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<The King>

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Chapter Six

The days went on and the king showed unbelievable restraint, only fucking her belly button 4 more times in the following days but he was serious about what he said to Maeve.

More.

More was the key word here as the vial started to take effect, it took four days before the king had a new belt to plug her belly button up. This one was impossibly large, easily 25 inches in length, it was thicker than the previous one. It was almost like an arm at this point. Sliding the long metal object into her belly button provided her with a great level of ecstasy until it hit the back and when the straps were made tighter there was the familiar tight and stretching feeling which Maeve thought had felt the last of.

Magnus made her a promise that day, the rod wasn't going to come out until he was ready.

The tightness returned along with a copious amount of food being

shovelled into her mouth. It was however a lot nicer than last time, something in her mind had flicked and she was enjoying the sensations, even the uncomfortable one of her belly being pushed beyond full again against the immense pressure from the rod.

The newly widened belt had a lot more give to it, something of an ambitious wish the king called it when he strapped the formerly small woman into the contraption. The rod was dug straight into her core and the vials continued to be poured into her mouth, each day she was pumped full of more food. The weight, already at a mass far larger than anyone had ever seen on the continent, only increased with the additional vials being supplemented in, Maeve could only think about eating, growing and the pressure of her belly button being stretched.

She understood what the king wanted; he desired her to be bigger so her belly button could be larger. The feeling of it before made her want the same thing, her resistance had waned, eating became a ritual that she desired. Maeve begged for more food; Magnus started to struggle with keeping up with her demands until he got used to her new insatiable appetite. The carts and wagons of food he was bringing to the cabin required a road to be constructed. Thankfully as the king you can make things happen quickly.

Still the consumption only increased as she grew, growing larger still she became an immense blob where her whole body had grown about 40% bigger than her already massive size. She lost her neck in the process, her face once lithe was now almost a ball, her cheeks puffy and usually full of food. Her arms

had grown fatter; the bones were beneath mounds of fat that weighed her appendages down. Her legs too were adorned in a level of fat that was unheard of, heavy tree trunks that were crushed by the rest of her weight when she was sitting. Maeve's breasts now each weighed more than she did when she first made shore. They were huge, heavy and sagged over her body, plump and full of fat. They were super sensitive due to the rapid expansion.

It wasn't all of those changes that enticed the king, nor Maeve at this point. It was all her belly. The giant boulder was huge, it jutted out from her overweight form and protruded so largely before her it was soft under pressure but it looked so full and round all the time due to the amount of food and the massive weight gain she had undergone in such a relatively small amount of time. Maeve had long past the point of being able to reach around it but even now she barely could reach 25% of the massive fat orb.

The days and weeks had been very productive for her gain as her stomach now was starting to get towards the max of this belt. Her belly button had almost swallowed the giant rod. The king had pre-emptively made arrangements to get a larger rod made for her; Magnus had not told her but today was the day.

Waking up from her sleep, it was hard to know what time of day it was, how long she had been there, Maeve just ate and slept. It was a continuous cycle that she was more than happy to lean into. Like always, she opened her eyes because of the aroma of food in the air. Before her stood Magnus, a feast behind him.

He wasted no time and put some meat in her hands before he started to work on the straps. Maeve almost didn't notice until she had finished the chicken she was gnawing on.

"What... Are you... Doing..." She huffed.

"Today's a big day my greedy Maeve." Magnus' words made her feel a flutter inside.

"More." She grunted; unhappy she had stopped eating for even a second. The vials she had been drinking had compounded her hunger to an inhuman level.

"Of course, my dear." He gave her more food so that he could work on the straps.

Instead of cutting them off this time, there was room to unfasten them correctly, and he wanted it done right so that he could eventually get her to a size where he would have to cut them off again. His cock throbbed at the prospect.

Maeve gnashed and chewed away at the food, enjoying the feeling of his powerful hands against her body as he worked to undo each clasp. By the time she finished the plate of food, Magnus stood at her front, his hand near the rod that wasn't quite fully consumed by her fat.

"More... Please..." She begged, desperate for more food.

"Not yet my pet." He tightly gripped the metal that was showing. "You've been doing so well... I think you deserve a treat."

His words didn't quite ring through to her until he gave the rod a wiggle

and suddenly she screamed out in pleasure. “EEE!” she shrieked.

“This... You’ll outgrow it by next week... I’ve decided that it wasn’t ambitious enough.” He let his words linger as he slowly started to retrieve the rod, every inch it moved sent her closer to cloud nine.

He head was flung back as she felt orgasms start to take over her body, the sensation was far beyond anything she had experienced, she thought the last time was pleasurable but there was so much more now, her belly button was so deep and stretched, not yet achieving this new size she screamed as the giant man pulled more on the rod.

Magnus’ cock was at full mast, and he was ready to go, but he wanted to make sure to elongate this process as he loved watching her flail helplessly in her over encumbered body. She couldn’t stop him, she didn’t want to really, she just let each wave of orgasmic bliss wash over her.

Countless orgasms later the rod slipped to a point it was loose, with a quick yank Magnus held the rod high above his head, it was there to show Maeve that he had plucked the massive metal piece from her but it was not something she was able to see because her eyes were shut as a final orgasm washed over her. Magnus was a patient man, even with his giant cock desperate to fuck, he showed restraint.

“The gods... The gods don’t know... Pleasure like that...” She panted, exhausted to the point of needing sleep.

Maeve knew it wasn’t over yet; she knew that she had to serve the king now. With great effort she lifted her fat arms up and pressed them against the

upper swell of her fat stomach and squeezed it together as much as she was able.

“Don’t leave me waiting...” She shifted her hips forward to offer up her belly for the giant king.

He didn’t need to be told again. It was now his turn to enjoy the fruits of his labour. He was curious at first, he reached down and with his arm he inserted it into the gaping hole and he was shocked that it had stretched so far that he could quite easily a third of his massive arm in there, feeling the fat swallow his arm he only grew harder.

Magnus couldn’t see her face from his position, but when he moved his arm around, feeling the walls of her belly button, she let out gasps and moans.

“That’s enough waiting...” The patient giant was done.

He pulled his arm out and guided his cock into the opening and leaned his whole body into hers, the massive belly cushioning his massive muscly body, she enjoyed the sensation of her body being manipulated by the large man. His cock sending more pleasure to her core as he fucked her again, it had been weeks, but they were both shocked with how good it felt.

Maeve was struggling to stay awake with the amount of energy she had already given to her orgasms but still more rolled in, she had been conditioned to a degree that was beyond comprehension. She leaned back and let him fuck her for what could’ve been hours. Every time he got close he would slow down to savour the feeling.

Maeve didn’t know why, she just thought he could fuck her as many

times as he wanted.

Little did she know of his plans.

Finally, after the pleasure became too much, he finally came, deep inside her navel. This time he collapsed onto her belly, the girth of the thing easily supporting his mountainous body. They both fell asleep right then and there.

Maeve looked down at the passed-out king, and she felt her heart rate come back down to resting from the vigorous fucking she had just endured. She couldn't stop thinking about one word that was echoing in her head as she drifted off to sleep.

“More...”

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