Fodlan’s Fertile Archbishop

--- Stress Visions ---

*Heaviness. That was the feeling that encircled Byleth as she struggled to move. Her body seemed only to move back and forth though she was trying her best to walk forward down the hallway. Even a knight in all their armor was more mobile than the Archbishop. Each step was slow and ponderous, her body rebelling at even the concept of movement. She wanted to sit and rest, to ease the tiredness running through her body. Yet, she continued to keep moving. She forced herself to make slow progress down the hall. It was like every one of her limbs was encased in rock. Rather, as she thought about it, encased in heavy padding. Even after four or five steps, the doorway before her was no closer. Byleth had been many things in her life: mercenary, professor, and now religious leader. . .but she had never felt so useless. Emotions started to well to her eyes, filling her mind with guilty thoughts. She sought to quell them by throwing her arms up, pressing them to her eyes as if she could force the tears back inside. The emotion only built, causing her heart to flutter and panic. She felt as if she was going to fall. Byleth threw her arms out to the side and. . .*

The jar of flowers that the archbishop had been holding crashed upon the ground, shattering into many pieces. The noise it made as it shattered seemed incongruous with how delicate it had been. Blue flowers fell across the floor. Byleth blinked away the visions that had held her mind, concentrating on cleaning up the mess that she had made. She was not sure what the vision had been and she did not like it. As with any that troubled her emotionally, the young woman worked to block it out of her mind. She had better things to concentrate on. The running of Garreg Mach, fostering the church, putting down the remaining pockets of dissidents, and her own upcoming marriage all competed for her attention. The last thing she could spend her time worrying about was daydreams. She worked on sorting the broken glassware from the flowers in dedicated silence, every bit of her mind focused on the present world and task. She was so focused she stopped distinguishing between flowers and pottery shards. One pile of things was green and blue, the other was white, blue, and jagged. Byleth applied herself with the single minded skill that had made her a fearsome warrior. So much so that she did not notice a woman kneeling down beside her.

“Goodness! What happened here?” The ever soft voice of Mercedes von Martitz floated to Byleth’s left. It was like a ray of sunshine had appeared over the shoulder of the quiet, stern warrior. Mercedes floated down, lightly sinking to one knee. The room seemed to grow even quieter as the golden haired maiden moved and spoke, all of creation trying to listen to her words. With tender hands she helped grab flowers, setting the precious petals to the side and away from the broken jar. “Are you sure you are feeling alright, Dear?” Mercedes asked, glancing over towards Byleth. “This is the third jar this week. We might not have any pottery by the time the wedding comes.” While softly spoken, Byleth’s betrothed made her concerns obvious.

“It’s fine. I’m sorry.” Byleth said, trying to cover for her mistake without giving anything away. Her hands trembled as she worked to sort the flowers and pottery. She worked to move even quicker, her eyes not moving from the ground. Byleth had made it this far in life because of sheer determination. The imbalances of life were to be overcome by constant and increasing application of effort. She might have worked undisturbed for hours on end, had she not felt the graceful touch of her fiancee. “It was silly, I was just having a daydream.” Byleth said, looking over and forcing as much of a smile as she could manage.

Mercedes sighed. The walls around Byleth’s emotions were as thick as ever. “Well, was it at least a pleasant daydream?” There were many ways to gain entry to a guarded castle. While a healer and a lover, Mercedes was no less a tactician than Byleth.

“Well. . .um. . .I don’t really remember it.” Byleth tried to lie, but failed. She was an earnest woman if nothing else.

Rather than chastise her love, Mercedes scooted closer to her. Slipping off her gloves, she held one of Byleth’s hands in both of hers. Over her time in the academy, Mercedes had changed much but what mattered had stayed. Her once flowing blonde hair had been cut short, giving her a more mature and official look. The days of administrative work had allowed her body to soften, adding a plumpness to her that had not been present before. While still beautiful, Mercedes had acquired a sort of matronly appearance that made her look older than she really was. That mattered little to Byleth though. She had married Mercedes not for her beauty, but rather for her kindness. While Byleth could feel cold and distant, Mercedes’ warmth drew her back to humanity. “Love, there is nothing wrong with working hard. You have done much for The Church and for Fodlan, but there you can also take time for yourself.” Mercedes smiled, her chubby face rounding outwards. “Stress has affected us all, but I’m afraid of what it's doing to you.” The plump church administrator rubbed Byleth’s hand with her thumbs, trying to will her white, healing magic into her partner.

“You could be right.” Byleth said, sitting down fully and crossing her legs. She could say little, instead staring into the limpid, lavender pools that were Mercedes’ eyes. “Let’s just make it to the wedding. Then we can relax.” She tried again to smile, leaning forward to kiss her plump wife. The two embraced, burying their respective worries in each other. Byleth’s lips first lighted on Mercede’s round cheek, but soon found her lips. Her hand caressed her betrothed’s side, finding the love handles tucked under the billowing cream colored dress. Mercedes winced, but shoved the worries about body image out of her mind. Byleth inched closer, wanting to press her body up against Mercedes’ as much as she could. She was stopped only briefly when thoughts of the heaviness from earlier came back to her mind. Forgetting where she was, Byleth imagined herself back in the vision. She worried that the heaviness which afflicted her might also crush Mercedes. The green haired woman broke away, needing air.

“Come on, there’s no one around.” Mercedes whispered, misunderstanding Byleth’s hesitancy. “You weren’t always the archbishop.” She gently pulled Byleth back in, not caring how her body squished and jiggled against her wife’s thin, muscular, warrior’s body. The comforting touch worked to drive the intrusive thoughts out of the green haired woman’s head.

--- A Soft Woman’s Serious Conversation ---

Mercedes paced back and forth in the transept of the cathedral. Her long dress swished across the polished flooring. The Goddess' cathedral was an immaculate piece of architecture. Even those that did not share the faith of Fodlan could come and marvel at its size and beauty. Mercedes had long used it as her place of peace. She alternated between sitting on the pews with the other common folk and making small prayers at the statues of the saints. She poured her heart out to Cethlean, Cichol, Indech, and Macuil, asking for each other their individual blessings. Now more than ever she needed their power and wisdom. She pressed her hands over a round, protruding stomach and bared her heart and soul to the silent statues. Though fervent, her prayers were distracted. With each whisper she felt her stomach bounce a little more. Further, on her walks between the statues, her butt pressed uncomfortably at the back of her dress. Seemingly every free moment that was spent at worship just reminded Mercedes of how fat she had gotten.

It was not vanity that tormented her. Rather, the flaxen haired maiden saw her forming chub as a symbol of the stress that she was under. Byleth had her weariness and clumsy spells and Mercedes had her weight. Her love of sweets had turned from a way to reward the good people of Garreg Mach into a coping mechanism. She ate because she wanted an escape, rather than to make use of her talents in an ordered and godly way. Mercedes knew that it was because she was avoiding conversations, allowing her timid nature to dictate her life. The punishment for her cowardice had been the erasure of her youthful body under folds of fat. When naked, a pig stared back at Mercedes from mirrors and windows. A paunch folded well over her lap, the lowest lip of her belly swinging over rounded thighs. Her gut stretched to either side, forming into large love handles. Further up, fat and overripe breasts swung and clashed together like combatants’ shields. Above it all sat Mercedes’ round face, her short hair making her look even fatter. A tale of stress and worry was held within these and other chubby parts of her body. She had tried to ignore them, smile through it all as she usually did. This time, however, it was proving untenable. Mercedes knew she had to summon her courage.

She walked to a point in the transept where she could see all of the status at once. “Saints, hear my prayer. Grant me strength and the courage to say what needs to be said. Continue to guide me as you have through these long two years.” Mercedes winced at that, a reminder of the last time she and Byleth had spoken of their nuptials. The happy day had initially been pushed back due to a rumor of dissidents and an uprising against the church. Another had come shortly after. Then it was the start of a new school year. The list of reasons dragged on and on. Mercedes could fill a book with all of the reasons that her marriage to Byleth had been delayed. The two women continued to sacrifice their time and health for the sake of the continent and the church. While noble, the strain was starting to eat Mercedes alive. “If you would have me be forever bound with her, my love, please speak through me.” She finished her prayer and started to walk to Byleth’s office. She fought off winces as she felt her nearly 260 pounds of fat jiggling and shaking.

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*Byleth gasped, trying to make sense of her surroundings. She was in a dark cave, farther underground than even the holy sepulchres where the bodies of saints and church officials were laid to rest. Worse, she was in a pool of water. She could see nothing in the stygian darkness, but could feel water splashing against her thighs. . .and belly. Confused by the sensation of water lapping at a belly that should not exist on her body, Byleth put a shaking hand forward. Her fingers touched round, taut, soft skin. It was like she had eaten a large meal. Or, rather, ten large meals consecutively. Her stomach was large enough that it pushed down onto her thighs. Wordlessly, she gasped as she ran her fingers across it. She did not have the time to marvel, though, as the water continued to rise. Her stomach worked to count the rising of the waterline. The tide moved from the underside of her large gut up to the center in a matter of minutes. Byleth struggled forward, hand pressed to her stomach while the other pushed her through the water. Her movement slowed as the water traveled further and further up her body. Soon it was on her breasts. Then under her chin. Byleth realized she was about to drown. She called out for help, expecting none. To her surprise, a golden radiance came from behind her.*

“Dear.” Mercedes said, tapping Byleth’s desk. The green haired woman started, realizing that she had drifted to sleep again. Her mind was full of black scribbles as she tried to reorient herself. Blinking away the nightmare, Byleth focused on Mercedes. She stood at the edge of her desk, tummy folding forward to rest on the dark, rich wood. Byleth was more than aware of Mercedes’ weight gain, but had said nothing about it. She treated her love no differently, accepting it as a small sign of aging. The two were older now, hardly the women they had been when they first met. Mercedes herself was nearing 30. Further, Byleth also secretly enjoyed the feeling of Mercedes’ chub when they hugged or talked. The feeling of softness was inviting. Especially considering that constant fighting and battles had all but worn the softness out of Byleth. She hated to admit it, but she was looking rather gaunt these days. “I think we need to talk.” Mercedes’ voice snapped the green haired woman back to reality.

“Of course, my love, anything for you.” Byleth said, her voice naturally calm. Even under the greatest stress her voice never wavered. “Sorry you caught me napping.” She tried to cut the tension a little. “It’s a slow day here.” Byleth’s lie was undercut by the mountain of reports off to her right.

Mercedes ignored the comment, afraid that she would lose her nerve. With plump hands, she picked up her dress and trotted around the side of Byleth’s desk. Her lips trembled and her eyes wet the closer she got to the other woman. Her heart skipped a beat as she took Byleth’s hand and knelt down. “You must marry me. You must marry me now!” Mercedes did not yell, her voice too soft and sweet for that but there was force behind it all the same. She knelt as best she was able, her stomach resting atop a plump thigh. “We have waited too long already. I fear what will happen if we let another year slip past us. I have always wanted to speak candidly with you, Byleth, and I am afraid that we are working ourselves to death.” Mercedes let everything that was on her heart spill out. For two long years she had let her emotions and desires be put aside. She would not longer. “I love you, Byleth. Neither of us can handle this strain any longer.”

Byleth blinked. She had a heavy sensation pass over her, a momentary flashback to her vision. She felt unnaturally tired, like her body supported the entire world. She looked down at her betrothed. She knew that Mercedes was right. This was the time to enjoy themselves. Evil and wickedness had been visited upon Fodlan for generations. Relative peace and prosperity had come to the continent. Upon taking her office, Byleth had sought to protect that peace with a sword and shield. She had wanted to guide the continent like she had guided her soldiers. In a flash, a new thought appeared to Byleth. *What if there was another way to foster and grow that peace?* Byleth looked into Mercedes’ deep eyes, a sense of radiance hovering just behind her head. It was time for a change. “I agree.” Byleth nodded, not quite able to pull herself out of her self-seriousness. “We should be married before the summer leaves us.” A small smile touched her lips. It grew wider as her plump wife jumped up and hugged her tightly.

--- A Long Delayed Ceremony ---

Byleth stared at the dress she was about to put on. It was the full garb of her office, a symbol of her divine position as archbishop of the church. An immaculate white robe trailed to the ground from the mannequin it rested on. There were deep, royal blue pieces of cloth on the shoulders, front, and back which draped down like rain falling from the heavens. The centerpiece was a large grown, inlaid with precious stones that caught and magnified any light that chanced to shine on it. Whilst wearing it, the former mercenary was transformed into an demi-goddess; a symbol of the grand religious organization which she headed. Byleth’s hand rose shakily, almost afraid to touch the cloth. It seemed to shine with power and radiate it back into the world. It was not the sort of thing that was worn lightly. Yet, if there was any day to wear it, that day was today. Byleth was to be married. She, head of the church and protector of Garreg Mach, was to enter into everlasting union with her most precious person. Byleth sighed, a mixture of stress, anticipation, and scattered emotion rushing out of her. She hoped that touching the fabric would alleviate her mounting feelings, that she could borrow some of the holy power residing within the blessed stitching. Not only for the current day, but the future that awaited her and Mercedes. Her hand clasped around the soft fabric.

*“Oh goodness!” A voice said from below Byleth. She seemed to be sitting in a bedroom that wasn’t hers, though it was familiar all the same. “Be gentle, my tummy can’t take so much pawing.” A woman’s voice purred. It was deep and husky, but in a scintillating way. Even though her words were girlish and carefree, her voice dripped with naked sexuality. Byleth was turned away from the woman speaking and whomever she was speaking to, her head facing a door. A bed creaked like it was about to collapse, even the floorboards underneath groaned. “You’re such a meanie, a beast even!” The woman whooped and laughed. The other person murmured softly, but Byleth could not make out the details. Clearly, the two were having fun though. “A noble shouldn’t behave this way. It’s unbecoming of a. . .oh my goodness! The children will hear us.” The giggling came again, swirling around Byleth’s head like a cloud. She felt uncomfortable, drawn into a world that was not her own. However familiar this room was, she should not be witnessing an intimate moment between lovers. All the same, she did not move to cover her ears.*

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“Oh, this is terrible.” Mercedes said, feeling her bridesmaids straighten her dress. Annette, Dorothea, Marianne, and Ingrid all worked in their various ways to straighten the wedding dress which she wore. “I knew I should have gotten it a size bigger. I was such an animal these past few months, stuffing my face at every opportunity. Now Byleth will have to marry a hog.” Mercedes’ usual calm demeanor had been worn to its absolute thinnest point. Her hands flitted about the dress, pushing at the obvious folds which strained the rich fabric. She had sworn to the tailor that she would diet, that her current measurements would be accurate upon the appointed day. Each one of her promises had been proven false, however, with Mercedes entering into the happy day at her fattest weight ever. Nearly 300 pounds of woman was being shoved into a dress two sizes too small. While the other women worked diligently, Mercedes knew it would be in vain. She would waddle down the aisle, sucking in her gut and hoping that the whole of Garreg Mach and the nobility of Fodlan was too polite to point out what a hog she was.

“Mercie! You are thinking too much.” Annette said, running around to the front of her best friend. The short, red headed mage wore a blue dress which hugged her small curves well. Time had only added more womanly features to Annette, turning her from a bookish student into a competent and even curvy sorceress. Annette had a pert butt which bounced no matter how coddled it was by the lace panties she was so fond of. All the same, her hips had nothing on Mercedes’. The blonde now boasted a butt that could fill a chair and a half.

“You know no one is going to think that way!” Dorothea stepped to the other side of Annette. The brunette opera singer looked as sensual as ever. Even in the same robes as the other women and with no alterations, her round breasts and butt found a way to add sexual allure to them. She had needed no training in learning how to throw her assets around, using them to compliment her talents as a songstress. “They are going to be waaaay to caught up looking at these!” She grasped Mercedes’ breasts, bobbling them back and forth. Mercedes squeaked, rushing to push her buxom friend’s advances away. In the small and girlish scuffle, there was a moment where their breasts met. Mercedes' easily overwhelmed Dorothea’s. Filled with all the sugar and pastries she had eaten, the blonde’s boobs had swollen to three times their original size. She turned what was otherwise a sensible bustline into something scandalous. Part of the work of the bridal party had been to tape down Mercedes’ blooming chest, allowing her to continue to look like the modest church worker.

“Mercedes.” Marianne was next to speak. The blue haired, tall maiden was perhaps the only person softer than Mercedes to enter the Officers Academy of Garreg Mach. That softness was all in her personality, however. Marianne, in comparison to her portly friend, had remained tall and slim. “You look lovely. Byleth will be lucky to have you as a wife,” was all that she said. She stepped forward, clasping Mercedes’ hands. The moment was tender and beautiful enough that Mercedes was able to ignore the fact that her voluminous stomach was fat enough to be cradled by both her and Marianne’s hands.

“Just take a deep breath.” Ingrid was the last to speak, putting her arm around Mercedes’ back. Ingrid’s strong but slim arm sunk into Mercedes’ lovehandles. “This is a celebration of you and Byleth. Even if you can’t look at it that way right now, just march down the aisle as best you can. Happiness will come later, when you two get to relax.” Ingrid’s natural leadership came out in her speech. She was a knight through and through even after hanging up her lance and armor, approaching problems with iron steadfastness.

Mercedes sighed, trying to take everything her friends had said to heart. “You are all so wonderful!” She sniffed, her demeaning softening even more. The women soon fell into one group hug before completing the final preparations for the ceremony.

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Byleth sat on her throne as the organ played. The same choir that she had once practiced with sang hymns and ancient chants dedicated to everlasting bonds, the goddess, and the beauty of marriage. It was beautiful to see the cathedral filled with friends, servants, and all the other people of the realm. The great columns of the cathedral were draped with flowers and vines, the latter matching her own hair color. Music filled the hall as the ceremony commenced. Byleth found it hard to maintain her usual composure. She found the beauty around her overwhelming in a way that she had never felt before. While always a servant of the church, the grandeur of it all pressed upon her. Every part of the cathedral led back to her as a central point. She was not just inhabiting an office like a clerk, she was the earthly incarnation of the goddess. The monumental weight stole her breath away. Her breathing quickened and her hands grasped at the supports which held her hand. She seemed so small, a simple maiden who had gotten lost and ended up in a cosmic ceremony. Unsure how to grapple with her thoughts, Byleth prayed like Mercedes had taught her.

*“Dear! I need you again. The bath is getting chilly!” The tub overflowed as the woman within stretched, her massive body shaking and rolling. “And more treats, my plate is empty!” she fumed, her cheeks puffing out even further.*

Byleth shook her head, chasing the interrupting visions away. This was not the time to get sucked into stress dreams, certainly not as the grand doors of the cathedral were opened. A ray of sunshine beamed in, landing upon a lone figure. Mercedes. The blonde stepped into the building, holding a bouquet of flowers that she and Byleth had raised together. She walked slowly, big hips shaking back and forth. With each step another bridesmaid stepped into the hall. The beam of light followed Mercedes, tracking her steps down the aisle. Byleth stood, though her knees were weak. Her dress seemed too big or her body too small. She stood as quickly as she could, worried that she might be violating church custom. Yet she was enslaved to instincts beyond her understanding. Her eyes remained fixed on Mercedes, blurring slightly as tears formed. Byleth didn’t know whether or not to wipe her tears away, afraid again she might be showing too much emotion. She wondered what past archbishops had done. Again, she prayed to the goddess above.

*“You’ve been a mess all day.” Slim hands massaged a gigantic belly. “All the treats in the world haven’t cured your weepiness. Maybe we should try something different.” Soft lips pressed into folds of fat and found tautness underneath. “Ah-ha! That’s why. Someone was hiding a secret from me, pregnant again. You never cease to amaze.”*

Byleth’s vision cleared by the time that Mercedes reached her. The long walk into the cathedral had blown by in the blink of an eye. It seemed to the green haired woman that her betrothed had simply appeared before her. She nearly jumped, discovering that they were holding hands. Byleth’s eyes teared further, droplets running. Her heart beat as she stared into the eyes of her wife. Words came unbidden to her lips, running out even as the priest overseeing the ceremony spoke. “I love you, you’re so beautiful.” Byleth said, openly crying before Mercedes and the church.

--- Consummating and Conception ---

Later that night, Byleth and Mercedes sat on their knees in bed looking at each other. They were undressed, naked before themselves and the goddess. Mercedes’ stomach filled her lap, even going so far as to brush on the mattress. She held her arms in what was supposed to be a demure posture, but her round biceps pushed her breasts together sensually. She looked more like a perverse parody of a nun than she did a woman who wanted to confess her innermost feelings to her new wife. She inched forward slowly, taking Byleth’s hands in her own. Byleth seemed almost painfully thin, like all her meals had been offered or forced upon Mercedes. She was equally as naked, the lavish decorations of her office tucked away back in the cathedral. Candlelight played upon both of their bodies, showing what years of delayed gratification and stress had done to them. Yet, their love was obvious as they held hands and stared at each other. There had been no finer union, no two souls more complete for one another.

“Byleth, my love.” Mercedes spoke first, finding her heart more full than she could bear. “I want to promise you something.” She moved closer, having to waddle her 300 pounds of fat forward. Her butt slid atop her thick cankles, wobbling to either side as she inched forward. Her belly bounced, now formed into two complete rolls. Her short hair framed her fat face perfectly, making it look even rounder than it was. Her expression switched from unabashed love to obvious stress as she forced her words out. Byleth listened quietly, her own thoughts bubbling. “I want to apologize to you. These past several years I have let my body go." Mercedes took one had away to rub her stomach, a pained look crossing her face. "I allowed myself to fall into stress and temptation. I had wanted to present the best of myself to you on our wedding day.” She sighed, heart overflowing with guilt. “But instead I have shown up a cow.” She redoubled her grip on Byleth’s hands. “I want to be the best wife possible for you! I want to give you my love, life, and my body unquestioningly.” Her chin trembled as she spoke, her voice had its usual airy quality but was strong nonetheless. “I will regain my figure and devote my life to making you happy!”

Byleth blinked, hardly able to process what she was hearing. The archbishop could feel both Mercedes' pain and resolve, like they were emanating through her chubby palms and into her own finger tips. The green haired woman had never felt such powerful emotions. They crashed upon her own stoicism like a turbulent sea. “I. . .” Byleth started to speak, but stopped as she tried to control herself. She wanted to comfort Mercedes, but found thoughts of her own bubbling up instead. “Mercie.” Byleth started again, speaking even though her eyes were growing wet. “I want to give myself to you as well. I have spent so much time living for other people and their ideals.” Walls erected by years of stress started to dissolve under a torrent of new found emotion. “I have not given you or I the proper attention. I don’t want to abandon Fodlan, but want to use our marriage to show what love can achieve.” Byleth felt a flutter in her chest, spurred on by further worry that her words were just the ramblings of a madwoman. “I want our love and fealty to the goddess to heal Fodlan.” Byleth wept openly, finally breaking down. “I want to be the best wife possible for you too.”

“Ooooh, Byleth!” Mercedes hugged her wife, laying them both on the bed fully. Their naked bodies were entwined, arms wrapped around each other. Byleth continued to cry, tears she had never known she was able to cry rolling out off her. Mercedes hugged her wife all the tighter, pressing her large body so close that Byleth would be able to feel her heartbeat. Byleth could not tell if her weeping was sad or happy, it did not slow. As strange as it may seem, the green haired woman yearned for this emotional climax. She had spent years with her emotions stifled, finding it hard to connect with other people. Now, however, she seemed more united with Mercedes than ever. Her soft, fat wife hugged her tightly and did not let her go. Byleth prayed silently that the moment might never end, that the two could be united like this forever. She implored the goddess for a blessing, to shine upon them in some manner. Though she did not know it, her prayers were answered that night. As the two embraced, Byleth’s sobs petered out into soft kisses and murmured thanks to Mercedes, the soft skin above her womb began to glow.

--- Maternal Concerns ---

Mercedes was on her third lap around Garreg Mach. In the month and a half that she and Byleth had been married she had tried to make good on her promise to Byleth. She was tired of being big, tired of waking up each morning to find another rip in a dress or a brassier that would no longer fit properly. Ignoring all the advice from elder women for her to relax into the honeymoon and grace period following the marriage, Mercedes had gotten busy. She would take long walks before and after every meal, trotting herself along the paths of the ancient monastery. Though she hated the feeling of her large butt swinging behind her, she forced her pace up to just under a trot. Her doughy arms pumped, trying to make herself waddle-walk as fast as possible. Mercedes also ignored the pangs of hunger and its persistent growls. While she was not starving herself, the reduction in portions had become immediately noticeable to her body. The blonde woman was willing to work hard to maintain her vow. Even if she was the only one willing to do so.

Mercedes stopped as the bitter thought shot into her brain. She shook her head, going so far as to even say a little prayer for absolution. It was wrong to think such jealous, possessive, unfounded thoughts about Byleth. She started walking again, hoping the exercise would clear her mind of the treacherous suspicions, but it did not. Rather, it seemed her footsteps only dredged them up more. The two had spent much time together, in and out of bed. Largely, it had all been happy, but that had not stopped her from noticing certain signs about Byleth’s body. For starters, she was putting out weight. Mercedes had been quick to overlook the small belly that her wife had been growing, owing to her own personal struggles with weight. She had never required Byleth to look after herself and would not start now. In fact, when Byleth’s breasts had started to grow she had enjoyed their new found heaviness. It was only when her wife had spent her mornings throwing up and complaining of fatigue that Mercedes’ anger had been triggered. She could tell Byleth was pregnant.

Even the archbishop refused to admit it, Mercedes knew the signs well enough. Her chubby fists balled and she continued walking. Mercedes had lost 10 or 20 pounds and was well on her way to losing more. She had been faithful in her vows, using the walks as a critical point in her campaign against her weight. They served another purpose though. Slowly, these walks were helping to build the case in her mind as well as the courage to confront her lover.

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Byleth was in her office when Mercedes finally came to confront her. The blonde woman had completed three extra laps around the monastery. Each one had built her frustration rather than alleviating it. She had prayed and meditated, hoping to drive out the worries and concerns. Instead they had only mounted. While she was normally polite and caring, Mercedes was as human as anyone else. Few could bear the thought that their partner had been cheating on them without saying a word. Mercedes had tried, but found it all to be too much. She knew that she could not turn away from whatever was happening with Byleth and her, especially not this early into their marriage. She did not want to indulge her temper, but found it hard given all the implications. What’s more, she found her temper even more stoked when she entered the secluded office of the archbishop and found her holding her own belly.

Byleth stood in the center of her office, her robes pulled back enough to show the press of her new belly. Behind her, tucked on the edge of the desk, was a mostly eaten plate of pastries. Byleth’s thin hands were cupping her taut chub. Mercedes felt knives pierce her chest as she saw the innocence and curiosity played across Byleth’s face. It was like she truly did not understand what was happening, though Mercedes knew that could not be the case. Byleth had been ignorant of a great many things, but surely she could not be so ignorant as to the signs and symptoms of pregnancy. The archbishop looked even more innocent when her head snapped to Mercedes, realizing that someone had entered her study. The blonde woman’s fists balled and she worked up the courage to speak.

“Byleth.” Mercedes began, not wanting her anger to overpower her mind. She was going to get to the bottom of the mystery, but was not going to lose her reason. “You have never willingly kept secrets from me before, and neither have I.” Mercedes stepped up to her wife, their stomachs almost touching. “Which is why I find it hurtful that you have started now. I. . .I understand our lives have been stressful and that impedes decision making,” She sniffed, thinking about how many diets she had failed thanks to her lack of proper choices on meals. “But to have an affair and not tell me. That is unthinkable. Now, to deny the resulting child of that affair. . .are you trying to hurt me?” Mercedes’ voice wavered but she did not cry. She sniffed, coalescing all her weepy softness into a hardened edge in one movement. “I want to know everything. Hold nothing back.”

As Mercedes grew tight and edged, Byleth felt herself softening. “I. . .I know nothing.” She said, not knowing what to say. Her voice warbled and she felt sick. “Mercie, I have always been faithful to you.” She felt her knees going weak as she crumbled in the face of her wife’s righteous anger. She wanted to lean against her desk, moreover, she wanted to finish the rest of her treats. She fought off the temptation as best she could, knowing it was not the right thing to do. “I can’t be pregnant. I’ve. . .I’ve only ever been with you!” She forced the words out, tears coming with them.

“Then how?” Mercedes took the final step forward. Her hands held Byleth’s stomach. It felt the same as every other young, expectant mother’s belly. Taut but with a radiant energy inside. “Please, do not lie. Is it because of my weight? Have I become that unattractive?” The blonde continued, trying to peel as many layers as she could. “I would be hurt, but I would understand. We have made mistakes, I can forgive them. I cannot forgive lies though.”

Byleth found herself openly sobbing for the second time in a month, twice as much as she had ever in her life. “I swear, no!” She put her own hands on top of Mercedes’. If Mercedes was highly suspicious then Byleth had tried to be as ignorant as possible. She realized how much she had ignored the obvious truth. The little cravings, her expanded tummy, the tightness in her breasts. She was pregnant. Byleth struggled through her own choking throat in order to speak. “I might. . .AM pregnant, but I don’t know how. I swear, Mercie, on. . .on. . .the goddess herself!” The words appeared to her in a moment. A divine flash through her mind sent them to her. It seemed to be the key. The acknowledgement and her promise upon the divine. A light started to pierce through heavy robes, shining through even the couple’s interlocked fingers.

Soon, Mercedes and Byleth were tearing through the archbishop robes. They worked together to hike them up, to free the light underneath. The light grew stronger, filling the room once her naked stomach was unearthed. The two gasped. Upon Byleth’s stomach was the sign of the goddess. A holy Crest had been emblazoned upon her womb, a sure sign and signal of what had happened to the archbishop.

--- An Archbishop’s Blessing ---

Byleth sat in one of the drawing rooms of Garreg Mach, entertaining some dear guests. Having heard of the archbishop’s pregnancy, the quartet of maids of honor from the wedding had made as speedy a return as was possible; considering their lives as wives and nobility. Annette, Ingrid, Dorothea, and Marianne all sat in a circle around the pregnant archbishop, listening to her tell the story of her conception. . .and the misunderstanding that had taken place with Mercedes some months ago. Byleth had told the story, still feeling some residual emotion welling up within her. She thought it might be the hormones now pumping through her system. Her symptoms had multiplied with each month, stacking atop one another in a confusing manner. The most obvious had been the expected growth of her stomach and the weight gain that came along with pregnancy. Chairs were getting quite snug for the expectant mother, with both her hips and curved edges of her belly hitting the armrests if she turned a particular way. She had quickly found her way north of 180 pounds, and would likely have no trouble reaching 200 by the end of the third month. Yet, Byleth’s pregnancy might not have been the only cause for her fattening.

“I really was being quite rude about the whole thing.” Mercedes addressed her guests as she came into the room with two trays of sweets, expertly stacked to avoid any issue. Mercedes set the first one down on a table close to her guests and the second tray in front of Byleth alone. It was her way of continued atonement for her suspicion and accusations. Her wife had asked for no apologies, but Mercedes had seen fit to find her own wordless ways of making things right. Thus, Byleth had been showered in the finest sweets she could have imagined. Bakers both domestic and foreign had little ability to compete with a guilt ridden Mercedes. “My loving, caring wife is pregnant with a holy baby and I am stricken with jealousy. What a cow I was. It’s unthinkable.” Mercedes shook her head, smiling at the embarrassment of it all. “Thankfully she is as gracious as she is beautiful.” Mercedes leaned in, rubbed her wife’s belly and fed her a hand picked sweet. Byleth took it all wordlessly, but could not help but beam. There was something uniquely special about being taken care of by Mercedes, though Byleth resolved not to make a habit of it.

“And I remember when you said I was too aggressive.” Annette said, hopping her chair over beside Mercedes. While the blonde was perched on the armrest of Byleth’s well padded chair, Annette wanted to be as close as she could to her best friend. Mercedes gave her redheaded friend a light swat, making the two both laugh. Byleth felt Mercedes fat jiggling, her love handles shaking against her shoulder. While her wife had been making good on her promise to lose weight and recapture herself, there was still more than enough softness for the two of them.

“How have the people taken the news?” Ingrid asked, her mind on business as usual. The blonde pegasus knight leaned forward in her chair, her body and mind both as sharp as a whip. “They have to accept that miracles are possible, but I could see some rumbling about impropriety.”

“Well, I. . .could show them this. . .” Byleth started to roll up her dress, ready to show the Crest symbol which had appeared above her womb. While the brilliant radiance had dimmed somewhat, it still pulsed with an obviously magical light. It was hard to deny the divine nature of it. “I think people would believe me.” Byleth spoke as she continued to pull up her robes. They drifted upwards quickly, revealing calves that had started to grow plump and soft. It was not only her stomach which was growing. Not thinking of what she might reveal in the process, Byleth tugged at her robes until they were near her legs. Gasping, the girls got a view of their former professor’s chubby thighs. . .until Mercedes put her hand quickly over Byleth’s.

“Nope! Ha-haa, I think someone is having a mommy-brain moment.” Mercedes quickly rolled down Byleth’s robe. Dorothea looked particularly disappointed with the save. “We will find a way to show our guests your new tattoo, just without exposing *all* of your holy personage.” With Byleth’s robes returned to the ground and her modesty restored, Mercedes returned to sitting on the arm rest and rubbing her wife’s belly.

Byleth rolled her eyes for a moment. “Mercie, I think the girls can handle it. I mean, it's just us here.” She huffed for a moment, a little frustrated she was not able to show off the Crest marking upon her soft stomach. Though, the moment passed quickly, with the archbishop quickly regaining her professional demeanor. She turned to the pegasus knight turned margravine. “Anyway, Ingrid, we are currently working on an official explanation to the people. I’ve been trying to stay out of the public eye until we have perfected our announcement.” Byleth cradled her stomach as she spoke, holding her precious cargo tightly. Ingrid, who was still blushing madly from what she had witnessed moments ago, simply nodded her head and tried to process what she had just witnessed. Thankfully, someone else took up the conversation in her stead.

“Well, I would be happy to give you both some time.” Marianne said, her own hands resting atop a decidedly round belly. “Dimitri and I are planning to announce our. . .my pregnancy when I return home.” While the newest queen of Faerghus’ voice was soft, it was intensely warm. Her hands cradled a round stomach, one that was similar but smaller than the one Byleth had now. “We didn’t want to announce things too early, but now seems like the perfect time. For us both.” Marianne smiled, a rare moment of pride touching her face. She was excited for her pregnancy, happy to bring sons and daughters both to the new king of Faerghus.

Byleth tried to blink tears away but found it impossible. Marianne’s simple, selfless offer was just the thing to play upon a hormonal woman's heart. “Marianne, I couldn’t ask that of you!” Byleth rocked herself forward, trying to bring her wide belly to the edge of the chair. She had found that wherever her belly went, the rest of her followed. The large orb shoved towards the edge of the chair, with its owner’s arms trying their best to push off the back of the seat. Byleth was close to flopping backwards, when she felt Mercedes hands pushing her forward. Silently, the blonde woman helped prop her chubby wife into position. Byleth meant to thank Mercedes, but she was too drawn into Marianne’s proposal. “Surely I can’t get in the way of you and Dimitri’s plans.” Byleth’s green eyes watered, she hoped the other girls couldn’t see. It wasn’t good for a woman to be so weepy.

“After all that you have done for me and my husband, I owe you so much more. Byleth, it would be the least of our concerns.” It was strange and wonderful for Marianne to speak so emphatically. While she was as soft of voice as Mercedes, she lacked the blonde’s penchant for well placed sharpness. “We love you,” Marianne laughed, wanting to add a little extra joke to her offer. “Professor.” She said, instantly reminding everyone in the room of their shared history; most of all Byleth.

“Marianne, that is simply too much.” Byleth was overcome by emotion. Unsure of what to do, she shook her hands for a moment. She was torn between wiping her now flowing tears and rushing to her friend’s side. She ended up choosing the latter. Slowly and without any of the poise she had developed as a fighter, Byleth struggled out of her chair. She clutched her pregnant belly with one hand and pushed off the chair with the other. Her round tummy rose into the air, seeming to pull her chubby body along with it. Again, Mercedes helped her struggling wife without a word; a hand on her back and the other on her softened buttocks. Byleth grew even more emotional as she felt her wife’s hands. The whole world seemed to be bending over backwards to help her at the moment. She needed to find a way to give back. Once on her feet proper, she made a slow waddle over to Marianne.

“Marianne Blaiddyd, Queen of the Holy Kingdom of Faerghus!” Byleth said, trying her best to kneel down before the other pregnant woman. “I would bless you in the name of the goddess for your years of service to me and the church.” The words tumbled out of Byleth, even she did not know what she was saying at some points. “May you and your husband have many strong, healthy heirs.” She spoke through tears and a forming lump. While a highly hormonal, pregnant woman, Byleth still had years of battlefield experience to lean on. She could push past some tears to deliver a blessing, if only for a moment. “I invoke the goddess to shine upon thee, to bless your belly and your womb.” Byleth finished by leaning forward and kissing the blue haired woman’s stomach. Her lips lighted on Marianne’s belly with ease. A soft, almost imperceptible light sprung between Byleth’s lips and Marianne’s belly. Byleth thought she could feel her own womb pulsate.

“I. . .oooh. . .I don’t know what to say.” Marianne’s eyes filled with tears similar to Byleth’s. “Surely I’ve done nothing to deserve this.” Marianne, unused to being the center of attention, tried to play off what had just happened. All the same, she and Byleth fell to happy crying. The impromptu blessing through and her strength spent, water poured from Byleth’s eyes in great gouts. The two women laughed and sobbed, with the others in the room unsure of what to do. Mercedes was the first to move, helping her wife up from the ground.

“My, this has been quite a meeting.” She said to no one in particular, but her voice was overflowing with warmth. “I should have expected something like this though. Things just cannot stay normal when we are all together.” The round woman helped Byleth to her feet, going so far as to use a pudgy hand to wipe tears away. Byleth hugged Mercedes back, almost trying to push the emotion out of her body.

“Uhhm, I think I better get a blessing next!” Dorothea, excited by the emotion and physical contact, shot out of her seat. “There is no way I can leave without MY adorable archbishop giving me one.” She hugged Byleth, using her fingers to tickle the other woman. “Not fair that you are only giving out things to already pregnant women! Do I need to call Ferdie? I totally will.” The whole room fell to laughing as the opera singer pestered Byleth.

--- A Waddle Around Garreg Mach ---

*“Hmmm. . .I think it’s a bit tight.” Byleth felt someone tug on the waistband of her black shorts. She put her hands where she felt the tug, finding an expansive roundness which fled over the top of her waistband. She couldn’t remember putting on the shorts or the rest of attire she had worn while a professor at Garreg Mach. “You can’t even fit into my old clothes anymore, I don’t know why we thought this would work.” A polite laugh filled with room. Byleth felt indignance rising within her, but she held it in.*

*“I can’t believe that we even got you into as much of it as we did!” Another voice spoke up. “Not like I should talk.” A loud slap filled the room, the sound of a hand landing on plush fat. “Goddess knows I’ve been gaining weight like a hog.” Byleth’s indignation about being teased faded a bit, it was nice to hear about someone else struggling with their weight. She knew she was not alone. She looked down again, barely glimpsing her old leggings past a wide and flabby stomach. There were so many holes in them, fat spilling out.*

“Okay, girls!” Mercedes said, pumping her arms and letting herself fall into a trot. “Just keep your legs going and don’t fall behind.” She turned around and winked at Annette and Byleth before starting to really pick her feet up. The blonde bustled forward, unconcerned with the residual jiggles that would spread through her body. In a strange way, Mercedes had come to enjoy the little ripples which spread through her fat as she walked; if only because there were less of them. She had worked hard on maintaining her promise, doing everything she could to eradicate the fat which had built up on her body. Another month had passed since Byleth’s pregnancy reveal and the impromptu baby blessing. Through that month Mercedes had avoided temptation, using others to test her sweets, and made sure to continue walking laps around the monastery. It had paid off, shaving another 20 pounds off of her waistline. The church administrator was closing in on 250 pounds, a weight she had not been close to for nearly 2 years.

“Mercedes, don’t forget that I’m pregnant.” Byleth said, trying to waddle forward. The walk ahead of her was more concerning than the visions she had seen. She might be being sent messages from the heavens, but a walk around the full perimeter of the monastery seemed more daunting. She leaned back, compensating for the weight of the babies in her stomach. . .as well as the added fat. Mercedes was at the skinniest point she had ever been, but Byleth was reaching her fattest. Her predictions had been correct and she had easily passed 200 pounds, nearly up to 220. She looked less like a religious leader and more like a chubby dough ball that had been dressed up as one. She put one hand on her stomach and the other on Annette’s delicate shoulder. Having a small friend was useful in situations like these. “Sorry to use you, Annette, but a mommy in need is a desperate creature!” Byleth, feeling guilty, tried to candy her language up a bit.

“No problem at all!” Annette leaned into her friend’s body. It was hard to be upset considering who she was helping. Few people would turn away being the armrest for the divinely impregnated archbishop. Annette knew more than a few people who might kill for the opportunity. She leaned into Byleth’s body, feeling the softness which lay under the official robes. It was more and more obvious that Byleth was pregnant. The month of time that Marianne had given seemed almost pitiful compared with how Byleth had grown. Her stomach hung in open air, seemingly seven months pregnant rather than just three. It was becoming more obvious that Byleth did not just have one child within her womb. Annette and the other women at the blessing had placed secret bets on how many buns were in her godly oven. “Just rely on me prof. . .archbishop!” Annette had still not gotten used to Byleth’s new title and position. She doubted if she would ever fully get used to the constant mysteries the woman presented.

“Ooooh thank you!” Byleth nuzzled her head on top of the red head, snuggling the smaller woman as best she could. Shining green hair lay atop Annette’s ginger locks and even down to Annette’s eyes. It seemed impossible, but the diminutive woman swore Byleth’s hair had gotten even more lustrous. And… longer?

It seemed to catch any little bit of light, even shining with its own internal brightness. That was just speculation, what could not be speculated on was the increase to the archbishops bust. Byleth’s breasts pushed into Annette’s cheeks. Milk had started to fill them in earnest, making them jump entire cup sizes every couple weeks. Now, as the trio walked along, they bumped and brushed happily at Annette’s face. She was almost surprised that there wasn’t comical sloshing issuing from them, hinting at the oceans of milk which lay secreted away. “I can see why Mercie had you as a best friend!” Byleth gushed, relinquishing her hold only so that the two of them didn’t trip. She continued to keep her arm around Annette though.

“Oh. . .it was nothing.” Annette became bashful, thinking of all the years she had spent with Mercedes. “If anything she took care of me more than I did her.” Annette looked ahead, watching Mercedes’ chubby butt wobbled through her dress. It seemed to sum up Mercedes perfectly. A seemingly soft woman, but possessing a determined core. Annette might have said more to Byleth, but she was cut off.

“Come on now! I see two chubby bunnies who are languishing behind.” Mercedes prompted her friend and her lover.

“Hey!” Byleth yelled back. “You can’t be rude to a pregnant woman!” Her hand gliding backwards to feel her inflated rear. A month’s worth of sitting and eating every sweet that Mercedes cooked up had done much to add to its width and depth.

“Chubby?” Annette glanced down at her stomach. She hadn’t noticed it before, but her stomach had become a little rounder. Her feet picked up the pace, trying to catch her friend. “You are one to talk, Mercedes!” All Annette got in response was laughter.

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“That’s it!” Byleth said later on the walk. “I’m done with this!” She stopped and tried to lean against one of the large doors which led into Garreg Mach’s reception hall. It wasn’t so much that she was tired, though that was definitely a part of it, but that her mind had become fed up with the activity. She had waddled around the grounds for nigh on twenty minutes, inventing more interesting things to do. She had grown tired of the feeling of her round stomach swishing back and forth under her robes. The gravid woman had to walk by throwing her hips side to side. While it gave her a much more feminine walk, almost a strut, it was taxing to throw her weight around. She could feel her dress riding up over her rump, a bit of her pure white robes held aloft on her booty shelf. “I’m tired of walking.”

“But today is such a lovely day. I think you will regret missing the sunshine.” Mercedes said, a little disappointed that she was going to miss out on seeing Byleth’s waddling. While primarily concentrating on making sure she was getting her heart rate up, she could not help but steal glances backwards at her wife. Byleth had toddled along, trying to waddle her big belly through the brick streets of the monastery. There was something about seeing her wife’s slow, deliberate pace that invigorated Mercedes even more. Mercedes wanted to show off, some crazed part of her mind desired to show Byleth how much weight she had been losing. The day quickly approached when Byleth would be the fat one of the two, especially if she continued to neglect physical exercise.

“Come on, Mercie, let’s give her a break!” Annette said, arguing for herself as well. Try as she might, she could not catch the fatter woman. Annette had tried to put her small but shapely legs to the test, but they kept coming up short compared to Mercedes’ determined strides. “Her feet have to be swollen now, especially from her babies.” Annette offered, again working to give herself an out by proxy.

“Well. . .actually. . .I don’t get swollen feet.” Byleth said, looking away innocently. “My pregnancy woes just sort of. . .vanished.” She put her arm to the side of her face in a familiar pose as she thought. “I don’t get sick any more, my feet are fine, and I’m not really tired.” She said, her voice almost vacant.

“See, that means you are perfect for a walk!” Mercedes intruded back into the conversation. “Come on, honey, take my arm and we can go to the fishing pond.” She put her hand out gracefully, trying to get Byleth to waddle her way forwards.

“Come on, Mercie!” Byleth pouted, a frown crossing her chubby face. “The kitchen is right over there and I’m sssssooooo hungry.” Byleth looked over towards the kitchen, lost momentarily in her own desires to eat. Her hands clutched her fluffy stomach, massaging the roll of fat which encircled her baby bump. Her mouth worked, opening and closing for a moment as she imagined the tasty dishes being prepared for her. A rumble worked its way through her stomach, going even so far as to form into a loud gurgle. *Mmmmmrrrllurrkk.* Byleth was caught off guard by her stomach’s gurgling. She quickly capitalized on the noise though. “See! My tummy is so empty.” She huffed, hoisting her stomach up to show it to Mercedes. “It’s rude to keep a pregnant woman waiting.”

Mercedes was torn. Her kind, soft demeanor almost made her crumble immediately to her wife’s bossy demands. However, she also found this new side of Byleth intriguing. There was something about the emotionally muted woman’s childish, spoiled protests that piqued her interest. . .and maybe a bit of desire. As long as they had been together, Mercedes was the emotional one. Now, thanks to the endless streams of pregnancy hormones pumping through her system, Byleth was becoming the irrational, emotional one. Mercedes couldn’t help but probe this further. Winking at Annette, who was standing to the side and quietly hoping for relief from the walk, Mercedes trotted over to her wife. Their stomachs bumped before their hands met, Mercedes shivering in pleasure as she felt how much bigger Byleth’s was. “Now, sweetie, you know the kitchen isn’t going to make things the way I do.” Mercedes leaned forward, teasing her nose across Byleth’s face before putting their foreheads together. “You’re going to miss out on the special sugar I had imported and that extra creamy butter.” Mercedes laid on her manipulation thickly. “Oh! I also got some chocolates to put in things.” She smiled, squeezing her wife’s chubby hands. “If you walk just a little more, that can all be yours.” She finished with a soft kiss, finding Byleth’s lips with ease.

“Oooooh, why do you have to be so convincing!” Byleth stomped her foot, sending jiggles up both of their bodies. Byleth backed away, putting chubby arms under her large breasts. “Fine! But I’m going to complain the whole way. Aaaanndd you owe me extra!” She huffed, unable to stop the flowing emotions from erupting out of her. It was like a faucet had been opened and refused to be shut off, Byleth’s logical side being slowly drowned out.

“Deal! I think I can manage both of those things.” Mercedes smiled, knowing she had gotten exactly what she wanted.

--- A Teary Eyed Feeding ---

“Meeerrrccciiieeee.” Byleth pleaded, trying to roll herself off of the bed. She sat on the very edge, her wide butt filling half of the available space. “More please!” As a compliment to her request, Byleth held up a well emptied plate. It had once been filled with cookies, strudels, scones, and honey drenched rolls. Now, thanks to Byleth’s prodigious appetite, only crumbs dotted the surface. Byleth, quickly getting tired of holding the plate up, balanced it on her belly. The circle of white porcelain balanced easily upon the broad orb of pale white fat. The summit of Byleth’s baby bump crested high into the air, sloping down into wobbly plains of fat. She had to lean back in order to give her stomach and breasts the proper space. Just as quickly as she lost interest in holding the plate up, Byleth started to rapidly lose interest in keeping her body upright. She would have much preferred that a wall’s worth of pillows and blanket support her nearly 300 pound body.

Byleth had continued to grow by leaps and bounds, rocketing up the charts of weight and baby size. She was well on track to being the first archbishop to outgrow her official robes. Even now, resting only in her lace panties and bra, she looked truly enormous. She was 7 months pregnant, but seemed to be closer to 9 with triplets based solely on the growth of her stomach. Were the rest of her body less fat, she might have looked disproportionate. The widening and fattening of Byleth’s hips had done much to balance her look. She boasted hips that made even the sturdiest of chairs seem weak. To rest comfortably, something that had become of paramount importance, Byleth required two chairs at all times. Her butt would stretch out across them, wobbles traveling from one gelatinous cheek to the other as she ate. Even now, sitting on the grand bed that she and her chubby wife shared, Byleth’s hips dominated the mattress. A deep valley was forming, the mattress sinking under the weight placed upon it. It would sink more when the primary culprit of Byleth’s weight gain came over to tease the gravid religious figure.

“Come on now. I don’t think that there is any way that tummy of yours could still be hungry.” Mercedes said, leaning over her fat lover. She was similarly undressed, wanting the night to feel as intimate as possible. Mercedes had been invigorated by Byleth’s constant changing and rounding out. At times she wondered if her wife was giving off pheromones, some sort of pregnancy quirk to stir her own blood. She had never felt so sexually invigorated. “I think you just want to watch me do tasks for you.” Mercedes, unable to control herself, kissed Byleth’s neck. Her blonde hair and chubby face was hidden under a torrent of bright green hair which shone even in low candlelight. Byleth giggled, spurring Mercedes to even more forceful gestures. The blonde nibbled at an earlobe, working around the shining earring. At the same time, her hand flirted with Byleth’s panties. She teased the sea-green underwear out from the love handle which it had been hiding under.

“Oh my gosh! Mercie!” Byleth kicked her feet and pushed her wife away. She had to fan her chest to settle her emotions. Her breasts, now heavy milk bags, bounced turgidly. “What’s gotten into you?” Byleth continued to fan herself, feeling heat rising within her. Her entire body shook. She had to switch hands, using one to keep herself upright. Her stomach surged up and down, bouncing on her thighs. The bed creaked under her movements, even the slightest gesture producing whines. Her thick arms slapped and tugged on her bra, slowly tugging the fabric down. A bright pink nipple was exposed, dotted in the center with a bit of milk. Byleth was a goddess of bounty, so full of life and sustenance that she was ready to blow at any time. Yet, her only thoughts were about how to fill herself even fuller. “But please, I am hungry. Just a few more snacks and you can do. . .haaah. . .*whatever* you want.” Byleth spoke, trying to play her own game with Mercedes. For a moment, a brief but stimulating moment, her voice grew warm and husky. She sounded like Rhea, a loving depth infused into her words. It drove Mercedes wild.

“Let’s play a bit first, darling.” Mercedes said, again on the offensive. She put her hands on Byleth’s chubby thighs, squeezing them a bit. Byleth’s gravid beauty was becoming harder and harder to ignore. Each day that passed the divine blessings within her increased in magnitude. Her pale skin now shone with its own internal light, radiating many small coronas outwards. Her hair had grown long and lustrous, sweeping over her shoulders and onto her back. Despite the numerous trims and cuts that Mercedes had given Byleth’s hair, it reached the same length again in a matter of days; even quicker sometimes. Byleth’s beauty was transcending the earthly mundane and reaching the divine. It all worked to drive the formerly reserved woman berserk with carnal emotions. “Come on, it’s been so long since I’ve felt those soft hands. Just a little frolicking.” Mercedes reached back and slapped her chubby rear hard enough to leave a little red mark. “Enjoy my padding while you can.”

Byleth licked her plump lips, another part of her that had been growing as of late. Her lips had become fuller, luridly red even without lipstick. She started to sit up, hands reaching for Mercedes’ large hips. She had been losing weight, but there was more than enough heft to play with. Byleth would have no trouble amusing herself with 220 pounds worth of Mercedes. However, she was interrupted. *GLLLRRRUUUKKK.* Her stomach sounded an alarm, warning the pregnant woman that she was getting sidetracked from her true goal. Immediately, Byleth dropped her arm and turned her head. She sniffed in a manner that every high society woman knew instinctively. “Don’t think I don’t see you trying to trick me. I want my treats first!” She huffed, her voice still warm and husky, sexual passion lurking beneath her desires. “My tummy needs food. I’m eating for two, afterall.” She shook her gut slowly, shifting her weight from side to side whilst keeping her hands planted on the bed.

Denied her release, Mercedes huffed. She stood, hands pulling at her panites in a huff. “You are just determined to be difficult tonight, aren’t you?” Mercedes crossed her arms, feeling rather silly trying to be angry whilst standing in her underwear. “Here you have a beautiful, shapely wife and all you can think about is that belly of yours.” She spoke, perhaps a bit sharply.

“Mercie. . .there is. . .is. . .*sniff. . .*no reason to be. . .so. . .mean!” Byleth went from pout to full on cry in a matter of seconds. Shining tears running down her face. Even when sobbing, Byleth was radiant and otherworldly beautiful. Fat hands wiped puffy cheeks. The pregnant, pouty archbishop even went so far as to smack her hands on the bed. “I can’t help that. . .hooo. . .I have cravings!” The enormous pregnant woman could not seem to figure out what to do with her hands. Sometimes she shook them, other times she crossed them under her full breasts, and other times they rested at her sides. She cried, trying to give Mercedes the best view of her sad, puppy dog eyes. In the face of such unrestrained emotion, the blonde caved quite quickly.

Mercedes found her anger washed away by Byleth’s tears. It was truly unfair how beautiful her wife was, especially when she was crying. She watched as Byleth’s blubbery body rippled in time with her sobs, finding herself more attracted than ever. She sighed, letting her pride go as much as she could. “Ok, ok. I’m sorry for not being sensitive enough.” Mercedes patted Byleth’s head, hands buried in soft and silky hair. “Give me just a second and I can find some more food for you. Extra sweet treats too.” She tried to smooth things over with a kiss.

“You. . .you mean it?” Byleth brought herself out of her tears decidedly quickly, her mood starting to swing back. She pressed her face into Mercedes’ soft stomach fat, planting a couple knowing kisses. “We can cuddle after, I promise.” She tried to be magnanimous in victory, not totally able to hide how happy she was that she was getting her way.

Mercedes shivered, feeling the tender and loving kisses. Byleth was so tender in how she nuzzled her face forward into the soft roundness of Mercedes’ gut. She almost felt sad that she had done such a good job of losing weight. At the rate she was going, by the end of Byleth’s pregnancy she would be almost back to normal. That was not going to dissuade Mercedes, though, she had made a promise. If anything, the feeling of Byleth kissing her stomach was a reminder to Mercedes to treasure the time they had. She would be skinny soon and Byleth would eventually give birth. It was hard to say what either of them would be like in the next couple months and even harder to say about the year after.

This was her best, and perhaps only, chance to take care of Byleth for once instead of the other way around. After everything her wife had done, was she not entitled to as many sweets and cuddles as she wanted?

With that knowledge in mind, Mercedes hugged Byleth close to her chest. She buried the fatter woman between her breasts. “Byleth, before I get you more sweets. . .I would like to apologize for my pushiness. I shouldn’t have been so demanding.” She tightened her hug, feeling her wife’s large breasts and stomach smoosh against her own pockets of chub.

Byleth felt sniffles returning to her face. The reconciliation felt even better than the promise of more food. “It’s. . .okay. . .I was being kind of a cow about it.” She giggled at the mental comparison, with the rate at which her breasts were growing the metaphor approached reality more and more. A thought popped into her mind, fed to her by either hormones or divine inspiration. Being hugged so tightly, Byleth could not see that the tattoo on her womb was glowing brighter. She sighed, her voice retaining some of her old, clear headedness. “I actually kind of. . .liked it. Mercedes, with me so. . .silly hearted and pregnant these days I think I might need some more guidance from time to time.”

“I can only promise to do my best!” Mercedes rubbed Byleth’s wide back, tracing the little lines that formed her rolls. “I’ll make sure to keep my little brood sow on track, happy, and well fed.” Mercedes beamed almost as radiantly as Byleth’s skin with the new appointment.

“Uh!” Byleth’s hormonal side returned with the mention of being a sow. “I don’t know if I ever gave permission for you to call me that!”

“A leader does what she must!” Mercedes skipped and ran out of the room, bubbly butt bouncing. She called out as she left, “I’ll make sure to get extra sweets for you though!” She disappeared into the hall, the sound of her laughter and feet hitting the floor filling the corridor.

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“And what does my chubby love want now?” Mercedes asked, hand hovering over the new plate of snacks. She and Byleth lay parallel in the bed. They were so close that they could feel each other’s body heat, with only the plate of food between them acting as a barrier. The two worked to contain their various, unique impulses. Mercedes fought to keep herself from launching forward and kissing Byleth. It was hard to lay so close to such a vivacious woman without constantly petting, hugging, and kissing her. Byleth was blooming with life, her cup filled to the brim and pouring over with feminine, motherly energy. Her bright green hair caught the moody candlelight and spun it into a corona. Her fat, pregnant body shimmered. Byleth had undressed fully, letting her pale fat fill the bed without any restrictions. Mercedes was able to see that clothing only hindered her wife’s beauty, chaining what should be ethereal perfection to material crudeness. Now, her nubile body rolling and frolicing on the bed, Byleth could be appreciated for the work of art that she was. “I’m here to give you anything and everything!” Mercedes leaned in, rubbing her nose on Byleth’s.

Byleth thought for a moment, focused on food but not entirely ignorant of the carnal activities Mercedes hinted at. Rather than pick one path, her hormonal brain tried to fuse the two. “Ooohhh. . .I think the eclair sounds just sssscintilating.” Byeth, wanting to stoke her wife’s lust, purred the final word out. She massaged her vocal chords, finding a deeper humm. She was a pregnant lioness, too big to hunt and needing to be served. “Feed your chubby-wubby wife?” Byleth cutened up her speech, but continued speaking in the resonant purr. Her tone took on qualities of Rhea’s voice, though used for less noble ends. She put out a hand, tracing it around Mercedes’ bust line. “I’m just sccchooooo big and pregnant. My arms can hardly move past my tummy.” She drew her finger between Mercedes’ cleavage and then brought it to her own massive gut. The chubby digit circled the taut baby bump, highlighting exactly what made Byleth so useless.

“When did you become such a tease?” Mercedes acted affronted, but held the plump eclair forward all the same. It had been pumped full of cream that Mercedes had made herself. Few times had she been so distracted as with that batch of sweets. The whole time mixing and thickening the cream she had thought of nothing besides Byleth. There were so many parts of the archbishop that could be compared to the heavy whipping cream which Mercedes had brewed up; most of all the milk sloshing within her breasts. Just as Mercedes saw it as her culinary duty to sample the cream for the eclairs, she knew it was her wifely responsibility to try the cream which sloshed in Byleth’s milky tankers. “It hardly seems right for the archbishop to tease her beloved wife.”

“Haaaa-ooouuuhm!” Byleth responded by taking a large bite out of the eclair. She filled her mouth with its moist dough and succulent cream. Innocently, she looked back at Mercedes; eyes wide and demure. “Teasching? I. . .mmmpggh. . .have. . no. . .idea. . .” Byleth let her sentence trail off as she ate, chins wobbling as she made short work of the pastry. Inwardly, though, she could not deny a small source of glee for wapping Mercedes around her finger. She swallowed and snuck another bite, cheeks puffing out. She might have chewed what she already had, if the remaining nub of eclair did not look so appetizing. Unable to control her craving, Byleth rolled forward. The bed whined underneath her, shaking on its supports as several hundred pounds of hefty mother-to-be rolled about. Byleth’s trajectory was true though and she scooped the final portion of dough and cream out of Mercedes’ finger and scooped it into her mouth. Byleth rolled back onto her side, looking utterly ridiculous with cream coming out of her mouth. “Waaahfff. . .ooohmmmgph. . .youff. . .meaf?” She tried to speak and eat at the same time, words coming out as garbled nonsense.

“Oh you. Just finish your food, silly.” Mercedes poked a finger forward, pushing the dangling bit of eclair into Byleth’s mouth. The larger woman greedily sucked it down, smiling as she was once again helped with a basic task. “Just one flight of fancy after another with you.” Mercedes tsked, letting her finger drop. Now, freed from service, she could have a little playtime. As Byleth ate, Mercedes played with the gigantic breasts which filled the space between them. Her finger poked and slid around the drooping circumference, dipping into the cloudlike fat and barely contained milk. The two women shivered. Byleth stopped eating for a moment, a pulse of pleasure running from her breast and then throughout her body. While an unrepentant glutton, food was not her only appetite. Mercedes continued to stroke, drawing ever closer to her hardening nipples. It was like their souls were united by that touch. Byleth never swallowed any food quicker than the eclair which blocked her tongue.

“Mercedes,” the living incarnation of fertility and motherhood whispered in the dark. “Tell me that I’m pretty.” Byleth asked, her voice again taking on the husky purr.

“Byleth,” Mercedes addressed the earthbound goddess. “You are the single most lovely creature I’ve ever met.” Her finger reached the central point of Byleth’s nipple, toying with it. Soon, the rest of the blonde’s hand was cupped around the hefty breast. “Your hair has grown so long and bright.” Byleth wrapped a thick finger around a lock of hair which draped down to her stomach. “I’ve never met a woman with redder, plumper lips.” Mercedes was too enchanted by Byleth’s breast to see the fatter woman blow a kiss, but she heard every detail of her wife’s lips coming together and then parting. “I. . .there’s so much more, but I lack the talent.” Mercedes continued to squeeze and knead Byleth’s swollen, sensitive breast. It grew bigger as she played with it, stoked on by the compliments and Byleth’s excitement. A lurid heat filled the room, both women starting to swoon. Feeling intoxicated and disoriented by Byleth’s beauty and the heat filling the bedroom, Mercedes gently squeezed Byleth’s boob. Creamy milk came out, running down Mercedes’ fingers and dripping onto the bed.

“That’s ok, I think I would have you do something else.” Byleth said, the color of her voice warm but commanding. Mercedes needed no further explanation. She leaned down and took Byleth’s breast in her mouth. Warm, sweet milk flowed into Mercedes. The world seemed to drift away from her. All that remained was Byleth’s large body, draped in the crimson bed sheets. Mercedes sucked, squeezing and kneading the tit she held to pump even more milk out. “Haaaah. . .drah. . .drain me. . .Mercie.” Byleth’s voice grew every huskier as her lust peaked. “I’m your brood sow. . .docile cow. . .filled with. . .aaaaah. . .milk for. . .you.” Byleth could do nothing besides feel Mercedes’ tongue flit against her nipple. Trapped by her own weight and desire for attention, she relaxed into the milking. She willed more and more milk out of her breasts, silently praying that her chest never ran dry so that the experience could never end. She likewise prayed that Mercedes’ tender strength would double, always being able to take care of her, no matter how big, emotional, and pregnant she got. Mercie pulled close to Byleth, their naked bodies fitting together like lock and key. Mercedes' face was buried in Byleth’s chest, trying to suck every last drop of milk out; goaded on by primal forces she could not name. Likewise, Byleth slipped out of reality and into the vision-world which commanded her subconscious. Both women continued their work, unwilling to stop.

*“Oh my! I have a big, wobbly wifey who cannot stand up anymore!” Mercedes’ strong hand clapped one of Byleth’s buttcheeks. They filled the end of the bed, drooping off into empty air. Byleth was sniffling, upset that dinner had to be delayed. Half-heartedly, she tried to stand again. Calves bigger than watermelons failed utterly to lift thighs which weighed more than many people. Byleth did not even lift off the bed. She slumped backward, knowing her arms would not even be enough to catch and hold her weight. Instead, Mercedes’ athletic hands caught her. “Now, no drama so close to dinner.” Her face pressed into Byleth’s floppy jowl, pressing kisses into the round expanse. “You’re only four months pregnant, too early for hormonal crazes.” Despite her soft voice, Mercedes was an animal as she hugged and caressed Byleth. Her hands sought out every little nook and cranny created by the extra rolls and flab. “Even if they are quite cute and fetching.” She laughed, guiding Byleth away from a pregnant tantrum with well applied attention and promises. “Did I mention I got you a new necklace? Even bigger and better than the last three. So there’s something to celebrate!”*

--- A Reunion at Nine Months ---

Byleth leaned forward, both reaching for a puffy tart and trying to show off her new necklace. At 450 pounds, it was hard for Byleth to show off any incidental details about her body. The smaller, subtle details of Byleth were lost in fields of coddled fat. The little necklace she so desperately wanted to show off, for instance, was lost in the deep milk cisterns that Byleth called breasts. They sloshed back and forth wildly as she edged her gigantic ass towards the end of the couch. Out of practical necessity, she was the only one sitting on the little two-seater. Compared with the voluminous expanse that was her ass or the humped grandeur of her belly, the shining trinket had little chance of being seen. Yet, Byleth was going to find a way. The addition of jewelry to her daily attire had become very important to her, though for reasons her pregnancy clouded brain could not totally explain. The living goddess incarnation desired small tributes and adornments, though she had only been able to wheedle them out of Mercedes; and even then after great bouts of teasing.

“Ahem. . .” Byleth coughed a little, trying to be subtle as she could. The other women in the room looked up, honing in on their old professor’s signals. Byleth had been joined by her favorite women once more, wanting to see them all before she reached the end of her pregnancy journey.

Her little flock of students had flown home, though returning home much fatter and gravid than before. Byleth was surprised by just how much girth and fertility rested within the nobility of Fodlan. While Marianne had gotten pregnant nearly as fast as Byleth and Annie visited frequently, Ingrid and Dorothea were pleasant surprises. Dorothea had just entered her second trimester, her already vivacious and ravishing body taken on suitably massive proportions. She was a plump 250, every bit of the hourglass she had been when skinny. She and Annette, who was almost halfway through her own pregnancy, competed for the title of 2nd biggest butt. 180 pounds looked closer to 230 on the diminutive woman. Dorothea also was in contention for the second biggest breasts of the group, she and Marianne’s breasts brimmed with oceans of life bringing milk. Though the queen of Fearghus was fatter, 300 pounds resting upon her soft frame, Dorothea had been extremely blessed by the goddess. Presiding over it all were Ingrid and Byleth, the fattest cows in the noble, opulent stable. Ingrid’s insatiable cravings had forced her weight up to 340 pounds. Byleth found herself rather pleased by the feminine bulk around her, though not able to say exactly why.

Byleth rocked her body, not wanting to cause a complete scene as she reached for the pastry, but also wanting to dislodge her necklace from the confines of her breasts. To the assembled women, it looked as if their archbishop was simply struggling to motivate her nearly spherical body into action. Byleth moved laterally as much or more than she did medially. Her soft fingers sunk into her enormous thighs, which had grown big enough to swallow any seat not meant for three or more people. As the little comedy played out, Byleth’s dress fell down about her shoulders. Wanting to dispense with any formality, the pregnant archbishop had left her official robes hanging up. Instead, she wore a simple white dress with an excessively low cut chest line. Mercedes had picked the outfit, citing the ease of access for milking. Her rolling fat pressed and pulled the dress down, exposing more and more of her divinely marked softness. Yet, the locket remained hidden.

“Uhm, Professor, do you require assistance?” Marianne asked, ready to help despite being nearly as mobility impaired as Byleth. Without waiting, she started to rock her own large body up and out of the seat.

“Byleth!” Ingrid’s internal maternal voice came out, proving she was going to be quite the marshal around the castle. That maternal voice came from a place of care, though. “Don’t strain yourself. We can. . .ugh. . .get it!” The fat woman struggled to get her own folds into motion, wedged deeply in the chair. The formerly agile pegasus knight remained grounded thanks to improper seating choice. The sides of her gut filled any freespace before her, touching either side of the armrests. She huffed and puffed, almost winding herself from the attempt at movement.

“Oh my!” Dorothea purred, her voice similar to Byleth’s own sultry rumble. “What a brood we are.” The opera singer had not moved, save to fan her face. Her chest undulated below her cherubic face, shifting like water in a heaving pot. “All rolls and no action.” She continued to fan herself, a little hot and bothered by so much fat in motion. Besides a properly prepared meal, Dorothea had come to handily appreciate the artistry of a large woman in motion.

“Mercie! You have a roly-poly wifey who needs attention!” Annette called, loving the chance to apply such playful words to a woman who had outgrown them. She leaned back in her double chairs, feeling her rotund butt testing the shaped and tempered wood. “She needs a pudgy-wudgy priestess to save her!”

“And how are all my favorite mothers-to-be doing?” Summoned by the commotion, Mercedes appeared in the room with a tray of sweets she had been preparing outside. Though still trying to eradicate the last holdouts of her fat, she could lightly be called pudgy. However, it was more than obvious that any weight on her frame would not be lasting long. Knowing this and being a little incensed by the comment, Mercedes tapped Annette on the head. “I don’t know where all this talk of *pudgy* priestesses comes from.” she looked back and playfully stuck her tongue out at her best friend. “I rather think I’m quite trim in the present company.” She turned around and walked with an extra wiggle, one that was appreciated by Dorothea. “Though I will say that you all glow quite a bit more than I do!” She set the tray down and patted Byleth’s puffy cheek. “I could probably light up the chapel with all of you mommies instead of candles.” She smiled, filibustering just long enough to read what had been happening.

Using her skills as a wife, Mercedes easily picked up on the situation. The telltale give away was Byleth’s hand sometimes hovering near her chest, as if ready to pluck something out. “I believe my roly-poly wife would like to show off her new gift.” Mercedes lightly pushed Byleth back into her seat, beginning to fix a plate of sweets. “She’s been dying to show it off to you all, even if she wanted to keep that a little secret.” Mercedes smiled, sitting back and putting a plate of food onto Byleth’s lap. “She gets such a kick out of seeing you all, its her time to really shine.” Mercedes sat on the armrest of the chair, her hand ducking around behind Byleth’s shoulder to surreptitiously play with her hair. All eyes turned to the green haired sow.

“Oh. . .I didn’t mean to make such a scene. . .” Byleth said, eyes turning down. Her round face grew even rounder as chins merged and her breasts rose up to meet them. Bashfulness stole over her, a sudden mood change bringing familiar mists to her eyes.

“Ah-ah! We said no crying when the girls are over. Unless someone goes into labor we all have to keep our heads on tight.” Mercedes interjected, trying to keep the room from turning into an orgy of feelings. The ladies had followed Byleth into battle, they would most certainly follow her down a hormonal spiral. As the lone voice of reason, Mercedes did what she could to maintain order. “Come on now, Lady Archbishop, your flock is eager to hear about your newest symbol of the faith!” Mercedes teased, knowing just how to maneuver her love. Granted, maneuvering Byleth emotionally was about as cumbersome as maneuvering her physically. There was always an inherent risk that her motor would give out and Mercedes would have to tend a crying, nearly immobile heap of babies and fat.

Such was the case when Byleth started to push her breasts together, as if to squeeze the little locket out. Her enormous breasts welled up, flowing out of the low cut cleavage line. Fat watermelons were exposed to the group. Mercedes was either too slow or too consumed with lust to stop her wife. Milk started to squeeze out of her pink nipples, just as the locket appeared from deep within her breasts. Byleth leaned forward, a petite blush gracing her cheeks as she was forced to assume the limelight of the tea party. She tried very hard to make herself believe she did not love it. “Oh. . .it’s just an old. . .” She sucked in air, puffing her bosom up more and pressing her breasts out. She let it go in one powerful gust, her breasts swaying like two laden merchant ships anchored in a bay of cream. Between the two bobbled her locket, a treasure hard to pick out between the other piles of fleshly riches. The other girls looked with interest, though it was hard to say if they were looking at the locket.

Mercedes, pulling at her lengthening golden hair, reached a slim arm down to further assist Byleth. Golden locks, halfway as long as when she had entered the academy, spilled across Byleth’s green ones. It was wheat and grass mixed together, though it was the grass that shone brighter and more fair. “You come up with such creative ways of problem solving now.” Mercedes smiled, guiding her wife back to rationality. “I’m afraid our guests might think you are trying to show off something else!” Mercedes reached a searching, grasping hand into Byleth’s bosom. She pulled the locket up, albeit taking a slow and touchy route. The girls were allowed to marvel at the plain but artistically wrought icon. Though each of the women, Dorothea especially, had a hard time keeping their eyes solely on the locket.

“My. . .I thought I was going to get milking tips for a moment.” Marianne said in a rare burst of courage. She shifted in her chair. Her breasts seemed to swell even as she mentioned them. With her hair done up, there was nothing at all to distract from their sheer size and depth. The quiet, sad eyed queen had been given fat brigantines for breasts; rising high above the blue tide of her dress. The other women were caught off guard by the joke, not prepared to handle Byleth’s unintentional sexuality or Marianne’s newly developed sense of humor. The queen blushed under the weight of social recognition much in the way the chair she sat on crumpled under her doughy posterior. Her timidity only seemed to make her breasts seem larger. For every movement she made to relax backwards into the seat, her breasts pushed higher out of her dress. What might have been a modest bustline was turned into a lascivious window to something only Dimitri should have seen.

“I’m going to need a LIVE performance for that!” Dorothea giggled, her libido getting the better of her. All this talk of breasts, attention, and bedroom acts reminded her of her own body. She leaned forward, breasts and thighs encircling a gut that was only halfway towards proper gestation. “Byyyylleeettth, show us your new mommy skills!” She purred, her voice warm and throaty. “I KNOW you and Mercie have been given a lot of practice.” That comment earned a small frown from Mercedes but a small wink from Byleth, who could not turn away from any attention offered to her. Dorothea laughed, kicking her legs in an effort to dissipate her surging libido. She would have to do more work still.

“I cooouuld!” Byleth said, trying and failing to bounce excitedly on her couch. The familiar joys of professorial teaching merged with a welcome sense of shared femininity and maternal instinct. “Ooooh, Marri, you would make such a good pupil. You were always so attentive.” Byleth’s hands ran down her own body, clearly excited by the prospect of her chubby fingers instructively fondling Marianne’s sloshing, heavy bosoms. “It’d be just like those times we worked in the stable. Making sure the horses and moo-cows were taken care of!” Byleth was excitedly swept up in the conversation, much to the delight of the crowd. Even Mercedes bit down on her instinct to shepard her wife, she only wished that it was just her in the room. Byleth, meanwhile, continued with the impromptu lesson.

“I only do this. . .haaah. . .when they get tight and sensitive.” Byleth pouted, thinking of those moments when the udders bouncing above her stomach went into overdrive. So fat and swollen with milk that they reddened, Byleth’s mammaries were a sight to behold pre-milking. “You have to be gentle, noooo forcing it!” She cooed before hoisting one out. The ladies in the room gasped, overcome by the brazeness of their former professor. Her tit rested on her dress, already wet from the accidental milking earlier. Byleth started to knead it, putting loving attention upon it. There was not one woman in the room that did not feel their breath catch in their chests. The more chaste women thought of their husbands, mentally noting down every movement she made; it was never too early to practice. Byleth stroked and kneaded her breast, coaxing a thick stream of milk from her vivid, lush nipple. Her throaty voice dropped to a smoldering whisper. “A wittle pressure here or there and. . .oooohhh. . .you control the flow.” She spoke of control, but the white-gold stream which poured out was anything but controlled. Things, predictably, took a turn soon after. “Then!” Byleth said, hoisting her breast in both hands; it was fatter than a loaf of bread. “You haf. . .mmmmmpph. . .a ssschnnaack!” She thrust the fat nipple into her mouth, completing the cycle. It did not last long, however.

“My love!” Mercie said, swooping down from her place on the armrest like a protective bird. She spread her arms, covering Byleth and preserving the scant bits of her modesty. “Aaah, I think the ladies have had enough teaching for today. Our favorite and most beautiful professor can retire once more.” Mercedes wished she had the little shawl from her original academy uniform. As such, she had to work to keep her arms in a position to block view as well as guide her love.

“Noooo!” Annette said, her blubbery thighs crushed so tightly that a clap could be heard. “I was learning so much! I didn’t even get to take notes.” It was hard to know if Annette meant the comment seriously or not. Her voluminous bottom pushed from one chair to another as she tried to stand. “Mercie, it’s rude to interrupt a lesson!” The teacher’s pet stood as quick as she could, fighting primal magnetic forces that wanted to keep her moon-like asscheeks pinned to the chairs. They clapped again as she finally stood, her panties buried deeply between them. She waddled forward, stomach bouncing as much as her rear. The light dress she wore bore the imprint of her inverted belly button as well as her dimply asscheeks. The other women fell to laughing again as Mercie tried to manage Byleth and keep Annette away.

“Annie! I will make sure Ashe puts you on an exercise regime if you don’t. . .”

“Not if I sit on you first!”

The cries of the two women filled the little solar room, along with the cheers, giggles, and laughter. It was hard to imagine that any of the women were amongst the most powerful, influential rulers on the continent. Though, it was not hard to see how much they loved and cherished each other.

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“Ingrid, how have things been going for you and Sylvain?” The question caught the large blonde off guard. She had been stuffing another delectable sweet into her mouth when Mercedes ventured the question. Caught in the act of eating, Ingrid’s first instinct was to simply swallow more food. She pushed the other cookies into her mouth, filling her cheeks to the very brim. She chewed, fighting the urge to eat and speak at the same time. Pregnancy had taught the pegasus rider many things, but it had especially taught her that food was a release. Always a little uptight, Ingrid had started to use her cravings as a way of medicating the stress that came with being a young mother and noble. Most people who saw her weight and heard of her extreme weight gain were understanding, knowing that a woman that pent up had to have a secret release of some kind. It had just taken a while for Ingrid to find her own. Now that she had found it, she was all too willing to give herself to it.

“Mmmpggh. . .thingsscch. . .mmggh. . .great!” She spluttered and ate, trying to quickly regain order. She leaned low over her plate, trying hard not to spill her crumbs any further over her dress. It did not work, instead just making Ingrid look all the fatter and heavier. She seemed like a round ball, snuggled into a chair that would crack at any moment. She forced the cookies and sweets down and sat up. Her light blue dress was dappled with the crumbs, many of which had fallen into her deep bosom. With her food swallowed, she reasserted control over her speech. “I’ve been working day and night on these diplomatic relations with Sreng. It’s hard, but I think I’m managing.” She sighed for a moment, showing both relief and tiredness. Quickly thereafter, she was scooping food back into her mouth. A sincere joy spread across Ingrid’s face as she ate, her pregnancy glow lighting up even more as she was allowed to have her fill. Her plate was balanced on her gigantic belly, which rolled back and forth as she dined.

“I know what you mean.” Marianne interjected, sweetly trying to give her friend more time to eat. “Dimitri has been working so hard on the reconstruction plan.” She sighed, her already large breasts doubled in size as she took in air. Even when she exhaled they seemed to keep their size. “It’s unbelievable how much effort he puts in.” She hugged her chest as though she were hugging her king and husband. Her breasts again threatened to burst out of her top as they were pushed back by her chubby biceps. She blushed a bit as her sensitive nipples were tickled by the velvet lining of her dress. She fought the feeling as long as she could, but ended up giving a small gasp and moan. Marianne had been falling into more and more of those moments as her pregnancy intensified. Stuffed to the brim with fat, milk and child she felt swollen and tender constantly. It took little more than a few rubs to induce a strong and steady stream of milk from her breasts. That too produced adorable little noises which, just like her moans, could only be heard by the most primed ears.

“Marianne. . .dear. . .I know you *had* to help at least a little with that plan.” Dorothea leaned over in her chair, awakened to the conversation by the little squeak from Marianne. Her own breasts, nearly as big as Marianne’s or Byleth’s, flopped over the side of her chair and dangled in open air. Dorothea was, even more than she had been before, feminine sexuality unbound. She spoke in a permanent husky drawl and she gave bedroom eyes to anyone who looked her way. “You are the talk of *all* my delightful parties and soirees! The queen who cares and builds, they call you.” Dorothea winked, a rebuttal to the adorable moaning noises she gifted the room with. To Dorothea, the little room in which they sat was alive and burning with sexuality. They were all women filled to the brim with love and beauty, shining examples of what mothers should be. “I’m even getting a bit jealous of you! The common people always whisper about their beautiful and kindhearted queen.” Her plump hand squeezed Marianne’s bicep, trying to draw out one more little squeal. The queen of Fodlan smiled but managed to hold in any accidental moans this time, much to Dorothea’s disappointment.

“They are sweet to say that, but it’s all Dimitri.” Marianne countered, unwilling for her praises to be sung. The large matron would prefer that people thought she spent all day eating and sitting quietly, rather than helping. She wanted any and all credit to go to her husband.

“Come. . .ooorrruup. . .on now!” Ingrid butted back into the conversation. Her plate was empty and stomach filled enough to focus on talking again. “Dimtri’s a great king. . .but behind every great ruler is a great wife!” She tried to reach and hand over and pat Marianne for support, but her body was stopped by the chair. Ingrid was so wedged into her seat that she could hardly move. Her supportive swipes and pawing at Marianne only amounted to making her own fat bounce. Ingrid was nothing but determined, however, and tried several more times. Her bulk sloshing and rippling back and forth in the chair gouged deep grooves in the floor. Those same marks could be found around all the chairs which Ingrid blessed with her presence back home. House Gautier had become rather desperate in its search for a master carpenter and reasonably priced lumber. Though, this was one of the details that Ingrid had not been made privy to.

“I had always heard it the other way around.” Dorothea put a finger to her lips innocently as she thought. Her eyes quickly switched to lewd mischief a moment later. “A great woman always has a man *behind* her.” She smiled like a wolf with the wicked and implied sexual meaning. “Is that the case, Ingrid? Does Sylvain satisfy?”

“Hey!” The bloated, pampered blonde snapped for a moment as her husband was impugned. “I will have you know that Sylvain does an excellent job as ruler of House Guatier.” she swooned, thinking of both his leadership capabilities as well as other skills he employed. “That domain just happens to extend to *all* areas of the house.” She smiled, taking a moment to adjust her dress and arrange her fat. Large breasts bounced atop an even more bountiful belly. A belly so wondrously large needed particularly thunderous thighs for support, which Ingrid had in spades. For just a moment, she thought about the times when Sylvian was gripping those thighs and pulling them apart. He really could sweet talk the moon into staying up a bit longer. . .and Ingrid into bed. Ingrid hardly felt fat when Sylvain touched her, he had a way of inspiring a sense of weightlessness; though the mattress was often collapsing under her. “And yes he does satisfy, thank you very much.” She sniffed, hoping that she had done a good job of defending her love and husband. Meanwhile, the other women were feeling a bit heated by Ingrid’s suggestions of Sylvain’s charm and diplomatic skill.

“Oh, you would not believe how good Ashe is at his duties!” Annette giggled, bursting into the conversation. The other women’s eyes widened, wondering if the young woman was going to give a glance into her love life. While the evidence of Ashe and Annie’s copulation bloomed before their eyes, it was hard to imagine the two innocents engaging in such adult behavior. While Ashe was hardly the stripling boy he had been, Annie’s bulk could crush him easily. The thought of her wobbling mass of ass fat pinning the silver haired man to a chair made them all blush. The thoughts came unbidden to the ladies: Annie’s enormous buttcheeks filling his lap, Ashe guiding her back even further, Annie dancing or gyrating. Those and the other suggestions appearing to the women were too much to consider. Annie, however, was quite willing to give all the lurid details.

“My hubby-wubby has done an excellent job funding and organizing the school I’ve set up!” Annette beamed, clutching her chest as she heroically talked about her husband’s charity. “He walks me to class every morning, helping run through my lessons.” Annie’s face was as scarlet as her hair, visibly flustered by her husband's gallantry. “And then, when we get there, he will plant a kiss right on my nose!” She squealed, kicking her legs at the scandalous notion. Her ass rose and fell as her thick calves flopped about in the air. “Right where the children and townsfolk can see us! He’s so *daring*.” She smiled and the other women in the room let out sighs of relief. Some couples were better left with purity and innocence in their hearts

Byleth listened to all the stories from her friends and former students, her eyes growing moist. It was hard to believe the women that they had all grown into. They were rulers, teachers, socialites, and mothers still besides. Ignoring the physical capacity in which they had grown, they had blossomed even more internally. Byleth’s hands fumbled with her necklace a bit, tucking it back underneath her immense bosom. She now felt silly for having been so insistent upon showing it off. These were ladies that had made deep impacts in the world, using their talents for the betterment of those around them. Byleth was immensely proud of them, but also felt a little ashamed. Her time had been spent eating, cuddling with Mercedes, and picking out new clothes and jewelry. It was hardly an inspiring lifestyle. Byleth tried to pay attention to what the other women were saying, but she saw the conversation through a veil of tears. She grasped a belly fold, feeling sympathetic kicks come from her belly. Whether from her own gestating children or from Mercedes, Byleth could at least know that comfort was in arm’s reach.

“You know, you’ve done some amazing things yourself.” Mercedes, who had once again slyly intuited her wife’s feelings, whispered. She leaned down, kissing the top of Byleth’s head and spoke into her ear. “We are like this because of you.” She rubbed a hand around the heavy, expansive stomach which bore her and Byleth’s many babies. “You led us through school, then through battle, now through motherhood.” Byleth could feel the warmth filling Mercedes’ words. “You’ve given Fodlan a lot of new life, directly,” Mercedes palmed the apex of Byleth’s baby bump, also feeling the brimming kicks within. “And indirectly.” She guided Byleth’s eyes back to the other ladies. Brimming with fat, babies, and feminine energy, they sat talking and gabbing. Byleth’s tears turned from shame to happiness. The happiness within her continued to build, taking on a physical weight within her chest. She flapped her arms, overcome with emotion converting to power. As had been the case many times before, she was fulfilling her duty as divine conduit.

“Oh, girls, I’m suh. . .hooo. . .sorry to interrupt!” Byleth wept openly as she spoke. She charged into the conversation, needing to express herself before the moment passed. She hoped it wasn’t too rude, a similar accident to when her double-wide hips bumped into someone. “I just. . .ooohh. . .need to say. . .” Tears now fully ran down her chubby face, dripping onto her breast and chest. She laughed as she cried realizing how silly she was being. Byleth shook her head, her vivid green hair and tears scattering like flower petals on the wind. As the droplets of salty water took to the air they moved like little fireflies, taking on crystalline shapes. They landed amongst the soil of the garden. The flowers had been long since dead and gone for the season. Yet, they began to sprout anew. Imbued with the powerful, primal magic within Byleth, flowers of all kinds flourished in seconds. A pinkish, rosy haze spread through the garden. Byleth ignored all of this as she talked. “I’m jussh. . .soo. . .ssoo. . .proud of you all!” She finally forced the words out, massive body shuddering with sobs and crying.

“Good job. There, there.” Mercedes patted and rubbed her wife’s back, letting her thin fingers sink into the folds of back fat.

The other girls began to struggle out of their seats. Bellies bounced, biceps wobbled, thighs and buttcheeks clapped as they all forced themselves up. They stood on feet and legs that were beginning to struggle to carry their bulk. While each of the women would be more comfortable sitting, they could not let the moment pass. Having witnessed a miracle, they needed to pay respects to the woman that had brought it into existence. Slowly, the rotund ladies ambled forward. They bumped and jostled each other in their hurry to attend to their sobbing professor. There was a closeness though, something which went beyond when they were skinny and not pregnant. There was a bond and connection, religious and spiritual, between their fat and filled wombs. The feeling only intensified as they crowded around the woman that had inspired them so much. They petted and hugged their archbishop, squeezing more tears out and then wiping them away. Through it all, Byleth smiled and sobbed; realizing she would always be in their hearts.