

Melinoe's Boon of Blubber

The night air brimmed with danger as Melinoe made her approach to the city of Ephyra. In the distance she could see buildings lit on fire and the undead roaming the streets. For the princess of the Underworld, these sights did little to dissuade her mission. For the sake of lending aid to her relatives on Olympus, she tightened her grip on the Sister Blades in her hands and strode forward.

Melinoe's neck length, blonde hair flickered as a rush of enemies came to greet her at the outer gates. Their attack was thwarted as she flipped around the battlefield with her dress making her appear as nothing more than an orange blur. With each wave of either her pale or skeletal, green arm, another foe was vanquished. Managing to dispatch the enemies quickly enough, the slender princess's only concern was the solitary bruise she had gained on her exposed leg from a lucky shot.

"Not the best start for my night," Melinoe said as she looked towards the city with her green and red eyes. "But I can't let a small setback keep me from my duty."

Before the princess could continue forward, she was stopped by a boom sound striking behind her. As the noise settled, she heard what appeared to be the clinking of glasses. Receiving boons from the gods was expected during her nightly outings. However, she couldn't recall ever seeing the purple orb adorned with the image of a glass filled over the brim.

"Hmm, well the presence does feel familiar," Melinoe commented as she approached the orb. "Let's see who it is. In the name of Hades. Olympus, I accept this message."

A bright flash preceded the image of a man with long, purple hair adorned with grapes. His muscular form was on full display due to a near complete lack of clothing. The only exception being the leopard print speedo tightly clutched around the bulge between his legs.

While the god's appearance would leave many mortals breathless, Melinoe had become used to seeing Dionysus during her more successful evenings.

"Hey there Mel, how's it going?" Dionysus said, pointing to her with one hand while the other lifted up a cup of wine.

"Hello, Lord Dionysus," she replied. "I can't recall ever seeing you outside of your chambers. Have you gotten tired of your endless partying?"

"Oh, no way. Partying is everything that I am obviously. I just thought I'd give you something for bringing me all that Ambrosia last time."

"Well, tonight has been rather rough," Melinoe said as she looked at the mark on her arm. "I could always use the extra help. What boons are you offering?"

"Just one, but it's a pretty powerful, I'm sure."

Melinoe raised an eyebrow. "You're sure?"

"Well, that's the best I can guess," the god replied, his confidence wavering a bit as he spoke. "I'll be honest, it's something one of the nymphs found while they were looking through my cupboard for more snacks. It seemed pretty good, but I have no idea why I stowed it away. Here, take a look for yourself."

Hovering a hand over the orb, Melinoe was given a glimpse of the boon's power. Should she accept, she would be given the ability to heal her wounds with anything she ate. While that wasn't uncommon, there was the added benefit of significantly increasing her strength with each helping. Like Dionysus, she was left to wonder why this wasn't used more often. Thinking that this could be the key to doing a successful run, she accepted the boon's power and let it flow through her body.

"Hope it helps, Mel," Dionysus voice drifted off. "See you later at the party, yeah?"

“You can count on it,” Melinoe replied as she marched into the city with a renewed vigor.

The square was as eerie as ever with the sound of the nearby fountain clashing against the battles happening off in the distance. The waters promised a guaranteed way for Melinoe to heal her wounds before heading off to take care of the barrier blocking the way. What instead drew her in was a vegetable stand that had somehow remained untouched amidst the city’s chaos. Looking over the collection of onions, she grimaced as she knew the taste that awaited her. Regardless, she needed to test out her new boon if she was going to make the most of it.

Picking up one of the purple produce, Melinoe braced herself as she took a bite. As her teeth sunk in, the usually off-putting flavor was replaced with a taste that urged her on to eat more. Going through the last few bites, her acceptance was rewarded with a sense of power that sent ripples through her arms. Looking towards where the wound had been, she watched as it vanished before her very eyes.

Driven by the need to make the most of her boon, Melinoe willingly helped herself to more vegetables. Each bite rewarded her with another surge of strength along with an irresistible taste. Before she realized what was happening, she had eaten through the entire cart over the course of her trial run. This would have easily been written off as her wanting to be fully prepared for her evening. That was until she felt something on her limbs trying to slow her down.

The princess’s excitement at seeing the boon work in action was undone slightly as she watched her toned arm gain a layer of pudge. Further discomfort made her turn her head down to see her mid-section had bulged out into a small potbelly. Feeling across her body, she discovered more pockets of fat that had appeared. Though her added strength helped to compensate, it was hard for her to feel good about any benefits considering how tight her dress was becoming.

Out of desperation to figure out what was going on, Melinoe surveyed her surroundings. In the distance, she could make out a familiar building that many considered a terrifying lair. For her, it would provide the perfect chance to meet up with someone capable of figuring out her condition.

“Lady Medea,” Melinoe called out as she stepped into the riverside abode.

Stopping mid-chant, the fearsome witch with long, black hair turned away from her cauldron to show off an unsettling grin to the princess. “Hello sister. What brings you to my home this evening?”

“It’s a little embarrassing,” Melinoe began, already certain that the witch’s eyes had noticed the extra chub weighing her down. “I’m under the effects of an unusual boon. It’s supposed to increase my strength and heal my wounds whenever I eat something. However, he didn’t mention that it would come with some...drawbacks.”

“Yes, I completely understand,” Medea replied with a nod of her head. “I think I have just the thing for you.”

With a wave of Medea’s hands, a plume of smoke erupted from her cauldron. In the wake of the curse being cast, Melinoe had hoped to shave off the weight that had surrounded her. However, her extra pudgy’s only reaction was a soft jiggle as she took a step forward.

“Lady Medea, what did that do?”

“Now any foes you vanquish this evening will drop various food and drinks,” Medea commented as she resumed looking over her cauldron. “No need to thank me. I’m sure that you’ll need plenty of sustenance to make full use of this new boon of yours.”

“But what about the weight gain?”

“It’s only right that such power would come at a cost,” Medea explained as she dropped a bottle of mystery fluid into her brew. “Just eat as much as you need to get yourself through the evening. I’m sure that Hecate taught you about balance.”

“Right,” Melinoe said, glancing down at her belly bulge once more. “Thank you, Lady Medea. May moonlight guide us.”

“May moonlight guides us,” she repeated, keeping her vision on her cauldron while the princess departed.

Medea’s words hung heavy on Melinoe’s shoulders as she strode back into the city square. As he walked, she couldn’t help wincing each time her belly shifted against her dress. Trying not to let herself get hung up about the side effects of the boon, she moved forward with her daggers at the ready. She was certain that with all of her training and a little help from her relatives, she could easily make it to Olympus without any trouble.

Melinoe’s hopes were dashed during her first encounter with a horde of enemies. Most of them were vanquished easily enough with her added strength. However, the extra chub around her figure ended up slowing her just enough for them to land a few lucky blows. When the chaos of the encounter finally settled down, she was left exhausted and surrounded by platters of various food.

Feeling the aches afflicting her body, the princess begrudgingly picked up a selection of fruit. Her hope was that a few grapes would be enough to fully reinvigorate her. While she was correct that the small helping of sweet produce took care of her injuries, her body was not satisfied. Try as she might to fight against her own appetite, she couldn’t fully stop herself from needing to at least sample a few more bites of the meals Medea had so kindly provided her.

By the time Melinoe realized what had happened, each of the plates were emptied into her gut. Now sporting a belly twice as large as before, she pushed on to the next area only to run into the same issue. Slashing through her foes as fast as her body would allow, she didn't even glance at her injuries before helping herself to the platters that her fallen foes dropped. This time tempted by a spread of different breads and pastries, she did her best to convince herself that the extra strength she would gain from binge eating would be pivotal in aiding in her task.

Melinoe ended up proving herself correct as she ran afoul of the Erymanthian Boar. The skeletal hog had taken her down multiple nights prior, but she had thought she had developed an effective strategy against it. Her plan to dodge and weave her way around its tusks faltered almost immediately as she ended up stumbling from a sway of her own breasts. The momentary distraction was all the beast needed to charge straight into her gut and pin her against a wall.

Cushioned from the impact by her bubble butt, the princess tried to come up with a plan. Letting instinct take full control, she used the extra heft around her arms to swing her blades down on the creature's head. Thanks to the accursed boon, the single strike was enough to kill the boar. As it disappeared into a puff of smoke, she was left gasping from the adrenaline pumping through her body. It was that lingering sense of invigoration that took control once she saw the plates of glazed ham that had been left in the beast's wake.

Getting down on her knees, Melinoe strived to mimic the slain beast's nature as she gobbled up the food. Easily undoing the damage of her encounter, she strived to use the rest of the meat to strengthen herself further. The warnings she heard in the form of the seams of her dress starting to pop couldn't stop her from continuing to eat. She only ended her feast once her attempts to like a plate clean of honey glaze was interrupted by a gruff man clearing his throat.

“Heracles,” Melinoe said, rushing to her feet as she spotted the muscular hero adorned in a lion pelt. “How long have you been standing there?”

“Long enough to see you make a complete disgrace of yourself,” he replied as he stroked his beard. “Just as I was about to congratulate you for your win against the boar too.”

“It’s not entirely my fault,” she defended as she held a hand against her belly to keep it from swinging. “I’m dealing with a very ‘unique’ boon tonight.”

“Well, whatever benefits you’ve gained from it,” Heracles began as he hoisted his club on his shoulders, “I don’t think it’s worth it. You’re severely lacking speed. I’ve already cleared out most of the area while you were making a hog of yourself. All that’s left is the cyclops.”

“Er, thank you,” Melinoe managed to speak, just before Heracles leapt off into the city. With the force of his jump still jiggling around her fat, she hazarded to pick at some leftover ham chunks before heading towards the city square.

True to Heracles’s word, the barrier blocking the way to the docks had vanished. Helping herself to some water from the fountain, Melinoe got a glimpse of herself in the reflection. Seeing the way her melon-like breasts stretched out her dress and her buttocks threatened to peek out of her skirt, she thought about ending the night early and trying again the next evening.

Melinoe’s retreat idea was dissuaded by a delicious aroma drifting from up ahead. Following an unspoken push from her 200-pound gut, she went through the doorway. Stepping out onto the grassy field, she only came back to her senses once she spotted Polyphemus lumber his way forward to block her path.

“Hmm, your footsteps sound different,” the blind cyclops said as he picked his teeth with a shepherd’s crook. “They’re a lot heavier than usual.”

“It’s nothing you should be concerned about,” Melinoe said, brandishing her daggers and wincing as her chub jiggled in response. “What is that smell?”

“Ah, that would be my dinner,” he replied as he pounded his fists together. “Why? You looking to be my appetizer? Well, I’d be more than happy to oblige.”

Typically, Polyphemus’s large size made it easy for the princess to get out of the way of his attacks. Unfortunately, her body had other plans as her attempt to circle around him ended with her falling into the mud. A loud smack echoed through the area as she landed on top of her belly. Her grunt of frustration came from both her fall and the series of tears she heard from various parts of her outfit.

Picking herself back up, Melinoe was horrified to see her belly button peeking out from a hole made by her swaying gut. A sizable tear in the top of her dress had left a sizable amount of her engorged bosom’s cleavage visible, with only a few inches left to cover her nipples. Dismaying over the way a rip in her skirt left most of the underside of her butt cheeks on display, she was about to curse Dionysus for his gift. That was until her pudgy form was hoisted into the air by a pair of burly fists.

“Too easy,” Polyphemus commented as he opened his mouth wide for a bite.

“I guess no one ever told you,” she said between her gritted teeth as her face grew closer to his open maw, “that you shouldn’t play with your food.”

Rather than accept her demise, Melinoe thrust her head forward towards the cyclops’s face. Even if it was just her skull, the strength that came alongside her girth ensured that it was all she needed to free him from his grasp. Falling to the ground with an ungraceful splat, she watched as Polyphemus stumbled backwards in a daze.

“Such... soft... meat,” he said before crumpling to the ground, unconscious.

Leaving the slumbering giant behind her, Melinoe made a stop into his barn. Much to her relief, the meal he had been preparing was not human flesh, but several spits of lamb. While her belly was focused on the tasty meat, her eyes glanced around the room for something to help with her clothing issue. While she did discover a solution, it wouldn't be the most graceful one.

Taking her time to finish her meal and adjust her clothing, Melinoe stepped out of the barn and followed the scent of the salty air. Shuffling her way onto the dock, she looked out onto the Rift of Thessaly with concern. Even on normal nights, the sea faring enemies she would be certain to run into would be dangerous enough without her uncomfortable attire.

Looking away from the water, the princess stared down at the wool clothing she had stretched over her body. Beneath her blubber she could feel the power lurking inside, but she was uncertain that it would be enough. Especially since she had so easily been caught by the cyclops. Unwilling to call the night a complete failure this early on, she moved towards the gate and allowed it to whisk her away to the nearest ship.

Despite the fearsome nature of the enemies that came to attack the princess, she was able to take them down with a single strike each. On her route to land these attacks, the makeshift cloak she had made from the sheep wool did little to stop the various swords and spears that came her way. Piercing through the clothing, it fell upon the duty of her thick fat to absorb the damage. Barely feeling the pain through her layers of flab, she was able to clear out the deck before she needed to answer the call of her ravenous stomach.

Fitting for her current location, each of her fallen enemies had dropped for her a spread of different types of seafood. Stowing away her daggers within her fat folds, Melinoe set upon the fried fish that had appeared for her. The greasier dishes kept her hunger at bay long enough for her to crack open boiled lobsters to get to the tasty meat inside. Moving through one dish to

another, she deliberately tried to ignore the noise of her clothes being further torn apart by her encroaching fat. This same ignorance led her to miss the sound of something soaring overhead.

Bringing her face up from a basket of fried shrimp, the princess let crumbs roll down her three chins as she looked upon the visage of the pale-faced young man. The impressive pair of mechanical wings on his back contrasted against the softness of the yellow eyes partially obscured by his wavy, black hair. Those same eyes went wide as Melinoe heaved herself up into a standing position and waddled up to him.

“Mel...is that you?” Icarus asked.

“Who else would be traversing the Rift of Thessaly like this?” she replied, putting a hand on her wide hips.

“When did you get so, er...you’ve seem to have grown a lot that’s all. Not that it’s a bad thing. You look...good.”

Melinoe couldn’t help laughing at the nervous look on his face. Taking another step forward, she couldn’t help herself from enjoying the way he had to crane up his neck to take in her full figure. “It does have its difficulties, but it also comes with quite a bit of power. Should make this evening’s outing a simple task.”

“Right, right, of course,” Icarus replied, trying to force his gaze away from the impression of her plump teats. “In any case, let me give you something to help you on your way.”

Taking her choice of enhancements for her weapon, Melinoe picked over the last remnants of her meal. In the distance, she watched as the image of Icarus drifted further and further away. She couldn’t help lingering on the way he appeared to be obsessed with her obese form. At the time she had assumed merely him being awestruck at the boon’s strange effects. For

now, she was willing to shrug it off, gobble up what last few bites she had left, and then make her way to the next few ships.

Stopping by several boats on the way forward, Melinoe eventually stumbled her way into a completely ruined vessel. The swirling whirlpool in the middle of the broken floor sent quakes through her over 600-pound form. With each jiggle, more of her flesh peeked through her outfit. While this did leave to a sizable amount of her ass crack and cleavage being left on display, her main focus at the moment was on the thing rising up from the darkest depths of the ocean.

Charybdis appeared as fearsome as ever with his maw of savage fangs and multitude of glossy, green eyes. Right on cue, the beast brought its many tentacles piercing through what remained of the floor to menace Melinoe. When one of his tendrils attempted to grab hold of her, she didn't make any attempt to get out of the way. Though this did lead to her blubbery form being squeezed tight, she didn't see much need to try fruitlessly dodging the grab. Especially since it put her exactly where she needed to be.

With little effort, Melinoe flexed her thick arms to burst free of the tentacle. Reeling from the attack, Charybdis tried to retaliate with more of its tendrils aiming right towards her. As each tentacle hit its mark, the princess answered in kind by tearing them apart with her bare hands. The Sister Blades merely acted as passengers within her folds as her boon allowed her to effortlessly win the battle. However, it was at a severe cost.

By the time Charybdis slunk off into the depths once more, all of Melinoe's clothes had been reduced to mere shreds that clung to her fat. The heavy breaths that left her lips served to shake off the remnants of her fabric to leave her fully exposed. Rather than worry about her nipples and butt cheeks being on full display, her gut begged for her to find more food to make up for the energy she had burned through.

Unfortunately for both the princess and her plump figure, all of her work had resulted in was a single plate of calamari. A mixture of rage and hunger took over her thoughts as she looked upon the pathetic meal. Quickly picking up the platter and scarfing it down within seconds, her hunger for more food and power was left unsatiated. Lumbering towards the next gate, her goal became less about reaching Olympus and more about finding her next meal.

Through a stroke of luck, Melinoe's next jump brought her to a familiar, grassy island. A collection of animal noises drew her towards the nearby pens. Seeing a collection of sheep stumble around in their enclosure, she couldn't help herself from drooling at the thought of partaking in their supple meat once more. The only thing that stopped her was the knowledge of who they belonged to.

Stomping her way to the island's central area, the obese princess came upon a small, cozy cottage. Nearby the entrance stood a woman with fuzzy ears and a wide-skirted dress busy twirling her wand over a cauldron. The red-headed woman's swishing tail stopped for a moment as she heard the sound of Melinoe's jiggling flab. Turning around, Circe's attempt to greet her fellow witch was halted as she took in the enormous appearance.

"Why poppet!" Circe said as she took a few steps closer to Melinoe. "I had no idea that you were practicing your own transformation magic. Consider me thoroughly impressed."

"This isn't a spell," Melinoe spoke fast, trying to hold back her hunger for the time being. "What you see before you is the result of a...unique boon from one of the gods."

"Well, it's quite the impressive one I'll say," Circe replied as she let her gaze linger on the princess's belly folds. "However, I'm afraid that giving you one of my usual incantations might not be the best idea in your condition. I have no idea how they could affect you."

“That’s fine, I don’t need them,” Melinoe said, trying to keep her mind at ease by scratching at her wide rear.

“I can’t just send you off without something to help you on your way,” Circe explained. “Is there something else I can offer you?”

Smelling something heavenly in the air, Melinoe wiped away a line of drool that reached past her three chins to splatter against her sagging bosom. “I’ll take some food for the road,” she said as she began to waddle towards the pig pen.

“Hold on, poppet. I won’t let you eat my little piggies.”

“I’m not talking about them.”

Smashing through the wooden fence with a single thrust of her belly gave Melinoe a direct path towards the feeding trough. She only let herself linger at the sight of the pool of grease, lard, and various vegetables for a moment before diving in. Fully engulfing her head in the slop, she put her lips to work sucking up each and every morsel she could find. Circe and her herd could only watch in awe as the princess succeeded in both wolfing down the entire, messy feast and further embiggening her already massive form.

Making the wooden trough creak by pushing against it with her arms, Melinoe attempted to lift herself back up. When feeding area failed to provide enough support, she ended up dragging her belly through the dirt as she crawled over to Circe’s house. The red-headed witch gritted her teeth as Melinoe pressed against the stone wall for balance. Thankfully for both of them, the cottage held fast long enough for the over 800-pound princess to get herself into a standing position once more.

“Thank you,” Melinoe commented as she wiped her lips clean. “I promise I’ll pay for the damages to your pen later.”

“Think nothing of it, poppet,” Circe insisted as Melinoe waddled off. “Good luck with the rest of your evening.”

A small grin appeared on Melinoe’s face. “Thanks, but I won’t need it with this body.”

True to Melinoe’s boasting, the next few ships didn’t hold much of a challenge for her. Rather than even bother trying to find her misplaced blades within her flab, she took to crushing her foes with her sheer weight alone. The battle style was far from graceful, but it accomplished the task of taking out any enemy that tried to stop her rampage. With each victory she gained more food to further increase her power and girth. At one point, she had to stuff her fat rolls with food just to keep her hunger at bay long enough to reach the next ship. Through all of this, her mind seemed only focused on what new types of food each horde of vile creatures would inevitably bring.

Melinoe’s rampage across the Rift of Thessaly came to an end once she squeezed her wide hips through one last gate. Landing with a loud thud, her plump toes sunk into the sand of the shoreline. Scanning across the area, the only sign of anything edible was a pair of apple statues flanking her on both sides. Amidst her pondering if she could eat the stone produce, she was halted by the flap of wings overhead.

“Well, well, look what we have here,” Eris said as she landed several feet away from Melinoe. Tucking her black feathered wings behind her back, the incarnation of strife hoisted her gun over her shoulder. Despite the danger of the rail cannon, the woman with short, grey hair bore an unsettlingly playful grin. “Didn’t know a whale could walk on two feet.”

“Your insults won’t work on me, Eris,” Melinoe shot back, holding out her pudgy fists in preparation for battle. “I have a mission and you’re not going to stop me tonight.”

“What, to eat out the entirety of Olympus’s food stores? Not like it would be hard for a fat ass like you.”

“Mock me all you want,” Melinoe said, stomping her foot and letting the tremors wreak havoc on her flab. “I’ll show you the true power this body possesses.”

Rather than wait for Eris to make the opening move, Melinoe rushed forwards to try and end the fight quickly. Though her charge certainly had bulk behind it, her speed left something to be desired. The few steps she managed to take towards Eris were undone as the winged woman took to the air.

“Hold *wheeze* still,” Melinoe tried to shout as her amazing strength failed to account for her full mass being completely grounded.

“And let you add me to my belly?” Eris called down. “Fat chance. But I’ll be sure to give you something else to chew on.”

From up above, Eris took her aim and shot at Melinoe. Though the accuracy of the shells was on point, each one of them ended up ricocheting off of her flab. As impressed as she was with her own defense, she could feel the countless attacks taking their toll on her. Her breathing became heavier as her stomach begged for her to find something to eat in order to make up for the damage. Unfortunately, the constant barrage kept her in place, far from her assailant.

Melinoe’s legs gave out on her eventually to send her to the ground. Kneeling in the sand, she tried to come up with a plan of how she could counterattack. Unfortunately, any strategy she could come up with was overtaken by the sound of something coming from the sky. Craning her thick neck up, she spotted a grinning Eris behind a barrage of mortar shots she had no chance of dodging.

“Return to shadow now!” Melinoe shouted out, just before the blasts could impact her.

In a plume of green smoke, Melinoe's mass was teleported away from the shore moments before the blasts went off. As the princess was flung towards her home in the Crossroads, each of the boons she had gained were stripped away from her. Feeling her strength dissipate, she let out a defeated sigh. She had gotten cocky, that much she was sure of. If she ran into Dionysus again, she told herself that she would be more careful with using his powerful blessing. For now, she was looking forward to shedding off the extra weight and getting some much needed rest in preparation for her next outing.

What was supposed to be a soft landing back in the summoning circle behind Melinoe's tent was instead a powerful BOOM that shook the ground. While her vision was still clearing up, the usually calming croaks of Frinos were covered up by a sound akin to raw meat being slapped together. Her eyesight a blur, she tried to make her way towards the tent to see what the trouble was. She only managed to take a few steps before a sudden lethargy gave her a dire realization.

With her vision fully cleared, Melinoe was able to properly grasp the massive ball of grey blubber that was her own body. Though her strength and ambition from the boon had dissipated, the hundreds of pounds of fat had lingered behind. Poking at her fat folds and sinking a palm into her fatty breasts, her mind raced to find an answer to her predicament. Thankfully for her, the slap of her ass cheeks wobbling against each other as she took another, glacial stomp forward finally summoned some much-needed help.

"Mel, what's going on back here?" Dora the ghostly shade asked as she floated out of the tent. The listless phantom's usually tired eyes went wide once she took in the strange state of her companion. "Woah. Didn't know the food on the surface had gotten so good."

“I’m not really in the mood for jokes, Dora,” Melinoe commented, trying and failing to get her body a few more steps before collapsing from exhaustion. “Go get headmistress. We have a...small issue here.”

“You got it, just don’t eat your tent while I’m gone,” Dora said, flying off to leave Melinoe alone with her multiple layers of blubber.

Walking through Melinoe’s tent, Hecate made a passing glance over at the bed. Over the course of the past month, the comfortable blankets had been left undisturbed. On the other side of the tent, the powerful witch looked at the stores of extra food that had been moved inside to deal with the current situation. Fixing her hat and adjusting her face mask, she took a breath to calm her thoughts before stepping into Melinoe’s new living quarters.

Thanks to the efforts of the denizens of the Crossroads, Melinoe’s back area had been transformed into makeshift living quarters. The rain that frequented the woods splattered across the canvas that had been stretched across into a temporary ceiling. While the grass and rocks could still be found along the ground, most of it had been covered up by blankets and pillows. This and the pile of bed cushions were all for the sake of keeping the princess comfortable as she awaited a cure for her ailment.

“Hello, headmistress,” Melinoe wheezed out.

Just the few words were enough to send her multiple rows of chins into a jiggling fit. The same tremors cascaded down her over 1000-pound form to threaten the blankets that had been affixed to her boulder-like breasts to give her plump teats some modesty. The same courtesy could not be giving to her flabby belly, which had been perpetually stuck between her thick

thighs. Even if she could manage to hoist her infrequently used legs up, she and everyone else in the Crossroads knew that it would only lead to bringing her massive backside slamming back down to the ground with a force capable of knocking out a god.

“I see that you are still as comfortable as ever,” Hecate commented, taking note of the skirt that had been torn off of Melinoe’s triple-wide hips.

“Er, yes, it was getting a little uncomfortable,” Melinoe replied, nervously scratching the top of her belly with her pudgy fingers. “I hope you don’t mind. It’s not like anyone can see down there anyway.”

“Melinoe, I think we’re far beyond needing to worry about modesty,” Hecate replied. “That’s one thing you should probably take after the god that did this to you.”

“Lord Dionysus didn’t know what the boon would do,” Melinoe spoke out. “He was just trying to help. He’s not the one that made me go out of control.”

“Your attempt to defend your relative is I’m sure appreciated, even if it means little as he bares no signs of a cure anytime soon.”

“That’s...true,” Melinoe was forced to admit. “But I’m not giving up on my duties. I might not be able to train my body at the moment, but my mind is still more than willing to brush up on incantations in the meantime.”

“I am glad to see that you’re still devoted to our cause,” Hecate said as she began to take her leave. “However, it would not hurt to take this as an opportunity for a much-needed break.”

“Of course, headmistress.” Stretching her blubbery arm forwards, she scrunched up her chins as she made an attempt at a bow. “May moonlight guide us,” she said as Hecate departed through the tent flaps.

“Guess you don’t want to tell her the truth, huh?” Dora asked, flying out from behind Melinoe to float in from of her plump face. “About how you just spend most of your time eating?”

“I’m just following her advice to take things easy,” Melinoe defended. “Besides, enjoying food is just about all I can do right now.”

“Speaking of which,” Dora began as she held out a bottle of nectar. “I found that stash of this stuff you gave me.”

“But Dora, those were meant for you.”

“Meh, not like I can do anything with it anyway.” Popping the cork, the shade moved the bottle close to Melinoe’s face. “Bottoms up, lard ball.”

Rather than rebuke the insult, Melinoe graciously accepted the feeding. The sweet liquid sliding down her tongue was as alluring as ever. The nectar was an excellent snack in between her meals in order to keep her stomach satisfied. There was the fear that eventually she would run out of her stash, but multiple companions had come to her assistance. Even the woman responsible for her previous outing ending so abruptly had been “generous” enough to drop off deliveries for the sake of seeing just how big she could grow.

Amidst Melinoe’s enjoyment of the nectar, she almost missed the sound of her tent flap being pushed aside. When the empty jar was pulled away, she was given a full view of Icarus as he made his way towards her. Despite his dozens of visits by now, the young man still couldn’t help slowing his pace in order to get the full view of her girth as he came in close. A small chuckle left her plump lips as she wondered if he would prefer that she stayed like this.

“Hey, Mel,” Icarus said with his arms loaded down with a collection of food. “How are you doing today?”

“About 10 pounds heavier than yesterday,” Dora teased as she carried off the licked clean container.

“I’m fine,” Melinoe said as she slid her hand along her gut. “What did you bring with you?”

“The usual collection of surface food to keep that appetite of yours satisfied,” Icarus replied. “Including something special.” Dropping off most of his supplies, he proudly held up a square bottle with a pink bow that was filled with a concentrated version of the nectar that still clung to her lips.

“Is that genuine Ambrosia?” Melinoe asked, receiving an eager nod in response. “Where did you find something like that?”

“Circe passed it along to me,” he replied. “Said that it was a way to make up for how long it’s taking to find a cure. She even asked Lady Medea to assist her.”

“Be sure to send my thanks to them,” Melinoe said, a warmth filling her chest at the thought that so many people cared about her, even if she was an immobile pile of flesh. “Bring it over here. I want to give it a taste.”

“I left my wings outside your tent,” Icarus remarked as he tilted his head back to look up at her face. “Maybe Dora could-“

“Sorry, I’m busy,” the shade replied, making a poor attempt to look like she was doing something productive as she tapped her hands against the leftover nectar bottles.

“It’s alright, Icarus,” Melinoe said, giving her chest a small pat. “I promise I won’t bite. Unlike that cyclops, I don’t find human flesh tantalizing in the slightest.”

While Melinoe didn’t share Polyphemus’s cuisine, her similar size did present an imposing challenge to Icarus. Regardless, after a moment to collect himself, the young man

began to climb. Keeping the Ambrosia close to his chest to prevent any accidental spills, he continued upwards with his free hand and feet sinking into her folds. Trying to poorly to hide the small gasps of strange pleasure that left her mouth with each grasp, the princess managed to keep herself together long enough for Icarus to reach his perch atop her chest.

Opening up the bottle, Icarus tried to keep himself steady as he poured the golden liquid into her waiting mouth. Though a few droplets managed to leak down her chins, the majority of the drink that slid down her throat made her appreciate the treat even more. Between each gulp, she got to enjoy the way he reacted with each swallow. Seeing the way he trembled from each slight jiggle of her blubbery form made her consider extending her little vacation. Once she did return to her nightly outings, she would be certain to pay Dionysus a visit to get another chance to experience his wonderful boon.