III

Being cursed to gain one pound every day meant that after several months on the road, Glory had become far much more of a burden to the two fit members of their adventuring party than she had been when the journey started.

Despite the fact that time was of the essence, Glory’s weight and general lack of physical capabilities meant that they were making much more frequent stopovers now. Even when it meant that they would lose out on valuable travel time, sometimes it was literally a matter of necessity that the increasingly pudgy princess forced them to call it quits for the day.

Not the least of which was the fact that this had been the first Inn that the three of them had seen in well over a fortnight.

“I don’t *care!* I am *tired* of sleeping on the *ground* like some kind of *commoner!*” Glory stamped her foot like a petulant child, causing a reverberation of indignation to wobble through her belly-heavy physique. The overhang of adipose wobbled underneath the latest in a long line of dresses that had been provided by various tailors and merchants as it stretched across the vastness of her midsection. Heavy lovehandles bulged out from her side, leading into a decadent double belly that dominated her figure and swathed the neck of her poor steed.

Three hundred pounds and still growing, Glory was still growing both in size and in impatience.

“Alright, alright… I suppose that we are all overdue for a bath…” Thora sighed as she dismounted her horse, “Do we still have any gold that the old man from Gallifrey gave us?”

“Uh… some of it…” Grace looked distastefully into their collective purse, “But we *do* have a ruby from that monk who thought you were cute.”

“Surely this inn doesn’t see so many travelers that it can afford to price gouge us.” Thora snorted, opening up her saddlebag to fetch the canteen of water, “It doesn’t look as though it’s the nicest place to say…”

“I don’t care. It has a *bed* and I am *sick* of sleeping on *dirt.*”

Waddling forward, stomach first, Glory happily lead the way of their adventuring party towards the dilapidated wooden inn that just sort of *existed* in the middle of the open fields. Despite being so far away from any towns or any other sort of civilization. Seemingly completely unaffected by the fact that there was no evidence of any food nearby. And positioned ominously underneath the dark cloud that had only been growing more prominent the closer that the three women ventured towards this mysterious inn…

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The insides of the inn were not nearly as decrepit and sinister looking as the outside of the inn might have suggested. In fact, it was rather… posh!

Back in the days when she was nothing more than a princess who *wasn’t* on an adventure because she had been cursed to become an immobile blob of fat, Glory and her sister Grace might have stayed in something like this while staying in a foreign country on Royal Business. While not exactly up to par of the Godfrey Castle, the accommodations were surprisingly well-kept and even enticing! Not just to the several hundreds of pounds of princess who was getting tired just waddling around on her feet under her own power, but to the much more athletic Thora and the still lithe and spry Grace. The fireplace was warm and the seating looked soft—the emptiness of the Inn made it feel less like it was an eerie inn out in the middle of nowhere and more like it was there *just for them*.

It was so very difficult to explain just what exactly was drawing them in now that they were inside, but the two more skeptical members of their trio had been happy (for once) that Glory’s brattiness had led them to something so… nice!

“Welcome, ladies!” the little old woman behind the counter said with a wide smile, “Weary from your travels, are you?”

“Gods, yes.” Glory huffed, “Do you have any rooms available?”

“I have rooms for each and every one of you, dearie.” The old woman’s wrinkled face spread into a sweet smile, “As you can see, it isn’t as though we get a lot of visitors this far out.”

“We don’t exactly have a lot of money…” Grace frowned, hand placed preemptively on the ruby just in case she needed to use it as payment, “But we’d really appreciate it if we could get out of the cold for a while.”

“Yes, yes, it looks like there’s a big storm coming…” the old woman looked outside to see the dark cloud looming over the inn, “It’d be best if you stayed the night with us, I think. And since you’re our first visitors in quite some time… how does one gold piece for each of you sound?”

“3 gold for one room? That’s a steal…” Thora whispered low enough that she thought the old woman couldn’t hear, “I say we take it.”

“How about three gold for *three* rooms, lovey?”

And with the knowledge that she would be getting her first room to herself for the first time since this journey began, Glory agreed for the rest of the party that it sounded *absolutely lovely* and that they would *love* to take her up on her offer…

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Changing into their rarely-used eveningwear meant that Grace and Thora were given a rare moment to size up just how quickly it felt like Glory was growing. At only a pound a day, it added up quickly when riding around on horseback, hunting down a cure for her mysterious ailment. And since it had been some time since they had bothered to update her wardrobe, poor Glory didn’t exactly have the easiest time squeezing into leisure wear.

“Ooog… it’s so tight…”

Hefting her stomach up on either side by the flabby flanks, Glory tried her best to sort of stretch the formerly billowing dress out. But after having pulled it down to the point of tautness over her tummy, there was simply no stretching it. Every roll and bulge was visible—heavy slabs of fat had come to roll over one another as she grew increasingly plump as the curse ravaged her once thin physique.

“I’m, uh…” Thora stared wide-eyed at the display, “I’m sorry, Glory…”

“It’s fine, I just wish that we had thought further ahead.” The spoiled sow whined as she rubbed her hands along the supple flesh of her stomach, “What I wouldn’t give to have the Royal Tailor come along with us…”

“You’d probably drive him absolutely mad.” Grace snickered good-naturedly at her sister’s plight, “Chin up though. At least we’ve got warm beds and hot meals to tide us over until the storm passes through.”

The dining area in the inn was clearly meant for a larger amount of people in mind. However, that suited the three of them just fine. Especially Glory, who had grown increasingly self-conscious of the people of the land seeing her in such a state.

It also meant that she could eat as much as she saw fit without anyone judging her too harshly. Grace and Thora knew that the curse had affected her appetite as well as her waistline, and they certainly wouldn’t blame her if she had thirds… or fourths…

Maybe fifths. This meat was good.

“You know, Glory, maybe if your dress is tight, you shouldn’t eat so much?” Grace offered helpfully, “I know that it’s been a while since we’ve all had a good hot meal, but—”

“H-Hey now, come on… she’s had a hard time.” Thora smiled awkwardly, warding off Grace’s sound advice, “It’s not like we’ll never run into another tailor again—besides, she’s got clothes that fit her well enough. Once the old woman cleans them up, she’ll be able to change into them if she wants something a little looser.”

“*Thank you, Thora.*” Glory stuck out her little pink tongue, hunkering over the table and pressing her belly against its edge, “At least *someone* has their priorities straight.”

As the soft roll of neck creased with Glory’s double chin, opening an increasingly greedy maw to fork another helping past her lips, Thora couldn’t have agreed more. Even though she was an intolerable brat most of the time, Thora had found herself becoming oddly… *attracted* to her charge. And not just physically. The rare moments when she showed that there was more to her than a spoiled princess were rewarding and strange and…

Well. Surely Grace was a bit too protective of her sister sometimes. All of them deserved to have a little fun.

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The three of them had returned to their respective rooms cradling full bellies, stuffed to the brim with food. Perhaps it was the atmosphere, perhaps it was the gentle nudging of the innkeeper, or it may have just been the fact that the food in and of itself was just delicious. But not a one of them had been able to resist indulging themselves a little extra that night—and certainly, if the fit and adventurous Thora and the mousy and unassuming Grace hadn’t been able to resist the siren song of the Innkeeper’s food, then the magically induced indulgence of Glory of House Godfrey hadn’t stood a chance.

“Oogh… hfff…. Sho… full…”

The fattened blonde couldn’t hold back her belching throughout the night. The vast amount of food sat hard, right on her stomach. Her full tank bulged hard against the pathetic night clothes that she had been left with after several weeks of steady expansion. The fabric of her nightgown stretched like a harp string, shimmering and white, over the bulge of her double belly as her acres of tit tried and failed to overcome the limitations of the bust of her outfit.

Her chubby cheeks were still flush red, unable to place the strange sensation that she found herself precariously placed in. The pain of her full stomach, yes, but also the joy that had come with getting to eat so much delicious food. Surely, this spell was turning her into a glutton on the outside, but on the inside? That was just too much for her to believe.

Nevertheless, Glory found herself craving more. Eagerly looking forward to yet another meal at the inn. The thunder rumbled outside, which meant that they were probably going to stay another night at the very least. And Glory lay her long golden locks on the pillow, unable to stop herself from thinking about what delicious bacons and eggs and meats and biscuits that the morrow might bring. She bit her bottom lip, quivering in anticipation of yet more to indulge herself in—all while cursing herself for having already partaken in *so much* of the food that had been laid out before her.

“BoooRRRRP…”

Even still, was it so wrong of her to look forward to indulging herself a little? After this trip had been so hard on her, didn’t she deserve to take it easy?

Little did Glory know, poor Grace and Thora were finding themselves subjected to the same sort of thinking. The dark magic that forced the thunderclouds to appear over the localized area from within the Inn twisting their desire to rest after such a long journey, and nudging them closer to giving in to their most hidden, selfish desires…

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“More please.”

Glory’s empty plate came as a surprise to absolutely no one. She had become quite accustomed to having someone waiting on her hand and foot once more. After all, if this nasty curse business hadn’t happened, she would have still probably had servants doing much the same back at Castle Godfrey—why shouldn’t she have adjusted accordingly?

“Sure thing, Glory!”

The surprising part about Glory continuing to be a spoiled, entitled princess wasn’t that she was expecting people to get up and do things for her. But that Thora, of all people, was happy to do so.

“Oho she’s a hungry one, isn’t she?” the innkeeper chuckled to herself, “It’s so easy to let yourself go on vacation then, isn’t it dearie?”

“Yeah, I guess…” Glory smacked her lips, nonplussed by the strangeness of such a comment, “What’s the holdup, Thora?”

“I’m coming, I’m coming, gosh…” Thora returned with another platter of what the innkeeper’s hitherto-unseen kitchen staff had whipped up, “You’re a greedy little piglet today, aren’t you?”

As Thora “playfully” nudged the larger of her travel companions with an outstretched arm, making the great stomach slosh lazily from side to side, Glory was largely unaffected. All she wanted to do was to finish her lunch—whenever she determined that she’d had enough. And all that Thora seemed to want to do was watch her. And it had been like that for…

Um…

“E-Excuse me, ma’am?” Grace called out to the innkeeper, “How long, exactly do you think that the storm is going to last?”

“Oh, it doesn’t look like it’s going to let up any time soon…” the old woman said wistfully, without looking to the window mind you, as she heaped another helping in front of Glory’s engorged gut, “I’d say that you’d be better off enjoying yourselves like your companions here—after all, you are *all* on vacation…”

“Yeah, Gracie, lighten up.” Thora lifted up a rib to push gently past Glory’s lips, “We’re on vacation, right?”

“Um… *no*? We’re not?” Grace felt her stomach drop, “We’re scouring the land, trying to stave off a curse. It’s what you’re being *paid for,* Thora?”

Looking over to her gluttonous sister as she laid back and let their guide feed her, Grace couldn’t help but think that Glory was enjoying this a little *too* much. She had always been impetuous, spoiled, and lazy. But surely she had far too much pride to let someone actually feed her food when it was well within arm’s reach.

“Yer hjuff jealuff.” Glory said through a mouthful of masticated meat mush as she leaned back, stroking her belly contentedly as Thora fed her another meaty morsel, “All thiff time—*gulp*—all this time on the road and now *I’m* getting what *I* want again.”

“Glory, what in seven hells is wrong with you?! With *both* of you?!” Grace stood up from the table, “You’re both acting like—”

At that moment, it should have seemed obvious what was going on. But a swift knock across the back of the head put Grace into a swift unconsciousness.

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“You just *had* to want to stop at the inn.”

Grace was suspended in a cage deep below the Inn, hovering over various implementations used in rituals. The old woman had revealed her true form as a haggard and gray-skinned witch with glowing red eyes. The shock had been enough to knock Glory and Thora out of the lasting effects of her “Hidden Desires” spell—which had the unfortunate side-effect of cutting her off to their natural reserves of energy.

“I’m sorry, Gracy… I should have learned to listen to you and Thora a long time ago…”

Glory was absolutely distraught at the sight of seeing her sister chained up in a cage in a dungeon, and probably would have helped out if she hadn’t been fastened to a chair with belts along her chubby wrist. And of course, being fed by their stalwart campaigner, re-hypnotized by the witch’s spells so that she wouldn’t be able to help herself from what were apparently her own hidden desires.

“Eat up now, Glory…” Thora’s eyes were milky white, but her cheeks were flush and hot as she spooned another helping of the witch’s stew into the princess’s mouth, “Gotta make sure that you rest up plenty…”

“It’s useless to fight, you know.” The witch turned back tauntingly, closing the book on her grimoire, “I’ve had plenty of people like you, Glory—girls who are sick of dieting and just want to eat themselves round. Your unbridled gluttony breaking through has been enough to charge a few of my crystals, but I need *more*.”

“More.” Thora parroted with a little smile. “Sounds about right to me. What do you think, Princess?”

“We are going to have to have a *serious* talk with Thora when this is all through.”

“You’re—mmph!—telling me!”

As the witch cackled triumphantly, throwing her head back and bending her fingers into pointed claws, Grace surveyed the dungeon once more. Surely there was *something* that she could use to break out of here and free the three of them from the Witch’s control…

“Hey Thora! Don’t you think that Grace has a little more room in there?” Grace asked of her adventurous friend from behind the bars of her giant birdcage, “She’s looking a little… uh… hungry if you ask me!”

“Gracy, what the *fuck?!”*

Grace knew that she couldn’t say aloud her plan, lest the part of Thora that was still conscious and thinking deduce it first. But looking at the button on Glory’s now-taxed evening wear, she had an idea that maybe—*perhaps—*it could launch into her cage. From there she could catch it, throw it, and hit the mechanism that would lower the cage…

“Mmm…”

And Grace would be proven right…

“Mmmrop…”

Eventually.

“Orp…”

After lots and lots of food, hand-fed by their brainwashed guide across the dangerous fields.

“Hff…hnn… no more…”

The humongous heft of gut *eventually* busted out of the evening wear and did just that. The day was saved, the Witch was contained, and they eventually got Thora and Glory out of the area of affect for the Inn.

But, uh… not without both sisters agreeing that it might be best if poor Thora never realized just what she had done while under the witch’s thrall.