri from a servant and guzzle it down, before reaching for a fistful of chocolates, she began to have her doubts.

Thanna was by far the most clever and experienced courtesan she’d ever met... but even the cleverest of maneuverers could be undone, if they were too easily distracted. And Thanna seemed to very much be enjoying the luxuries of the castle. Perhaps a bit too much for her to remain... reliable.

But why worry? Like her mistress said, they had won. Emerald laid back in the hot bath, trying to relax... and trying not to think about the Queen’s hungry, hungry eyes boring into Thanna’s cleavage during their last feast.



The next morning, a small gold-laced envelope had been pushed under the door of Thanna’s palatial bedchambers.

Emerald took the gold-filigreed envelope from under the door with curiosity, turning to announce it to her mistress... but Thanna was still asleep on her luxurious bed, her heavy snores rattling the portraits of the Queen on the walls, her swollen stomach gurgling and churning.

"Well, I guess I'm your mail secretary now, too," grumbled Emerald, opening the envelope.

It was an invitation--but not for Thanna. It was for *her!* Surprised, Emerald read it over several times.

"Your presence is requested in the wine cellars... to help select a vintage for your mistress... Huh. Weird that they'd need me for that..."

Maybe they wanted her input? But if so, why not just send a page to Thanna's door? Emerald found herself suspicious... but it was an invitation from the Queen, and she couldn't afford to refuse.

Tucking the note into her bodice, Emerald gathered up her servants' skirts and went out into the hallway, closing the door gently to avoid waking her mistress. She followed the map of the castle that had been included with the note, making her way down into the depths of its catacombs... and growing more nervous as she went.

There was not a sign of anyone, not a single servant, not a single page. Even at night, the average royal palace should have been bustling with activity, servants preparing for the next day. Only the ever-present, ubiquitous smell of the kitchens and their hard working chefs gave any sign that the place was inhabited at all... and even this faded as Emerald went deeper, and deeper, and deeper.

She arrived in the wine cellar, dusty and dark, lit by torches and gloomy with shadow. A large table with guttering candles and bottles of wine had been laid out. Emerald advanced to it, hopping up into a chair with some difficulty--it was human-sized, rather than goblin-sized, and she struggled a bit in the fancy shoes she'd been given.

Into the room came the Queen, in a very fetching black evening dress. Her impressive bust, while not quite the massive rack Thanna sported, was still quite impressive and the goblin almost forgot to curtsy as she watched the lovely elven woman settle into a gilded chair.

"Miss... Emerald, is it? So glad that you came. Have a drink, dear."

She gestured, and a bottle of wine uncorked itself and poured out a hefty glass for the goblin. Emerald raised an eyebrow--all elves had some touch of magic, but in all their research, she and Thanna had never learned that the Queen possessed any talent for telekinesis.

"Uh... Sure, thanks."

Emerald sipped at the wine, which was, in all fairness, absolutely delicious--a strong body with a fruity aftertaste, and notes of oak to it. She met the Queen's eyes across the table, and something about the quiet energy of the woman's gaze unnerved her. She coughed awkwardly into her sleeve, and looked around.

"Are... none of the other servants, uh, joining us?"

"Oh no, this is just for us. I wanted your opinions on our vintage... Among other things."

"Such as?"

The Queen smirked, sipped her own glass of wine... and asked a question that nearly had Emerald spitting out her wine.

"Emerald, dear... How badly do you want to fuck Thanna? Be honest."

The goblin coughed, sputtering, and considered pinching herself to make sure she wasn't dreaming.

"I... Excuse me?!"

"I smelled it on you from the moment you arrived. You *thirst* for her, do you not? You lust for her like no one else ever has, not even her most desperate conquests."

"I..." Emerald struggled with what to say, blushing. "It's nothing like that. We're just friends."

"Is that so? You could have fooled me, with the way you're practically drooling over her all the time..."

Emerald's eyes narrowed. She didn't enjoy being bullied... even if every word the woman spoke was true.

"Did you bring me here just to torment me, then, or did you have something else in mind? Is there a point to this treatment?"

The Queen's eyes widened... and she laughed, her pale chin tilting back. She fanned herself with one hand, her eyes glittering.

"My goodness, so forward! I could have you executed for that, I suppose... but you are a guest here, and guests should be afforded some measure of patience."

She stood and crossed the distance between them. Emerald pulled back from her, unsure of what was coming... but she never could have expected what happened next.

"Emerald, your mistress *\*knows\** you lust for her... and she lets you burn in desperate desire, unfulfilled. Wouldn't you rather serve someone who's actually willing to fulfill your desires?"

And with a shimmer of magical energy, the curvaceous form of the Queen grew several feet... her skin turned a lustrous green, small tusks protruded from her mouth... her hair tumbled down in a waterfall of auburn curls, and her bust swelled until Emerald heard the seams of her dress splitting, threads popping and straining under the pressure of a mammoth pair of mammaries.

Emerald's jaw dropped. Before her stood a perfect duplicate of Thanna, wearing the Queen's dress... and leaning over her quite seductively, those massive breasts bobbing just beyond Emerald's pointed nose. Emerald could feel the warmth of body heat coming off this duplicate Thanna... And just the slightest hint of brimstone.

"You're... You're a succubus!"

"Thanna" stood and put a hand on her hip, winking at the goblin.

"My, aren't you perceptive. Yes, I replaced the Queen some time ago... and the land has enjoyed unprecedented prosperity ever since. You're all quite welcome for that, by the way."

Emerald scrambled out of her chair, knocking over her glass of wine and hurrying for the doorway arch. But the copy of Thanna held out her hand and Emerald felt invisible fingers seizing her limbs, dragging her backwards.

"Now, now, there's no need to panic. I'm here to make you an offer, my dear. Serve me, help me turn your mistress into my little playtoy... And I will reward you with pleasure beyond your small mind's wildest imaginings."

Emerald struggled and wriggled, crying out... but her voice echoed emptily through the halls of the castle. No one could hear her, no one was coming to help, and with a chilling moment of terror she realized how perfect the trap was that the succubus had set for Thanna.

"The prince... Was there ever a prince? Or was it all a lie?"

"Oh, there's a prince alright. He and his mother are trapped in my domain in the infernal realm, being attended to by all my incubi and imps... who also, by the way, do a *lovely* job of running this castle, and the government. Those two will enjoy an infinity of torturous pleasure for the rest of their days... leaving me to enjoy all their mortal luxuries. And their mortal concubines. The Prince's girls have been made into quite a lovely stable of playthings, for me to toy with whenever I want... But this will be the first time I've added an orc to my collection."

Her sinister gloating made Emerald furious, and she thrashed and struggled in the grip of the succubus' spell, sweating beading on her forehead.

"My Mistress... I've got to warn her..."

But she felt herself being enclosed by two graceful, toned green arms, and pressed into a massive, warm enfolding mass of green titflesh. The Queen's dress had vanished, and Emerald was being pressed between not-Thanna's enormous tits, each one resting on her shoulder.



"Hush, darling, hush. I can understand if you're not ready to serve me yet. You must be shown the truth of what you desire... You must stop fighting it. Remember, I'm a succubus--I can sense your thoughts and desires. Let me give you all your wildest fantasies... and don't worry, your Mistress will be well cared for."

The succubus giggled, stroking Emerald's hair as the goblin gasped for air, practically suffocated in the twin globes of breast-flesh squeezing each side of her head.

"She'll have the time of her life here... Though I can't say that her figure will survive the experience..."

Masked footmen and servants emerged from the darkness to seize Emerald, bearing her away to a secret, silk-pillowed cell in the catacombs. Her cries of protest were muffled by the stone walls... and the Queen released her hold on the shapeshifting spell, turning into her true form, a tentacled and multi-armed succubus.

"Ah, that's better... Now let's see. I haven't shifted into a goblin in a long time... Let's see how rusty I am..."

The next day, when "Emerald" came to rouse Thanna for breakfast, the orc suspected nothing... and the feasting proceeded just as planned.

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"Ourrrgh... Emerald, we *really* should get out onto the grounds today and do some jogging... I feel like an absolute *slug* lately... **BHLLCH.**"

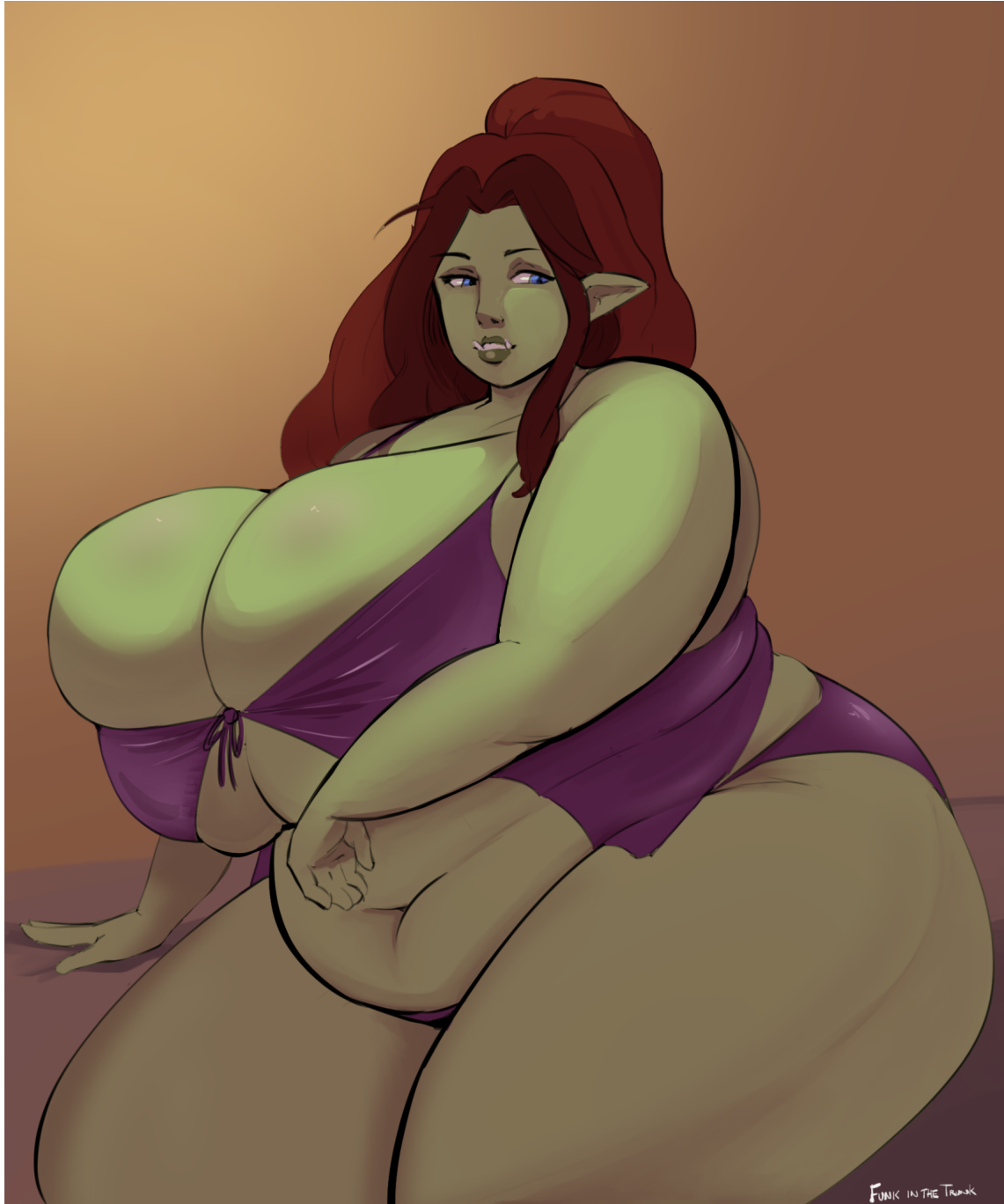
Several weeks later, Thanna had continued her nonstop eating regimen--and it was starting to show. As she hefted herself out of bed, she stared down at her new body, which was practically exploding out of her translucent nightgown.

She had always been curvy, but now easily fifty pounds of softness had been added to those curves--an impressively fast gain, or so the Queen claimed. Thanna was doing her best to adjust to it, and not find it too disconcerting... but it was difficult. Her body was changing, and quickly.

Her bosom had remained largely the same, although a few extra pounds were definitely visible whenever she struggled into one of her enormous bras--the green tit-flesh poured out to the sides and over the top, confirming her breasts had not been spared the effects of her rampant gluttony. But it was the rest of her that was more concerning to Thanna.

Her stomach, swollen on constant feasting, had finally gone from a packed-solid dome of gorged firmness to a softer, more wobbly, indulgent version of its former spherical shape. For the

first time in years, she actually had *love handles*, thick rolls of green flab on either side of her gut that she now struggled not to poke and prod with outright annoyance. Her stomach even sagged down several inches, a small apron of fat at its bottom threatening to droop down over her loins; it pooled in her lap when she sat down, filling up the space that normally would have been occupied by a book in her spare time.



The rest of her had similarly swelled out; her thighs were thicker, rubbing together all the way down to her knees now. And her hips--they had grown soft and wide, thick and plush with fat. Thanna had not grown up among orcs, but she'd heard that fulsome bodies were prized among the tribes, with the softest women gaining impressive social rank. At long last, Thanna's new hips had placed her among those women, although she could have done without the potbelly and side-rolls.

Standing up, she glanced in the full-length mirror beside her bed, peering over her shoulder at her own rear end. Yes, it was definitely much bigger. She'd always been well-endowed in the chest, but her ass had remained moderately curvy... at least, until now. The constant deluge of calories had swelled up her buttocks to two massive, green jiggling pillows of fat, which bounced and shifted fetchingly when she walked.

"Silver linings, I guess... Ugh, is that a double-chin? This prince had better be absolutely *loaded*, look at what his pervert mother has done to me... Ugh."

"I think you look absolutely *lovely*, Mistress Thanna. Oh, is that the breakfast bell? The pages must be here with your food already..."

Thanna raised an eyebrow as Emerald flounced to the doorway. Her goblin friend had been in strangely good spirits the past few weeks--and very enthusiastic about the Queen's mission to make Thanna into a "properly fed concubine." She'd always known the little goblin was... enthusiastic about her body, that much had always been obvious, but now it seemed as if the Prince's perversion were contagious. Emerald was practically a fanatic about Thanna's "feeding schedule," and sometimes, it struck Thanna as a little odd... even out of character for Emerald.

But then again, they'd finally "made it," hadn't they? Of course Emerald would feel more comfortable letting her hair down, now that the two of them didn't have to scrape and bow for every single noble they lured into Thanna's bed. They were finally on easy street at last... and Thanna, for one, was happy to be there.

The Queen, after days of carefully monitoring Thanna's food intake, had finally taken a step back and allowed the courtesan to take meals in her room, alone. In fact, Thanna had seen less and less of the queen over the past few weeks; affairs of state, presumably, had drawn her away. Now, all she saw on a regular basis were the masked pages and servants of the castle, and Emerald, who had single-handedly taken over the job of getting Thanna's meals delivered and obtaining her every possible pleasure she could ask for.

And the pleasures she desired were many. Thanna had begun to flex her power as a concubine--pushing the limits of what the Queen would give her. She had requested a whole new wardrobe for her growing body, including lingerie and public wear, not that she went out in public as much lately. Even her regular exercise strolls with Emerald had dwindled away over the

course of these past few weeks, becoming few and far between. Instead, Thanna had grown distracted by luxury, collecting all the nice things she had always dreamed of having.

The adjoining rooms around her bedchamber had all been filled with these luxuries--there was one chamber that was now her private library, another that was a personal smoking-chamber with a gigantic hookah in the middle, and yet another that was simply a massive walk-in closet with all the fine robes, dresses, negligee and jewelry Thanna could possibly ask for. She spent endless hours lately admiring this finery on herself in the mirror, and even wore it to bed: even now, golden bracelets studded with rubies and other gemstones decked her lower arms, and necklaces of fine gold chains looped around her plump, softened neck. Nearly a dozen glittering rings adorned her fingers, and twice a day she had pages come in to do her makeup for her, and give her manicures and pedicures as she so desired.

Was it, perhaps, a little gauche to flaunt the Queen's finery constantly, loading herself down with baubles like a lesser noble trying to appear fancy? Perhaps. But Thanna's mood had, more and more, trended away from subtlety as of late. Again, she had finally made it--she was literally on top of the world, living in a castle, soon to be the consort of a prince. If there was ever a time for excess, now was the moment.

And Emerald didn't seem to mind her change in styles, in fact encouraging it wherever she could. As Thanna watched the goblin wheel in a huge room-service tray decked with breakfast foods, the scent of French toast and steaming sausage wafting ahead of it, she had another moment of hesitation. Emerald had always advised modesty in all things... why this sudden change to embracing a life of lavish excess?

Ah, well, that was a question for *after* breakfast. Thanna had found that with her new body came an almost bestial hunger, a constant appetite that was difficult to sate and returned so frequently that she had taken to snacking in between meals. In her idle, often bored state as a kept concubine-in-waiting, she found herself keeping candy dishes and other treats around for herself--not to mention sipping wine throughout the day, a habit that often left her quite sloshed by dinnertime. Sure, she should probably be keeping her wits about her, in this strange and eccentric Queen's realm... but the wine was so delicious, and the ready availability of it so tempting, that she couldn't help herself.

Licking her lips, her tusks shining with saliva, Thanna reached for a plate of chicken-and-waffles as soon as the cart was within her reach. She bit into the greasy, delectable fried chicken and moaned with delight as its flavors burst onto her tongue.

"Mmmf, I simply must get this recipe from the Queen at some point... Oooh, is that a mimosa pitcher? Gimme..."

Her former manners had begun to slip in recent days, especially since she was now taking meals privately. What was the point in reserving herself, in holding back, without even the presence of the Queen to force her into proper decorum? After all, the only goal here was to put on a few pounds for the Prince--the manner in which she did so, as far as she could tell, didn't really matter.

And so, Thanna ate, and ate, and ate, grease staining her lips and sugary syrup dripping down into her vast cleavage. At some point during her feasting, Emerald tied her red hair back in a ponytail to prevent it falling into her meals--Thanna had begun to neglect doing so herself, so used to the goblin's kind attentions that she now took them for granted. Emerald had truly taken things up a notch lately, always ready with exactly what her mistress wanted... almost as if she could read Thanna's mind.

"Mmmf, glmp, chmmp, sho good... **BURLLCH**... mmf, pardon me... More mimosa, please... **GLUG, GLUG, GLUG**.... *Ahh*, that hits the spot..."

Thanna's former genteel, high-society behavior was rapidly being displaced by this animalistic, almost desperate manner of eating. She found herself almost entering a trance, while doing it--she would dive into her food, utterly famished, and then "come to" at the end of a binge, so stuffed she could hardly move or speak. And Emerald was always there with another chicken leg, another length of sausage link, another stack of pancakes topped with fresh berries and drizzled liberally in syrup...

"There you go, Mistress, eat up... Ooh, try these scones, they're lovely... How about a danish? Or maybe a quiche? Oh, I'll just put all of them on your plate, here you go..."

"Thank you, Emerald dear, you're so **BRELLCH**, thoughtful... Mmmf, gods that's delicious. More...*chomp, slurp, glglp, slrrp*, mmmm that's so rich, more of that please..."

Breakfast was a nearly hour-long affair, and by the end of it, Thanna was splayed out on her back in bed, stomach rising high in the air, puffing in and out with her breaths, gurgling ominously with the sheer amount of food she'd packed into it.

"Ugggh, that's it, that's the limit, I can't have another bite... **HUORRRPpfff**."

"Not even a little wafer-thin mint?"

"No, not a bite... Okay, maybe a few more chocolate-chip muffins... And another glass of mimosa mix..."



These back-and-forth exchanges were frequent, during her meals--Thanna would hit her limits, pause for a moment, and then her by-now instinctive greed would kick in, and she would

demand more and more until she was nearly ready to be sick. It was truly boorish behavior, the behavior of a complete glutton, but she couldn't help herself.

She loved luxury, loved feeling like a success, and every single bite made her feel more like a winner, more like the true queen of this castle. After all, the Queen's happiness and the Prince's \*depended\* on her eating as much as she possibly could, as much as she wanted and more.

Finally, laid back on her bed--her main center of operations, these days--Thanna belched wetly, moaned, and announced that she \*really\* couldn't take anymore. Emerald acquiesced to this, and hopped up onto the bed to rub Thanna's stomach, as she always did.

Thanna sighed in satisfaction as the goblin's skillful hands massaged her middle. Then she felt a strange warmth spreading through her stomach, up into her breasts, her nipples tingling and stiffening.

"Emerald... You little mischief-maker. Are you using *pleasure magic* on me?"

The goblin paused, sounding hurt--Thanna couldn't see her around the swollen dome of her own gut.

"You don't like it, Mistress?"

"No, by all means, go ahead... I just didn't know you'd ever learned any, that's all."

"Oh, some of the servants taught me. Apparently, they use it quite often on the other concubines, to help them relax..."

"Ah, that makes sense... **URRP**, yes, do please continue..."

Emerald's ministrations made Thanna practically squirm with delight. The little goblin had clearly acquired a lot of skill, in a very short time--Thanna herself had some knack with pleasure magic, but this was a very skillful and adept use of it, almost like Emerald had been practicing for years. Most impressive....

As usual, Thanna passed out into a snoring post-meal nap as Emerald rubbed her swollen gut, and the little goblin grinned as she watched a trickle of drool ooze out of the corner of the fattened-up courtesan's mouth.

"That's it, 'Mistress,' just lay there and digest..."

*Several weeks later...*

Thanna rolled over in bed, groaning. What time was it? She had meant to get up and exercise, but... Exercise was getting so hard, lately. And why bother, when the Prince wanted her plump anyway...

And plump she had become, that was for certain. Her towering seven-foot frame had swelled and expanded, fed on fine foods and wines, the finest in the kingdom. Her stomach had grown until it dangled down onto her thighs; the old Thanna would have been incensed about this, but weeks of pleasure-magic sessions with "Emerald" had dulled her wits and made her less and less concerned about her rapidly increasing size.

She was, after all, top concubine--why should she worry about the "loss of her looks" when everyone around her, from handmaidens to footmen to Emerald herself, insisted she was more beautiful than ever?

The full-length mirror across from her bed showed Thanna an unfamiliar shape--an Orc grown fat on her own success, a queen of indulgence. Her famous bosom had swelled along with her gut, going from a carefully arranged and weaponized mega-rack to a pair of sloppy, slightly saggy fat udders.

Her hips had broadened considerably, her ass widening and fattening as she sat on it all day every day, indulging herself in the Queen's library and the Queen's ample supply of different hookah-smokes, relaxing and unwinding and letting her hair down.





After all, she had won. She didn't need to be on guard anymore. She had arrived, at last, on the shores of success... And gazing at herself in the mirror, Thanna decided success looked *damn* good on her.

"Mmm, that prince isn't going to know what hit him... Ugh, where is my food? *SERVANTS!*"

Thanna hauled on a golden rope by the bed and immediately a number of handmaidens entered, bowing to her, their skirts swishing across the floor. Thanna waved a hand, the jewelry coating her fat arms jingling and her plump, green bingo-wing flabby biceps wobbling.

"That was a lovely nap, but it's been at least *two hours* since I last ate, which is unacceptable... In future I want meals ready for me whenever I wake up. The audacity of making me wait... I am *head* concubine, after all. And don't you... *Yawwwwn*, forget it."

She flopped back on the bed, already exhausted from the exertion of scolding them, and began to list her food demands. It took nearly five minutes as she went through her mental library of her favorites, mouth watering, licking her tusks in anticipation.

"Five roast pheasants, a roast boar, some of those candied apples, treacle tart, about fifteen cuiraffes of wine, glazed scones, oh, and some of that lovely spicy noodle dish you made for me last night, the fried shrimp were an excellent touch..."

After delivering her order, she called for her palanquin. The strong and hardy Orcish footmen who brought it were just as appetizing to Thanna as her incoming meal, and she struggled to restrain her desires as she gazed upon their oiled-up pectorals.

The Queen had, of course, confirmed for her that she could fuck anyone she wanted while she grew to a size "properly suited" for the Prince... Concubines in the palace were denied nothing, the Queen said, as long as they completed their duties in satisfying the Prince--something Thanna had no doubt she could do.

But she didn't want to get fucked on an empty stomach. She would simply be hungry the whole time, and that wouldn't do at all.

"I will take my meal by the poolside today... Lower, drop the palanquin lower, please. I'm not quite as, uh. *Limber* as I once was..."

They dropped the palanquin all the way to the floor--Thanna remembered just a few months ago when she was easily able to hop into it, but she was a different orc now, grown wide with success and the glories of her victory. She had great difficulty hefting herself into the palanquin; on her first attempt, she flopped onto her stomach inside it, and the strong hands of several footmen were required to get her sitting upright.

Thanna thought they were a little handsy as they adjusted her, several squeezes of her breasts and flabby hips occurring as she huffed and puffed her way into a sitting position, dangling breasts wobbling.

"Mmmf, easy on the merchandise, boys... Ooh, aren't you strong..."

Her exaggerated wink at one of the orc men was answered with a subtle smile and a visible hardness bulging inside his silken trousers. Thanna's "seductions" had grown less subtle in the past few months--she no longer had to put any effort into her coquettish behavior, there was no reason to plan in advance or scheme the exact desires of her target, when she was simply *given* everything she wanted.

Her courtesan skills had been blunted by success, her seduction attempts growing ever more clumsy and lazy and half-assed--a truth that was visibly evident to everyone but Thanna herself.

"Attend me in my chambers after lunch," Thanna purred in the man's ear, perhaps a little too loud. "I require... a very intimate massage."

This one-time queen of subtle seduction simply demanding "come fuck me later" was a marker of how Thanna's standards had slid while she whiled away the time, waiting for the Prince to return from his diplomatic journey overseas. She had stopped putting effort into many things--including, to some extent, her appearance.

Her hair, already huge and voluminous, had grown into a massive train of red locks that splayed around her at all times, barely contained by golden braid-loops and brass topknot rings. Her makeup, in contrast to its former meticulous application, was now often applied hastily... or not at all. Currently her eyeshadow and mascara, a little smeared from sleep, were left over from the day before.

She was also taking longer between baths, leading to a constant funk of she-orc pheromones that hung in the air around her, a heady and animal scent mixed with the cinnamon perfumes and other vapors she doused herself with "in preparation for the prince" but really because she enjoyed slathering herself in the finest and most expensive cosmetic items in the kingdom.

The palanquin was borne hastily to the Pool Room, one of Thanna's favorite areas of the castle. She had grown very familiar with the concubine wing of the palace--the hot-tub wing, the feasting halls, the kitchens, the massage chambers, the hookah rooms.

She would tour these rooms on the rare occasion she felt like eating in somewhere other than her bedchambers, which by now were growing a little disheveled with the results of all her feasts and her demands for luxuries and fine goods. She was top dog in this castle, and she liked reminding everyone of it--especially the Queen.

She loved seeing that little quirk of annoyance on the Queen's face when Thanna requested some new extravagance--a haunch of finest wyvern-meat steak, for example, or a fresh shipment of pixie-dust to snort. It was so easy to manipulate the Queen, whose desire to please her son seemed to have no limit. All it took was a quick "You want your son's prize concubine to be *happy*, don't you?" And just like that, any absurd thing she demanded landed at her feet.

This had produced the perhaps-predictable effect of making Thanna... rather *spoiled*, in truth. Once upon a time she had spent months working out a scheme to extract cash from a local nobleman via carefully applied dream-magic and researching his every perverse desire. Now, the idea of doing research--doing work of any kind, really--seemed absurd to Thanna. Doing work was something for peasants, not a woman of her stature.

As such, when they finally arrived at the poolside, Thanna extended a hand out of the side of her palanquin, waving for servants to come help her disembark. She rarely did anything for herself anymore, and why should she? Her job was to *grow*, and exertion was the natural enemy of that task.

She took the hand of a strong orc attendant and then--with much rocking back and forth, huffing and puffing, and heaving her huge belly and tits around--Thanna managed to wobble her way to the edge of the dangerously tilting palanquin and swing her plump feet out of it.

Now came the most dangerous part. She had already come close to falling several times this month, her body overburdened by all its soft, heavy new flesh--and despite her one-time bravery in the face of odds, she dreaded the potential humiliation of falling flat on her stomach. She snapped her fingers at two other footmen nearby, who hastened to assist her. Her long, flowing hair fell in lengths around her as she heaved her bulk out of the palanquin with one orc on each arm and she began the long, laboring journey of ten waddling feet to her pool-side throne.

And what a throne it was. Every piece of furniture in the palace was exceptionally made, beautiful and and gilded, and Thanna's pool chair was no exception. Built sturdy enough for an ogre to sit on, it overlooked a beautiful artificial oasis grove, with an open sky surrounded by stone buttresses.

Fluffy white clouds floated across the gap--the only piece of the sky Thanna had seen since she moved in here. Distantly, she wondered what was happening in the world outside. Politics, revolutions, wars? None of that mattered, not to her, not now. She had escaped from all that. She had *won*.

And how delicious victory tasted on her lips...

Her meal was brought to her, placed on golden tables to the left and right of her gilded chair. In the center of the pool was a marble dias where her entertainment usually happened--dancers, strippers, gigolos, bards, minstrels, anything she pleased.

All day, Thanna was fanned by affectionate attendants and hand-fed every delicacy she could imagine. By the time the sun slowly sank over the peaks and battlements of the palace, she was gorged to repletion, drunk as a lord, and practically squirming with lust.

“More wine! And let’sh have shome light around here, ish getting to dark for me to shee my... my URRP, my shnacks!”

She watched the oiled bodies of her attendants glimmer in the evening light as they lit lanterns and torch sconces around the pool, casting everything in a sultry orange glow. She shivered

with delight as one of them gently rubbed her shoulders, his strong fingers sinking into the plump flesh of her back and his skillful ministrations making her sigh with pleasure.

"Ahhh, *this* is living..."

She only wished Emerald was here to share all this decadence with her, but Emerald had been oddly absent the past few days. Undergoing "training" with the other servants, as Thanna understood it. A bit odd, but Thanna was too distracted to question such things at the moment.

"More wine, boys. I'm going to have an **urrrp**, little drink and then retire to my quarters..."

It had, after all, been a long and difficult day of lounging, and she was ready to "enjoy" herself privately in her chambers. She was certain the Queen wouldn't mind if she masturbated in front of the servants, but deep down, Thanna still retained her airs of genteel sophistication. It would be crass to rub her clit in front of the help, after all.

Somewhat predictably, "a little drink" turned into two, and then three, and then four... And before she knew it, Thanna was staggering through the halls of the castle, a buff orc man supporting her by each flabby arm, giggling and brushing her hips against them deliberately.

She could have taken her palanquin, but she prided herself on getting around under her own power, once in a while. Besides, this apparent drunken wandering provided her a unique opportunity to explore parts of the palace not covered by her usual palanquin pathways. She was still a curious and cunning woman at heart, and she knew this place harbored secrets... of course, she was maybe a few too many drinks in to uncover those secrets. But she had to try.

"Ssshhh, boysh, walk softly now... We're **HIC**, invesghtigating the palash..."

Swigging from a bottle of wine, Thanna pushed open doors at random, peering curiously into the many chambers of the palace. A hall of portraits lay in one, surrounded by Rococo style furniture; Thanna recognized the art as being from a neighboring kingdom, perhaps taken in a conquest or acquired through diplomacy.

Another door concealed a large banquet chamber, with what looked like... a trough on one end?

Thanna snorted, amused. She had long since stopped questioning the many depravities of the Queen--the woman was a pervert, and her son probably was as well. No wonder the family were so secretive--she would be too, if she'd built a palace of decadent pleasures that had to be hidden from the public eye. In a way, she admired the moxie.

In the next chamber was... Chocolate. Bowls and bowls of the stuff, with more piled high on lace-clothed tables around the room.

Enticed, Thanna jiggled into the room, scooping a handful up and cramming them into her mouth. She glanced at the two orc men, who were simply watching her, eyes gleaming with lust as Thanna's fat green ass jiggled through the room.

"Mmm, you boys don't say much, do you? Can't say it bothers me. Sexy men should be seen and not heard, if you **URRRRP**, ask me. Although I can think of a few ways to get some noises out of you..."

She smirked and jiggled her bust at the two of them, and was rewarded with a stiffness that rose and bulged under their loincloths. Oh yes, she still had it, alright. These hunks were ravenous for her, although their admittedly impressive servant training caused them to remain stoic and reticent. This kind of attitude was like bait to Thanna--she felt determined to crack their veneer of servile calmness with her charms.

And plus... She needed to *fuck*. Her lusts pushed into overdrive by excess and leisure, Thanna was a woman in heat, so riled up on booze and massages and poolside erotic dancers that even her impressive, weaponized level of self-control was slipping. She was tipsy and needy, her hair falling partway over her face as she stumbled towards the two, doing her best to throw a little more jiggle into her walk.

"You there, Long Tusks, go get a few palace guards, I want an audience. And you, Cleft Chin... Off with that loincloth. The loyal concubine, **BELLLCH**, *demands* it."

Thanna nearly clapped her hands with glee when he obeyed, dropping the loincloth to the floor and exposing a stiff, firm schlong that made Thanna's eyes light up with delight. She could truly have anything she wanted here--the Queen had said so. And if she wanted some thick creampies from her hunky assistants, who was going to stop her? Nobody told her "no" anymore, the world was her oyster, everyone around her was utterly focused on pleasing her every whim. And she was tired of "saving herself" for the Prince--her passion had broken the dam, and would no longer be restrained.

Minutes later, she was face-first in a bowl of chocolates, gobbling greedily and recklessly as she was plowed from behind by a palace guard, the servants having already been brought to climax in record time by her skills. They sat on lounges and couches nearby, slowly growing hard again as Thanna's whole body jiggled and clapped, rolls wobbling, ass slapping against the groin of the muscular man plowing into her. Her whole face was smeared with chocolate, her cheeks red and liquor-sodden, eyes rolling back as a slow, whimpering climax shivered through her body.

"Mmmmfuck, yesh, **YESH urrrrrp YESSH** harder, more, harder! *Fuck!!*"

Now this... THIS was what success felt like.



The image of Thanna's depraved hedonism was reflected in miniature in a scrying orb, deep below the castle. The Queen, her facade dropped in favor of her Succubus form, nibbled on a bon-bon as she watched her new toy slowly succumbing to pleasure, giving up all restraints, sucking and fucking like a cheap whore.

"I knew she'd start to break eventually... You can't leave a woman like that around endless delights, and expect her to behave for long..."

She turned towards the plush-pillowed torture rack in the corner, where Emerald the goblin hung, fuzzy handcuffs keeping her bound. In front of her, an ensorcelled pendulum swung back and forth, chiming softly with each swing. Emerald's ears twitched as she struggled to fight the hypnotic spell that emanated from the charm, her eyes alternately focusing and then glazing over.

"You'll never... Get away with this... My Mistress is smart and clever... She'll c-catch on..."

The succubus tittered and sashayed over to Emerald, running a hand through the goblin's disheveled hair.

"Oh, sweetie, she's already *gone*. She hasn't asked after your whereabouts in two days--I've distracted her with every depraved pleasure she can imagine, and she's fallen for it, hook line and sinker. She's not coming for you. So why don't you be a dear... and break for me, hmmm?"

Emerald shook her head... but her eyes were dim and unfocused, following the pendulum, her nude body twitching as the magic worked its way into her mind.

"Never... I'm faithful to Mistress... I want to... H-help her..."

The succubus sighed... and shapeshifted into Thanna, towering over the goblin. This was not the current Thanna who had grown swollen and fat with luxury, but Thanna in her prime, with washboard abs and perfectly perky torpedo-tits that bobbed appealingly in Emerald's face.

"Darling... by submitting to me, you ARE helping her. Look at her--this is the life she wants. Don't you want to give her all the joy and pleasure she deserves? After how hard you two have worked together, don't you both deserve to relax? And have fun together? Besides, look at her... she might have given you the cold shoulder a hundred times out there in the real world, but here? I've utterly destroyed her inhibitions. She will *devour* you, my little plaything, the moment I set her loose on you. Wouldn't you like that?"

The succubus knelt and kissed Emerald, passionately, tongue sliding along the goblin's lips, hair falling over their faces on long red curls. Emerald, even in her drugged and magically enthralled state, was amazed at how accurate the shapeshift was--the succubus looked, felt, and even smelled like Thanna, that cinnamon-sugar perfume scent of her filling Emerald's nostrils and making her whole body thrill with the unrequited desire she had held for her Mistress for so long.

"Just submit to me," purred the succubus, "and I will give Thanna to you on a silver platter. You will live out the rest of your days in utter and complete ecstasy, the both of you. Just submit, and you will never go to bed horny and unfulfilled ever again..."

Emerald whimpered and moaned as the succubus kissed her way down the goblin's small body, lingering on her small, perky breasts with their dark green areolae and tracing her tongue down Emerald's lightly freckled stomach. When she arrived between Emerald's thighs, the succubus looked up at her, winking.

"You've always wanted her to do this to you. You've always wanted her lips all over you... And now you can have that every single day. From me, from her, from both of us at once. Are you really telling me that's not what you want? What you need?"

Emerald's mouth dropped open as the Succubus began to nibble and lick at her clit, a thousand years of experience allowing her to the thrill and edge the goblin in ways no mortal ever could.

Emerald tried to resist, she tried... but it was so delicious, so delectable. The pendulum's warm enchantment was washing over her, reminding her how good it would feel to submit... and how nice it would be to tower over Thanna for once, use the orc as much as she wanted. A dark bitterness rose in her even as she was brought to orgasm. She had worked so hard for Thanna, and never gotten even a kiss in return, though Thanna had admitted how attracted she was to Emerald on several tipsy occasions. After all those years, all that work... Didn't she deserve to be on top for a change? Didn't she deserve to get what she wanted?

And she finally broke under the succubus' ministrations, gasping and moaning and squealing, confessing her desires even as she watched Thanna get double-teamed on the scrying orb.

"Yyyyes, fuck it, yes, let me help you, I'll turn that greedy bitch into a perfect fuckblob, I don't care anymore, yes yes YES fuck yesss, I don't give a shit about serving anymore, I just want to cum and cum and cum--**MMMMFFFUCK!**"

When she was done thrashing and gasping in the throes of orgasm, the Succubus had a surprise waiting for her: a demonic contract, written in brimstone-ash on vellum paper made from the skin of a demon. It didn't demand a cost so pricey as her soul, or anything like that... but it demanded



she serve the succubus for the rest of her days, never leaving the bounds of the castle, pledged to a dark power forever.

Emerald signed it without a second thought.



Today was the day. The Queen had announced that the Prince had returned from his foreign excursion--it was time for Thanna to earn her keep.

Being a hard worker who valued her job as concubine, Thanna had stayed up late night "studying" for her "performance." Once upon a time, this would have taken the form of meticulous research on her target... but now, in the throes of her pleasure-addictions, it mostly took the form of Thanna masturbating to portraits of the Prince, drinking roughly her weight in fine royal wines, and eating until she could hardly stand.

The weeks since her "playtime" in the chocolate-room had blurred together, with many many more illicit rendezvous with her orcish and elven servants since then. She spent nearly every waking moment eating, drinking or fucking, and she couldn't remember being this happy at any point in her life.

However, she did find it a bit worrying that her reading habits had fallen off. Once she had prized herself on her sharp mind; now she found it difficult to focus on anything, complex topics escaping her, boring her or annoying her. Food, booze and the luscious asses of her servants were much more interesting to her, these days.

And of course, her new habits had left her even more... *fulsome*, than before.

When she finally rolled out of bed at a sprightly, industrious eleven A.M. on the day of the prince's arrival, Thanna looked down at herself and grunted in mixed surprise and slight concern. Yes, the Queen had insisted she gain weight for the Prince... but had she, perhaps, overdone it just a little?



Her once-hourglass figure was long gone, replaced by a colossal gut that sagged down to her knees, perpetually bloated and loaded down with rich foods. Her body had stopped "filling out its curves" and simply started to grow sideways--her impressive hourglass shape was now buried under countless rolls of green blubber.

Unaccustomed to moving under all this weight, she had resorted to having the servants help her more and more, and she was growing a little nervous about the fact that she relied on her palanquin to get... well, anywhere. She had envisioned herself becoming Queen and ruling the kingdom someday with a velvet-gloved fist, but how was she supposed to rule anything when she could hardly waddle down the hallway without becoming sweaty, exhausted and out of breath?

Luckily, there was always a fistful of food nearby to help her forget such concerning thoughts. And now she had a hookah by her bed, which was a nice perk. And of course, a bottle of wine on her bedside table--she was prone to a little hair of the dog when she got up in the morning lately, often exhausted and hung over from the depravities of the previous night.

Thanna reached for the bottle and grunted again as she saw how low the fat on her bicep was dangling. She had barely noticed it growing, much like the rest of her--it seemed to have simply appeared on her one day, after a hundred nights of gorging on the Queen's finest foods. Even now,

those foods churned inside her heavy, swollen stomach, gas bubbling up inside her as she heaved and hefted her overweight body and struggled to reach her precious wine.

"Come to Mama... That's it. Mmm, delicious... **ULP, GLLP, ULLLP...**"

The door crashed open in the middle of her guzzling, and Thanna nearly dropped her wine, slopping some of it over her heavy, hanging, overfed teats. A short figure stood in the doorway, framed by the mid-morning sun streaming from the stained glass windows in the hallway.

"Hello, Mistress."

The goblin in the doorway was dressed to kill. A dark dress with thigh-high slits up each side, hair pinned up with chopsticks, and dark lipstick. Her outfit was so delectably provocative that it took Thanna a moment to realize who she was looking at.

"Emerald? Is that *you*?"

Emerald crossed to the bed, heels clicking, a lascivious expression on her face. Despite herself, Thanna nearly flinched away when the goblin arrived beside her. She was giving off a vibe... and that vibe was very different from the camaraderie they'd shared previously.

"Sorry for my long absence, Mistress. I was working hard on my... training, to help with your seduction of the Prince. But I'm here now, so..."

She reached up and slapped Thanna's fat rolls, a little cruelly, and Thanna squeaked as the fat rippled and wobbled.

"Well, it's about time you came back... I feel absolutely famished. Have the servants bring me several breakfasts, at once."

"Of course, Mistress."

She touched a small golden diadem on her forehead, and the ruby at the center glowed. Thanna, a long-time practitioner of mind magic, recognized it at once--a Silent-Speaker diadem. With an artifact like that at her disposal, Emerald could contact anyone in the castle, and summon them to obey Thanna's every whim. She had, effectively, made herself a hive-mind for the palace's staff. It seemed the training she'd undergone had been fruitful, at least... though Thanna remained a little suspicious. Why had Emerald not contacted her during this "training"? Why had she taken so long to return? And why was she dressed in a miniature version of one of Thanna's old "dominant-leaning evening dress" getups?

But all her concerns melted away when the food arrived. Like switches flicking off, Thanna's higher thought functions disappeared as soon as the steaming platters of her latest feast came through the doorway, rolled on carts by a dozen comely servant men and women.

Emerald waved her arms, and a spectral hand manifested bringing a heaping plate of hash-browns with truffle ketchup to float over and settle on Thanna's huge, wobbling cleavage. Delighted, Thanna picked up the fork offered to her by a servant and tucked in, speaking between heaping mouthfuls.

"You do seem to have advanced in your, *mmmff*, your magical abilities... Though you still clearly have a lot to learn... Who taught you all of this, anyway?"

But her question was forgotten when Emerald levitated over a bottle of Thanna's favorite wine--the Purple Dragon vintage she'd begun to indulge in at every opportunity--and poured her a nice tall glass of it. Snatching the glass, Thanna gulped it down eagerly. Once upon, a time, her decorum would have prevented her from slopping the wide down her double chin and into her tits, but lately she was... less concerned, with such indiscretions. She was a royal courtesan, after all...

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By the time the Prince was slated to arrive, Thanna was utterly gluttoned, gorged so intensely that she had developed a bad case of the hiccups. Several hits off the hookah and at least two and a half bottles of wine had left her vision swimmy, her brain slow and confused, and her body feeling tingly and squirmy with lust.

For many, many years, Thanna had balanced her own libido with her desire to conquer the libidos of others. She had practiced methods of self-control again and again until she had weaponized

her sensual, soft hourglass body, never letting her marks know her true desires until they were fully in her clutches.

But in the endless pleasure-spiral of the Queen's domain, Thanna had slipped away from her usual self-control tools, abandoning them in favor of indulgence and greed. There was no reason to restrain herself here... and so, she had become a beast of unrestrained urges, completely out of control, with no regard to her appearance or demeanor, indulged at every opportunity, denied nothing and enjoying every decadent thing she could want.

As such, when she decided to prepare for the Prince's appearance, things got... a little absurd.

"Emerald... **HURRP**, help me out of bed, I must prepare for His Majesty's arrival... **OUARRP**, oh gods I'm fucking *stuffed*..."

Emerald obliged, directing her servant staff to help nudge, tug and roll Thanna to the edge of the bed. Every tiny movement from the now-massive orc elicited belches, hiccups, and groans of mixed eroticism and unpleasant fullness as the servants' hands played over her body.

"Ooh, careful boys, a girl might get ideas..."

When she was finally levered onto her feet, her massive weight settling and drooping all around her, belly wobbling as she settled her bulk unsteadily on her chubby feet, Thanna wheezed in exhaustion... and then her face bunched up in a sudden, embarrassed expression of concern.

"Uh, Emerald, you might want to move to the left a bit, dear..."

**FRUMPPPTF.**

The orc blushed furiously as she let loose a blast of wind from her behind, so engorged and stuffed that her body struggled to vent as much gas as it could in order to make room for her digestive processes. Thanna winced and for a moment, seemed to sober up as she grunted in annoyance.

"Ugh, sorry, that's been... Happening a lot, lately... How un-ladylike of me..."

"Nonsense, Mistress. As a royal courtesan, you should be able to behave how you please," cooed Emerald, whose eyes glittered with malicious delight as she watched Thanna squirm in discomfort. "You are, after all, the most powerful person in the realms beyond the Queen herself... You should be able to throw aside decorum whenever you like. It's your royal right..."

Thanna considered this... and then, when Emerald silently used the power of the diadem to nudge Thanna's thoughts towards agreement, the orc nodded, smirking a little.

"You're right... A noble presence like myself shouldn't be disturbed by such little things... Onward to the **URRRP**, the royal wardrobe, I simply must prepare for my Prince's arrival..."

Emerald was now subjected to a fantasy she'd always desired: playing dress-up with Thanna's soft, bosomy form. Granted, this Thanna was several hundred pounds fatter than the one she'd fantasized about--but after spending weeks in the Queen's tantalizing dungeons, her desires twisted and engorged by the succubus, Emerald rather liked this new version of Thanna. In fact, her green obese plaything wasn't nearly big enough for Emerald's vengeful, lustful fantasies.

She wanted Thanna bigger... fatter. And if possible... *Dumber*. She had always felt herself the intellectual inferior of her brilliant Mistress, but now, she saw Thanna for what she really was, under her veneer of intelligence and manners: a greedy, fat cow, eager to set aside a lifetime of learning and wisdom for the sake of another raspberry danish or strip of bacon.

The dress-up process was long and arduous... although more arduous for Thanna, who simply had not stood on her own two feet for this long in ages. They cycled through a number of outfits, many of which Thanna had outgrown or nearly outgrown.

A bit of creative thaumaturgy from Emerald expanded these outfits... but never enough that they didn't fit Thanna nice and snugly, hugging her rolls, showing off the colossal, swollen belly that by now hung down to her knees and could not be disguised by any amount of creative wardrobe use.

Sequined evening dresses, lingerie, a goddess-like toga and crown of laurels, an outfit made entirely of fishnets and mesh... Thanna drank in her new appearance in front of the mirror, occasionally prodding her massive stomach and looking concerned. But gentle flattery (and some mental-magic nudging) from Emerald soon soothed her concerns.

"I will admit," said Thanna, turning around to see the broad wobbling expanse of her ass in a lacy miniskirt, "I can see why the Prince's tastes skew towards larger women... I look very stately, wouldn't you agree, Emerald dear? Wouldn't you say I'm wearing my **URRRP**, success on my waist? Heh..."

"You certainly are, Mistress," purred Emerald, who was watching with ravenous delight from atop the bed.

Finally, after several more glasses of wine and an untold number of snacks, Thanna settled--with Emerald's pushing--on an especially risqué outfit. She draped herself in gold chains, jewelry and ornaments, wore a translucent purple veil and ankle beads and wrist beads. Her massive tits were fully exposed, with little pasties on the ends of her swollen nipples, golden bangles on the pasties dangling with diamonds. Thanna turned in a circle, cheeks flushed with liquor and arousal, admiring herself.

"Oh, yes, this will do nicely... The perfect trappings to help draw in my Prince... Mmm, more wine..."

Emerald sidled up behind her, and ran a hand up the back of Thanna's thigh, cupping one colossal warm ass-cheek in her palm and squeezing. Instead of pushing her away--as the old Thanna would have--this new Thanna moaned aloud, shivering all over as the servants circled her on Emerald's command.

"Mistress, you look a little tense, surely you must be nervous before the Prince's arrival... Let's help you relax, hmmm?"

She led Thanna back to the bed, and to her relief, had the servants help her back into it. And then Thanna was surrounded by disrobing servant men and women, comely blonde and brunette wenches and handsome, chiseled butlers all shucking off their uniforms and climbing into bed with her, their eyes burning with infernal lust.

Emerald joined her in the bed, slipping her dress off, revealing a pair of nipple-piercings and strangle, infernal tattoos that flowed up from her loins and spiraled over her belly. The old Thanna would have evinced suspicion at this--clearly this was not the Emerald she was used to--but the new Thanna simply licked her lips, gazing upon her shapely hourglass goblin servant, hips twitching under all her soft fat as her loins, deeply buried in fat, began to stir.

"M-my goodness, Emerald, you're rather forward... N-not that I'm complaining, this treatment is rather... Mmmf, gently, girls... This treatment is rather nice... But my, you have *outdone* yourself in your new training..."

"Dear Mistress... You haven't seen anything yet..."

Emerald snapped her fingers and two burly manservants hauled Thanna's belly up so that Emerald could crawl underneath it. And then Thanna's mouth dropped open as she received, without exaggeration, the best oral she had ever gotten in her life.

By the time the sun began to dip towards the horizon--the Prince's arrival imminent--Thanna was a complete mess.

Far from the collected, coiffed courtesan she usually liked to present to her new paramours, she was a sweaty, belching, flatulent mass of squirming pleasure and squealing delight. She had climaxed so many times that she'd lost count, and the entire time, two beautiful maidservants with massive breasts had continually fed her and made out with her, stuffing her already gorged belly past its limits and trapping her in a whirlpool of pleasure that melted whatever was left of Thanna's former identity and reduced her to a whimpering, gasping, gobbling mass of green flesh fueled by raw lust



and need and hunger and desire to simply cum, and cum, and cum until her whole universe was simply one continuous orgasm.

And then... the Prince arrived.

Soft trumpets announced him, and a maidservant with a basket of rose petals came before him, scattering the petals all the way to Thanna's bed. Thanna, in a fog of drunken debauched gluttoned pleasure, blinked in cow-like confusion at the open doorway.

*Oh, right, the Prince, she thought with fuzzy interest. I gotta fuck him. I gotta seal this deal, make sure I stay here and become Queen and eat and fuck forever... I mean, rule with a gentle hand, or something...*

"His Majesty Darren Highborn, Prince of the Daggerfells, Lord of the Hundred Verdant Fields," announced the maidservant, who curtsied in an elaborate display of deference. "He hath come for his pleasure, for his prize, for his Royal Concubine... Long may he reign, and deep and strong may flow his pleasure in this sacred palace of delights."

All the maidservants and manservants withdrew from Thanna's bed. As they had made love to her together, they'd also been drizzling her with precious oils, making her body shimmer and gleam in the torchlight as the Prince appeared before Thanna, standing at the foot of her bed.

And then, looking at him, Thanna's thoughts became practically demonic in their lust.

*Oh my gods, I actually do HAVE to fuck him, I have to fuck him right NOW, by the gods he's so cute!!*



The Succubus, in her wisdom, had chosen a form she knew would activate every one of Thanna's more predatory sexual instincts. The "Prince" was five foot five and change, a handsome and kind-faced young monarch with short brown hair, a uniform of white silk with gleaming brass buttons and various medals... and he was passing plump, verging on fat, even. The real Prince was a little more toned, but the Succubus knew from her research that Thanna enjoyed a plump, soft, spoiled little toy to play with... and she had arrived in the appropriate form.

The buttons on the young royal's uniform strained and his face split in a nervous smile as he gazed upon Thanna.

"Oh... wow, my Concubine, you certainly are a sight to behold..."

The Succubus had crafted a flawless chubby twink for Thanna to prey upon, and shapeshifted into him... and to her delight, Thanna took the bait immediately.

She did something she hadn't done in weeks: She sat up under her own power.

It took a lot of effort, clearly. Sweat stood out on her pudgy brow and she huffed and puffed, suppressing a belch as her eyes devoured the Prince.

And then to both Emerald's and the queen's astonishment, she heaved herself out of bed *on her own* with surprising speed, feet slamming to the soft priceless carpets of the floor, and she waddled with shocking alacrity over to the Prince, her titanic belly swagging back and forth as she forced her massive body over to her target with sheer will.

"Pants," she gasped, wheezing and practically drooling, "off. Pants off, *now*."

The "Prince" nodded in a perfect imitation of a horny twink presented with the ideal perverse fantasy he'd always wanted. He pulled off his silk trousers... and then Thanna was on him.

She pounced like a lion kept in slothful captivity for years, suddenly presented with a gazelle. She gently nudged him to the floor, knelt with clear difficulty over his crotch, and hauled his cock out of his undergarments with the smooth practiced motion of a woman deeply experienced in sucking cock. And then, drunk and stoned and out of her mind with lust, she still had the presence of mind to make eye contact with him as she swallowed him up to the hilt, tusks grazing the shaft of his cock as she began to give him the best blowjob she could in her obese, overfed state.

The Succubus had to admit to herself, as Thanna nearly sucked the soul out of her, that this mortal was perhaps more talented than any other she'd corrupted. Overweight and out of shape and intoxicated as she was, Thanna's once-flawless sexual skills were a bit lazy and sloppy... but she still put the Succubus' most favorite toys to shame, sucking like a demon, eventually plopping her massive udders on either side of the Prince's sizeable phallus and giving him an oily, wobbling tit-job composed of an ocean of green, undulating flesh.

It was the effort involved in the act that was impressive. Despite her now-massive size, deep down, Thanna was still an orc... and she had an orc's feral, vicious libido, randy and animalistic, ready to throw herself bodily into the sexual battlefield. And she did, amusing the succubus with a dozen lewd and depraved acts, so convinced she was going to be the next Queen that she displayed no shame in acting like the biggest whore the castle had ever seen.

By the end of the night, there was no hole the "prince" had not plundered, no deviance that Thanna had not descended to in order to secure her prize. Naturally, however, the Succubus couldn't help but flex a little during the process. She beckoned the servants back into an orgy with her and Thanna, using the body of the "Prince" to jackhammer Thanna's obese cunt until the orc grunted, squealed and came again and again. She drowned the orc in pleasure, her touch thrilling Thanna's flesh with expertly disguised pleasure-magic, lighting up the orc's every nerve ending...

And to her credit, Thanna gave as good as she got. Reluctant to submit, she took the Prince's cock everywhere she could—on the floor, in the bed, up against the wall, allowed him to fuck her

rolls, her bellybutton, the space between her oiled-up, flabby thighs and asscheeks. She was a panting, belching engine of oversexed, frantic energy, although eventually her flabby body simply grew exhausted from all the sudden exertion, and she was forced to lie back as the Prince and his minions worshiped her body.

And the entire time, Emerald sat in a plush divan chair to one side, masturbating furiously as she watched her Mistress be violated in every way imaginable.

"Yesss, fuck that dumb fat blimp, *fuck* that obese cow, harder, make her fucking *squeal*..."

The goblin eventually joined the orgy, fucking the Prince on the carpet as Thanna watched helplessly from the bed, whimpering and reaching for the two of them as she was force-fed more wine and greasy meats and pastries by the servants. Utterly lost in pleasure, she could only gasp "Mmmmf, I want shome..." as Emerald cuckolded her, the goblin's plump asscheeks bouncing on the Prince's loins with the heavy, eager *slap slap slap* of a born sex-maniac finally hitting her stride in life.

Thanna had hovered on the very razor edge of pleasure-induced madness in the palace, only her strong will causing her to retain any individuality in the face of the Queen's constant delights. But during that night, driven raving with pleasure by the Prince's ministrations and Emerald's teasing, she finally broke.

Belching, passing wind and moaning, she sank deep into the piggish whore's life she had embraced... and stayed there, words beyond her now, coherent thoughts disappearing. She was a creature of the castle now, too addicted to imagine any kind of world or life outside... and her delusions of becoming the next Queen had vanished, replaced by an eternity of gluttoned, stupid bliss. The future and her old schemes didn't matter to her anymore--only the infinite, delicious, mind-numbing pleasure of the present...

She would never see the inside of another aristocrat's courtyard. She would never coquettishly seduce another mark... And she was perfectly happy with that.

~END~