

Overfed by an Orc
By Haxcall

In the land of Faerun, orcs and elves have always been bitter enemies. This rivalry originates from a battle between their chief deities, the orcish god Gruumsh and the elven god Correlon. Gruumsh was defeated and lost his eye in the conflict and now he and the rest of the orc pantheon demands that their followers treat the descendants of Correlon with nothing but violence and disdain. For the most part the orcish race happily follows their god's ordains but a few choose to take a much more tolerant, even empathetic and romantic view of their natural enemies.

One of these outliers was a young orc named Malg. He was the son of his clan's leader and had grown into one of the strongest members of the tribe but, unlike many orcs, Malg was unnaturally polite, soft spoken and not particularly into fights and battles. Instead he was enamored with the various cultures and lifestyles of the peoples he was supposed to be warring with. He was particularly fascinated with foreign culinary techniques, preferring the unique and varied cooking styles of other humanoid races over the bland and basic cooking styles of his own species. During raids on villages and towns, he typically avoided the conflict and instead snuck into the abandoned and besieged area and searched for restaurants, inns and taverns in order to sample whatever dishes it contained and look for cook books and other kinds of literature to study.

The rest of his clan didn't approve of his non-martial interests, resulting in Malg being banished from the tribe until he, as his father put it, "started acting like a real orc." Malg spent years wandering from place to place, often being attacked and driven off whenever he tried to approach a city or town. However, he eventually came across a large settlement in the Sword Coast that permitted races of all kinds, however races such as orcs and half-orcs were still discriminated against and had to live in the area's slums.

Malg initially went to work as a laborer and a mercenary, using his naturally high strength to his advantage to earn money quickly. After earning enough gold, he managed to open up his own tavern as close to the best parts of town as he was financially and socially allowed. All his hard work finally paid off as he was finally free to cook and study to his heart's content.

One day, as Malg was preparing for the evening rush, he heard someone enter his establishment earlier than usual and was taken aback when he saw that it was an elf that walked through his door, a tubby elf at that! She must have weighed anywhere between 200 and 230 pounds. When compared to something like a human she was overweight but not notably so, but when compared to the rest of her nearly uniformly slender race she might as well have been a sideshow fat lady.

She wore a finely made cloaked hood that did very little to hide her elven features or her chubby face and half developed double chin. She wore an ornately designed green dress that appeared to be one or two sizes too small as the fabric hugged her frame and allowed her generous bust,

chunky belly and wide hips and backside to be prominently displayed. On plump arms and hands were expensive rings and jeweled wristbands and her thick legs and chubby feet were squeezed into designer high heel boots. Despite her attempt to be discreet, it was obvious that she was an elf of high standing and affluence. Thankfully for her, despite her poor ability to be sneaky she was still able to safely wander through the slums as no one would dare accost someone who was clearly high up on the social ladder.

Her name was Barberri. She was the daughter of a wealthy minor noble who ran a trading company and her family lived in the affluent uptown part of the city. From a young age, Barberri was incredibly vain and demanding, believing that she deserved the best of everything and expected her desires to be quickly satiated. This haughty attitude was nothing odd in elven nobility but the problem with Barberri was that her desires were often centered around food. She spent her life eating feasts of sugary desserts and heavily seasoned meats of all kinds, her appetite overtaking her elven high metabolism and allowing flab to pad onto every inch of her frame.

This made her, and by extension her family, something of a laughingstock within the elven community. Barberri couldn't have cared less what others thought of her but her father needed to be respected by the community and keep a high social status, both for his business and to find his daughter a suitable marriage match. To this end, he had forced her into a strict diet of nothing but water and plain vegetables and ensured that no local uptown food vendors would sell to her. However, Barberri was a spoiled glutton who wasn't used to being denied what she wanted. Unable to get her delicious meals in the best parts of the city she decided to go to the worst parts to find a tasty lunch. Under the pretense that she was going jogging, Barberri snuck away from her decadent neighborhood and ventured into the slums, with Malg's tavern being the least seedy looking place she had encountered.

Barberri herself was unnerved when she saw Malg and realized she had walked into an orc establishment. Her father had always warned her that orcs were mad and dangerous creatures and to never interact with one. However, being a proud member of the city's elite she refused to be intimidated in any way, sitting down at a table and waited to be served.

"Hello, madam. How may I serve you this evening." Malg said. Barberri was briefly stunned by how polite and mannered Malg was, nothing like the snarling brute she was expecting him to be.

"Yes, I'll have a serving of lamb or venison, and any kinds of sweets you have on the menu." She said, placing some gold pieces on the table.

"Apologies madam, but tonight's meals are currently being cooked. It will be another hour before anything's ready."

"An hour!" Barberri exclaimed, her gut growled so loudly it echoed slightly through the empty tavern. It was now Malg's turn to be stunned by the elf's lack of decorum. Barberri blushed

slightly at her belly's outburst but she knew that she had to get a meal quickly and return before her family or the servants became suspicious of her absence.

"Surely you must have something already prepared!" She demanded.

"Well, I do have some stored food leftover from the past few days that I sell at a discounted price, though I doubt someone of your caliber would..."

"I'll take it!" Barberri said. Malg was correct in saying that she normally wouldn't eat leftovers but she was desperate for a filling meal and anything would do.

Malg quickly went to the back and grabbed his leftover portions of venison, some mutton and a couple slightly stale pieces of sweet bread. After warming it on a fire for five minutes, Malg brought it to the greedy elf. Malg was shocked as he watched who was supposed to be a wellborn elf start tearing into her food like a starved pig. She initially attempted to observe the rules of proper table etiquette but she quickly gave way to her hunger and impatience and was soon stuffing her face with no regard for manners, loudly munching, slurping and snorting as she crammed her mouth full of fatty meats and buttery pastries.

Malg couldn't explain why but he found the sight of Barberri stuffing her face to be both fascinating and mesmerizing. She was the exact opposite of everything he expected an elf to be and watching her glut herself on his food brought a wave of calming pleasure over him. He knew that he needed her to come back to his tavern so he could watch her stuff herself again and he had an idea on how to do it.

"You know, madam. If you're interested in returning I have an early bird special everyday for morning visitors. Everything on the menu is half price and there sometimes exclusive items only available then."

This was a lie, Malg didn't open his tavern until the afternoon but he could tell that this hungry elf was trying not to be seen and an empty place where she could eat cheaply and in privacy would make it more appealing to her.

Barberri thought about it. She hated getting up early but it would make her diet easier if she had a chance to stuff herself as much as she wanted at least once a day. She could easily pretend to be going on early morning jogs and errands to continue sneaking away to this place and cheaper prices meant that it would be less of a strain on her personal finances and therefore easier to hide her activities. She had her reservations about the orc maitre'd but so far he seemed nice and nothing like the monsters her people described his race as being like.

"I might take you up on the offer." Barberri said as she got up and waddled her bulging gut out of the building, have already decided that she would be back the next day.

One year later...

Barberri's father was at his wit's end over his daughter's weight as he watched her squeeze her fat ass out the front door with the help of the attendants he had assigned to accompany her. In the past months since she had started her diet, Barberri's body had ballooned to absurd levels. She was obese even by the standards of other races like humans or dwarves.

Her face and double chin was now so thick that her neck's movement was severely limited. Her breasts had bloated into sacks of fatty milk so large that they could only fit in Double H bras. Her belly was a bulging, gurgling monstrosity that hung down almost halfway to her knees. Her flabby, heavy arms were rarely lifted higher than to her mouth and her thighs were large and thick as a half grown oak tree. Her hips were as wide as three or four normal sized elves standing side by side and her lardy ass jutted out so far that it was bigger than some of the shelves and tables in the mansion. The only clothing that fit her now were custom designed muumuus and she struggled to move through the rooms of her home as all the doors had been designed for the narrow frames of regular elven bodies.

He had done everything he could to halt or at least slow the rapid pace of her weight gain. He had made certain that all meals made in his mansion were low in fat and calories. He had threatened to ruin any food vendor who sold to her. He had attendants follow her whenever she left the family estate to make sure she wasn't sneaking out to get food. Despite all of this, Barberri's weight had climbed higher and higher and she frequently denied her blatant diet cheating.

On top on everything else, he had heard rumblings of an morbidly obese woman wandering the slums around the same time Barberri went on her morning jogs and being given exclusive entrance into a orc owned establishment. Her father quickly dismissed these rumors as the attendants that followed her around town told him that she never left their sight and he was confident that he had instilled a sense of elven self respect in his daughter that would cause her to never degrade herself by being an acquaintance with those green, pig faced barbarians. And if he hadn't then it would be best to not look too deeply into the matter since the shame of having a daughter who willingly interacts with filthy orcs would be far greater than her out of control weight.

Barberri and her attendants walked away from her home and slowly made their way to the edge of the elven community at which point Barberri gave them both small pouches of gold coins and they split ways and wouldn't reunite for another two hours. In the months since they met, Malg frequently offered Barberri incredible discounts for meals or just flat out gave her the food for free. This resulted in Barberri being able to save more money and was able to put it towards bribing the escorts her father had assigned to watch her. Said escorts were of low loyalty and work ethic. They couldn't care less about making sure Barberri stayed true to her diet and were more than happy to take the extra cash, have the morning off and lie to Barberri's father about it later.

Now free of her handlers, Barberri made her way to the city's slums. She still attempted to hide her identity with a cloak she kept secretly stored under a rock on the road to the tavern but her frequent early morning visits to Malg's business were an open secret to the ghetto's inhabitants by this point. However, everyone had more important things to do than focus on an elf fattening herself on orc cuisine so they just ignored her presence and never talked about her aside from idle gossip.

Barberri soon arrived at the empty tavern, her obese form starved and exhausted by the 20 minute walk there, and was greet by Malg setting up a long table of the tavern's leftovers as well as new foods he hadn't prepared for her before. In addition to feeding her the excess of uneaten foods he had on hand, Malg also liked to try out new dishes he had learned on her as well, although she was so gluttonous that she would happily eat anything of any quality and call it delicious.

"Welcome, Miss Barberri. This morning I tried my hand at making glazed rothe ribs and waffles." He said, pointing to the freshly made meal sitting next to the piles of warmed up leftovers.

Barberri, hungry and tired, jostled over to the table and flopped her flabby torso onto the long table, choosing to let the furniture support her fat upper half rather than waste a few seconds by sitting down to eat, and started snatching every morsel within arms reach and stuffing them into her awaiting maw, only moving when there was nothing left within easy grabbing distance. Being in her bent over position affected her digestion and it wasn't long before she was belching and farting between every bite. In her months of visiting Malg's place, she had come to slowly embrace her more sloppy tendencies more and more until she felt no need to restrain her most disgusting traits while she was in the tavern. Malg himself was never repulsed by her behavior. He instead found her uncouth behavior to be amusing, endearing even.

Malg watched the sloppy elf stuff herself with a sense of pride and accomplishment. He was such a good chef that he had managed to get a highborn elf hooked onto his delicious dishes and every plump pound on her frame came from his kitchen. Every curve and bulge on her was a testament to how great of a cook he was. He looked at her flabby behind jiggle and shake and couldn't help but feel aroused. He had come to pleasure himself to the thought of the fat ass he helped create many times after work and now he couldn't stop himself from letting that pleasure known via a large tent forming on the crotch of his patchy work pants.

Barberri briefly glanced at Malg during her meal and saw the lewd rise in his pants while he looked at her and rather than feeling offended or embarrassed, she felt flattered. She had come to see Malg as a great friend and was happy to see that someone to her found her size appealing. Likewise, Malg's covered manhood looked rather impressive, it was almost certainly bigger than any string bean elves that her father kept trying to push onto her, and she decided that she was hungry for Malg's girthy meat and that she wanted to try it for herself. Her massive ass had ripped countless dresses and pants in the past few months and with a single twerk, the muumuu she had been wearing had torn widely behind her, exposing her too small panties and her moist womanhood.

“You know, you’ve been more than generous to me in the past few months. Giving me so much to eat for practically nothing in return.” Barberri said playfully and she shook her chunky cheeks at him. “Come over here and accept my personal payment for all your hard work.”

“But... but I can’t” Malg said, somehow blushing through his dark green skin. “I’m an orc and you’re an elf! A highborn elf lady!”

“Oh Malg, by now you should know I’ve never been much of a ‘lady.’ Now get over here and provide me some customer service like a good business owner.”

Malg hesitantly got behind her and dropped his pants. He proceeded to slowly and cautiously stick his green member into her pale, fuzzy womanhood. Barberri moaned through a half full mouth of food as she felt him enter her and released a brassy fart onto his crotch. He gently began to pump back and forth and as Barberri started to get more excited, she slammed and bucked her rear against him, wordlessly demanding he go faster and harder on her.

As Malg increased the speed and strength of his pistoning, Barberri continued shoving whatever food she could down her gullet while also farting up a storm and grunting and snorting like a sow in heat. After a few minutes of the wild sex, Barberri came hard which in turn caused Malg to unload into her. Malg leaned forward and rested his large, muscular body onto Barberri soft form. Barberri finally paused her feasting to catch her breath after her huge orgasm, letting out plenty of tiny poots and burps as she enjoyed the afterglow of being hammered by an orc.

Now having a secret sexual relationship, Barberri would visit Malg every morning not just to fill her cheeks with food but to fill both sets of cheeks with his special brand of sausage. They felt little worry of consequences for their liaisons as no one knew the true extent of their relationship and an orc getting an elf pregnant was unheard of. However, little did they know that their respective patron deities were aware of their affairs and looked on with disapproval. As a punishment, both the elven and orcish patheons lifted the rules forbidding orc and elf procreation for them and even strengthened their fertility. Once their offspring were born and their love affair was revealed, Barberri would become a shamed outcast and Malg would likely either be hung by the elves or hunted down by his orcish brethren.

One day, Barberri noticed herself being even more hungrier and gassier than usual, her stomach felt even heavier than usual and she was experiencing morning sickness. A quick visit to a local doctor told that she was pregnant, likely with multiple children. She made the physician swear herself to secrecy before she ran down to the slums to tell Malg.

It wasn’t long after this that Malg sold the tavern and quickly disappeared from the slums. Barberri also vanished, taking a large amount of the gold and jewels her family had in their mansion and leaving a note telling her father that she was eloping with her true love. Her father made no attempt to find her as his daughter’s obese form and hedonistic behavior had become

a mark of shame on their otherwise prestigious bloodline and if her secret lover was who he suspected then her leaving was the best decision for all parties involved.

The orc and elf pantheons intentions of turning the two into pariahs backfired when the two decided to flee to the frozen lands of Icewind Dale, where their relationship would be frowned upon but begrudgingly accepted by the populace. Thanks to the heroics of Drizzt Do'Urden, the people of the Dale had learned not to judge a book by its cover and the two and their children would have nothing to fear as long as they caused no trouble. Using their funds, they started up a new, much larger tavern that became so popular for its food and hospitality that it helped to slowly ease the stigmas the couple faced from their new neighbors, especially from dwarves in the area who became fond of Malg's cooking and Barberri's unmannered personality.

The frozen area also encouraged Barberri to put on more weight to shield herself from the cold, which in turn just made Malg more horny for her and they both enjoyed spending their free time getting hot and steamy under the thick blankets of their bed. And thanks to the "curse" laid upon them, there was rarely a time where Barberri wasn't pregnant with twins or triplets, with the couple eventually having so many offspring that the village they had settled in had to double in size just to hold them all. As the years went on, Sword Coast was filled with tales of the grand adventures of many chubby, pointy eared half orcs who had all originated from the northern lands.

Hello, I'm Haxcall, fan and writer of stories about plus sized women and weight gain. If you enjoyed this story, please visit my social media pages to check out more of my stories, learn news about future events, or if you just wanna hang out and chat.

<https://twitter.com/Haxcall>

<https://www.deviantart.com/haxcall>

<https://www.patreon.com/Haxcall>