



A few weeks after Queen Cordelia Demirci's disastrous public appearance, a need for a diplomatic journey to the town of Stanlow presented itself. The Queen of Zarrid uncharacteristically volunteered her daughter, Princess Giselle, to attend such an important journey. Giselle eagerly prepared for the journey in hopes of having more of a say in how any diplomatic agreements would pay off the people of Zarrid. However, while Giselle assembled various items and agendas for her trip, Queen Demirci was also preparing a trip of her own relating to her secret agenda. An agenda that required her daughter to be gone for some period of time, and for herself to venture off to a rather unpopulated town.

After Giselle had left for her mission, Queen Demirci had ordered her guards to transport her to the small somewhat unknown town of Hawkness. A small town that was in between a collection of mountains and a large ocean. It was there that one of the elders of Zarrid had informed her of

a rumor of an old mage dragon slayer there who was skilled in the magical arts. Although, what exactly the Queen's goals were in finding this mage, she would not say. All she instructed was for her guards to load up a carriage with many horses and food, and then to bring her to Hawkness.

After a few days of travel, the queen's carriage and guards finally reached the town. Queen Demirci's lead royal guard removed himself from his horse as we walked past the six tired horses that had been pulling the queen's golden embroidered carriage. He opened the carriage door to the scene of the extremely morbidly obese Queen Demirci snoring with some bread in her mouth and in her hand.

The queen was the sole passenger in the carriage. The reason was obvious as her incredibly fat body simply took up all the room available inside of it. Her waist and ass were touching each door of the carriage, with her one hip bulging out slightly upon the guard opening the carriage door. The guard could see that all the room in front of the balloon of a queen was taken up by the girth of her incredibly round stomach. It pushed out before her and bulged against the bench in front of her where another person would have usually sat. At least there would if there was any room for them now. Her oversized purple dress still covered all of her massive body, yet it did little to hide her grandeur size which nothing on the earth could do at that point. The royal guard blinked a few times as it was always hard to comprehend just how fat the queen was before he informed her of their arrival.

"Ahem, your highness." The royal guard mumbled as he gently pushed his hand against the queen's royal soft stomach so that it bulged deep into it.

"Wha?! Huh?! Oh are we here?" The queen muttered as she awakened with the guard nodding in agreement.

"Well hurry up and get me out of here then! I hope you don't expect me to walk in this filthy town!" The queen shouted, causing the other royal guards to bring over her portable throne to carry her on. The queen began to shift her body around as she attempted to exit her carriage, causing it to sway dangerously from her immense weight. She then tried to squeeze through the carriage door, but soon found herself slightly wedged within it.

"Gah! This stupid carriage! Guard's help me out!" Queen Demirci bellowed as she straightened the crown on her head and tried to pull herself out of the carriage with the other. Her fat belly naturally bulged around the carriage opening as she attempted to squeeze through. The other guards came up to the queen and began to grab her fat overblown arms, while the other guards opened the other side of the carriage and entered it. They then began to push against each of her overblown ass cheeks to get her out.

The queen's purple-dressed midsection swelled around the carriage opening like a mushroom as her face grew redder in annoyance at her guard's inability to get her out.

"You got me in here, now get me OUT!" The queen snarled as the guards pushed and pulled with all their might. Slowly but surely more and more of her torso began to billow out of the opening as the guards squeezed their queen out of her carriage like she was a tube of toothpaste.

While Queen Demirci was awkwardly being forced out of her carriage, the people of Hawkness began to come out of their homes and watch out of curiosity. Though they were content with their lives, Hawkness was still a poor town and they were not used to seeing much grand royalty that were before their eyes that day. The Zarrid's knights' armor were all extremely shiny, and the carriage's gold plating was dazzling to them. But it wasn't just the riches that captured their attention. It was also the brilliantly dressed woman who was shaped like a boulder trying to squeeze out of her own carriage that she was obviously much too large for.

Finally, after enough of the queen's fat body had squeezed through the carriage opening, she was able to finally pull her foot out and step down heavily onto the boarded portable throne. She looked as if she might even fall forward, but one of her meaty hands gripped the carriage for support while the guards in front of her pushed against her obese body with their arms. As she stepped completely off the transport, the entire carriage seemingly bounced upwards as her heavy weight was removed from it.

"Finally! Now bring me into town!" Queen Demirci yelled as sat down while her exhausted guards hurriedly ran around to pick up the boards affixed to her mobile throne. With much effort, they raised her into the air as she sat and began to walk into the town with the queen raised in the air. They passed the poorer people of Hawkness as the queen smiled at them and waved as if they were honored to be within her presence. They ventured deeper into the town where they passed a large crater in the middle, and behind it was a hut that had a large dragon skull on the roof.

"There! Bring me to that living space." The queen demanded, with the guards following her order while they grunted and grimaced while carrying the tremendous weight of her own body. They approached the door where they lowered the throne to the ground. Queen Demirci then stepped off of it and waddled forward through the door.

"Stand guard here and wait for me to return." The queen stated as she squeezed her hefty frame through the door, leaving her guards outside.

There was little light inside the home other than various candles and lamps that were lit. The windows had curtains drawn so the light from outside did not enter to a large extent. Inside there were many various books and papers strewn around on all kinds of tables and desks, with a large bookshelf that housed them as well. In addition, there were also a large amount of artifacts all over, some on the walls and others hanging from the ceiling. It also appeared to not be the cleanest of places, however the queen was willing to put her disgust for the dirty home and town aside for the time being in order to accomplish her goal.

"Who are you?" A feminine voice came suddenly to the left of the queen. Queen Demirci flinched at the sudden voice and turned her rotund body to face the person. She locked eyes with a tan woman who had dark black hair that fell past her shoulders. The woman was dressed in cloth clothes that looked quite old. The woman herself was quite slim and had a somewhat cute face with a nose that was a bit on the larger size. The woman stood with a tough look on her face and she stared at the girthy purple dressed woman. Queen Demirci cringed a little as she looked at the woman's shoulder to see a rat was sitting atop it while nibbling on a cracker.

"Greetings! I am Queen Cordelia Demirci of the Kingdom Zarrid! I have ventured across the land to meet the mage of Hawkness. Tell me, is he here?" The queen stated as the woman looked at her with some skepticism.

"Possibly." She stated, unmoving from her spot before another voice came out from behind a curtain in the back of the home where some purple glowing light was being emitted.

"Salvo, please be courteous to our guest." Said an old balding man with a large white beard down to his stomach that had a string tied around it in the middle. The woman the man had spoken to rolled her eyes as she went into the back of the house where the mage had originally entered from.

"Well I see our knights may be in need of better training if you were able to stride right into our village unbothered. What brings you to search me out?" The old mage said as he took a seat in a creaking wooden chair.

"My elder's inform me that you have great magical prowess. I am in need of someone with your gift in order to curse someone to be fatter than I. If you do so then Zarrid will make it greatly worth your effort!" The queen stated bluntly while taking out a satchel full of gold coins and tossed it on the table next to the old mage. "And that is just the first payment!" She continued.

"Hmm, I'm afraid your information may be inaccurate. I only deal in artifacts and alchemy, I have no power to curse individuals from afar." The old mage said as he stared at Demirci through his thin spectacles.

"Pfft... fine well how about a potion then that will make someone fat?" Queen Demirci asked in an annoyed voice as she wasn't used to being strung along.

"Hmm, now that could be done. Though it would need to be applied to their body after they have eaten a large meal." The mage said, stroking his beard. "Who would this potion be for?"

"That is none of your concern!" The queen fired back, as she wanted her plot to remain a secret.

"My lady, it is my concern. A potion to increase a person's weight is dependent on how large they already are. Increasing the weight of a recipient who is already quite large could have drastic results!" The old mage said loudly to stress the importance.

"Fine fine, she is quite slender. Around the size of that woman that was just here." The queen stated as she began to shift her weight from foot to foot as standing for such a long period of time was making her feet strain in her purple flats. "Can you do it now or not?"

"Hmm..." the old mage thought to himself as he stared at the bag full of gold coins before him. "Yes, I suppose that's all I need to know then. Let me converse with my apprentice on this. You can wait outside. I will come and fetch you when we have something." The old mage said as he turned to the table beside him and cleared some items and papers off of it.

"Fantastic! I hope you will not disappoint me!" Queen Demirci gleamed while she waddled her big bellied body out of the mage's home. She had a spring in her heavy step as exited the home and waddled back to her guards, excited that her plan was coming into fruition.

"Finally, Giselle will understand when Zarrid turns on her for being even fatter than I. They will all think she gave into her gluttony while away and came back a proper fattened up hog!" The queen thought as she lowered her incredibly wide rear in her mobile throne and began to wait for the mage.

"Guards! Find me something to eat in this wretched town while we wait for this mage!" Queen Demirci bellowed while she leaned back and began to wait for the potion that was promised.

A week later, Queen Demirci had returned to her kingdom with the mage's potion, which was contained within a small vial with a cork in it, secured between her sausage fingers. As soon as she arrived in Zarrid, she learned that Princess Giselle was still a few weeks away from traveling back from Stanlow. That gave her plenty of time to begin to spread rumors around the town that the princess had run off to Stanlow to indulge in the food and drink with a popular overweight tiefling there. She then stashed the vial of the mage's potion in the princess's tower in the ground floor dining hall behind a vase on a fireplace. Then as the days grew closer to Giselle's return, Queen Demirci ordered her cooking staff to make a grand feast in preparation for the princess's return.

The cooking staff of Zarrid was soon breaking out in a frenzy of food preparation and cooking that went on for two days straight. They made dish after dish of delicious fattening food that they placed on an extra large table on an expensive embroidered tablecloth that Queen Demirci had requested be placed in Princess Giselle's lower dining quarters. This table was able to hold an incredible amount of dishes of food, and the queen ordered the cooking staff to not stop cooking until every bit of space upon the table was covered in some kind large dish. The queen also had her servants cut a semi circle out of one end of the table so she could properly sit at it with her grand belly filling up the space in front of it. And there the Queen of Zarrid sat until her daughter arrived back in town during nightfall, when most of the town's people were asleep.

"Mother? The guard's told me to meet you here, what appears to be..." Princess Giselle stated as she entered her own dining quarters. She stopped mid sentence however as she was greeted with a massive table that was flooded in different foods and dishes. The fireplace was on as well as many other candles and lamps that flooded the room in warm orange light. It illuminated the sea of dishes all the way down the long table to see the morbidly obese queen sitting at the end with a big grin on her fat blubbery face. The princess could see how her fat mother was wider than the table, which also had a semi circle cut out from it to make room for her enormous stomach so that she could sit at the table.

"Greeting's Giselle, I have heard your trip was very successful and have prepared a feast for your return!" Queen Demirci beamed as she gestured towards all the food before her.

"Wha... mother! Why on terra would have this much food made?! Both of us can't possibly eat this much, it is an incredible waste!" The princess began to fume as she saw how much food was before her and began to erupt in anger towards the queen.

"Ah! Do not worry as I have taken your words over the years to heart. And the food we do not finish will be donated to the citizens of Zarrid in the morning! So please, enjoy this meal with me." Queen Demirci spoke with a false smile as she watched Giselle's alarmed stance begin to relax.

"Well... in that case I suppose that is actually quite thoughtful of you." Giselle said as she slowly took a seat at the other end of the long food filled table. The queen watched as her daughter's face began to lighten at the news the food would be donated, and how she began to pull up one of the heavy plates of food before her. Princess Giselle picked up her cutlery and began to eat the food before her with more enthusiasm than she had in the past.

"Oh my it is quite good. Thank you for preparing this mother, it was a long journey." Princess Giselle said as she began to dig into the meal with the queen giving a large smile.

"That's right, eat a good nice dinner my daughter." Queen Demirci thought to herself as her eyes were fixed upon her slender daughter eating. *"Once you're full of food, I make you the fattest princess Zarrid has ever seen. Then we'll see how much the people love you."* Queen Demirci continued to think to herself as she faked a happy face and began to join her daughter in eating.

Princess Giselle ate quite slowly while Queen Demirci ate like her usual gluttonous self, shoveling in mountains of food into her obese face as if she hadn't eaten in days. The princess only was able to get a few bites of food down before her mother completely cleared her first plate. The queen then pushed the plate away before pulling up another plate and shoveling that down too. The second plate soon found its way down into the queen's enormous stretched out stomach, before the third, and fourth plate were quickly sucked down by the large queen.

The princess however was still working on her first plate and after finishing it, pushed it away as she put a hand against her stomach and let out a slight satisfied groan.

"My mother the cooks have outdone themselves tonight. The people of Zarrid will absolutely love all this food." Giselle said as she dabbed her mouth with a tablecloth.

"Mhmm yesh dey will... *GULP*... eat more please daughter, celebrate your successful trip!" Queen Demirci coaxed towards the princess and gulped down the food in her mouth. She then reached for a fifth plate of food and began to eat it like the greedy queen she was.

"Oh... well I suppose I could have a little more, it is a celebratory time." Princess Giselle said as she pulled a second plate of food before and began to pick at it. The queen was ecstatic as she saw her daughter eating a second plate of food, as she never usually ate as much as she was eating tonight. Queen Demirci knew that each bite her daughter took, would end up making over grow even fatter once the potion did its work. She swooned as she pictured all the insults the townspeople would throw at her daughter, and how Giselle would be begging her mother for forgiveness for the way she had treated her.

Queen Demirci was so lost in thought that she wasn't even paying attention to how much she was eating, as she was just mindlessly reaching out for food. It was a celebratory time for her as well, as after tonight she would have the fattest daughter in all of Lungard. The queen continued grasping anything edible within reach and pounded it down while barely tasting it. She had been so exposed to the fattening and delicious food for so long that she no longer ate for the taste. She only ate just to eat, and to consume as much food of hers as she could possibly hold.

Princess Giselle however stopped only a few bites into the second plate of food before rubbing her tight stomach again. The smallest protrusion could be seen with her tiny tummy slightly bulging out from the food she had eaten. Her stomach was so small that it simply couldn't hold anymore even after the comically meager amount she had eaten compared to her morbidly obese mother. She even looked a bit ill as she pushed the plate away and stood up.

"Oooh... mother thank you this was so very brilliant, however I think I may have eaten a bit too much... *URP*... and it is quite late. I think I will have to turn in for the night, but I am grateful for your generous donation to the people tomorrow." Princess Giselle muttered as she patted her small tummy once more and gave her mother a bow.

"Oh... *GULP*... why of course my beautiful princess, please get some rest." Queen Demirci cooed as she simply pulled another plate up to her and picked up large portions towards her mouth. The queen watched her daughter exit the double wooden doors of the dining quarters and take a sharp right going up a set of stairs to her bedroom.

"Pfft, does she really think that this food could possibly be deserving by the townspeople?" Queen Demirci muttered to herself as she began to increase her feasting by pulling up multiple plates at once in front of her large body. She had been holding back the entire time while in front of her daughter, as to go along with her ploy of pretending to simply give the food away when

she was done. But now that she was alone, she intended to demolish as much of the food as she possibly could before the townspeople could get much of it.

The queen began a feeding frenzy as she clutched the cuisine that lay before her on the table and stuffed it past her purple colored lips. Her morbidly obese body was so fat that even after all she had eaten today, she hadn't appeared to increase in size much. This was due to how hidden her stomach was under the multitude pounds of lard that covered her entire body. Yet now, as she began to gorge unrestrained, a bit of growth could be seen on her incredibly rotund body as it expanded to hold the sheer volume of food flowing down the queen's throat.

"Cwannowt... wai... *CHOMP*... fwor hwer two bwe fwat!" The queen happily sung to herself as she ate. Her excitement for how fat she would end up making her daughter was causing her to indulge even more than she usually had. The thrill of her secret plan was almost too much for her to bear and she was absolutely giddy with anticipation. As a result, she was filling her mouth with pounds upon pounds of food. The engorged queen shifted in her oversized reinforced seat as her tremendous stomach sat ballooning out in front of her and past her knees, before then grabbing another plate of food.

The queen was growing so fat, that she had trouble reaching past the girth of her own stomach, and opted to simply pick the plate of food off the table and place them atop her own gargantuan gut like a table. Her oversized purple dress still covered it somehow, though it no longer covered her feet while sitting due to how round her stomach was. She would then eat until the plate was empty, at which point she would then toss it on the ground and quickly swing another plate right up to her stomach and blubbery face.

In order to reach more of the food once she had eaten all of the plates around her, Queen Demirci grabbed onto the tablecloth and pulled it more towards her. The plates clanked and clattered a bit, but ultimately would slide closer to the gluttonous woman. It was as if it were a medieval conveyor belt of fattening meals that were non stop finding their way deep into the queen's growing body.

This feast was much larger than anything the queen had ever had before, and it was soon becoming apparent that she was barely making a dent in the assortment of dishes. She sat for an hour eating nonstop, with her body beginning to balloon with lard and food yet there was always more food before her. Her stomach pushed out further, and her face appeared to grow wider with her cheeks puffing up. Some food dribbled down the side of her mouth which she wiped off quickly and swigged down wine from an oversized goblet. However Queen Demirci was unwavering in her seat as she simply grunted and belched more as she fed.

"Ooow... gwettwing... fwull..." Queen Demirci muttered after some time as she pushed against her stomach. She could feel the food settling in her heavy body and how incredibly large and heavy she was feeling, but she didn't stop. She couldn't stop. She had to keep eating. The gigantic woman continued to feast for another few hours, while barely stopping for even a few minutes for a break.

After many hours of nonstop eating, Queen Demirci finally held one last chicken drumstick in her hand. All around her on the ground was nothing but mountains of empty dishes that she had cleared the food from into her own greedy mouth. The table before her lay bare with just a few empty plates and the half pulled tablecloth as the queen had consumed practically everything on top of it. A fact that was evident by just how engorged the crude woman had ballooned up into.

Queen Demirci was absolutely enormous now with her belly strained with a feast of food so great that it barely had any give to it at all. It rested before her, ballooning out so far and so spherical that it swelled all the way down to her ankles. Her dress which could fit at least seven grown men within it couldn't even cover the slope of her monumental gut. It looked as if she had swallowed a literal cow; she was so gigantic, with her legs splayed out to the sides in order to give her tremendous midsection more room.

Queen Demirci herself looked extremely uncomfortable as her face looked ill and extremely bloated. Her triple chin face had cheeks that were rounded out as if she had stuffed marshmallows into them until no more could fit in. Food was splattered all over her purple lips from her constant feasting and her lips were the plumpest they had ever looked. Her massive tits were exposed as she had freed them when they were pushing against her dress far too much for her to bear. Her darker nipples were enormous on the massive mounds of tit that she had on display as she rubbed her swollen stomach with one food stained hand while the other held the last chicken drumstick.

Her arms were so wide that they were propped up by the expansiveness of her gut and hips. There was simply no more room beneath her for her to lay her arms so they sat at an angle as all her fat bulged into each other. Her massive tits and chest was heaving as she breathed through her nose loudly as the sheer amount of food she had consumed made it hard to catch her breath. Nevertheless, she gently wavered the last chicken drumstick to her overly fattened up face as she opened her mouth.

"Lwast... *HUUUWRRP*... bwite..." Queen Demirci said in a guttural moan as ate the last piece of chicken and tossed the bone onto the ground in triumph. She had done it. She had finally consumed the entire feast before her, a fact that was evident by the sheer size of the almost spherical queen.

The room was empty besides the loud churning and gurgling of the queen's stomach as it tried to digest all the food within her. Belches and groans also filled the room as the queen's body was over stressed with food and how much it had stretched to contain it all. The queen looked extremely uncomfortable as she held and rubbed her engorged stomach and bellowed as if she was a child who had a stomachache from eating too much candy.

“Mwight... *HUFF*... hwave... *BUUUUWRRRP*... gwottwn... *PUFF*... cwawied... away...” Queen Demirci muttered to herself as her lips and cheeks were so fat that her speech was beginning to slur. She hadn’t intended to gorge herself this much that night, but her greed had apparently gotten the better of her. As usual, she was unable to stop herself from eating until every last bite had been consumed. And the end result was blowing her up to the size of a half ton woman whose belly was so big that it would take five men’s arm’s span to reach around her fully.

Queen Demirci sat in her seat like a mountain of blubber as she panted and held onto her stomach, trying to make it feel better. She belched and grunted nonstop as her belly felt tighter than it ever had before. The food inside of it had made her stomach firm and taut, instead of soft and jiggling like usual. The queen’s dress was pulled tight against her stomach, with no creases or wrinkles whatsoever upon it. It wrapped around the obese queen as she gasped for air from how utterly full she was. She began to realize that she had certainly got carried away with her eating tonight.

After sitting for a few more moments attending to her engorged body, Queen Demirci’s plan once again popped into her head as her droopy eyes shot open. She had been so engrossed in her eating, that she had momentarily forgotten that she still needed to splash the mage’s potion on her daughter for the effect to take place. To her relief she gazed upwards at a window to see that it was still dark outside, and that if she was quick she would still have time.

“Gwottwa... *BURP*... hwuwy!” The Queen Dermirci muttered to herself as she put her hands on her chair and grunted as she tried to lift herself up off of it. She was practically yelling as she clenched her teeth while she forced herself to stand up. Her meaty fat arms and thick wide legs vibrated as she attempted to push herself up into a standing position. Her body was just so layered with lard however, that it was no easy feat. It took five entire minutes as her ass slowly rose off the chair and her belly surged out in front of her, pushing the gigantic feast table forward over the stone floor. The table let out a loud screeching noise as its table legs slid along the stone floor from the force of the queen’s spherical gut.

Queen Dermirci looked like a ridiculous parade float as she finally got to her feet. Her stomach was still ballooning out in front of her and hung out a little of the bottom of her oversized dress as she panted and grunted from the effort of moving her obese body around. Her massive tits were on full display as they wobbled around as she moved. She turned slowly and waddled big fat steps towards the fireplace, where she pulled the mage’s fattening potion out from behind the vase that was sitting atop of it. It was still in the small vial with a cork in it, the liquid inside looking dark purple in color.

She held the vial in her food stained pudgy fingers as she then turned around and waddled her way towards the doors of the dining quarters. She kicked away empty plates, with some shattering while she stepped upon them, as she made her way towards the door. She was too fat and stuffed to care about walking around them, nor could she very well pass the curve of her midsection either. She opted for making a beeline to the door, where she had to open both of

them to pass through. She then turned right and began to stare upon the spiraling staircase that led to her daughter's sleeping chamber.

"*HUFF... fwuck... PUFF... mwee...*" Queen Demirci muttered as she panted before raising her foot and placing it on the first step. She held onto the wooden railing on the side with her free hand before raising her other foot up. Creaked sounded out on the wooden staircase as the queen's incredible weight pushed down upon it. She was also so wide that her hips were slightly brushing against both sides of the wide staircases walls. However the queen pushed forth and then raised her foot once again to the next step, and then the next.

The overindulged Queen Dermirci slowly made her ascent on the staircase at a snail's pace. She was so incredibly full and fat that only after five steps had she had to stop for a few minutes to take a break to catch her breath. The queen's royal stomach wasn't helping either as it bulged into her own knees as she forced her legs forward up the stairs. It weighed her down enormously, stuffed with pounds upon pounds of food. It also was churning and gurgling the entire time as the insane volume inside of her was attempted to be digested.

Despite looking as if she weighed half a ton at the least, Queen Dermirci's determination to blow her daughter up to the size of a horse fueled her body to continue moving up the stairs. Every few moments she would catch her breath, but she found herself moving upwards. Her entire obese body quivered with each step, and her chest was heaving in order to get enough air into her lungs to keep going. Her bare overinflated tits were also still out as they bounced with each thrusting step.

Lifting another foot, Queen Demirci accidentally kicked the next stair causing her purple flat to pop off and tumble down the stairs while she cursed at herself between her wheezing. Her thick fat foot slapped against the next stair as it spread out along it, with her stuffed sausage toes splaying out to hold the mass of her body upright. The stairs continued to let out loud sounding creaks underneath her foot as it pressed down upon it, with it all echoing in the spiral staircase. Queen Demirci turned her fat bloated face around and sighed in annoyance as she was too big to possibly go back for it. Instead she just continued up the stairs.

After what felt like an eternity, Queen Demirci finally reached the stop of the staircase. It was here that she stopped to catch her breath for an even longer time. Her forehead was glistening with the sweat from the effort it took to move a body as large as hers so far up. And her lungs were on fire as she gasped for air due to the effort it had taken. Her heart was also pounding as this was the most exercise she had ever gotten in years as well.

After recovering slightly, albeit feeling a bit lightheaded, the obese queen waddled forward towards the wooden door to her daughter's bedroom. She slowly opened it as she gazed upon Princess Giselle, who was fast asleep in her nightgown with a blanket half pulled over her. The queen smiled sinisterly as she began to move forward and force her girth through her daughter's doorway. However her ballooned body instantly was wedged in the door from how fat

she was. Queen Demirci quietly grunted as she tried to force her oversized body through the rest of the way.

The fat queen's body billowed up around the door frame as she slowly forced her bulging fat and stuffed body through the door. Just like with her carriage a few days ago, it took a bit of time for her fat to squeeze past the frame until she had forced herself through enough to pass. It was just as if she was a fat blob, attempting to squeeze her fat bloated body through any opening. The queen stood in her daughter's room out in the open as her legs began to shake from the sheer effort it had taken her to get this far. But now her goal was finally within her grasp.

Queen Dermirci waddled forward still across the wooden floor as it creaked and groaned under her tremendous weight like the stairs had done before. Luckily for her, her daughter was a heavy sleeper and was not awoken by the creaks that the floor was sounding out around the room. The queen moved forward still until she finally stood right before her daughter, with the mage's vial of potion in hand.

"Hehe... *HUFF*... ewnjwoy... *PUFF*... bweing... *HIC*... fwat..." Queen Dimerci muttered under her breath as she popped the cork off the small vial of potion with her thumb and stood over daughter, preparing to pour it onto her.

As the queen stood still however, the floor underneath her continued to creak and groan louder and more frequently under the load of her fat body. The creaking noise increased in loudness until Queen Demirci could no longer ignore it and looked down at the ground. To her horror she saw the floor literally bowing underneath her weight as splints began to break off of the wooden planks she was standing on. Suddenly a piercing...

CRAAAAAAAAAACK!

...filled the bedroom with Queen Dimerci jolting in fright. The wooden floor beneath her collapsed and the queen soon found herself in sudden free fall. Her overfed body had proved to be too entirely heavy for the floor to support in one spot. Luckily for her however, the size of her gargantuan stomach plugged the hole she had made and she sat wedged in it from the belly up. She kicked her fat legs around underneath the floor as they hung in midair with her other shoe falling off as she did. The queen looked around and panicked in her daughter's dimly lit room as she tried to assess her situation. She put her hands on the ground and began to try to unwedge herself when she then began to feel something wet trickle down the slope of her stomach.

"...oh... oh no..." Queen Dermirci gasped as she saw the empty vial of potion on the floor next to her, with the dark purple liquid inside having been splashed all over her own stomach. When she had fallen through the floor, it had caused her hand to jerk which had splashed herself with the fattening potion instead of her daughter. Suddenly the words of the old mage echoed in her head.

"Increasing the weight of a recipient who is already quite large could have drastic results!"

Queen Dermirci began to feel very odd as her body began to churn and groan much louder than it had before. Then suddenly, her belly began to expand at a quick pace right before her eyes. The queen's gaze widened in panic as she saw her already enormous stuffed belly now ballooning up even fatter than ever before. It spread out before her across the wooden floor and began to crack and splinter the floor at an increasing rate. She placed her fat hands upon her stomach as if to stop its growth, however she watched in horror as her fat fingers began to balloon up too into even rounder meat links before her.

While watching her growing stomach, the queen's fat cheeks began to puff outwards and her chins began to expand. She sensed her fat face growing bigger and wider as she felt her joules billow out noticeably. She felt her back beginning to swell with fat as rolls of lard quickly appeared on the queen. Her ass cheeks also bubbled up fatter and wider and she could feel each cheek swell while it hung in midair. Her legs thickened and feet kicked in the air as she struggled to try to stop her growth and escape the floor she was wedged into.

Queen Demerci was now a parody of her former self as she exploded in mass. She swelled fatter and heavier as the floor began to fall away more with it cracking and splintering. The wooden planks fell down through the floor and bounced around some support beams until they landed on the roof of the dining hall from earlier. Watching her own body expanding like a marshmallow left out in the hot sun, the queen wobbled her fatter arms over the ocean of her belly to try to free herself. But all she witnessed was her fat cells ballooning at a shocking rate from all the calories she had consumed. And while Queen Demirci was taking all this new information in and panicking, she then heard a soft groggy voice.

"Wha... mother... is that you?" came Princess Giselle's sleepy voice as she rubbed her eyes and tried to identify what the massive growing blob before her. At first she thought that it was some kind of blob monster that had found its way into Zarrid and up her staircase. However, the more she stared the more she realized that it was her own mother that was stuck halfway in the floor and quickly fattening up before her eyes.

"Gwiselle... ewyting ish fwine! Gwo... oooOOHH... bwack twoo... swleep!" The queen bellowed as her voice grew deeper and more muffled while she grew fatter.

The wooden floor began to groan more ominously while the queen gritted her teeth from how much her body was expanding. Her overblown tits blew up even rounder and fatter into her chins, forcing her head to tilt back and her eyes began to twitch as she felt her body reach its absolute maximum. Her weight was skyrocketing now and she was larger than two cows side by side. The floor groaning grew and grew as well until finally with a sudden...

CRASH!

...the queen fell fully through the floor while letting out a deep terrified scream.

Queen Demirci crashed through some wooden beams that were across on the inside of the spiral staircase that served as support underneath the princess's bedroom. Each board she crashed into was instantly broken, but it did slow her descent somewhat. She fell through each one until she landed on the flat platform at the bottom. She broke through that too and found herself falling through the ceiling of the dining quarters where She then fell straight into the dining quarters where the queen had gorged herself just a few moments earlier. She collapsed onto the table and crushed it, breaking all of its numerous table legs as her impossibly sized body wobbled on top of it. Dirty dishes were strewn throughout the room and hit her, smearing her face and tits with various sauces and crumbs of the food that was left on them.

The queen's body wobbled with her dress suddenly exploding into a pile of fabric while her bare planetary stomach ballooned directly up into the air as she layed on her back. Luckily for her however, the support wood beams and the table had broken her fall enough so that she wasn't seriously injured. However, the potion had multiplied all the food within her to the point where she was too fat and heavy to possibly move on her own. She simply twitched her fat fingers and toes as she stared up through the hole she had made and saw Princess Giselle and some other guards beginning to poke their head through the opening at the height of the opening.

"...ha... hahaha... unwarmed!" Queen Demirci laughed as she realized she had fallen from such a great height, but was still alive. In spite of this, her laughter soon quelled as began to feel tight and a pressure grew within her. She was still growing fatter as she laid on the ground like she was in her daughter's room, with all the food still pulsating and churning within her titanic belly. Her stomach blew up higher into the air and wider across the floor while the queen's eyes began to bulge.

"OooooooooOOOH!!!" Queen Demirci bellowed as her fat overblown face grew so fat her eyes could barely see more than just her fat cheeks. Her lips were pursing together as the pressure inside of her multiplied. The continued expansion of fat all over her body also caused her eyes to go cross. It was all suddenly becoming too much for her to bear as her body vibrated more and more. She attempted to scream for her guards, but she was now so buried in fat that she couldn't properly speak.

"MPGHMPPPMHPMM!!" was all Queen Demirci could scream as her fat muffled her speech with her body beginning to pulsate and vibrate much more. The queen's body began to falter as it had reached as far as it could expand, yet the mage's potion forced her body to keep growing bigger and fatter. Queen Demirci's entire body was completely consumed in heavy fat lard while her carriage sized stomach pushed her tits into her own face. Her entire body began to twitch wildly before a sudden...

KERSLPOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

...sounded out as the Great Queen Dimerci's poor overtaxed body exploded into a fantastic explosion of half digested food chunks and fat. Her body was instantly blown apart and she splattered against all the walls and ceiling of the dining quarters. The force of her detonation

blew out an entire wall of the castle, with the bricks crumbling outside and letting the cool night air in. It caused the entire tower to rumble as if a bomb had gone off.

Her pointed crown was blasted off and wedged into the ceiling before it was covered in the explosion. The sludge of all the partially eaten food that was inside of her great stomach had also coated every inch of the room as she exploded. The sludge had extinguished the fire from the candles and fireplace, with it coating the entire room in an absolute mess.

With Queen Dimerci's erupted body putting out all the lights, the dining quarters were plunged into darkness. The only sound was that of a faint dripping noise as the contents of the feast she had eaten dripped from the ceiling down into the dark room.

The following day a speech was given by Princess Giselle as she spoke to the townspeople about what had happened. After speaking with her advisors about her mother's odd and tragic demise, the princess had agreed to just tell the people that Queen Cordelia Dimerci of Zarrid, had passed away the night before to unknown causes. And that the princess would be taking over the duties of the queen from henceforth onwards.

Princess Giselle sat in a less golden throne in front of the crowd of people who all cheered and yelled in joy of their new queen. Two guards walked behind the princess and lowered the queen's old crown upon her head. It sat upon her long light purple hair as she raised her arms up to more cheers from the crowd as they were all excited of the new age of prosperity under the rule of the kind new queen of Zarrid. Queen Giselle Dimerci.