

"I think *urbrlr* that *grurlr* there is something wrong with my *rmbblb* stomach." Petra's complaints were drowned out by the sound of her bubbling stomach.

The purple-haired warrior's gut surged out like a wave, a massive blob of shining skin that surged over her pants. The ornamental decorations on her top snapping apart as her breasts surged along with them. Her cheeks puffed out as her form began to widen before exploding in a shower of mana and flesh, the magic contained within washing over the other girls in her company. Their stomachs began to bubble and bloat as their panic rose; Byleth, Edelgard, and Constance all looked to each other for reassurance as uneasy bubbling began to settle.

That was months ago, an incident that etched itself into the minds of the emperor's vanguard, the ones who had been there at the site of that fateful rupture. Constance remembered it the clearest, watching it play out in slow motion. A Garrag Mach cleric had prepared a spell, channeling it through some ancient artifact. There was a flash of blue light from her as the spell went off, hurtling towards the quartet like nothing. Petra, the most brash of them, rushed the cleric without heed, felling her in a single stroke. Her purple ponytail whipped like the wind as she brought out her sword; to her, there was no issue at all. She was oblivious to the changes that happened, the way her gut swelled as she moved, and the way it expanded like a bomb after her strike. It left them all so frozen that they were unable to move, but Constance was not one to let things lie. Her quick thinking prevented them all from sharing the same fate. In a moment of quick deduction, she dissected the spell that had been cast and the explosion of energy that came from Petra's gut. The spell amplified their internal mana with each movement they made; the more violent or rushed the movement, the more dramatic the reaction. Constance had relayed this information just as Byleth was about to make a hasty step forward, likely saving them all.

"But was it really salvation?" Constance muttered to herself as she looked down at the fat on her gut.

She shuddered at the thought of the fat that had found its home on her midriff, the rolling pillow of flab that stretched the confines of her dress. The contoured stitches of her red dress were distorted and warped around her distended paunch. Not just around her stomach, but around her bust as well, as her fat was not content with simply staying in one place. Her exposed bustline crawled over the hem of her bustier like it was aching to show itself off, riding up like large hills. Even lifting a hand to brush her blonde locks from her eyes couldn't save her from being reminded of her own rotundity. Her silken arms bulged above the elbow; the vanished curve of her bicep had been replaced with a bulging accumulation of fat. Her movements had to be calm and deliberate; any jerky lunges could risk some sort of adverse effect on her body.

"I think not. I think that all I've managed to do is prolong our fate. Had I not uttered those words of warning, we would have burst, but it would have been in freedom." Constance uttered out more words as she looked towards the scribe in the corner of the room.

She was completely bedridden, propped up on an oversized pillow under Edelgard's orders. There could be no risk to the emperor's three most important figures, even if their battlefield use had been reduced to zero. This meant they were waited on hand and foot, pampered like they were princesses, handled like delicate eggs. Constance was prevented from writing her own memoirs, having to give the duty to an assistant and make them transcribe her words. It was a tiring affair, more exhausting than if she had done it on her own, but far more predictable. Without the ability to move, nor the ability to write, she was left with one real pleasure in the world, which was to eat. The combination of immobility and a surprisingly enhanced appetite is what led her to the stupendous girth she currently sported. The thought of eating like she did made her disgusted with herself, but she could not fight her urges; they were too strong. Even now, she could feel the gnawing claw of hunger scraping away at her willpower, urging her to glut herself like a pig.

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Constance scowled at the sound her gut made, the quivering pillow shaking as her hunger grew. The subtle shake made her grimace, watching as the shake started to agitate whatever enchantment coursed through her form. A minuscule patch of her stomach tensed, a bit just above her navel. She didn't want to risk letting it wobble so much on its own, flashing her sapphire eyes, putting on a look that her attendants could feel.

"Time for dinner then?" One of the attendants beamed with an oblivious smile.

"Do I need to say it?" Constance scowled as the attendant left, signalling the rest of them.

She felt like a parade float every time the attendants moved her about the castle, having to lift her blubbery frame with feather-light touches. An entire platoon had been assembled just to move her, all flooding around her seat to move her to the summoned palanquin. The amount summoned was not just for her weight, but also for the amount of care needed in her transport. She could feel the dozen hands crowding around her thighs, clasping them from below and top, their hands gently supporting the weight. Constance's girth had not stayed isolated to just her upper half; she just refused to admit how large her thighs and hips had gotten. Each one of her once dainty legs was not plush and soft, too big around to get with a single hand. There were times when she'd explore her softness, sink her hands into her thigh, watch the fat slowly spring back into shape, but those were fleeting. Those were more inspecting than enjoyment, prods to test how large her prison was growing.

Constance's eye twitched as she felt the hands of attendants scoop her up from the backside. Their strong hands cupping the flowing curves of her backside, the sloshing heaps

she once called an ass. Her cheeks barely fit under her skirt these days, spilling out from beneath it like fresh cream. She'd caught a few glances of herself in the mirror via ordered inspection, and she didn't like what she saw. Just the other day, her blubbery mounds sagged down from her overblown hips. Wide collections of fat as large as her head, large enough to bury it in at least. So as the attendants hoisted her from cushion to palanquin, her imagination was filling in the gaps of her image. Feeling her flesh bulge through their fingers, feeling the cloth bunch around their grip, she knew she was huge.

Constance waited patiently as she was hoisted from her palanquin and made the long-winded trip to the dining room. Her escorts stepped as if they walked on glass, step by careful step, ensuring their package did not jiggle. As she made her way through the castle halls, she was greeted by her comrade in girth, the once elegant Edelgard. An empress in a striking red dress, she was more tomato than bird these days. Her rounded stomach pulled against her restricting dress, making it bulge with each step her attendants took. A bloated mound that peeked over her armrests. Her ramhorn crown had been discarded, the attendants believing it to be too pointy for normal occasions. This allowed her platinum locks to flow freely down her chair, washing over her like willow branches.

"I see it is your lunchtime as well." Edelgard only glanced at Constance, her lilac eye pinned to the scenery in front of them.

"Same as it is every day. At this point it would be easier to live in the dining hall. Would save me from this laborious trip." Constance bemoaned her station as the attendants continued their march.

"I think our comrade has already beaten you to the idea. She has not left the dining hall since yesterday." Edelgard had a smile on her face as she held out a missive stained with sauce.

"Cute, passing notes to teacher again?" Constance let out a wry grin as she pulled out her own missive, one that lacked such stains.

"Is she even our teacher still? It's been half a decade." Edelgard had to stifle a chuckle as she spoke.

The both of them continued their long march to the dining room, discussing the tasks they'd given each other during their time apart. Edelgard was still in charge of the empire, running it from behind the scenes while she tried to find a way to recover from this spell. Byleth was placed in charge of military planning, and Constance was charged with recovery. She was given the impossible task of finding a cure for their current situation without access to her lab or her materials. Having to do everything by missive and delegation, a tedious task that led to frequent mistakes. Their little rendezvous before lunch was a routine, the time when all three of them would meet to discuss anything or just talk to a friendly face. Without Byleth there, things

felt a bit lifeless. Their conversation died out, and they spent the rest of the trip in silence until they reached the dining hall.

"Have you been eating all night?" Edelgard was the first to say anything as they came upon Byleth.

The blubbery blue-hair simply nodded, shoving another slab of meat into her mouth, chewing it so thoroughly that it must have been a paste. Slicks of grease seeped from the corners of her mouth, rolling down her chins. Byleth had once been their most capable instructor and fiercest combatant, but now she seemed to be living her best life. Her bright blue eyes gleaming in the afternoon light, her sapphire locks curled around her shoulders. The excess food had hit her the hardest out of all of them; her diet already had excess calories to compensate for her high activity levels, so it was easy to see her gain as such. Constance took special note of her features as she and Edelgard were transported into the room.

Bylath's outfit had miraculously stayed on during this entire ordeal; her midriff-baring corset had split open, baring more than just her belly button. The whole of her belly was on display, a layered pad of pillowy flesh that curled over its folds. Her navel was in the process of being swallowed by the upper and lower curves of her stomach. The black panties fixed above her waist had burst open at the crotch, letting more of her fatty gut flower outward. The corset itself had long stopped being such, instead just being a slack bit of fabric that kept her breasts contained. Those mammoth mounds were as large as the melons she ate on the regular, oozing over the top of her shrinking clothes each day. Down below her mammoth stomach, her fishnet stockings were seeing the tail end of their better days. Her great haunches strained the fabric so hard that it divided her flesh. Bubbles of blubber seeped through the spiral flowers of her outfit, little bulges of pale flesh that contrasted the darkened silk of her leggings. Her oversized thighs didn't squeeze together anymore; the bulging flesh pushed them apart. Even from the front, Constance could see the barest bits of her wobbling ass creeping out from under her vest. Globular expanses of flesh that looked like they needed a new chair to fit properly, the apex of those hills rose up and touched Byleth's back.

Byleth continued eating, gingerly stuffing herself as fast as she could, while still maintaining the meticulous touch to avoid detonation. That was the thing Constance hated the most, the feeling of restriction, even in gluttony. They couldn't run wild; they couldn't pile food into their mouths with reckless abandon. Eating on its own had become a massive chore when it had once been one of her simple joys. As the palanquins set their payloads down, their food was presented to them. Today's meal was a simple spiced porridge, a first course of many, both Constance and Edelgard took their oversized spoons in hand. The spoons were large enough to get satisfying spoonfuls and deter the need for more frantic eating. Rhythmically, they ate, scooping serving sizes of porridge into their mouth. The taste was sweet and tart; bits of dry fruit had been ground into the meal. It was a pleasant concoction that turned arduous as the time went by. Constance could feel her muscles aching from the methodical actions, the tensed muscles desperately wanting to spring back and forth like levers. She fought the potential energy of her tendons at every step, and it was exhausting.

Byleth and Edelgard seemed wholly unperturbed, or at least their composure was better than Constance's. By the time they were moved to the sliced ham, Constance's patience was wearing very thin, her mouth curled in annoyance after the ham was done. Her brow was set to a perpetual frown as she moved from the ham to the eggs. The quantities she ate were absurd, more than enough to feed her thrice over, but it wasn't enough. No matter how much she ate, she still felt the gnawing hunger would never cease, like she was throwing dirt into a pit. By the time she was done with breakfast, she was ready for lunch, and the time was right as well. She didn't want to look at her stomach, but she could feel it pulling the edges of her dress, rounding out into some damnable orb. She looked around to see her friends were in much the same state, but they had abandoned pretense.

Edelgard had beckoned her attendants to feed her as lunchtime arrived, lifting the entire bowl of soup to her mouth. They helped her drink it in heavy gulps, running their hands up and down her throat to ease the strain of her neck muscles. Their fingers ran through the fat of her neck, jostling the slight double chin she was growing. All the while, her pudgy stomach was tense, but not from magic. She was so full of food, so gluttoned from her own excess, that it had become perfectly curved. The soft contours of her dress now drew tightly around her expanding stomach. A belly that was growing so full that it made her look pregnant, a fecund and full swell that strained the sides of her dress as they transitioned to the entree of finger sandwiches. Her stomach billowed out like a ripened tomato, growing rounder, growing riper as stitches strained.

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There was a creak from the front of her dress and a bubbling within her stomach as she ate. A familiar bubbling that snapped all of their attention to it, what was once a simple digestive noise had become a portent, an omen. Every burble of their overstuffed stomachs could be the match that lit their fuses. Edelgard held up her hand as the bubbling increased, signalling her attendants to stop feeding her as she felt a pressure well up inside of her. Her throat shifted as she slowly opened her mouth, a light gurgle echoing from the back of her mouth.

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A belch so quiet and so low that one could barely hear it petered from her throat, her muscles working hard to keep it as calm as possible. The constricting of her muscles turned the expulsion into a mere whistle from her lips. The tension in her stomach deflating slightly, the stretched threads over her stomach becoming a bit slacker. The ponderous expulsion seemed to go on for far too long for a mere belch, but that was the cost of meticulous action. Everything was drawn out and belabored until it became comical. Edelgard closed her mouth after the outburst finished, slowly closing her jaw and relaxing her muscles. Pointing a single finger to her front as her attendants waited on baited breath.

"Cut the dress." It was a simple command, one that's intention was felt immediately.

Cutting the front of her dress wasn't simply for comfort; it was a measure of survival, removing a barrier from her gut and removing a source of strain. Everyone around her dutifully obeyed, pulling out a knife as sharp as a razor. Gingerly hooking the tip under a loose thread and popping it. Moving one by one, popping thread after thread, each nick of the blade was met with palpable tension. They didn't know how close their empress was to a balloon, but they did not want to find out. The process took long enough that the afternoon sun had begun to sink, but the task was done. Edelgard's stomach was free, the blubbery expanse resting atop her lap like an egg. The fat had been pulled away from her stomach, leaving the tense and turgid surface, one that shone like glass. The tension in her skin made her look fecund, with child, but the only thing in there was food and mana. Edelgard sighed as she looked down at her stomach.

"It looks like I'm done for the day. Eat in my stead, ladies. I will stomach no more." Edelgard sighed; her hunger still gnawed at her insides as she relented.

This tension forced Constance to look at her own stomach, to see the bubbling tension under the surface. She gave her stomach an inspecting touch, lightly prodding the layer of adipose over her midriff. Her finger sank in slowly, going until she felt the dense rock underneath it. She'd let her hunger run too strong, let herself get lost in the sensation of feasting; to lose herself in a sensation she reviled seemed shameful, especially when pushing further could lead her to a messy fate. Shortly after Edelgard's exit, Constance excused herself, giving a fleeting goodbye to Byleth, a woman who seemed to have no limits.

Even though Constance and Edelgard had eaten the same amount, Byleth seemed in far less of a tense state. Her fat stomach was just as large as theirs, but it was remarkably softer, her stomach slowly unfurling itself from her fat folds until it looked like a balloon. Her fat jostled atop the growing surface as she ate; she'd likely eat until night fell and until she passed out. It was a fate that Constance couldn't tell if she envied or pitied.

"Could you take me to the lab? I have a side project I'd like to get some work done on." Constance held up her hand as her procession exited the room.

The attendants obeyed, conveying her down to the basement, hefting her to the depths of her arcane laboratory. Constance had at least one problem she could find a solution to.

Another month had passed, or had it been months? Time was becoming a blur to Constance as she subjected herself to this life of sloth. She barely left her lab these days, having had her bed moved down there to make her research easier. Being trapped down in the deepest recesses of the castle had done little for her mental. It only served to make her more irritable, but that may have been from the precarious state of her situation. She had subjected herself to rigorous testing during the time, had mages analyze her body and magic, recording

the results. What she found from the research, though, the findings made her numb inside, filling her with an overwhelming sense of despair.

"It's terminal. The only way to undo this curse is by removing our own mana completely, which would kill us. Rhea, you monster. What a devilish relic to unleash." Constance bit her lip as she read over her own notes, talking in an almost reverent tone.

She stopped herself from biting too hard, lest she rupture something on a jagged bit of tooth. Constance felt no different than she normally did, but her actions over the months had gotten more careful, more measured. She was almost afraid of herself, as if any touch or jostle of her body would blow her to pieces: she still had nightmares about Petra. There was at least one silver lining to this whole situation, which was that she managed to find a more amenable solution to eating. She'd concocted a calorie-dense solution that would keep her fed and sated without any arduous chewing. It was a home blend of flour, eggs, sugar, and cream, boiled until it was a pudding consistency. She could eat it far more easily than she could an actual meal, and the taste was far more pleasant, but this too was a prison of her own creation. Through her own actions, she'd managed to isolate herself, remove the need to leave or see another. She hadn't seen Edelgard or Byleth in weeks; the only faces she saw were the shifting retinue of assistants. Wordless servitors who attended to her every whim, offering so little resistance that they became closer to machines to her.

Constance suckled on the nutrient solution she had made, staring down at her body and its expanded form. Her growing hunger and the ready availability of her sugared slurry had a deleterious effect on her figure. The front of her dress had split open long ago, leaving her breasts exposed to the chilled air. Each of her heaving mounds rested atop her ground bulb of a stomach like balloons. Fatty blobs that stretched out atop her surface, too large to easily cup in one hand. She could barely see her own gut past her overflowing cleavage; each blob was too large for a brassiere. Expanses of cream-colored flesh with cherry-kissed nipples that folded into themselves from her own immensity. With only her surroundings for comparison, she'd peg them as being close in size to large jugs she stored materials in. Yet, despite their rotundity, they were far from the largest part of her body; if they were the largest, she'd have far less to complain about.

No, the largest part of her body was her rotund gut, a blob so large that it no longer fit in her dress. In fact, she had been forced to discard her dress entirely as her stomach burst from it like a seed from an olive. The blubbery collection of skin sat on her knees like a useless lump, a collection of mass that did nothing but weight her down. Soft folds that sagged to her knees wrapped around a tight expanse of a stomach. She'd kept herself so full with her constant drip of sustenance that she was larger than a wyvern's egg. Each pillowy fold of fat stacked atop itself around her rounded mass that filled her entire torso. The soft plane of flesh that rose up to her breasts was a sloped curve; the highest curve was turgid and taut. Constance would often find herself inspecting it, feeling it grow tighter each day, like a rock. She had done as many tests as she could, seeing if the tightness was from food or from the remnants of the spell. The

days she starved herself, the days where she let nothing enter her body, the tautness remained. Those experiments, along with her spell analysis, only confirmed the futility of their situation.

Constance tired of the charade, of the lies she told herself to comfort her mind, she would tell Edelgard herself. Looking down at her bloated thighs, she wondered if this was the time to take action. The stairs would prove to be a challenge, and she doubted her current weight would make for an easy trip. No, she'd need to be relocated to the dining room or somewhere public to make her grand display. As her mind wandered, Constance stopped herself from digging her hand into her thigh. The fat bulged around her fatty fingers as she pressed down, the surface leaving an impression before springing back into place. Each one of her legs was far thicker than a normal woman's, combining their girth with the size of her prodigious hips, her entire leg was enough to conceal a woman. Constance imagined it with a wry grin, seeing Edelgard's old body smothered under her weighty trunks, burying her face in mountains of flab. There was a satisfaction in it, embarrassing the empress in such a fashion.

"It would be a grand way to go." Constance closed her eyes as she mused to herself, only opening to issue another command. "I wish to go upstairs. Take me to the dining hall."

Constance's command was met with whip-like punctuality, the attendants working the lab snapping to attention before beginning the preparation. She was too large to fit in any palanquin at her current size. Instead, a board had been fixed with a cushion and handles, a slab of wood large enough to comfortably fit a cow. A board that was more for displaying livestock than it was royalty.

The attendants bunched their hands under her hefty, letting the soft flesh curl and wrap around their grips as they gripped her by the dozen. Over a dozen servants for each leg, another platoon to support her gut and her fatty arms having their own attendants. Constance would have felt better being trapped in a skin-tight suit of metal than being maneuvered like some prop. Her fat ass had grown too large to be supported by those supporting her legs, her ass needed its own set of attendants. Constance shuddered as she counted the hands reaching under her cheeks.

Two, three, four, eight, ten. How devastating.

Constance couldn't hide the disappointment and sadness on her face as ten attendants had gathered to support each of her massive cheeks. The blubbery masses of flesh seeped through their hands like soft pudding. Globes of blubbery, pale flesh that would shake like gelatin if not kept contained. Even when on the plank, they seeped over the edges, little overhangs of flab that oozed over the sides. With no pants to keep her cheeks decent, her mounds spread apart, giving the attendants more than a look at her shadowed ass crack. The deep canyon looked ready to swallow them whole as they worked to keep Constance stable.

Slowly, but surely, they hoisted the blob above them, supporting every single inch to ensure the blubbery mountain would have a smooth ride. Even with their efforts, there was not

enough support in the world to keep Constance from wobbling. The angle of the stairs, the way her breasts wobbled when she sighed, the sloshing of her gut between her legs. Even those minuscule movements were enough to add to the tightness in her stomach; her gut bloated forward at a snail's pace as they ascended. The measured steps made the trip agony, made it closer to torture as the walls gripped at Constance's body. Her overfilled hips hugging the stone as she ascended from the basement. Bunches of fat brushing against stone in a tickling itch that she dared not acknowledge. It was all a dull agony, a constant and mounting ache that would drive anyone mad.

"And Rhea thinks us the tyrants." Constance muttered to herself as she felt her hips catch on the door frame.

Fat rolled against wood, squeezed between the poorly fitted wood, like balls of dough wrapped around pillars. She could see her servant's arms tremble under the awkward weight, feel the lightest agitation in their combined strength. They dare not push her further, lest they stress an already stressed shell. For a moment, all of them were frozen, staring blankly at each other before one called down the hall. Ponderous minutes went by as they waited for whatever solution had been cooked up. Constance had been so lost in her own imagination that she didn't register their words. Left alone with her thoughts and her body, she imagined her likely fate.

How hilarious. Toppling down the stairs like a spilled tomato, bouncing and bulging until I splatter at the bottom of the steps. Would I be red? What color would my explosion be? Petra was blue; maybe it was dependent on mana colors?

A grin crept its way across Constance's face as she imagined it, one of the world's greatest minds popping like discarded fruit because she was too fat to fit through the door. Her grin widened, creeping across her plush cheeks as her teeth flared.

"Hahaha hehehehe HAAHAHAHAHA" Constance's laughs rose and fell at an uneven canter.

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The stress of it all, the agonizing feeling of her imminent doom, was finally starting to weigh on her. Her heaving laughter made her stomach tighten, her belly begin to balloon and billow. Heaving waves of flab rolled over each other as laughter shook her body, her breasts pushed into her face as they inflated with her unstable mana.

Is laughter too much for this damnable curse? It saps me of joy as well?

She cursed in her mind as the absurdity of the situation took hold of her mind; she could feel a pressure in her stomach, the top of her gut dyeing with a growing pink hue. The bubbling inside her stomach turned to a boiling, an airy pressure that rose within her gut. Constance

could feel the walls around her thighs shift; tears forming in the corners of her eyes blurred her vision. She could feel her whole body welling up, only for the feeling of constriction to end.

"Huh?" Constance wiped a tear from her eyes, not bothering to measure her swipe as she looked out.

Barely able to see over her own breasts, she could see she had been freed. The attendants had called carpenters to get to work; they had gingerly shaved away an inner layer of the wooden frame. It was not a lot of space, but it was enough to free Constance, letting her rest on the cleared space in front of the basement lab. Everyone stood there in silence for a moment, watching Constance's tight stomach slowly fall as she regained her composure. The momentary insanity had left her with a clarity; her outburst of emotions had vented a little of her pent-up frustrations. Slowly she watched her gut fall, the overwhelming tightness dissipating, as her detonation had averted itself. She didn't know what to do with herself but sit there and realize how inevitable things were.

In the other room, Edelgard was seated at her station, a wooden platform perched above her mammoth stomach as she looked over the papers and reports. Constance's maddened laughter reverberated through the walls and made her fear for the worst. Her attendants had braced her enormous flanks, ready to block any forces that would shake her body, but nothing came. There was no detonation or splash of mana; things simply quieted, and Edelgard was left to wonder what exactly had happened.

"You, go check on what happened and relay information to me. And you, bring that report closer." Edelgard's orders were calm but assertive.

The report she wanted was something that had caught her eye in her massive pile of paperwork, one that mentioned Rhea. Edelgard scanned over it, her glances getting more rapid and excited as she went further down the line. To her glee, Rhea had somehow exploded the week prior. Reports mentioned her being inconceivably rotund in the past year, too fat to even fit in a room by the end. Her messengers didn't go into detail, but they did manage to write the aftermath, a flood of fat that crashed down Garragh Mach after dinner. Edelgard contained the joyous laughter she wanted to let loose, the feeling of her hated enemy succumbing to a worse fate than their own. Edelgard felt like a celebration was in order for such a victory.

"Could you bring me to Byleth? I'd like to have some dessert." Edelgard's request was calmly sweet.

The attendants obeyed without question, removing the desk from her stomach, revealing the ocean of red cloth in front of her. Edelgard dared not have a repeat of her incident in the dining hall, she wouldn't be caught bare-stomached again. Her solution to this was to wear

dressess so long and billowing that they would conceal her curves no matter how big she got. She just sorely underestimated how big she could and would get when she concocted this plan, as she was quite enormous. The stomach in front of her rose from the flowing dress like a hill on a flat plain, valleys and peaks formed along the natural contours of her stomach, the deep pit of her navel was outlined in the fabric. She tried to ignore the look, ignore its immensity, but it was hard to deny that it had gotten tighter over the past few days. Her flanks felt turgid when she brushed against them; her jiggling hips felt like they had rubber beneath the surface. On top of it, her breasts had become noticeably tender; the melon-sized swells had billowed out into mounds the size of the globes in her office.

Edelgard wordlessly was lifted from her station; the wheels of her chair squeaked as she was dragged out of her office. Pushed from behind and dragged from a dozen ropes in the front, her well-maintained cart was smoother than any ride. She was gliding through the castle, light as a feather as she was ferried to the dining room. Glancing down the hall, she looked at Constance, her swollen stomach looking ready to pop like a bubble. Deep in her mind, a remnant of Edelgard's conscious bade her speak some words, but she denied it. Only sharing a pitying glance at Constance before passing by. Her dismissal of the once ally was an apathy born of isolation. It had been weeks since they'd seen each other, only communicating through missives, and even those had gotten sparse. Edelgard believed Constance to have gone mad; the spies in her lab reported insane findings. Defeatist words that pointed to their rupture being inevitable, but seeing her in her current state, it was just desperate sadness.

Edelgard fixed her gaze forward as she was wheeled into the banquet hall, her new dining room. The old rooms weren't sufficient to fit her or Byleth anymore, too crowded for burgeoning women like themselves, the doorways too narrow. The double doors fit her easily as she saw the room cleared of tables, a carpeted and luxurious room with only a single fixture, Byleth. The enormous blob of a woman was a permanent part of the room, an avalanche of flesh smeared with icing and cakes. Eating was the only entertainment provided to Byleth, and it was one she took in stride. Chocolate frosting caked the strands of her blue hair, smeared across her bare breasts. Byleth could request a new outfit if she wanted, but instead she lived in the tatters of her old outfit. Scraps of fishnet stocking lay atop her bulbous thighs; scraps of leather lay upon her hips, remnants of her vest and bustier. The attendants at her side were given a constant task: to feed Byleth at all times. Like military formation, they worked, moving sweet to mouth and helping the bloated blob chew. Byleth had gotten large enough that she didn't bother chewing under her own strength anymore.

Her bulbous chin was cradled by hands, a frog's bulge wrapped by light hands, slowly moving in undulating waves as she chewed. Edelgard marveled at her motions; watching her was akin to watching the ocean in slow motion. Each bite she took made her gut roll, hands perched atop the fat to keep it from moving too violently. They were faceless supports, arched to hold up a collapsing building. Byleth's stomach was monumental compared to Edelgard's, a mammoth whale of a stomach that broached the barrier of her thighs and stretched to her knees. Fat cushioned the massive balloon, gathering around the massive weight and supporting it from the floor. Softness melded with hard in a contradictory state; the softness came from the

excess blubber, the folds, and the curls of her flesh. While the hardness came from the taut state her gut was in. Each bite she took made it tremble a little, inching out from the fullness; inside of her sweat-slicked stomach must have been a dozen feasts, all digesting and adding to her rotund form. Byleth was becoming more fat than woman, her weight outnumbered twofold in favor of blubber.

"I see you celebrate early." Edelgard smiled as she was wheeled in, making a joke to herself.

Byleth paid her no heed, too absorbed in her single-minded task of consumption, too dedicated to feasting. Edelgard wondered what had gotten into her these past few weeks; Byleth had gotten notably and remarkably quiet. All she did was eat and sleep, like her life was nothing more. It made Edelgard pause in her idea of celebration, but only pause; her joy at Rhea's end was still greater.

Grllll

Uurrllllgl

Edelgard had trouble distinguishing which noises were her own hungering stomach or Byleth's full one. The room was filled with the sounds of gastric noises as Edelgard was placed at the table, a plate placed on her stomach. She was too large and rotund to take her seat, but she could keep the image of normality.

"That is quite fine. Could you bring me tea and cakes?" Edelgard turned to her closest attendant, her voice soft and caring.

Without much delay, a cart was wheeled out, piled high with cakes and filled with multiple teapots. A feat to be remembered as Edelgard ate until her dress billowed, riding up along her tight dress, the blimped expanse crawling over her knees and settling on her waist like a weight. Heavy and taut, the underside digging into her thighs as her servants slowly widened her stance. She could feel the warm air licking the underside of her gut as her dress rode up; she knew she was overdoing it, but what was a little indulgence? Her dire state would not change over a simple meal, at least that's what she told herself. Keeping her gut cloaked made it easy to ignore the signs, the tight expanse, the darkening of her skin. She kept it in the back of her mind until she felt the slightest tinge of discomfort.

She stopped her binge but did not leave the dining room; she instead watched Byleth, seeing how she managed the excessive binging.

While both of them binged, Constance sat stationary in the hall, unmoving. She was slowly deflating, the agitated mana dissipating with time, but her desperation did not. She knew her time was coming and resolved to do something about it.

Grlllll

Hoouuurrrllll

"That's it darling, keep cooing. You know I love it so." Constance muttered to herself, hands caressing her overfilled stomach.

She didn't remember how long she sat on that cold floor, how long she'd been punished to stay with her own thoughts, but she remembered how long it had been since she took her first step. Just two days ago, she had begun to walk around the halls, ponderously at first, with supports to carry her weight while she acclimated. She tracked her growth, watching how she swelled with each step; no matter how light her steps, her body would swell. Attendants had tried to stop her, prevent her from taking another step, but they relented when she started shaking her breasts. All it took was a little vigorous jiggling, and they looked at her like she was a bomb, staying out of her path as she roamed the halls. Soon her stomach hung down over her knees, the heavy blob sagging like a boulder in front of her, the front throbbing like an overfilled bladder. Every bit of growth made it heave in and out, eliciting angry gurgles and grumbles from her midriff. In her madness, the madness born from a tortuous time, she treated her stomach like it was a child or pet. Rubbing it affectionately, treating its angered bloat and grumbles like they were playful leaps. All of it was part of her plan, her last-ditch effort for freedom.

She knew that Edelgard had the results of her research, the fact that they were doomed to rupture, but she didn't react. Byleth had become a zombie of a glutton, and Edelgard an ignorant sow, but Constance would show them; she'd show them their eventual fate. She just needed to wait for the right day, and that day was today. She was ripe enough, full enough, that her grandstanding would result in a failure. Her hand was shaking as she removed it from her gut; instinctually it was shaking from fear, but she fooled herself into thinking it was excitement. Constance made her way towards the dining hall, the only room that Edelgard and Byleth would ever be found in.

Thud

Gurgle

Thud

Gurgle

Her heavy footsteps resonated across the stone, her purposeful plodding slapping through the halls. She wanted her presence to be known, for people to hear her approach and

cower. The cart she wheeled her gut upon squeaked as it grew, the drum-tight surface throbbing as her fat thighs brushed against it. Her flared hips rubbed the confined stoney walls, adding uneven wobbles to her walk. She was enjoying this bit of freedom; in these fleeting days, she had lived more than she had in the past months. Her mountainous ass wobbled behind her like inflated mounds; she'd catch people staring at it, looking at her tensing mounds.

"Remember it, because this is the last time you're going to see it." Constance shouted back at the attendants watching her, digging into her cheeks to give them a good show.

Bblblblblb

Oourrrrrll

"Shh, shhh. I know, baby, I know. You're excited; I am too, but just a little longer." Constance massaged her throbbing stomach as she approached the double doors.

With a flourish, Constance slammed her gut into the doors, letting them swing open with a resounding thud that echoed in the halls. The loud noise was only dampened by the glacial blobs perched on opposite ends of the room. Byleth with a pie resting on her tits and Edelgard in her patchwork dress. Byleth was large enough to fill the corner of the room, her ass bunched up into the wall, her gut reaching towards the table. Edelgard was much the same, but in such denial that she refused to see it. Her dress had been hemmed and resewn so many times and so hastily that you could see the clumsy stitches. Even with the shield of denial, she couldn't shield herself from her enormity. Her boulder-breasts were propped up on a gutt so large that she looked like a collection of balloons. An ass large enough to fill a couch, stretching out the poor confines of her dress while attendants desperately added fabric.

"My goodness, Constance. Must you be so violent? Loud noises like that are not good for our current states." Edelgard's remarks fell obliviously on the room as she looked to see Constance. "Are you walking? Do you know how dangerous that is?!"

"Careful, get too excited and you'll blow your top." Constance giggled at Edelgard's worry.

Even in a zen-like state, she couldn't hide her worry and dismay at the sight of Constance's actions, the sight of her walking about. Constance reveled in it, reveled in her freedom, carting herself over to the table and grabbing a handful of whatever they were eating. Cake smushed between her fingers as she ate vigorously from her own palm, sugared icing dripping on her angry cut as she ate it like a pig.

Bblblblblb

Crkkkkk

While Constance furiously ate from her hands, cramming scoops of the sweet mess down her craw, her gut was bubbling angrily. Throbbing in and out with increased fervor, the boulder-like expanse having reached its limit long ago. There was no growth as it lifted her massive tits up and down, bobbing them like floats on the sea. Their constant motion smeared the cake in her hands all over their surface. She wasn't growing anymore; every inch she gained retracted as her stomach tried desperately to hold together.

"It tastes so much better when you eat it on your own." Constance licked the last bits of icing from her hand before rubbing along her throbbing stomach. "You should try it sometime."

Grlllll

Constance taunted her two immobile friends, watching them fidget slowly in their seats, like they were eggs. They were round as eggs at least; their bulbous bodies looked so swollen and fragile, overblown with fat to the point of parody. Constance's stomach growled as her bare gut throbbed, the veins around her gut throbbing as glowing mana coursed through her form, her body taking on a red hue. A red light permeated through her form, like a lantern had been lit inside of her stomach. The sight of it made Constance cackle.

"I can't believe it, I was right! We do have different colors! I bet you're gonna be black as your heart, you ripe tomato." Constance pointed at Edelgard as her gut continued throbbing.

"Constance, I don't know what's come over you, but this is insane. If you keep this up you'll..." Edelgard hesitated to finish that word; she didn't want to acknowledge the possibility.

"Burst? Explode? Pop? Rupture? Come on, there're so many good words for it." Constance thrust her gut out, arching her back to make her gut appear larger.

Biblbibbl

That small shift was enough to anger her insides, making her stomach push out against her body, stretching her overtaxed skin. The red glow spread out from her navel and spiraling out through her gut. Following the rhythmic pulsing, the angry rising and falling of her stomach as she removed the boulder from the cart. Her legs almost buckled under the weight as she struggled to hold her absurd stomach, inching closer to Edelgard.

"Yes. You'll explode, and I don't want you to." Edelgard had a worried look on her face as she eyed Constance's throbbing stomach.

"What? We'll all explode eventually. Pop like ripe tomatoes." Constance splayed her hands to mimic an explosion. "I'm just done prolonging it. I will not hide as some porcelain doll, so afraid of shattering that she chains herself to the bed. I want to enjoy my time."

"Is this about your experiment? Constance, it's impossible. There's no way we'll be like this forever." Edelgard's voice was shaking, like she didn't want to admit it to herself.

"Guess you'll have to find out." Constance winced in discomfort as she clasped a hand to her gut.

Grrnnnnnnn

Constance's boat was cut off by a rumbling groan from her stomach, a low and hollow groan that made her sound airy. Fighting through all of the discomfort and pain was impossible, even in her manic state. She could feel her stomach throbbing under her fingertips, stretching under her grasp as it lurched out, the bottom brushing against the stone.

"I do have to thank your witless denial. It delayed us enough so I could make a real splash." Constance grinned as she took another step forward.

Crrrrrrkkkkkk

Each step she took was followed by a louder creak, a rubbery stretch that made her whole form quake. Those steps grew in speed, faster and faster until she was in a full sprint, her gut pulsing like an active volcano as she got closer. It was a quick sprint, a small burst of speed to aid her ascent as she leapt into the air. Her whole body jiggled as she soared through the air, careening towards Edelgard like a tumbling rock. Edelgard was frozen, looking in horror as the blimp of a gut flew toward her. Trapped by her instinct to get up and run and the conscious control to keep herself still to avoid rupture.

Biblbiblbib

Uuurrlrlrlrl

As Constance flew through the air, her gut throbbed, pulsing out a final time as the bubbling sensation inside of her intensified. Her skin had given up all attempts to keep herself together, letting her billow out like a balloon. The glow in her gut spread out through her entire body, flooding her form as the rest of her expanded. Her form howled in protest as every part of her blew up like a balloon. Grander than Petra, like a glowing fireworks display, her fat-laden body expanded. Ass growing out like balloons, breasts tightening, red mist spraying from her nipples as mana profused the air. Her tense body billowed out a final time as a satisfied look grew on her face. Constance held her arms wide, eyes closed; her body was finally her own again.

Kersplooosh

Constance ruptured, her skin tearing apart with the force that was inside of her, a flood of red magic washing over the group, carrying a wave with it. Yellow sludge, the melted wave of

her accumulated fat sprayed across the room. Coating both Edelgard and Byleth in a shower of Constance's contents before evaporating. The mana tore through Constance's body, whipping her into a fine mist and scraps of tattered clothes.

Biblbib

Edelgard sat frozen in her seat as a bubbling emanated from both her and Byleth's stomachs. The shockwave had angered their bodies, making them tremble and grow as they sat in shock.

It had been months, nearly a year, since Constance had exploded, and her rupture left a heavy weight on Edelgard's mind. She no longer left the cafeteria, staying there night and day with Byleth as they gluttoned themselves like pigs. She seemed desperate to prove Constance wrong, desperate to prove that she'd never burst. That was something she had no control over and would happen no matter how much she denied it. Day by day, the tiny little stresses of her expanding form were adding bits of tension to her stomach. Like grains of sand in the hourglass, her elasticity ticked away; her soft mountain of fat was tense in places, painful to the touch. She convinced herself it was just a cramp or gas, but in the back of her mind, the reality was dawning on her. A fate that was coming to a head during the daily feast.

Bbblbblb

Edelgard perked her head up from her meal, looking across the room for the source of the bubbling sound. She hoped it was just some echoing belch or bit of indigestion from Byleth's body, but the subtle glow in her belly button made it apparent that something was up. In the year since Constance had ruptured herself in front of them, they'd blown up considerably, become room-filling blobs of flesh. Byleth's ass alone was bigger than her former body, massive bergs of wobbling flesh that pushed her out from the wall. Creamy-colored mountains too large for a cart, mountains that couldn't fit through the door anymore. On the upper portions of her body, the wobbling collections of fat that were her breasts had swollen larger than her head. They melded with the flowing chins and fat-laden cheeks she'd sculpted over the months. Constance's rupture had left her speechless; not a single word had been uttered: she only ate and it showed.

Byleth's mammoth stomach had become even more impressive in the year than it had been before. What was once a boulder was now a mountain: a soft blob of flesh that jutted out from her midriff and extended past her legs, past the table, and now brushed against Edelgard's own blobby stomach. Grand and swooping curves of fat wrapped around her flanks, creating layers that climbed up the sides of her gut. At least, they did; during normal days, she was soft as a pancake, fluffy as a pillow, but she'd been changing. The apex of her stomach was becoming taut, swollen, and warm. Edelgard could feel the tense surface pressing into her own

stomach, being wrapped by Edelgard's prodigious stomach. Both of them were absolute blobs, near immobile from the sheer amount of food they had eaten.

Grllll

Ulpulmp

There was a growl and rhythmic rocking from Byleth's stomach as the blob of fat rocked against Edelgard's own stomach. The massive blimp was growing, pressing into Edelgard's stomach and adding a level of discomfort to her form. She watched, hoping Byleth would notice, but the bubbling only seemed to increase the pace of her feasting. She dug into her cakes more furiously, shoving them hand over fist into her gullet. Frosting and crumbs were gathering around her chin, getting caught in the folds as she ate. Her cheeks started to puff out, her whole body throbbed, and for a moment, Edelgard feared the worst. It was a small hiccup; her body undulated from the force of her little outburst, a violent one that only made her bubbling worse.

"Do you think that's such a good idea? Maybe if you slowed down a little you wouldn't be getting such an upset stomach?" There was worry and fear in Edelgard's voice, her confident facade slowly shattering.

She could feel the massive blob tensing as another hiccup broke past Byleth's lips, the blue glow in her navel seemingly spreading. Riding up her stomach like a tie of spilled ink that dyed her fatty flesh. Byleth only paused her eating for a moment before going back to devouring everything in front of her. The attendants had long since left them to their devices, piling cake atop her stomach like it was the table. There was no chance they'd be coming to remove the excess or clean her stomach, meaning she was left to eat as much as she wanted. Byleth's pudgy fingers grabbed the plates in front of her, moving faster with each bite. Her supernatural speed and strength seemed to be unaffected by her bulk as she grabbed handfuls of food. Chocolate cakes, baked pastries, all of them vanished down her maw in quick succession as her body continued to tense.

Gloorshlopp

Biblbiblb

grnnnnn

"Hey, Byleth, honey? Can you hear me? I don't like the sounds coming out of you, and you are awfully close to me." Edelgard was feeling worried as Byleth's hard stomach dug into her own.

Byleth wasn't reacting; maybe she'd come to the same realization as Constance? Maybe she was just too gluttonous to care what was happening; endless stuffing for over a year would do a number on someone's mindset. Without heed, without care, she continued eating. Glutting

herself without care as her body began to shake, her wobbling assets turning stiff like balloons. Her skin shone with a leathery sheen, stretching much the same; every bit that she grew was audible, drowning out Edelgard's protests. Her blue glow was becoming blinding, making it hard for Edelgard to watch her as mana rippled through her.

It's impossible, there's no way that she's exploding. It's a spell or something.

Edelgard tried to convince herself that rupture was possible, swiping Constance's findings away every time they crept up in her head. She tried to back away from Byleth, move away from the growing bomb, but she was too large. Edelgard's blubbery rear was pushing her back from the wall, springing her back into Byleth's gut. She could feel the tension in her own form growing, the surface of her stomach stiffening against Byleth's own. The outer curve of her navel flexed into Byleth's; all Edelgard's struggling accomplished was making her gut tense and giving Byleth more room to grow.

Rmbblbbblbl

Grllllllll

Bblblblblbl

"Just stop eating!" Edelgard shouted across the room, her shout turning into a scream as her panic took over.

That outburst made her already fragile state teeter past the point of no return; she could hear her body beginning to bubble. Her assets stiffening and tensing as they shoved into her face. Like taut balloons of flesh, her skin was leathery and tough, unyielding to her touch as it stretched further. She could hardly tell the shaking of her own gut from Byleth's; the blue-haired blob's body began to pulse in and out. Her assets heaved like they had breath of their own, expanding in and out, each time growing a bit larger, like she had a bellows hooked to her. The puffy expanse of her cheeks tensed, wobbling like blimps, her chins growing taut and inflated like a frog's, but she didn't stop. Stone was starting to groan and crack behind her as the pressure rose. Every inch of her was pressing harder into Edelgard's stomach, shoving the woman into the hard stone. Edelgard had so little yield that she felt like she was being trapped in a vise, Byleth's shaking body agitating her own, making her inflate.

Crkkkkk

Rmbblblblbb

Byleth was starting to shake violently, the sapphire energy rising into her cheeks as her shiny cheeks tensed. Every bit of her was tight as a balloon, squeaking whenever she moved and brushing against the stone, but she wouldn't stop. She ate and ate, pushing her already

stressed gut past its limit. The last bite she took made her stop; her body's violent creaking and shaking were almost an afterthought to the last mouthful of cake.

"I think I'm full." Byleth absently made her declaration as her body surged out.

Grnnn

Rising into the ceiling, flooding across the room like a wave, filling everything that wasn't her with heated flesh. The mana inside of her boiled like water, turning her fat into vapor as she continued growing. Her already thin skin was being spread thinner, turning frailer than paper before the last vestiges of integrity wore away.

Bloooosssshh

Byleth exploded, her stomach rupturing at the navel in a chain reaction that carried all the way up her form. Every part of her detonated like a bomb, tearing her into a fine blue mist before the wave of bubbling fat unleashed. Byleth was too fat for all of her blubber to turn into vapor; the wave of blue-tinged blubber washed across the room like a steaming wave. Splashing Edelgard's own tensing stomach as it sprang back into shape, crashing across the steaming sea. There was a glow in her stomach, a black tinge of mana, a vaporous wisp that crawled out from her navel. Her veins pumped with the black mana, coursing through her body like winding snakes, crawling higher and higher. They reached the apex of her stomach and crept their way through her breasts, outlining her straining breasts. Her mountain of an ass was rising behind her, pushing her into the center of the room, wedging her stomach against the wall.

Biblbibbbl

Ooouurrrrrlll

Strrtccchh

"This is crazy. I just...I just need a minute to process it all. Then I'll be back to normal. I won't burst; I can't burst. I'm the empress." Edelgard was pleading with herself, working hard to remain ignorant to the state she was in.

In a panic, she frantically ran her hands over what little bits of skin she could reach, pressing into her taut form in an attempt to massage away the muscle knots. There were no knots, and no amount of massaging could make her stop growing. The black energy pulsed through her body, streaking up her ass until it enveloped her. Shadow-laced skin throbbed, pulsing in and out as she filled the room, her breasts riding the slope of her stomach into the opposite wall. She could feel the hard stone against her nipples as she saw blue steam rising; all of Byleth's fat had evaporated, leaving nothing to remember her by. It was a fate that Edelgard feared more than anything, to be gone without a trace. It's why she feared rupturing so

much, a deep-seated terror that was only growing more palpable. Despite her racing heart, despite her tightening skin, she would not admit it. Despite Petra's rupture playing in her mind, despite Constance's cackling laughter, she refused.

Biblbiblbiblb

Grnnnnnnnn

She could feel her body shaking in her face, her overloaded assets filling the space that Byleth had left. Bloating further and further until there was no more room to bloat, trapped in a sea of her own flesh, the overwhelming black of her mana turning the room into a dark void.

"I can't burst. I can't burst. I won't burst! I WON'T ***BLOOOOOSSSSHHHHH***"

Edelgard's pleas to the world and herself were cut short by her own eruption; a tarry sludge filled the room as her black mana mingled with her fat. Steaming energy shrouded the room as her overflowing mana evaporated.

There was nothing left of Edelgard, nothing but the evaporating puddles of viscous fat. Edelgard's deeds would go forgotten over time, overshadowed by her mysterious disappearance and overshadowed by the unexpected rise of Manuela. The rotund instructor had risen to the heights of Garrag Mach after Rhea's rupture and became the head of state, going unopposed after the empire's collapse. When asked about how all of it came to be she simply stated, "I just kept my head down and ate until the war was over."