

"Oh, honey. I love how much you enjoy my cakes, but do you think you could slow down? This batch has scarcely cooled." Felicia smiled as she teased her heavy hubby.

"Sorry, I just can't seem to get enough of them." Corrin happily grabbed another tea cake from the table, juggling it in his hands before taking a bite.

Felicia smiled as she watched Corrin indulge in her little treats; it was nice that she could do something that brought him so much joy after such an arduous life. He wasn't wrong either; things in Hosido had slowed down considerably after the conflicts with Garron and Anankos. Now came the normal and rather slow life of a noble, even one of such high standing; Corrin had little care for stately affairs and preferred the life of a soldier and a combatant, but with no battles to fight, that life was often empty. Which is what led to Corrin's current state, resting in a plush chair, snacking on a steaming tea cake. It was a daily action that had led to a not unnoticeable amount of weight being put on his frame.

He looked a bit pudgier in many areas; a slight amount of fat graced his puffy cheeks, making his blonde locks brush against it more readily. Slight layers of flab that shifted his face in subtle ways. His cheeks rose up higher, the elevated pouches making his red eyes look more jolly than intense. You could barely see it, but his neck had gained a bit of blubber as well, making it meld into his shoulders in a rounding curve. His arms, once trim and toned, now jiggled when he moved, jostling every time he took a greedy bite. They were subtle changes, one that paled in comparison to the ones on his midriff; formerly trim, his abdomen now pooched out into a significant potbelly. A rolling ball of flab that made his blue tunic fit rather poorly but made a perfect shelf for the little blobs of fat on his chest. Pecs had become a bit of a thing of the past; now they were closer to a blossoming bosom. Little blankets of fat that took a rounded shape, one that made them closer in size to a plum, something you could easily palm.

Felicia stopped her gaze before she fell down to the trap that was his fat thighs and flared hips. The little bit of fat on his legs made it hard for her to get both hands around, and his hips curved out in a way to make him look almost pearish. Even thinking about him was getting her hot and bothered, especially when she thought about the heart-shaped rear trapped in his tight leggings.

"Well, just make sure not to burn yourself." Felicia blushed a little as she teased Corrin, leaving the room to attend to her other duties.

Despite her elevated position, she was still a maid at heart and had many duties to attend to. Without her time spent fighting, she was finding her tasks were becoming much easier than before. She could finish cleaning a floor in only an hour, when before it might have taken her longer, something she attributed to her battle-hardened status. That battle-hardened status was also what she attributed her own increased bulk to, bulk that was of a different nature than Corrin's. When cooking one day, she had popped a thread around her bicep; originally worried that it was from weight gain, she was surprised to see it was from muscle. Among the sea of black that were her sleeves was a bulging hill of hardened flesh.

In the time since their battle, she'd become noticeably more muscular; defined shoulders, sculpted triceps, and growing pecs. It wasn't just her either; when she walked the halls, she noticed it among the other girls as well. Walking past the study, she saw Azura bulging out of her white dress, her shoulders flexing against the defining fabric. She seemed to be aiding her husband Leo, helping him in his studies. Transporting an impressive stack of books as Leo perused their contents. His body had gotten just as pudgy, his stomach rolling over his mage's robes and onto his lap as he read. Felicia had been taking note of the change as days went by, but this was the first time she'd noted the changes happening in the women. It was a peculiar thing that made her cock her head as she passed from the study to the training grounds.

In the training grounds, Takumi was poised, fighting with his longbow as he fired at the targets. The struggles only seemed to make his frustrations flare, his deep-seated inferiorities rearing their ugly head. His body was just as pudgy as Leo's and Corrin's, though the definition in his arms still seemed to be holding. The added bulk to them only served to make his fat more defined, but the muscles served him little. He seemed to be struggling with the bow that he'd been using fine for almost a decade. The heavy draw taxing his blubbery body as he struggled to hold it firm. His mate, though, did not have the same issue.

Camilla's doting nature only made her that much more eager to aid when seeing a lover in struggle. The purple-haired giant held Takumi in her arms, easing his nerves as she gently persuaded the bow from his hands. Reluctantly, Takumi relented, taking a rest as she tried her hand at the bow. Letting him instruct her as she drew back the heavy string, her newly formed muscles bulging as she did. While Camilla wasn't, by any definition of the word, she wasn't the most focused on her physical fitness. So to see her draw the bow back with bulging biceps and leather stretching forearms was a surprise. With great ease she let the arrow fly, greatly missing her target, causing her to look at Takumi with a bashful smile.

Felicia gave her a wink as she passed by, seeing the game she was playing, giving her husband a little more outlet for his skills. While walking down the halls, she stumbled upon another of the castle's budding couples. Orochi had ambushed Kaze with a gift basket of sweets, cakes, and candies that seemed crafted with the utmost care and love. Felicia couldn't help but eavesdrop as she walked by.

"This one isn't filled with smoke bombs, is it?" Kaze looked suspiciously at the basket of candies.

"Of course not; these were all baked with love and care. No trickery here." Orochi wagged her finger in disapproval of such an accusation.

The both of them were a couple that alternated between sugar, ice, citrus, and fire; their conflicting natures often making for a great show around the dinner table. Orochi's prankster nature seemed to bounce off of Kaze's sterner leanings, not that she did much of the bouncing these days. Kaze's former life as a ninja had prepared him little for the days of administrative

direction, which had led to his weight gain. He sported a notable potbelly, one that would look more at home as a cauldron face than a midriff. A wobbling ball of fat that looked closer to a black balloon as it hugged the form-fitting ties of his suit. All of it was obviously a result of Orochi's continuous feeding and coddling, laced with only a bit of shenanigans.

"Hmm, it tastes quite good, very good." Kaze continued eating while Orochi snickered.

Her constant laughing must have been giving her quite the abdomen workout, as her exposed belly was a rippling scape of defined abs. She sported a hard ridge of abdominal muscles that flexed whenever she laughed. With her revealing outfit, there was little that you couldn't see of her defined muscles. Bulging biceps, rippling triceps, defined trapezius, aspects that you wouldn't find on your average mage. Felicia was almost out of earshot when she heard Orochi begin to burst into laughter.

"I'm glad you think so; I was worried you were getting a bit blue." Orochi held up a mirror for Kaze to see the damage that had been done.

"I see. I guess that's enough sweets for today." Kaze scowled as he dropped the basket into Orochi's hands, revealing a set of radiant blue lips.

Felicia closed the kitchen door behind her as she sequestered herself in the stony domain. The kitchen was already a battlefield of loose dough and tossed ingredients; the ovens constantly fired to keep up with the sweets she had been making. Felicia was personally seeing that Corrin's sweet tooth was being sated; no cake but her own would grace his lips. As she got to work, mixing the dough and kneading another batch, she stopped herself.

"I wonder if this is why he's getting fat?" She blurted that thought out before getting back to work.

Even if her cakes were making him fat, she'd still fulfill his wishes, no matter what happened.

Felicia's attitude carried on for a month, and in that month, the amount of weight her little lover put on was stupendous. This was becoming more than just the idle gains of a lazy lifestyle; it was turning into something alarming. As she brought the layered cake into Corrin to finish off his feast, she made a note to tell him about just how much he had gained, but she was having trouble bringing it up. She made this note every time they saw each other, but it rapidly vanished the moment she lay eyes upon Corrin's glorious body. In that short month, Corrin had become a rather large blob of a man.

The blubbery mound of his stomach had burgeoned out into a cauldron-sized expanse of flesh that flowed into his lap and concealed his thighs. Not only did it jut out like a balloon, but it

was wide as well. Merging into heavy piles of fat that lingered on his obliques, it gave his gut the appearance of a great band. So full and large that Felicia needed a whole hand to grab even a bit of it. His stomach would constantly yoyo between sizes, bloating into a tight balloon after a meal and then receding to a flat plain of blubber post-digestion.

As Felicia carried the dish in, she took note of the other changes that had been taking place in Corrin, ones that made him appear more feminine. Along with growing locks that reached down to his shoulders, he had gained weight in a unique manner on his chest. The flabby hangs of fat one would expect from such gluttony were nonexistent, and instead, Corrin had a bountiful bosom that put Camilla to shame. Heaving melons that looked ready to burst from his shirt if he breathed wrong. The unique growth did not stop at his chest, as his hips had taken on a more feminine flare to them. Staunch pillars of skin had been replaced with curved hams of fat. His curved hips melded into his thunder thighs and created a pear shape that made Felicia glad she got to spend the night with him.

"Oh, good. You've brought dessert. We've still got a ways to go, but I think we can manage it soon enough." Corrin waved to his wife as he gnawed his way through a goose leg.

Corrin wasn't alone in his feasting today, as Leo had decided to join him, the both of them discussing the very thing that Felicia had been meaning to bring up. It was a discussion that had little progress, as it was frequently interrupted by food. Leo exhibited many of the same changes that Corrin had been undergoing, the lengthening blond hair, the softening of his features, but it was happening differently. While Corrin's growth was focused more in his stomach, Leo had been dealt a lower focus. His overfilled hips barely fit in his chair, pinches of fat flowing out between the gaps in the wood. Haunches that merged seamlessly with his bloated thighs and ass to give him a rather heavy look. Creeping up from his chair was an expanse of blubber that hooked into his backside, a plush rear that was barely contained in his pants. His whole body moved as he ate, only noticing Felicia when Corrin called out to her.

"That should suffice quite well. I've been craving something sweet after all this richness." Leo tore the skin from his drumstick as he chewed lazily at the meat.

"Of course, I can't leave his guest to starve while my man gorges." Felicia gave a small wink as she set the cake down.

She tried to add a cute pose to her response, but the tension from her outfit made her stop; she didn't have the time for another wardrobe malfunction. While the men of Hoshido had been ballooning out into fat blobs, the women were still moving along their path of realized gains. They seemed to move in a proportional order, the women getting buffer as if responding to the men's weight gain. Felicia noticed her own gains during the day-to-day, she could lift the couch to clean with only a single arm. There was also the matter of her ill-fitting clothes.

Felicia's maid outfit had only gotten more skin-tight during the month; her biceps and triceps now joined into a defined horseshoe below her shoulders. Thick pythons that could lift

even her hubby's weighty haunches; when she bent over, her broad back muscles stretched the her dress's fabric, making her appear like a sculpted mountain range. She was statuesque, wrought from stone and put together by an artist's hands; when she reached for high objects, you could see the extended wing of muscle where her back attached to her arm. The lack of fat on her body only made the triangular hourglass of her figure more apparent. In her current state, she was packed with enough muscle to give Rinkah a run for her money when it came to feats of war.

After her little scare, Felicia was content to watch Corrin and Leo stuff their faces, their stomachs growing rounder as they talked about the state of the country.

"I'm sure you've noticed how much we've been changing over the past couple months. It can't have slipped you by." Leo motioned a hand towards Corrin before filling it with a loaf of bread, tearing away a wheaty chunk.

"It'd be hard not to notice. It's a challenge to get my pants on in the morning." Corrin picked the rest of his drumstick clean, gesturing down to his tight pants.

"I agree, that's why I've been looking into it. There was something strange that fell upon the nation after Anankos's defeat, some kind of magic." Leo spoke about as sternly as he could manage with a chunk of honeyed bread sticking out of his mouth.

"Hmm, you think it a lingering curse, then?" Corrin's question was punctuated by the last bite of his potatoes.

"Yes, but I know not the nature." Leo looked frustrated at that last admittance; he hated when something was beyond his grasp.

For a moment, the both of them were at a loss for words, pausing their discussion and their stuffing to ruminate on the subject.

Grllllll

They were given little time to ruminate, as the moment they stopped eating, their stomachs began to audibly grumble. Their hunger rose up with a ferocious streak, clawing at them and urging them to continue eating. Felicia was very familiar with those sounds; she heard them all the time throughout the castle. The sound of hungry stomachs in every hall, ones that increased in ferocity to match the growing size of their holder. That's when Felicia decided to chirp up, to add to the conversation.

"Maybe it's a hungering curse? Everybody's been sporting a very healthy appetite these days." Felicia chimed in, raising up her arm to catch their attention.

Rip

It was a movement too far; that single raised hand was all it took to split her maid's outfit down the side. From her hard oblique to her underarm, the garment had split, revealing a precious amount of her muscled pecs and the wraps that kept her bust in place. Despite the amount of muscle she had, her breasts still remained as soft and supple as her earlier days. Little dollops of fat upon a plane of hard rock.

"That would certainly explain it. I don't think I've ever seen you work so hard in the kitchen, making cakes and food for me, yet I'm never full." Corring supported her assertion before slicing himself a thick slice of cake.

"Hmm, that is concerning. I wonder if those in the capital have anything to add to this mystery." Leo mused aloud before grabbing a slice of cake.

He was almost unable to help himself, his hunger spurring him to grab a slice of cake without thinking.

"Nothing we can really do about it now. Best just to relax and enjoy our sweets while we can." Corrin shrugged before digging into his slice, the pink frosting smearing around his fork.

Felicia watched the two of them eat for a while longer, her lustful eyes wandering towards their guts and their bodies. She had a mental measuring stick to track Corrin's size, an image of him that she mentally recorded each day, and the image was growing. While he sat there eating slice after slice, his expansive stomach had started to bloat, filling with the flood of sugar. The fat around his stomach wobbled and multiplied as his gut bloated out; he was getting fatter before her very eyes. His stomach crawling out further from his lap, bumping into the table with each bite. The fat folded around the hardened edge of the table, curling around the lip and flowing into the plate. The stitches of his shirt strained, strings untied themselves with each bite as he grew.

Felicia would have been content to watch them eat all day, as Leo was gaining at the same rate. His fat haunches were flowing over his chair, his lovehandles flowing over the handles and getting pinched by the armrests. It was like watching waves of fat collapse upon themselves, his flowing body continuing to billow out as he took another substantial bite of cake. Felicia would not be given the peace to watch them grow, as she had her attention pulled by someone tugging at her shoulder.

"Could i...speak to you, in private?" Azura's soft voice called out to her.

"Sure." Felicia followed Azura's tug as the two of them retreated to the study.

Towering bookcases flanked them at all sides, the massive shelves lined with books older than the castle itself. Azura stood in the center of the room, holding her sculpted arm like she was trying to comfort herself. She seemed to have gotten far more muscle than the other

girls at the castle, enough that she barely fit in her dress anymore. Broad-bodied and broad-backed, she strained the silk of her dress. Hardly carved canyons of muscle wound their way down her back and front, with sculpted abs that looked hard as steel. Felicia could see the straps of her dress straining to hold together, threads and ties snapping when she breathed.

"Do you think that Leo still likes me?" Azura waited for the door to close before posing her unusual question.

"Of course, he adores you. You're the apple of his eye." Felicia placed a hand on Azura's hard shoulder.

"It's just... when I see our differences, I wonder if we're right for each other. Since he's gotten so much larger in the past month." Azura held on to Felicia's hand as she spoke.

"I think it's fine, trust me. He'll appreciate that extra size and strength when he's having trouble grabbing books." Felicia reached up a shelf to grab a book of history.

Rippppp

Another tear cracked its way down her side, revealing more of her sculpted body to the world: It was getting to the point that she wondered if she still wanted to wear the dress.

"Don't worry about it. I think everyone has been busting out of their clothes these days." Azura smiled sheepishly, showing off the tear that had formed around her thighs.

Her legs were as large as Leo's, massive thunder thighs of hard-sculpted muscle that strained the confines of her dress. Beneath that jagged stretch of pale flesh that bulged with tightly bound pythons of muscle, large cords that shifted when she tilted her leg. The two of them shared a moment of laughter as they kept bursting out of their clothes. By the time they came back to the dining room, the cake on the table was already gone. The massive and heaving forms of Leo and Corrin rose and fell, their overloaded stomachs' bubbling from discomfort as they struggled to digest the mass. Their hunger was so great that they had practically inhaled the cake, layers of pink frosting smeared around their lips as their consciousness began to fade.

"Oh, love. I think I overdid it a bit. I'm starting to get sleepy." Leo called back to Azura as she entered the room.

"Are you? Well, maybe I can help with that." Azura replied with a beaming expression as she walked over to Leo.

Her muscles bulged enough to tear more of her dress as she scooped Leo up from his chair. His flowing locks splayed across her chest as the influx of sugar took his energy from him and he experienced the mother of all food comas. His bulging body flowed over Azura's arms as

she rested her head upon his before taking him out the door. Fat flowed over muscle in a happy union while Leo continued to grow, both of them vanishing from sight as Azura took him down the halls.

"How lovely." Corrin smiled sleepily, letting out a great yawn as the sugar rush faded.

"If you think I'm carrying you to the bedroom, then you've got another think coming. Once you wake up from the nap, then you can find me in the bedroom." Felicia gave Corrin a teasing wink as she left the room.

"Meanie." Corrin's pout turned into a yawn as the fatigue took him as well, nodding off into a restful slumber.

Felicia spent time cleaning up the loose dishes from the table, stacking them atop each other in a great tower as she traveled to the kitchen. Watching all of her friends and family all attend to their bulging and hefty lovers. Camilla was practically splintering the bow with each pull as she fired shots at Takumi's advice. Her arrows still missed the target, but they were punching holes into the stone behind them. Takumi himself had given up on the bow life and was living as an instructor for his wife, gorging on dumplings as he watched her. Further down the hall, Kaze was sat on the floor, almost unable to move. His clothes had been dyed a dramatically loud red and blue, making him stick out like a sore thumb. Confetti and paint caked his hair as it seemed he had stumbled into another of Orochi's little pranks. To make it up to him, Orochi was feeding him personally, scooping large helpings of pudding onto her spoon. This kind of thing was becoming a normal cycle for them, pranks and then apology sweets; it was no surprise that Kaze's gut was far larger than the rest of the men.

Felicia simply smiled at all of these revelations; it was her duty to serve, and as the men became more helpless, her duties only increased.

Huff

Huff

Mmpphhh

"Right there, yeah." Corrin huffed and puffed as his exhausted voice rang through his room.

"I'm sorry. Am I...interrupting something?" Charlotte's voice cried out from the door as she let herself into the sitting room.

The sounds she heard within made her curious about what lewd acts were being held in the sitting room, but what she saw was not what she expected. She had expected scandalous and lurid activities, ones that would tickle her fancy for excitement, but she was greeted with mere wardrobe malfunction. Corrin was sat like a fat blob in the center of the room, filling his chair like he was clay to be molded. A bulbous gut rested atop his knees, surging out like a great iceberg crashing through a mountain. At the apex of that rotund stomach, encircling it and pressing the folds was a great band of leather, a corset of sorts. It was meant to keep the behemoth belly in place for their meeting, but it had snapped after a few bites of food. Doughy and soft flesh flowed over the great band in waves, cream-colored flesh that looked like silk.

Stationed at the back of Corrin's chair was Felicia, the muscle-bound maid was struggling so hard to wrangle the gut that her dress was tearing. Her broad shoulders were flexing hard enough that Charlotte could see the canyons of wound muscle beneath the skin. They rest on the bone like caps, interjecting into the defined divide of her triceps and biceps, heavy trunks of muscle that were as large as her head. She grunted and strained, making her thick neck bulge as wrapped her hands around the leather band. She had been the source of the grunting and the straining.

Both of them froze when Charlotte walked in, her brazen attitude catching them off guard as she watched them in the throes of struggle. Charlotte herself had gone through many of the same changes as Felicia; her powerful hips and arms barely fit in her armor anymore. An occasional flex of loose breath would be enough to pop the fasteners and make her naked as a jaybird.

"Nothing too pressing. You're here a bit early, though. We were expecting you closer to the evening." Corrin's words were lazy and a bit sleepy, like he was ready to nod off.

"Oh, well. I couldn't drag Xander out of bed. So I went on my own. He's getting to be such a lay about these days." Charlotte gave a dismissive huff as she walked in, brazenly ignoring the less-than-clothed state of Corrin.

"So he's getting heavier too? Strange." Corrin pondered the idea curiously, as if he'd forgotten his discussion with Leo a month prior.

"Peacetime. Who could have guessed?" Charlotte shrugged as she plopped herself down on the nearest chair, landing so hard it almost snapped the legs.

"Yeah, times of peace do create strange ripples throughout the world." Felicia gave a cheery grin as she let go of the leather band.

If Charlotte and Xander were experiencing the same changes, then there was no point in putting on airs. When she let the band fall, so too came the mammoth gut; the sudden impact left the wall of blubber sloshing back and forth before settling. With all pretenses dropped, Corrin spread his legs, letting the gut rest down below his knees. Barely clothed, he looked like

a blimp in flesh. Swollen stomach as large as a bull, replete with fat and more heavily layered than an arctic beast. It was almost larger than he was, certainly larger than Felicia; the surface of his stomach glistened in the flickering candle light as it jostled into place. After settling, it curled comfortably around Corrin's rotund thighs, expanses of fat hugging the inner and outer walls, curling around them like clay. His soft underhangs of fat formed an elongated v that stretched just below his knees and pointed back to his cavernous navel.

"Hmm, I do think you've gotten a bit bigger than Xander has. I guess the eldest sibling is not first in everything." Charlotte smiled, fanning herself as she watched Corrin settle into place.

"I agree, he's quite magnificent. If I were to speak out of turn, I'd accuse you of speaking with more than admiration." Felicia shot Charlotte a dirty look, trying her best to be civil while Charlotte laughed.

"I am...simply admiring, nothing more." Charlotte had such a smile on her that it crept through to her words.

For a while, the three of them conversed, learning more of the state of their home nation, Nohr. It had succumbed to the same unusual magics that had befallen Hoshido; the men were becoming blobby, useless lumps of fat that were best used as tools for entertainment. In turn, the women of Nohr had been getting more muscular, turning into hulks capable of far more than the men had ever been. Charlotte's tale of Rinkah's change was the thing of legend; already a beast with a club, she was now a great and terrible monster. Shattering trees between her iron thighs and crushing rocks in her biceps, Charlotte's tale petered out after she mentioned Rinkah shattering some poor suitor's pelvis during a night of passion, but before she could go into more detail, she was interrupted by the door slamming open.

"Whoopsie, don't know my own strength." Camilla giggled as she practically knocked the door from its hinges.

The purple-haired behemoth seemed to tower over them as she entered, needing to duck down to fit her frame in the door. Already tall, she had seemed to gain a bit of height, likely to make room for all of her muscle. Camilla had become a true-to-life amazon in the times since her changes, her biceps snapping pieces of her armor when she bent her arms. Those packs of hard-coiled muscles were almost as large as her head, only dwarfed by her immense triceps, great slabs of meat that made her arms bigger than her head. She had lost the trimmed torso that she prided herself on, the motherly figure having morphed into a thick trunk of flesh. It was a straight line from her hips to her armpits, a thick plane of muscle that flexed with every minor movement. Her bustier didn't even fit anymore; the plate of steel barely covered her sternum, revealing the cluster of rippling abdominal muscles.

"Good morning, Camilla. hasn't anyone heard of knocking?" Corrin yawned as he chided his sister for her abrupt entry.

"Of course I have, but who needs to knock to see their darling brothers..." Camilla paused as she looked around the room, seeing the stark absence of Xander. "Where is he?"

"He couldn't make it, so I came in his stead." Charlotte spoke with a haughty tone before shrinking when she saw Camilla's expression.

"How rude of you, coming here without my darling brother? It's been months since I've seen him, do you have any idea how much I've been looking forward to this?" Camilla scowled in anger before gripping Charlotte by the scruff of her dress. "Come with me; we're going back."

Charlotte was dragged from her chair, trying to fight against Camilla's iron grip as she was pulled out into the hallway. Through the open door, Corrin and Felicia could see her warpath: dragging Charlotte down to her room before carrying a sleepy Takumi towards the courtyard. It was amazing how much strength she could muster when she was angry. As the commotion settled down, Felicia went to the door, putting it back on its hinges.

"Well, that was a short-lived reunion." Felicia turned back to the barely awake Corrin, his pre-breakfast fatigue setting in.

"Yes, I was expecting a...longer visit." Corrin nodded off between his words, only to be met with Felicia in his face when he awoke.

"Looks like a certain someone is in need of some breakfast. Come on, I'll take you to the kitchen." Felicia smiled, extending a hand that Corrin readily took.

Through a combination of atrophy and added weight, Corrin lacked the strength to get up of his own accord, so his trips were always done with Felicia's aid. Felicia pulled him from the chair with ease; her own colossal strength was enough to carry him on her own if needed. As she pulled him from the seat, the rest of his flowing hair fell down past his shoulders. Luxurious golden locks that looked like they were born from a different mother. Along with his changed hair, his face had started to soften as well; the chiseled chin had turned into something less squared and more round. The soft and feminine features had continued in the months, and now he was looking closer to his sisters than he did prior. His chest had ballooned into a heaving bosom that leapt onto the raised slope of his stomach. Balloons of fat larger than Felicia's own, larger than Camilla's, Corrin was sporting a bosom larger than his head. Wobbling blobs of fat that looked like that looked like they'd suit a cow.

Along with this expanded bust came a slightly snatched waistline, a hooked set of curves that made his flared hips appear larger. The great haunches stretched out past his shoulder, wobbling with each aided step he took. Felicia buried herself in those enveloping folds as she carried the bulk of his body. Feeling the contrast between her own rocky legs and his gelatinous folds. His thighs were as thick as her torso, maybe thicker, and they were just as expansive and gelatinous. Great trunks of fat that brushed into each when he walked and forced his legs apart

due to their bulk. Each step he took sent waves rippling throughout his body, making him seem more like a gel than a man.

Just as Felicia had gotten him to the door, she felt something catch, a little tug that kept her from pulling Corrin through. Looking back, she saw the source was his gigantic ass; the vast balloons of fat had become so engorged that they were caught in the door. She gave a few tugs, struggling to pull Corrin through the door before moving to the back. She probably didn't need to be stationed at his rear, but it was a good excuse to give those blubbery mounds a feel. Her hands sank into Corrin's blubber as she pressed into his ass, sinking until they were almost completely enveloped. Each of his cheeks was wider than she was from shoulder to shoulder; Felicia spent a little time playing, rubbing those meaty hills up and down as she feigned a struggle for purchase. His ass was deep; the girthy balloons were so large that they left rooms after he did: Felicia could sit on them if she so wanted.

"Okay, brace yourself." Felicia smiled as she shouted up to Corrin, who simply nodded in affirmation.

She began to throw her body into those massive mounds, letting herself be enveloped in the folds. Corrin's whole body began to slosh like some overfilled wineskin as she tried to muscle him through the frame. One push, then a second; she pushed and pushed, her muscles bulging and her veins popping, an immovable object meeting an unstoppable force. Sweat poured down her forehead as she strained her body; unsticking Corrin was like pushing a boulder through a gate. It was at a time like this that she regretted the sturdy make of Hoshido Castle.

Crack

She had thought too soon, as her effort finally yielded results; the doorframe had cracked under her continued assault. With that crack, there was just enough room to move Corrin, and move he did. He came tumbling out of the cracked frame with all of the grace a massive blob could manage. Tumbling to the floor, propped atop his massive stomach as it cushioned his fall. Felicia stood surprisingly exhausted as she looked at Corrin balancing on his blob of a stomach; the few clothes that fit him had torn in parts, revealing more of his flabby flesh. At this point, nudity was becoming more of a castle staple than an exception.

"I can't get up." Corrin looked back at Felicia with a pathetic expression.

He was pretty stuck, his fat feet flailing uselessly against his gut, the bloated mound collapsing under his weight but still lifting him high enough to prevent his toes from touching the ground. His hands flapped up and down as his bulbous cheeks puffed in strain.

"Not without help, come on, honey. I'll get you some breakfast, and we'll think about the door frame later." Felicia cooed as she grabbed her hubby by the haunches.

It was an intense workout, but she loved carrying Corrin; it was the closest the two would get outside of nighttime fun. She scooped him up under her arms, carrying him like a princess to the dining room. He needed his nourishment, and she was happy to feed him by hand if necessary.

"Don't be scared; I can handle it." Felicia cooed as she lay on the bed, looking up at her sweating lover.

It was their normal time for some afternoon delight, and Felicia was finally fulfilling one of her fantasies. Through great effort, she'd managed to get Corrin onto his knees, poised over her body like a huge boulder. She could feel his legs trembling as he struggled to keep himself upright, his own strength already failing him. The miniscule effort of suspending himself was proving too much for his body, but he was trying. There was worry that his immense weight would be too much for his darling wife, despite her assurances and the obvious facts before him. She wanted this; she wanted to feel him all around her, be smothered by his immensity.

It had been two months since Charlotte's visit, and Felicia was more than capable of handling a weight like Corrin's. She was practically a monster in her own right, her swollen muscles wrapped around her body like layers of hard steel. Arms as thick as a man's torso, biceps, and triceps that looked ill-fitting for her frame. Defined and hard when unflexed, her arms were winding pythons of steel that could crack stone with a punch. Delts sat upon her shoulders like little mountains, creating the triple divide between the muscles on her arms and only adding to her sturdy look. Her lats had become so swollen that they were wrapping into her neck, giving her sloping hills of muscle an obvious attachment point. She was currently lying patiently, pulling her arms behind her head, stretching her tight lats and swelling the hardened V that was her torso. Her great pecs bulged under her massive breasts, the defined layers of muscle twitching from the dollops of fat. Her breasts were about the only fat left on her body, like they'd sucked it all into themselves.

They sat atop her sculpted pecs like balloons of fat, supple collections of flesh that were as large as her head. Glistening with sweat from the overwhelming heat of Corrin's body, the humidity making her whole body shine like oil. Even with her melon-sized bust, she did not compare to Corrin above her; his great body was a blob that was ready to swallow her.

"I...I can't hold it anymore." Corrin sighed as she finally let his stomach collapse onto Felicia.

Instantly she was enveloped in a world of black, murky, and heated flesh, that blotted out her light as she played with his folds. Kneading the under expanses of his nude gut, letting that boulder of weight press into her chest. She could feel it trying to push the breath from her; each heave of her powerful chest was done with the weight of stones upon it. Corrin's body came crashing down, his fat thighs wrapping around Felicia's own as the massive trunks trapped her

in a wall of skin. Flowing folds heaped over her body as she let the weight envelop her, feeling every bit of Corrin's body. She wriggled under his form, feeling his hard member graze across her abs as she played with this body.

Despite his immense size, she was more than capable of moving the mountainous man, lifting him up when she desired a breath or when she wanted to change her position. She slowly wriggled herself out from the mass, peering over the expanse of flesh large enough to conceal her completely. Corrin's gut crawled up his body in rippling ridges, rows of fat that hung over themselves in a great collection. A bloated curve that sloped down to a greater apex, a looming blob of fat that Felicia wanted to dig her head into. Corrin's navel was already deep enough for her to fist; emerging from his folds, she plunged her oversized arm into his navel, pushing deep until she couldn't anymore. She could go in past her wrist, almost up to her elbows before she met resistance. As she fisted Corrin's belly button, she looked up at the quivering blob, his bulky form too exhausted to even manage a moan of pleasure. She knew he was loving it; she could feel the hard rod buried deep between his legs, feel it smack against her thighs. Only a little of his face showed past his exaggerated breasts, tracts of fat so large that they could be mistaken for wine skins.

The lofty peaks sloshed on his stomach as he weakly undulated, with Felicia's help, great and bloated expanses of flesh that could conceal a person. The folds of his fat and the folds of his breasts melded into a near-unidentifiable blob of fat. Pulling herself further from his blobby body, Felcia wrapped her hands around his love handles, grabbing what she could of the fatty folds. Using them as a sort of handle, she slid herself in and out of his folds, her back muscles flexing as she did all of the work in their little funtime. Heat escaped his cavernous folds, puffing out in clouds of steam as she drank in the full grandeur of his body.

Even with their bed fit for a king, Corrin still outgrew it, his overflowing hips seeping past the edges. His exaggerated hips gave him the appearance of a humanoid pear, wide in the middle and narrower at the top. From the front, she could see his blubbery cheeks shaking behind him, stretching out like vast tracts of land. They were too large to fit through doors, too bloated to fit in chairs. A sofa was the only piece of furniture that could truly support him, and even that was done with great difficulty.

Felicia bit her lip as she bucked under his body, riding his shaft up and down, driving him deep inside of herself. Her breathing grew heavy, as did his; his body undulated under her rhythmic motions. In and out, up and down, her arms flexing as she used him as a workout tool; at this point, Corrin was a plaything to her, a favored doll. The bed squeaked as her exercise intensified, her movements enough to shake Corrin's body. She moved wildly as her pleasure began to reach a head; the heat and the friction stimulated her senses as she quivered. For a moment, they were one; their breathing synchronized, the pleasures throbbed before the inevitable and wild release.

Felicia basked in the waves of pleasure, letting the weight push down on her form as the exertion took hold of Corrin. While he slumbered, she cleaned up the mess, getting back into her clothes for the meeting she had that day.

During these times of unprecedented peace, the men of Hoshido and Nohr had swollen into completely useless blobs, too tired to even conduct a proper meeting. She remembered Ryoma's last stubborn attempt to act as the head of state, meeting with Charlotte about a border dispute. He was so exhausted that he passed out in his cleavage in the middle of his sentence, needing Kagero to complete the rest of the stately duties.

Felicia herself had taken on the main bulk of Corrin's roles, leaving the cleaning to some of her other staff, not that she could hold a broom anymore. The last time she tried cleaning with anything more than a feather touch, she'd snapped the broom between her hands. That didn't stop her from wearing her maid outfit, one that barely fit. Her dress was so tight that it was closer to a body suit at this point; black fabric clung to her body so firmly that it outlined her abs, making her torso look like a thick trunk. She was broad and tall, wide-shouldered enough to need to enter doors with a side step, tall enough to brush low ceilings with her hair. As she made her way towards the court, she wondered just how much larger she could get.

Passing by the training hall, she saw the immense blob that was Takumi, so overfilled that he looked like an iceberg of fat. His flowing gray hair had overgrown the short tail he put it in normally; now his hair was an exhausting ponytail that stretched to the small of his back. His blubbery cheeks puffed around his collar as he tried to lift his bow. Despite how light it was, he strained; his pudgy arms had a weakness that their size belied. He huffed and puffed, his breathing getting labored as he lifted the bow, propping it on its end. Takumi's sloshing bosom rose and fell with his breaths, flowing over the bindings of his vest as he struggled to draw the string.

As if by unconscious signal, Camilla came over to him, guiding his blubbery hands like a mother guiding a child. With the size difference between the two, the comparison was rather fitting. Her hulking form was enough to cradle him; that's likely how he got in the training room in the first place. Kneeling down, she wrapped her hands over his, drawing the bow back and letting the arrow fly. Takumi looked satisfied, completely winded from even assisted activity.

Felicia kept moving, skirting past the room before she caught any unwanted attention; moving down the hall, she spotted the immense roadblock that was Kaze, his blobby body done up in bows and ribbons. Without the ability to move of his own accord, he was subject to Orochi's whims and pranks. She could lift him, play with his gut, feeling his flesh against her own. When the mood took her, she could be nice, but that mood rarely overwrote her prankster nature. Today she was occupied with decorating his slumbering body like she was a teen at a sleepover. His toes poked out from his overflowing stomach, their nails painted an arrangement of colors that clashed with each other. He ultimately looked ridiculous, but Felicia knew he wouldn't mind, as long as Orochi provided him with a treat for the troubles.

Passing past the blobs and moving towards the study, she caught Leo and Azura enjoying a little quality time. She was perched on his mammoth frame, straddling his gut between her legs as she held up books. Flipping the pages for him to read while she happily attended to him. He still loved his books, but reading them was becoming an impossible task; his bulbous body prevented his arms from moving more than a few inches. So every time he tried to hold a book, his arms would spring apart like gates. Something not aided by his oversized bosom; even in his tarp-like robes, his chest still swelled out like great balloons. Each one of them was as large as Azura's torso, making her job all the more difficult, but she loved it. She nestled herself in his bosom, resting the book in his cleavage; she looked happy as a clam, kicking her bulging calves against his body.

Despite the newly added responsibilities, Felicia was glad that every couple was still getting along swimmingly. Passing from the hall to the court, she saw that Peri was already waiting for her. They had much to discuss about the conditions of Nohr and securing it from monsters to the south. Felicia knew the talks would be long, but anything to help out Corrin.

Things did even out over time; the men and the women of Hoshido and Nohr stopped growing, but they were still left in their current states. Massive and towering women running the state and the country, while their blobby husbands sat like trophies in their bedrooms. It was a new age for the land, one whose stories are still left to be told.