

“CHEL GETS HER JUST DESSERTS”

By Z.O.B. Industries

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In the depths of a dungeon in Spain, lit by guttering torches and populated by roaches and rats, a cell of iron bars echoed with the plink of falling water and the far-off screams of Inquisition victims. Inside the cell, three figures hung from chains on the wall: a blonde male bimbo, a whip-thin man with a goatee, and a dark-skinned girl with full lips, wearing a tattered courtesan's dress.

“Well,” said Miguel, clearing his throat, “I think that went well.”

“Glad you think so,” said Tulio, deadpan. “So what torture will we get? I'm thinking thumb-screws.”

“My bet's the rack. Fifty pesos?”

“You're on.”

“Guys,” said Chel, her wrists aching, “how are we getting out of here?”

Silence. As usual, the three *caballeros* had come up with a genius plan to rob someone blind, without any real backup. At first, it had worked well: Chel had distracted the visiting aristocrat from Italy, while Miguel and Tulio raided his coffers. If Miguel hadn't started flirting with a serving-wench, and Chel hadn't started dipping into the wine cellar as part of her “distraction,” it might actually have worked. But instead, here they were.

“Maybe,” said Miguel, pursing his lips, “we should use the monkey paw.”

“No!” the other two shouted in unison. The cursed item they'd picked up in India had drawn them into horrible situations before—they'd all agreed never to use it again. Well, Miguel and Tulio and Chel had shaken on it; El Tivo, still waiting outside the fortress gates for them, had put his hoof in as part of the agreement. But as the trio looked at each other, it became obvious they didn't have a choice.

“Okay,” Miguel sighed, “which one of us has it?”

“Not me,” said Tulio. “I was worried I'd wish for more Chels, and then we'd be drowning in big butts.”

Chel kicked him. “Like you need more than one of me!”

“Ow! Okay, I deserved that, a little.”

“I have it,” she announced. “It's um, down the front of this dress thing.”

Tulio blanched. “You put the monkey's paw in your *tits*? That seems... unwise.”

“Why,” said Miguel, “are you worried she'd wish for a more skilled lover?” Once Tulio was done kicking him, he nodded at Chel. “Okay. So, it needs to be rubbed, right? Rub your bosoms together, and make a wish. Be *very* specific!”

“Sure,” said Chel, rolling her eyes. “Let me just move my *tit muscles* around.”

“Actually, those are called pectorals—”

“Shut up, Miguel.” She sighed. “You boys got me into this, the least you can do is be quiet. Okay, here we go...”

Grunting softly, she shimmied her chest, brown breasts wobbling and heaving inside her battered corset. “Monkey paw, O monkey paw. I wish I could get out'a here. Somewhere safe—somewhere I'd never have to worry about *stupid* schemes and *stupid* men, ever ever again!”

Tulio blanched. “You need to say 'we', Chel! Be specific!”

Too late. Chel felt a warmth between her breasts, and heard the far-off cackle of a ghost-monkey as it twisted the words of her wish. There was a whoosh of characteristically spooky wind as she disappeared... whisked away to somewhere else.

“Well,” said Miguel, “technically, she *did* escape. We're one-third of the way out!”

Tulio felt torn. His girlfriend was gone... but, no matter how the monkey's paw had twisted her wish, at least she'd be safe. Somewhere. “Yeah. I guess so. You can still pick locks with your dick, right?”



Chel slowly opened her eyes. She was lying somewhere warm, on soft pillows and bird-down. The room around her was large, lavishly decorated with tribal frescoes and glyphs. Best of all, she was free—no chains. Sitting up, she grunted as the corset restricted her breathing. “Oof, those Spanish women... Too damn skinny.”

She used a shiv to saw through the flimsy corset-strings. As she did so, her bounteous chest oozed out several inches to freedom, and she saw the monkey-paw was still tucked in her cleavage. That made sense: they'd already used one wish during the Cockaigne Caper, and everyone knew those things were good for three. She'd have to hang onto it.

Stripping off the cumbersome petticoats, Chel rose to her feet. “Hello?” Torches flickered in sconces near an enormous door of stone, but outside of that she couldn't see any exit. Tiny windows let in tropical sunlight from the ceiling and walls. Dozens of stone altars around her were laden with bottles, bowls and platters. To her surprise and pleasure, they were full of fresh food. And not the dull, boring food of the Spaniards, but food from her part of the world: papayas, mangoes and loaves of maize-corn bread. She reached out and grabbed one, and it was still warm.

Biting into it, she relished the taste. Her parents used to make bread like this, before Tzekel-Kan had them sacrificed to the gods. She hoped that bastard lingered in Xibalba forever. Maybe she was back in her hometown?

But no, this place looked nothing like El Dorado; for one thing, there was less gold. “Hello?” she said again. “Whose house is dis? Come on out—otherwise I'm gonna eat all your food.” When no one answered, she shrugged. “Well, I warned you.”

A cunning woman, Chel nonetheless had simple desires. She valued freedom, food and sex, in that order, and since she wasn't getting any of the first and third, she thought she might as well indulge in some of the second. She snacked on bananas and grapes, bread and wine, until her stomach felt packed and swollen and a mild buzz turned the shafts of sunlight into bright pillars. “Mmm. I dunno who runs dis place but—*urrrp*, they sure can cook!”

The doors boomed open, and Chel was so startled she dropped a grape down her cleavage. Through the doors came a tall, strident man in ceremonial garb. Some kind of chief, Chel saw, but she'd never seen pelts like this in El Dorado—or anywhere. He was a handsome man, fit and strong, but his face was full of animal desire—desire, and a certain level of starry-eyed madness. Behind him a short, stubby attendant hurried, reading pictograms from a stone tablet.

“My Lord Huemac—we have scoured every village and home in your lands. There are no women with these measurements. It simply isn't possible!”

“Blasphemy!” The tall man raised a hand to the sky. “I am King. I will have my gods-given right. And my gods-given right is...” He clutched at the air, as if fondling a pair of pendulous fruits. “Ass. I desire ASS!”

“Yes, sire.” The attendant sighed. “You have made that clear.”

“And I will not rest until I have--” He paused, seeing Chel peeking over a platter of fried plantains. “Ah, hello. What have we here?”

The mad king advanced on her and Chel shrank back, brandishing a meat skewer. The man laughed, looking down at her. “What is this? Chapultec, you did not tell me I had a new concubine!” He wagged his eyebrows. “And one with such ample hips! They feed girls well in your province, do they?”

Chel, not interested in being a concubine, threw a bowl at him. It knocked off his headdress with a clang, and his shoulder-length hair was knocked askew. Instantly several guards carrying obsidian-toothed clubs hustled into the rooms.

“Easy, easy.” The King waved down his men as Chel brandished a turkey leg. “My new consort is just a little... feisty, that's all. And that's fine. I like a woman with spirit.” He grinned at her, wagging his eyebrows, and she spat at him.

“Pig! Let me out of here.”

She knew she could wish on the monkey's paw again, but if it twisted her wish and landed her in another place like this... Well, she couldn't trust it. Better to fight her way free and figure out where the hell she was. Speaking of which... “Uh, where is this palace, exactly?”

“You are in the great empire of the Toltec,” said the King's attendant. “Home of Huemac, the Great Gift, He of the Large Hands and Even Larger—”

“Yes, yes, yes,” said Huemac, sitting down beside Chel. She inched away, and he smiled. He really was very handsome, she saw... even if he was a bit crazy. “You are free to leave if you like. I do not keep my concubines here by threat of violence.” He gestured at the feast. “Of course, outside my palace walls, you won't find such delicious meals...”

Chel swallowed. She was still full from her “snacking,” but part of her wanted more. She'd never had access to such delicious food before, not even when she and the boys had raided the larders of the King of Spain. That guy had been loaded, but this King had food from all over the continent, and even some fruits she didn't recognize. “Well... That's very nice of you,” she said, giving him her best con-woman smile. “But I really gotta get back to my crew.”

“Are you sure?” said Huemac, nodding at the table. “We have the best wine in the empire, here. A gift from the gods themselves.”

“Um...” Chel glanced at the guards. They wore elaborate jaguar masks and had rippling pectorals; they didn't seem interested in keeping her here, but she suspected pissing off the crazy King was a bad idea. “Sure. Just a few drinks, and then I'll go.”

But several hours later, she was near the bottom of a bottle of wine, laughing and giggling with Huemac at the huge banquet table. “You fucked a goddess? No way!”

He nodded solemnly. “A god, actually. They changed themselves to women to seduce me. I would have said no, but...” He shrugged. “It is my curse. I cannot resist an enormous rear, and the gods knew it. I am still mocked in the courtyards of the peasants for it, to this day.” He shook his head. “No

matter. Not even the gods can give me what I desire!”

Chel smirked. He was crazy, sure, but he poured her clay goblet all the way to the top with wine... just the way she liked it. Cheeks flushed and belly sloshing with fine food and drink, she was less and less eager to leave. “And what is it you desire, oh King?”

He smiled, eyes dancing with that special madness. “You heard me, girl. I desire the biggest, fattest, juiciest ass in all the cosmos.” He made that air-grabbing motion again. “And I will not rest, I will not tire, until such an ass is mine!”

“It's true,” said his attendant, from a position at the end of the table where he was carving new pictograms. “And the royal coffers know it, too. We've lost enough territory over this 'ass quest' to nearly destroy our hold on—”

“Bah! What do I care for treasure?” Huemac slurped his wine. “Mine is a divine journey. I was born to find the biggest, softest, roundest ass in the universe! Damn the costs!”

Chel paused. She'd been thinking of simply running off, and finding her way back to Spain—or, failing that, just use the monkey paw again and be VERY specific. Yet she saw an opportunity to make money here. “My Lord,” she said, leaning back in her chair with her engorged stomach pooching over the top of her loincloth, “I take it you have scoured the land for such... buttocks?”

“Yes.” Huemac sighed. “Not even my power and influence can get me what I hunger for. Even the biggest women my soldiers could find barely satisfied me for a night. Oh, why must I have this all-devouring need! Why, Gods?”

Chel rolled her eyes. *Truly, what a struggle.* “Have you considered that maybe instead of finding a big ass, you could make one?”

Both the King and his attendant looked up at her. “Go on,” said Huemac, swilling his goblet around. The sun had dipped below the windows, sunset painting the gold of the room. Chel's eyes landed on that gold: it wasn't El Dorado quality, but it would do. All she had to do was reel in her mark.

“If you took a woman with... impressive assets, like me for instance,” and she slapped her impressive brown hips, “and fed her lots of this...” She gestured at the table. “Wouldn't her ass grow?”

The King and Chapultec looked at each other. Chapultec consulted his tablets, counting frantically. “Such a project would consume the produce of many farms...”

“I like it,” said Huemac, leaning over the table. “And who should be the subject for my little... experiment?”

Chel raised her hand and hiccuped, a scheme growing in her mind. “I have enjoyed your bounties so far, my King. And I am willing to grow these assets for you... As big as you want. With a few conditions.”

Huemac was practically drooling now. “Yes?”

“Once I have gotten the ass you want, you will have *one* night to enjoy it.” She held up one

finger. “And after that, I leave. I will also require payment in gold, equal to my weight, once I've grown to your satisfaction.”

Huemac nodded frantically. “You strike a hard bargain... but I accept” He reached across the table and kissed her hand. “I do not know how you arrived here, Chel, but you must have been sent by the gods. We feed you at dawn!”

Chel grinned, reaching for a chicken leg. She stripped the skin from it bit by bit, sucking it down, grease dripping onto her soft chin as she licked her lips. “Why wait?” she said, as sultry as she could with her cheeks full of chicken meat. “I say we start right now... my King. *Urrrp.*”

Huemac was glad to oblige. Before Chel finally told him she'd had enough, he filled her full of several game hens, loaf after loaf of maize bread, two more bottles of wine, and enough roast fish to supply a small lake. She retired to a ceremonial concubine bed belching, staggering, and clumsily swatting away Huemac's lusting fingers from her ass. Not that she minded the attention: the King had *very* large hands, and in Chel's experience, men with large hands weren't lacking in other body parts. But she kept her conditions clear, even drunk and slurring as she was: she would not go to bed with him until her ass was bigger than any of his past concubines. During the night, she heard guards depositing gold at the foot of her bed, as payment for her “hard work.” She tossed and turned with indigestion, burping softly into the elegant pillows, clutching her aching stomach.

This would be a very uncomfortable con job. She also felt guilty about flaunting her body for Huemac, even though she had no intention of actually lying down with the man. She would eat until her body was enticing enough to keep Huemac on the hook, and then escape with the gold before she actually ruined her figure. Chel was not interested in becoming the King's bloated sex-cow, as luxurious as her surroundings were, and she'd already picked out the window she'd escape through.

She fell asleep drunk, drooling, and dreaming of gold.



The next day was a constant, never-ending parade of feasts. Huemac's servants bore shining platters of roast pig, huge bowls of fruits, and endless jugs of wine. Chel was forced to pace herself as the King's “generosity” showered her with far more food than she could possibly eat. Clearly his passion for large rear ends extended into his passion for cuisine: all the food was delicious, probably specially chosen by Huemac himself. Chel, being a woman of indiscriminate tastes, stuffed it all down regardless of quality.

By noon, she was deep in a food coma, her stomach ball-like and gurgling—overpacked with food and booze. She asked the guards for some fresh air, and they let her out onto an enormous stone

balcony overlooking Huemac's city. They likely reasoned she was too stuffed to attempt any kind of an escape—they were right, of course, but that didn't mean she couldn't plan for a *later* attempt, once they were all asleep.

Huemac's kingdom was certainly impressive. It wasn't quite as gilded as El Dorado, but it was much larger—the city of stone and clay buildings around them stretched for several miles, petering off into rolling foothills and dense patches of jungle. She didn't recognize any of the terrain, and saw no landmarks from her own land. “Stupid monkey paw...” Wherever she was, it was far from home.

The palace itself was an enormous ziggurat of marble and gold, stretching down into the buildings below. There was a high wall around the edges of it, and then what looked like a natural river moat winding around that, the water gushing down from the mountains. Chel frowned. It would take a lot of climbing, swimming and sneaking to get out of here—especially with a bag full of Huemac's gold. She would have to think of something less complicated. If Tulio were here, she thought, he could have cooked up some elaborate scheme. That boy did love his schemes.

But Tulio wasn't here. Which was a damn shame, Chel thought, because all this wine had put her in the mood for a good humping. Granted, she didn't feel at her sexual best with her stomach loaded down like this, but then again Tulio might *like* her this way. She was beautiful, after all, and more of her just meant more beauty. Thinking of her whip-thin lover, Chel bit her lip... and then slipped down behind the stone wall, food-stained fingers sneaking under her loincloth. A girl had to keep herself entertained, while in captivity.

When she snuck back inside, knees quivering, she found Huemac's secretary waiting for her. The stout, balding man had a stone tablet and was marking down every plate and dish the guards brought into the concubine chambers.

“Forty-three days production lost... Forty-four...”

“Move over, Shorty.” She elbowed him out of the way. “Mama's ready for seconds.”

He sniffed at her. “You ate half a district's worth of food this morning!”

“What can I say, this palace is growing on me.” She poured herself a goblet of wine and chugged it, the liquor hitting her belly and jostling for position with the food and liquids there. “Oof. Gonna need to work on my capacity.”

“I'm so glad you're having a good *time*,” Chapultec sneered at her. “You're a major detriment to our economy! I've got whole fields of workers pulling overtime to harvest the food that's going into that greedy gut.” He prodded her bulging brown stomach with his tablet chisel, scowling.

Chel burped. Whole fields? That did make her feel kind of bad. Then again, she was a guest here, and the King himself had decreed they should feed her as much as she could hold. And she wasn't nearly satisfied. She reached for a bowl of popped corn kernels, shoveling them into her mouth.

“Well... urrrph, tell 'em to work harder. I'm still hungry.”



Chel was a smart girl; she prided herself on outsmarting every enemy she'd made, even the Tzekel-Khan. She'd figured she'd thicken up a bit, shake her rear for the king, and then run away with all the gold she could carry. What she hadn't considered was that Huemac was absolutely crazy, and she was going to be here a while.

He didn't just want a big ass—he wanted the *biggest* ass, perhaps in all of time. Each day he measured her obsessively for new growth, practically drooling over her slowly swelling hips. Chel was willing to put up with it—for now—at the price of watching his abs flex while he worked, and the undeniable pleasure of trying to guess whether that huge bulge in his loincloth was just padding or the *real deal*. She had to admit, the eating was a strain: she was constantly exhausted, greasy-skinned, sleepy and painfully full. Yet she couldn't stop.

She'd never had this much food and drink in her entire life, and damned if she wasn't going to enjoy it. She gobbled, she gorged, she glugged. Each day she finished by passing out in bed, so drunk she could hardly move. For a girl whose entire life revolved around self-satisfaction, this was heaven.

On top of all that, Huemac also showered her with gifts: bracelets, necklaces, fine jade and ivory baubles and a fancy feathered headdress “fit for a queen.” She didn't like the implications there, but she wore it anyway: it made her feel powerful. The first time she saw herself in the surface of a mirror, chubby-cheeked but looking like a goddess, she nearly came in her loincloth. It was like a dream come true!

Well, except for all the fat.

Each week brought new weight to her body, new rolls to her sides. Her stomach softened, pooched out and began to sag, dangling onto her lap. Her arms thickened and began to jiggle when she reached for another roast dog-rib or a bottle of wine—she'd upgraded from goblets to just chugging from the wine-gourds themselves. Her chin doubled, and soon was on the verge of tripling. She had trouble climbing the stairs, in the palace—not that she often bothered. She was an empress in her own right, and demanded everything be brought to her. It was, after all, what the King demanded.

She was alarmed at how quick her body expanded, though. She had thought Huemac would be satisfied with a few extra pounds, but over and over he told her she was too small, often patting her ass with a condescending chuckle. Furious, she ate more just to spite him, and gave herself indigestion. The royal toilets were in quite a state, after she felt the effects of these vengeful binges.

One day she was lying on the plush cushions the King had filled her chambers with, drunkenly

examining her jewelry. It was getting tight: her wrists were becoming chubby. After only a month, she had gained what in Spain must have been hundreds of *onzas*, or ounces. She didn't know how they measured weight in Huemac's country, but she didn't like the look of the elaborate, human-sized scale he kept in his royal offices. The counterweight was a stack of golden discs that she couldn't have moved without ten men to help her.

And yet... She wanted that golden payoff, so *badly*. She wanted it so fucking much that even though her stomach was aching, and she was perpetually on the verge of puking, she kept eating. And drinking. Now she lay in a stupor, so stuffed she couldn't even sit up without discomfort. In the middle of groaning and rubbing her stomach, she saw a strange vision, sitting on the high narrow windows of the royal boudoir.

It was a woman, incredibly beautiful and covered in trinkets. She had long green hair, playful eyes, and what appeared to be horns curling from her forehead. Even more noticeable was her chest, a pair of melons each bigger than her head. Chel decided maybe she'd had too much of the King's drugs; she could accept pale and incredibly busty, but people didn't have horns. She must be hallucinating.

The apparition hopped down from the window, landing lightly despite the ten-foot drop, her massive bosom wobbling inside the thin robe she wore. Chel could see the woman's nipples standing under it, each with an areola as wide as an apple. She grew jealous, despite the fact that she was clearly dreaming. *I could use a pair of knockers like that... Bet she can make men do anything she wants...*

The girl sashayed over to her. Her voice was light and mischievous. “My goodness. Has the King found himself a new play-toy already?” She leaned over, examining Chel. “Hmm, you aren't nearly big enough for him yet. It'll be a couple years before he's satisfied with you.”

Chel struggled to sit up, her pot-belly sloshing with its heavy burden. “Years? Who *urrrp* are you? Get out of my chambers.”

“Oh, please.” The green-haired mystery woman nudged Chel onto her back again with surprising strength; the native girl plopped onto the cushions and felt her entire body jiggle and quiver with the impact. “You don't recognize me, do you? You wouldn't, you're from the wrong continent. My name is Quetzacoatl, but you can call me Lucoa.” She winked at Chel, who noticed the woman's eyes were two different colors: one yellow, and one a brilliant green. “I'm a god. Or goddess. Whichever I feel like, really.”

Chel snorted. “This is the worst con ever. And I've worked with fake gods.”

“Fake, huh?” Lucoa snapped her fingers, and a circle of pictograph-runes hovered in the air next to her. She reached into the circle, her arm disappearing, and when it returned she was holding a huge bowl of cocoa beans. She popped one in her mouth, crunching it between her teeth. “Mmm! So bitter. Want one?”

“You're... a real goddess?” Chel swallowed. Not because she was nervous, but because the ten lunches she'd had were struggling to escape out her mouth. “Could you maybe—I don't know. Do me a favor, and get me out of here?”

Lucoa tapped her chin. “Hmm. No can do, sweetie. You're tainted with dark magic.” She tapped the monkey's paw, which was buried between Chel's plump breasts. They were nothing compared to

Lucoa's wobbling balloons, but they did serve her well for holding stuff. “Though I *can* help with your Huemac problem. See, you could eat for decades and still never be big enough for that guy. Trust me—I've tried.”

“You know Huemac?”

“Know him? He and I were an item.” She waved a hand. “As far as mortals go, he was okay. They don't call him 'Big Gift' for nothing. But he kept asking me to use magic on my ass, and it got old after the first thousand pounds.”

“Huh.” Chel noted with pleasure that she outranked the goddess in the ass department: Lucoa was buxom and curvy, but the mortal girl's newly fattened hips outclassed hers by several inches.

“So I broke up with him, and erased his memory of me,” Lucoa said. “But he keeps bringing in new girls—he's out of control. I want you to finally give him what he asks for... his just desserts.”

Chel wasn't sure she liked the sound of this. Grabbing a handful of cocoa nuts, she chomped on them, relishing the exotic taste. Extremely bitter, but sweet too. Before she was even done chewing, she grabbed another handful. “How am I supposed to do that?”

“Magic!” Lucoa waggled her arms, and Chel's eyes were drawn back to that canyon of cleavage. She wasn't normally into girls, but... *damn*. Those pink hills looked so enticing. “I can bless you to gain weight faster than any of his other concubines, and eat more than any human could. So he'll be completely focused on you—and he'll shower you with gold.” She grinned. “And then I can watch Huemac get buried under the same fat he tried to make me gain for him. What do you say? Wanna help with some ironic comeuppance?”

“Hmm.” Chel pursed her lips, turning. Her body was a precious asset, her pride and joy, and Huemac had already made a mess of it... but the gold of an entire kingdom? Wasn't that worth a few more pounds? Sure it was. “Can you take off the... **urrup**, the weight, once you get your revenge?”

“Yeah, sure, whatever.”

Chel stuck out a chubby palm. “It's a—**hic**—deal, then.”

They shook on it, and the greedy con artist felt her whole body fill with tingling energy. Suddenly she wasn't full—she was ravenous. She grabbed a nearby wine-gourd and began chugging, the booze slopping down her tits and soaking her loincloth. Beneath her, her ass began to swell bulged, the mass inside her magically converting to fat. “Mmm! Feels... weird...”

“Yeah, it'll do that. Have fun!” Lucoa waved cheerily and teleported away, to join the rest of the gods. Alone in the concubine chamber, Chel began to stuff herself in earnest, grabbing and chomping and guzzling with a frantic energy. She'd show that stupid king what a fat ass looked like. She'd *bury* him in fat ass.

Beneath her skin, cellulite dimpled, and flesh oozed and swelled.



The next morning, King Huemac marched towards Chel's chambers, muscular body taut with tension. He'd worked his way through several other concubines before breakfast, and now he wished to check on his favorite—the mysterious foreigner. She was so *tiny* compared to the others, but she had potential. Plus, he liked her attitude. She refused to submit, and the thrill of the chase excited him. Once she was a bloated, wheezing mess like the rest of his harem, she would no doubt learn her place. He hoped he wouldn't get bored of her... after all, the kingdom could only sustain so many overweight paramours at once. Sometimes they had to be sacrificed.

He burst into Chel's lavish quarters, his servants hurrying behind him. “Chel, my sweet, I hope you saved room for a little extra... food...”

At first he couldn't understand what he was looking at. A wide, wrinkled expanse of brown meat bounced and shook before him. Then Chel straightened up from the table, where she'd bent over with her ass in the air, face in a bowl of cream. He realized what he'd been trying to absorb... was her ass itself. Or rather, what her ass had *become*.

She'd filled out. Her torso was wider and decked with smooth rolls of fat, nothing like the skinny girl who'd arrived in his palace. The hanging folds of her upper arms and ring of flesh around her neck, the sagging plump breasts and the ample swaying belly, were all impressive. But the King wasn't interested in those, or her sultry face. None of it compared to the might and majesty of... Dat Ass.

Overnight, Chel had gained at least hundred pounds—over two *quintals*. Her hips had quadrupled in size, and they hadn't been small to begin with. Her upper body was balanced on the inverted pyramid of meat composing her legs, thighs and mammoth rump. It actually took her a few seconds to turn around to greet him, due to the sheer bulk she'd added to her frame. Her thighs were broad, bunched pillars of undulating meat, and her knees had dimpled with fat. Even her feet had grown thick and chunky.

She smiled at him, face splattered with cream. “My Lord. Do you like, *hurrrp*, what you see?” The wet rumble of her belch did nothing to dissuade his erection, and it pitched a tent ten inches high under his royal garb.

“Yes,” he said. “Yes, I do.”

Chel watched his manhood grow, her eyes full of amusement... and lust. She'd pulled back her hair into a ponytail to avoid soaking it in food and booze, but it was still matted with sweat and stuck to her back-fat folds. Now she let her hair down, long black tresses tumbling down onto her doughy chest

and swollen, bulging gut. “Well, enjoy the show,” she said simply, taking a skinned orange from the piles of food on her table and biting into it. Sweet juices sprayed over her belly and upper legs, running down her thighs and catching in the folds and creases there.

“How... How did you do this?”

“Just a little trick we foreign girls know.” Chel hiccuped, swaying. Despite her new mass, she'd still managed to get herself drunk before he arrived. It had taken several gourds, but her appetites was bottomless now. She felt like she could gobble up the whole world... not to mention that amazing “gift” standing tall under Heumac's clothes. She was half tempted to grab it, but she was trying to be faithful to Tulio—and her own schemes.

Never give the suckers what they want until you've sucked 'em dry, she thought. Mmm, I'd love to suck HIM dry, though...

“You are magnificent. A vision.” He circled her body, gently prodding and squeezing her new meat, as if trying to feel out some sort of hoax. But the fat was genuine, and Chel smirked, proud of herself despite the damage to her figure. She had this man in the palm of her hand. All she had to do was make sure he stayed there.

“If I can grow like this for you, in one night...” She pressed up against him, the warm skin of her belly nudging his crotch, enveloping it. “Imagine ten nights. Or twenty. I can give you everything you've ever wanted, Lord Huemac. Of course... I might need some encouragements, first.” She jingled the golden bracelets at him. Most of them were sunk deeply into the fat of her arms, but a few were still loose enough to make a point.

“Yes. Yes,” he said, panting, his large hands running over the flaps and folds of her new frame. “Anything you want. Anything for my queen.”

“Now, now,” she teased, reaching down to squeeze his erection. *Gods, it's massive! How does he even walk?* “Who said anything about Queen? I prefer friend... with **urrrrrplh**, extreme benefits.” She wished she hadn't belched in his face—her breath smelled of milk, wine and meat. But he didn't seem to mind. In fact, it just seemed to excite him.

“Of course,” he said, grinning. “As friends, we should each... enjoy each other's prosperity.” He grabbed twin fist-fulls of her ass, barely able to wrap his arms around her, and Chel felt a rush of unexpected pleasure. Tulio was never this rough with her, never touched her like he *owned* her. In fact, she usually ended up being on top. She doubted the King would be so gentle... and that got her pretty excited.

She pulled away, holding his wrists. “Not so fast. Remember our agreement. One night only—once I have satisfied you.” She wiggled her hips, the flesh shaking and quaking, taking several moments to finally come to rest. “Am I close yet?”

The emperor licked his lips. “We shall see. For now, I must have the servants bring you more food. I want to see how far we can take this... talent of yours.” Was that suspicion, in his eyes? She thought she'd imagined it, but he wasn't stupid. He surely knew she couldn't have grown without help. What if he found out she was cheating, with magic?

He whistled, and his slaves came in with more platters, jugs and bowls, freshly cooked meats, huge bunches of grapes—and gold. Baskets of fine figurines, anklets, rings and even what looked like rubies clustered in a royal diadem. She couldn't help but gasp. El Dorado had been rich, but this... this was *art*. Gold spun into elaborate patterns and pressed with flawless gems she'd never seen before. An endless, coveting greed surged inside her as she took one of the baskets, entranced.

“My Lord. You're so generous.”

“Anything for you. Now eat.” He bowed deeply, and departed with a smile. “And let your body show me new wonders. I hope to see more ass in the morning.”

The doors boomed shut, and she sighed. Handsome and well endowed he might be, but Huemac had a one-track mind. “Hold it,” she told the servant girls as they turned for the doors. “It gets dull in here. Stay and give me company.”

The tallest servant woman frowned. “Won't King Huemac be angry, if you don't eat his food? What if you fail to grow?”

Chel snorted. “That's not a problem. Stay here and party with me, girls—but try and keep up.” She slapped her stomach, relishing the meaty slap despite how unnatural her new body was. “I party hard.”



And she did. For the next few days Chel ate with a speed and voracity she hadn't thought was possible. She sucked down maize bread, entire racks of smoked fish, roast boar and alcohol with a speed that clearly frightened the servant girls. But she was determined to get as big as possible—asking for her weight in gold had been a stroke of genius. Once she was absolutely *huge*, she could demand huge piles of gold from the King, and then Lucoa could shrink her down after Huemac had made a fool of himself.

There was only one problem: she was gaining too fast.

Inside of twelve hours, she was having trouble walking around, her thighs so big she could hardly push them past each other. Within two days she was so fat the servant girls needed to help her out of bed. By the time a week had passed, she was monstrously overweight—and all the wine, drugs and food were starting to take their toll.

“Pass me another... fuckin'... sweet roll,” she slurred, reclined in a sitting position against the mountain of gold items Huemac had brought her. Her ass was so wide it had eclipsed every chair in the room, and was on its way to being too large for her bed. She had no idea how she was still moving—

Lucoa's magic, perhaps. Either way, it was exhausting.

Tehoti, one of her favorite servant girls, staggered to the overloaded stone dining table and brought Chel a plate of the sugary buns. She was drunk too: the women had taken Chel's command to party with her quite liberally, and she was red-faced and clumsy, her stomach bulging obscenely under her peasant's sackcloth robe.

“There ya go... my **HIC** Queen!” She giggled as Chel swiped a roll off the plate and bit into it, crumbs spewing over her immense belly and rolls. “Easy there! You can't *hic*, fuck Huemac if you explode, ha!”

“Aw, shhhh... shut up, dumbass. **BRRRuulch!**” Through blurry vision, Chel waved her closer. When Tehoti approached she grabbed the girl and pulled her to the floor with her, the sweet rolls scattering. “Come here ya... ya little slut. Rub my stomach, I'm gassy.”

The slave-girl giggled drunkenly, rubbing Chel's massive gut through the greasy slick of sauces and spilled wine that covered it. As massive as her ass was, her gut was now catching up: it rose in a dome of gelatinous, crumb-coated glory over her, wobbling back and forth in slow motion as Tehoti massaged it. Chel grunted as a small fart puffed out from between her immense cheeks. Dignity and hygiene had sort of taken a backseat to her goal, and it wasn't as if the girls minded. They were too low-ranking to criticize her, and after a few glasses of wine they all thought it was hilarious when she let one fly.

If Tulio could see me now... For a moment, imprisoned in her own fat and too drunk and stoned to stand, she felt a flicker of shame. But it was quickly buried under a desperate need for more food. More wine. More *anything*, really, and she spanked Tehoti until the girl stumbled upright and fetched her more food.

“Having fun?”

She looked up blearily to see Lucoa standing over her, nibbling on a sweet-roll. The goddess had dispensed with clothes entirely. It was the style, in here: Chel's servants were nude at her command, and she herself had long since outgrown clothes. Straps of canvas held up her teats, and a huge silk thong gave her lower half some structure—and a touch of modesty. Not that she needed it, with her belly now swinging between her thighs.

“What do you want? **HorrRRrp.**”

“Just checking in.” Lucoa smirked. “Some girls get addicted to Huemac's luxuries. I just wanted to make sure you've got eyes on the prize.” None of the other girls seemed to notice her; Chel reflected she was probably invisible, or something. Stupid goddess.

Those tits were so pretty, though. If her muscles weren't buried under hundreds of pounds of flesh, she would've copped a feel. Heterosexuality had abandoned her quickly—now, she lusted after everyone, simply eager for more decadence. Last night she'd made Tehoti pleasure her with a stone idol from behind. Now *that* had been a wild party...

“Hello? Chel, baby? You with me?” Lucoa snapped her fingers.

Chel blinked. For a minute she forgot what Lucoa was talking about. Then her drunken brain caught up, and she nodded slowly. “The... gold. Gotta get the gold. Gotta squash... stupid King. **BLURrrRP**. I'm on it.”

“I can tell.” Lucoa pinched one of the many saddlebags of flesh dangling off Chel's vast hips. “I have to admit, I'm impressed. Not even my magic could have made you this fat, this fast. A lot of this is just... you, being a pig! Isn't that crazy?”

“I'm... not... pig,” Chel grumbled, feeling a surge of vomit rush up her throat as her stomach tried to reject the sheer amount of material inside it. She swallowed it, too greedy to allow a single calorie to escape. *My food—mine. Stays in my belly. Ugh, I gotta fart...* She squinted, struggling to do so without accidentally soiling herself.

“Well, it looks like you've got things under control,” said Lucoa. “You're so big Huemac has stopped paying attention to anything else. His kingdom is falling apart! I love it.” She plucked a grape from under Chel's tit, and popped it in her mouth. “At this rate he'll be overthrown. Serves him right for making me into a blob—that jackass. Good thing I erased *that* memory.”

Chel fought to organize her thoughts through a haze of wine and peyote. “Yer... still gonna take the weight off. When we're **BLUH-HORRRrrrp** done here. R-right?”

“Yeah, yeah. Probably.” Lucoa cocked her hips, bosom swaying. “I dunno, it seems like you're having fun. Maybe I should let you keep the pounds?”

“Whfff? Nooo.” Chel waved at her. “You gotta... change me back. **BIURP!** Tulio will never love me like thish.”

Lucoa winked at her. “I think deep down you *like* this treatment. Look at how they wait on you hand and foot! Honestly, I'd join you, if I wasn't watching my weight.”

“Turn me back!” Chel tried to shout, but she belched halfway through, and it became more of a “Turn *muhhhHORRRRPTff*.” Specks of spittle and droplets of wine sprayed the room as gas erupted from her.

“Well, got to go, honey. I'm late for my Shotacons Anonymous meeting.” Lucoa paused, and then swiped a cup of wine off a tray before vanishing through a portal. “Gosh, I shouldn't. But maybe one drink for the road...”

“Stupid... huff... cow-tits.” Chel struggled to move, but it was exhausting. The realization that she was screwed was penetrating her pickled brain, and she began working on a plan. She peered at the doorway to the balcony. Maybe, with enough lube...

Yes. It was her only chance. She needed to escape, or become Huemac's fat plaything forever.



That night, Chel prodded Tehoti with a picked-clean bone. The girl woke up groaning, hung over and sluggish, though she was only a fragment as stuffed as Chel was.

“Aw, I was having a nice dream about the King... What is it?”

“Help me up.” Chel had sobered up since Lucoa's visit, and now was painfully aware of how clumsy and flabby her body had become. She only moved it to stagger to the toilets these days, so even standing up was difficult for her.

“Do you need me to fetch the rag-on-a-stick?”

“No, it's not that.” She stuffed a handful of grapes into her mouth to prepare for the hardest challenge she could imagine: standing up. “I'm getting—**URRP!** Out of here.”

“You're leaving? But...” The girl glanced fearfully towards the guards. “If Huemac finds out you're gone, he'll start fattening *us* next!”

“You're a big girl. You can *orrrp*, handle it.” Chel stuck out her arms, folds of brown fat dangling off them in thick rolls. “Besides, I don't *want* to be his concubine.” She paused. “Okay, I do a little. But I'm Chel of El Dorado—I don't bend over for nobody!”

Tehoti sighed. “If you say so.” She reached for a half-empty bowl of wine. “What's the plan?”

Chel told her. A few minutes later, they were taking their positions. Chel had been able to stand and waddle towards the guards after Tehoti helped her up—it would have been a little easier if the bottom of her belly didn't drag on the floor now. Her ass swayed back and forth behind her, the size of one of Huemac's lovemaking couches. It was the only part of this new body she was legitimately proud of.

“Hey there,” she said, moving towards the burly man watching the door. “I'm tired of waiting for the King. You want a piece of this?” She slapped her gut, and it rippled all the way down to the lumpy, stretchmark-ridden pubic mound beneath it.

The man looked repulsed, but also intrigued. He turned to his companion for advice... and Tehoti bashed the other guard over the head with a golden bowl. He fell down, stunned. The remaining guard reached for his spear and Chel initiated Plan B.

She heaved herself forward, legs already trembling from walking for so long, and mashed the

man into the wall with her fat. She pulled up the cloth holding her breasts free, and the swollen mammaries poured over the royal sentinel's face. Pinned completely by her suffocating flesh, with a face-full of tits and no oxygen, he quickly fell unconscious.

Chel pulled away and let him slip to the floor. “What was **urrrp** that?” she said, gesturing at the bludgeoned guard. “We were supposed to seduce them!”

“I panicked!” Tehoti bit her lip. “I've never been with a man before...”

“Dammit. You could have told me that.” Chel wheezed as she waddled towards the balcony door. There were stairs leading down from the balcony, and from there she could get to the city. And from the city, the jungle... and maybe the coast. Although it would probably be hard finding a boat that would carry her, she was willing to do whatever it took. Being in Huemac's harem was fun, but her body couldn't handle it—already she was sweating and gasping from exertion, struggling to push one bloated roll-coated thigh past another. Her crotch was warm and slick with perspiration, and she found to her frustration that the pressure of her belly rubbing on it actually felt good. Like she needed more distractions.

“Okay. Oil me up and let's get me... huff, out that door.”

Tehoti did as she was asked, fetching some goats' butter from where they'd left it next to a candle. She rubbed the greasy substance all over Chel's hips. Chel, for her part, quickly grew impatient.

“Ugh, hurry up... I'm getting hungry...”

“Sorry, my Queen.” She stopped oiling and fetched Chel a bowl of roasted potatoes to snack on. They were still warm, since the King kept the kitchens going day and night. Chel ripped into them with a vengeance, trying to distract herself from the pain in her legs and the existential disgust of being this massive bloated... thing. *Stupid Huemac. Stupid Lucoa! I gotta get back to Miguel and Tulio. They'll know what to do... mmm, wine.* She slopped back a whole gourd of it, and demolished the potatoes, before Tehoti was done oiling up her ass and hips.

“All ready, my Queen. Should we—”

“Just a second. Still... **hurrf!** Still hungry.” She waddled to the big stone table, hefting up her gut and dropping it with a crash on the stone, so she wouldn't have to carry its weight. Nearby the drunken servants and the knocked-out guards stirred in their sleep. Chel reached for some roast bird of paradise and sank her teeth into it, her cheeks bouncing and chins wobbling.

“My Queen...”

“Shut **urrrp** up, Tehoti! I'm fuckin' eating.” She demolished several bowls of cream, some fine cheeses, three roast ducks and a leg of horse before finally slowing down. Her stomach churned and rumbled, loaded up with her “snack.” She grabbed a clay jug of wine for the road, and heaved her gut off the table. Damn, walking was so hard. It would be so much easier to just sit down... and eat... and eat—

No! Ugh, stupid spell. Chel was convinced Lucoa's magic was the thing causing her to eat double her own weight every day; the truth was a little less complicated. Chel liked eating. She liked

getting drunk, and masturbating, and stuffing her face all day, and escaping this place was much harder since deep down she kind of *liked* it here. She got whatever she wanted, including gold. Speaking of which... “Fetch me a bag of those offerings. We're gonna need a big bribe, to get my ass a boat.”

“Yes, my Queen.” As Tehoti fetched her gold, Chel paused to grab more snacks off other tables on her way to the balcony door. She was quickly bloated with food, and her hangover started to wear off, numbed by more wine. She failed to notice her hips expanding again as she poured more calories into her enormous body. Her gut, which had previously only grazed the floor, now began to drag on it. Her feet grew so fat they became almost unrecognizable. Her colossal ass developed new ridges and dimples of cellulite, folding over on itself in the mountainous mass of flesh it had become. Her tits sagged, the nipples beginning to point southward as sheer weight caused them to lose the last of their perk.

Her chubby cheeks completed their transformation into slab-like, brown jowls. By the time Tehoti was done gathering some of her wealth, Chel had packed on at least fifty more pounds. The servant girl looked at her nervously.

“Queen Chel... I'm not sure you will, um, fit anymore.”

“Shut up. I'm the boss of this operation.” She swiped away the bag of gold, then felt a twinge of guilt. “You and the servant girls can have the rest. Take it and head south—there's a city in the mountains that will **URRRRrrrp** hide you from Huemac.” She grunted, thumping her chest as indigestion and heartburn bubbled inside her. “Don't let him... **urp**, turn you into his fuck-blob. It's not as fun as it looks.”

With that, she turned like a battleship adjusting course and jiggled towards her only chance at escape. When she came to the stone doorway, easily half her width, she tried turning sideways. But her gut just slapped painfully against the stone. Sighing, she faced forward again and simply charged the doorway, hoping to force her way through with sheer momentum. Her heart was hammering in her chest, overburdened by her massive fat form, and she felt dizzy and sleepy. But she had to get out. She couldn't stay here—not with this spell turning her into Huemac's pet mountain of woman-flesh.

Her flabby hips mashed against the unforgiving architecture, and the oily coating of butter allowed her to squeeze halfway through... but then her ass grew another few inches, and she was wedged in the doorway. Too fat to push through, she found her strength giving out on her. Her legs, pillars of obese flesh, gave up and she fell forward onto her mammoth gut.

In the end, she was stuck. Squeezed halfway through the door, her freedom tantalizingly close. If only she hadn't had her “snacks,” she might have made it. As it was, she ended up humiliated and immobilized, trapped by her own fat.

A normal person would have realized, at this point, that maybe her own indulgence might be getting out of hand. But Chel was not exactly normal. She was a queen of deception, convinced of her own beauty and superiority. So when Huemac came up the palace stairs to face her, she simply scowled at him.

“Your doors are too **hic** small.”

“On the contrary. I think I should make them smaller.” Huemac looked down at her, amused.

The sun was beginning to rise, and the rays of warm light were playing over Chel's sagging folds. The growing heat was making her sweat even more: she was slick all over, panting heavily from the pressure of her gut and teats being mashed against the floor.

“Let... me... go. I got **hurrrp** fatter than you ever wanted. Isn't this enough?”

Heumac crouched in front of her, and to Chel's surprise, he kissed her. It was a very gentle and affectionate kiss, surprising for a king of such brutal power, and she was so shocked she didn't know what to think. Then she felt unfamiliar hands on her rear, hauling her turgid ass-cheeks apart.

“What... What are they doing back there?”

The King smiled. “Just a bit of retribution for attempting to leave my courts, before you satisfied me. You broke our agreement, Chel.” She could feel some sort of chilly lubricant being rubbed over her rear... between her thighs, and all over her flabby pubic mound. She hadn't even attempted to shave in weeks, and the slick fluid caught on the fuzz of her crotch. She wriggled and writhed, humiliated and uncomfortable.

“Fuck... Make them stop! It feels...”

“How does it feel?” The hands were caressing her loins now, pulling apart the fat cleft of her pussy to gently massage her labia. Chel blushed and grunted, trying to kick her aggressors away, but her legs were too fat and heavy to lift anymore. She was literally fattening as she lay trapped in the doorway.

“Does it feel frustrating?” asked Huemac. “Does it feel like you're being denied some sort of... Satisfaction, hmm? Now you know how I feel.”

Chel gasped as one of the fingers exploring her body brushed her clit, a fat pink nub inside the wet folds of her womanhood. “F-fuck... You're an **urrrrp!** An asshole. **BRELCH.**”

“I've given you everything you could want. And you betrayed me.” The king sighed. “But I am a good ruler. I don't believe in throwing away blessings.” He pinched one of her quivering jowls. “And you are the greatest blessing I've ever had.”

Someone was kneeling behind Chel now, small hands pressed against her ass. A woman, by the skill and dexterity of the mouth now caressing her mound. A tiny, skillful tongue delved into the gap of her pubis, its wet heat running up and down, tantalizingly close to her clit but then darting away. Tormenting her...

“*F-f-fuck!*” Her eyes rolled back as the woman brought her up towards orgasm... and then denied her, pulling away. She felt her whole body tingling with lust—she couldn't help it. Chel, despite her smarts and guile, was a massive slut at her core. She loved indulgence more than anything, even more than Tulio, and now all thoughts of her lover were blasted from her mind as she was pushed further and further into squealing depths of sexual frustration.

“The priestesses of my temples are very knowledgeable, in the ways of love,” said Huemac. “They exceed even my prowess. They can keep you on edge for days... maybe even weeks.”

Chel was panting, salivating, gas gurgling in her guts, her body slowly filling up the doorway. But she knew a con when she saw one. Huemac wasn't stupid: he was applying leverage to her. Sexy, sexy leverage. "Just tell me—mmf! Tell me what you want. **Blurppp.**"

"Stay with me. Let me feed you. Let me grow that majestic, royal ass of yours so large you eclipse the gods themselves." Huemac stroked her cheek, and Chel wanted to slap him away... but she was too fat. Too obese to even raise her arms, now. "I promise I will give you pleasures you never could have imagined."

She wanted to fight, wanted to tell him to suck a dick. Her plan was ruined, her con in shambles. She'd fattened herself up to a morbidly overweight disgrace, and yet... that tongue! The endless food! The wine!

She couldn't help it. She *wanted* this, wanted to push the edges of pleasure and sensation.

"You're going to need... wider doors," she wheezed.



The drums of celebration sounded, all throughout the city. King Huemac, after years of mad questing, had finally taken a wife. Few of the under-class felt like celebrating, though: they knew what was expected of them. More labor, endless planting and harvesting and the slaughtering of animals, all to feed the Queen.

Her appetite, they whispered among themselves, was legendary.

Within the central ziggurat, the palace of Huemac, the party had started in earnest. Chel quickly devoured the offerings Huemac's nation brought for her. More was demanded, more and more, until an endless stream of indentured worshippers formed a train of bodies up the steps of the pyramid. Inside, Chel was finally getting everything she wanted... with one very large, very fleshy caveat.

She was completely immobile.

Days after she'd agreed to be Huemac's queen, she had lost all resemblance to her former self outside the subtle brown lustre of her skin. The once curvy, seductive jungle adventurer was now an impossibly large, obscene mass of fat and grease. She'd been rolled onto her back so Huemac could have his way with her, the pillows holding up her head hardly necessary due to the huge rings of fat encircling where her neck should be. Her face was sunk deep in a crater of fat folds, saliva and wine oozing from her lips as servant girls brought a perpetual chain of food from outside the palace walls directly to her face. Cooking-fires roared all throughout the ziggurant, and candles flickered in the new

Queen's royal chamber as Huemac grunted and thrust into her nearly twenty feet away. He couldn't see his lover's face, because she was simply too massive to take in all at once.

Chel had cleared a ton inside the first twenty-four hours, and was approaching two. Her body was a fever-dream of flesh stacked on top of itself, like a cottage-sized mound of flabby flapjacks. Her ass and gut dominated this lewd presentation, her cheeks nearly six hundred pounds apiece, their wrinkled bulk shaking and quaking as the King struggled to stay inside Chel's sloppy, flabby cunt. She was draped in fine jewels and golden chains, showered with perfume and surrounded by incense. But it wasn't nearly enough for her.

“Fuck me harder! *URRRP*, harder! *BRULCH!!*”

“Unh... Unf! That's the spirit!” At last Huemac had found someone who matched his raging, supernatural libido. He gripped some of her upper thigh-folds for stability, licking the sweat off her pubic folds as he fought to keep his boulder of a woman satisfied. Her clit was too deeply buried under fat to be found, but with his impressive length he could still plow her capably... at least until she got too fat for him to find her crotch. After that, he'd have to get creative.

Chel was well on her way to those heights: as she was fucked, she sucked down entire bowls of roasted nuts, slurped and gobbled down pig-shanks and guzzled wine at a speed that nearly exceeded the empire's vineyards. She had emptied the larders for miles around, and it was becoming harder and harder to feed her. Servant-women surrounded her, soaking up her dripping sweat with rags and squeezing it into bowls as blessings to pour on the other concubines. It had been found that the magic in her spread to other women through physical contact, and even now dozens of unfortunate girls were chained up on the level below them, listening to the Queen's belches and bellows of pleasure. Soon they would join her, for Huemac was nothing if not a voracious lover, and demanded variety during his “breaks” from fucking the equally insatiable Chel.

“You **horrrp** call that fucking?” Chel gasped, her voice deepened to a baritone by the fat depths of her body. She had trouble even breathing under the morass of fat she'd become, but she still had the air left to insult Huemac. Hate-sex was her favorite, and she hated the King very much. “The guy who *blurrrp*, popped my cherry had more stamina. **HARDER! *Hic-urrrpft!***”

The musky, sticky scent of their frantic love-making filled the room, making servants blush and the King's loyal accountant look away. Chapultec stepped behind a pillar, no longer able to stomach the image of his once-noble King fornicating a living mass of obesity.

Lucoa was leaning against the wall eating an apple, watching the orgy unfold. “Wow, she got kinda big, huh?”

“Yes. Just as you promised. Well done.” He spoke in a whisper; no one noticed Lucoa when she didn't wish it, but he still felt shame for betraying his King. “Soon the larders will run dry, and he will be overthrown. Then I'll become the new King, and we'll dispose with this... repugnant situation.” Chel belched and squealed, pig-like, behind them as she approached a fresh orgasm. “It can't happen soon enough.”

Lucoa bit a chunk out of the apple, smiling. “I don't know, I'm kind of getting on board with this. The larders don't have to run dry—I'm a goddess, remember? I can put in a good word with Bolon Ts'akab, the harvest spirit. He'll keep more food coming.”

“Wh-what?” The tiny attendant pointed at the quake of rippling fat that was Chel. “We can't have *that* in here! How will we run this kingdom?”

“Eh, it'll figure itself out.”

Chapultec sniffed the air. “Have you been... drinking?”

She shrugged. “Only a little—**hic**—a bit. It's a party, right?”

“I have spent the last twenty years keeping you away from alcohol! After that incident with your sister...”

“Ehh, whatever. She was an **urp!** slut anyway, she asked for it.” The nude goddess snuck a hand between her thighs. “Wow, he's really going at her, isn't he?”

Chapultec threw up his hands. “You are a hopeless lush, and a slattern! I'll take over the kingdom myself, Gods dammit!”

Lucoa waved as he stalked off. “Have fun! I'll be down here living it up, for once.” She grabbed a gourd from a nearby servant, her throat bulging and huge breasts bobbing as she chugged. “*Gllk... gllp... Glurp. HIC!* Wow, that's good stuff.” She staggered towards the orgy. “Yo, move over Huemac! I want a turn with the pig!”

Chel, panting and drooling and belching up a storm, was soon subjected to the combined forces of a Goddess and a King double-teaming her. Brain awash in pleasure, she nonetheless managed to reach inside her fat folds with a barely-mobile arm and find the monkey's paw, wedged deep under one massive breast.

“I wish... **Hworrff**, I wish Tulio and Miguel were... **HUOrrrrRRP**, here,” she slurred drunkenly as Lucoa went down on her. “And that... **hurRrp**, that horse.” She needed more cocks, and she wasn't too particular about the species they were attached. Not even Huemac's fulsome member could satisfy her lusts anymore, now that she was nearly the size of a building, and getting bigger and greedier every second. She needed more cocks, more food, more wine—more *everything!*

Besides, what was a party, without a few friends to share it with?

