

Fat Frieren's Feasting

With the town in sight, Fern and Stark continued their steady pace down the road. For the purple haired, young spellcaster, she wondered why her master would want to go off the beaten path to visit such an out of the way place. As for the red-haired warrior, he was just willing to tag along under the assumption that they were coming here for some important business. Regardless of what they thought the reason was, they could both surmise that it had something to do with Frieren's drastic appearance change.

Most of the time, the elf with her silver hair tied up into two long ponytails was small and skinny. The typical robes she wore during their travels had been replaced with a much larger white gown made for someone three times her size. Even then, the fabric still struggled to contain the girth of her new form.

Considerable effort was needed from the elf as she waddled her 800 pounds of blubbery fat behind Fern and Stark. Each stomp of her bulky legs sent quakes up her thick thighs and wobbled about her chunky buttocks. Her plump fingers were constantly put to work to free the fabric of her gown from the folds of her sagging gut. Momentarily letting her palms linger on the small bump that had been gifted to her chest thanks to the drastic increase in size, she almost didn't notice her traveling companions approaching until they were right in front of her.

"Is something wrong?" Frieren asked, her chubby cheeks and four chins quivering with each word.

"Ms. Frieren, why did you make yourself like this?" Fern asked. "I didn't want to say anything beforehand, but this is really slowing us down."

"Yeah, I don't see what advantage there is to being bigger than a cow," Stark bluntly stated, earning an elbow to his side from Fern in the process.

“It’s simple really,” Frieren said as she continued waddling down the path. “When I visited this place 60 years ago, I was surprised to discover how different it was than other towns. Specifically, the people here tend not to worry so much about things like obesity and overeating. In fact, they embrace it.”

“While that does sound... interesting,” Fern said, giving a wary eye to her master’s meaty ass cheeks as they wobbled back and forth. “I don’t see why that means you have to transform yourself to be so big just for their sake.”

“Oh, I didn’t,” Frieren replied, looking over her shoulder as much as her thick neck would allow. “This is actually my true weight.”

“Wait, what do you mean?” Stark asked.

“Ahhh, it’s so relieving to not be under the effects of that slimming spell for once,” Frieren commented as she felt up her belly fat. “It’s been decades since I last had a chance to let my real self out. I don’t have to worry about getting weird looks and not fitting through cramped corridors.”

The internal storm of questions in Fern and Stark’s minds kept them occupied during Frieren’s slow trek towards the town. The pair were broken out of their astonished stupor once they got a glimpse of the denizens as they entered past the front gates. Every citizen was definitively chubby; with not a single person being below the 200 pound mark. This was emphasized by the tight outfits they seemed to purposefully wear as if to show off their bulk to others. Though their movements were slow and it was difficult for them to fit through certain spaces, everyone was in a pleasant mood as they shared greetings and pieces of food.

“See what I mean?” Frieren commented as she gestured towards the fat citizens of the town. “Being big is the norm around here. Thankfully, it doesn’t look like their values have

changed since my last visit. It makes me wonder what kind of food they've been able to develop during that time. Follow me, I think I remember a good restaurant just around the--

"E-excuse me, miss?"

The nervous words got Frieren and the rest of her group to turn around. Waiting for them there was a pudgy man with a flower held precariously in his plump fingers. With a red flush on his chubby cheeks he took a deep breath and walked up to Frieren.

"Would you... want to go out on a date with me?" the stranger asked as he offered up the flower to Frieren.

"I appreciate the gesture, but I just want to eat with my companions," Frieren replied, the words themselves spoke gently, but still doing harm to the man's confidence.

"I didn't expect the people here to be so bold," Fern commented as she watched the refuted man waddle away with disappointment hanging heavy on his broad shoulders.

"They weren't from what I remember," Frieren said as she scratched at her chins. "Then again, it's probably just excitement over seeing a big, beautiful woman, like myself," she proudly stated as she pushed forward her gut for all to see. "We can figure out more later, for now let's go eat!"

In spite of Frieren's larger size, the elf didn't have any issues traversing the streets. Each pathway and door seemed purposefully built to accommodate those of larger persuasions such as herself. This ease of traversal should have been all that she needed to follow the many signs and posters spread throughout the town that boasted of the best places to get food. However, the group ran into a different type of obstacle.

Every turn of the corner revealed another person who was completely smitten with Frieren's appearance. At first, this was limited to people emphasizing just how beautiful her

pudgy figure was. Considering how much larger she was than most of the denizens it made sense that people would want to praise whatever work she had put into being so big. Though these courtship attempts made her even prouder of her true self, they were outnumbered by others who were a bit blunter in voicing their desires for her bountiful flesh.

The initial confidence the suitor at the gates had shown was seen to be quite common as Frieren waddled through town. Every so often, they would come bearing gifts of flowers and fine jewelry that they claimed would enhance her already breathtaking appearance. While their various soft words describing how smitten they were with her pillowy breasts and wobbling rear were appreciated, they all received the same reaction of polite, yet clear turn downs of dates. The only ones who typically got more than a few words into their confessions of love were those who were wise enough to provide the elf with something to snack on for her gift.

By the time that the elf and her traveling companions made it to their choice of restaurant, Frieren's arms were loaded down with a bevy of different snacks. Contently chewing on her collection of gifts, she waddled through the door and asked the server to lead them to place to sit. In response, the staff were quick to put together a wide table that looked more suitable for a table of eight. With the finishing touches coming in the form of two cushioned chairs being pulled up to comfortably seat the elf's backside, the group was given menus and left to decide.

"They've really expanded their offerings since my last visit," Frieren commented, using one hand to peruse the selection while she balanced her pudgy cheek against her free knuckle. "I don't know where to start."

"I'm a little concerned," Fern spoke up as she looked over the menu. "Everything here seems to be very indulgent."

“Yes, it’s just like I remember it,” Frieren said, licking her lips. “Oh, I can’t wait to see what they’ve done to the recipes since my last visit. You two should really get at least three items on here each so we have a good selection to try from.”

“We do that and we’re likely to swell up larger than a carriage,” Stark commented.

“So what?” Frieren asked.

“I don’t mean to insult your appearance, Ms. Frieren,” Fern began, wincing at the sight of her master’s belly fat get pressed into the table. “However, I don’t intend to fatten myself up over the course of our visit here. I’m quite fond of my current weight.”

“Suit yourself,” Frieren said, nodding her head as her plump finger settled on her first course. “But stay here long enough and you’re bound to find something tasty enough to become a glutton over. Something like-“

Frieren was halted as a platter of various pastries and cheeses were set in front of her. Waiting just long enough for the server to back away, she pushed her menu aside and started stuffing her face. As tasty as the spread was, Fern and Stark were prevented from joining in thanks to the frantic hand movements of the elf. Even if they could manage to grab something from the platter, they were too mesmerized by Frieren’s eating to do anything other than stare. It was a sentiment shared amongst the other patrons as they all stopped what they were doing to watch as the elf greedily devoured every last crumb.

“Hmmm, a very tasty start,” Frieren announced as she patted her even larger stomach. “Compliments to the chef for sending out a perfect appetizer.”

“Actually, I was the one who ordered it for you,” a man with a grey and black beard spoke up. “And you didn’t disappoint. It’s been a while since I’ve seen a woman who is able to put away food so magnificently as you.”

“Thank you,” Frieren said, accepting the compliment as she wiped her face of crumbs.

“I have some exquisite food back at my home,” the man continued. “If you’d be willing to join me, I’d be more than happy to provide with you as much sustenance that your luscious figure requires.”

“I appreciate the offer, but I’d prefer to eat with my companions,” the elf replied, making the eager expression on the man’s face sink. With his plan for a romantic evening foiled, he trudged away to leave Frieren to peruse the menu again. “Now, then what should we sample next?”

Before anyone at the table could make a suggestion, yet another spread of food was placed on the table. Glancing over to where the waiter had come from, the group saw yet another suitor eagerly looking between Frieren and the platter of meat before her. Thanking her latest benefactor with a smile, the elf dove in once more to eat. At the time, she truly thought that this was the perfect way to re-experience the town she had fallen in love with all those years ago. For Fern and even the typically unperceptive Stark, they realized the problem that was starting to arise as they noticed the countless others waiting their turn to send a “gift” towards their master.

There wasn’t any rush for Fern and Stark to get an early start to their second day in the town. When they peeked their heads out of their rooms, they saw very few people wandering the streets in the morning. The laid back attitude of the pudgy populace had given them a momentary sense of ease. Unfortunately, no amount of kindness could make them fully ignore the potential side effects of their stay.

Stepping out with her hair brushed and her robes in proper form, Fern couldn't help inspecting the fabric. Under the insistence of both her master and the townspeople, she had been asked to sample a myriad of dishes. While she had eaten enough to keep everyone satisfied, she was still wary of any lingering stains or any signs of extra weight. Thankfully for her, her reluctant eating was typically covered up by the attention given to her master.

"Is Miss Frieren up yet?" Stark asked as he wandered out into the hall of the inn. "Even this is late for her. She's going to miss breakfast."

"I really don't think she needs any after all the gifts she received yesterday," Fern replied. "We ended up missing most of the places Miss Frieren wanted to go because we kept getting slowed down by her suitors."

"Shame that she has to turn them all down," Stark commented.

"Well, what else is she supposed to do? As much as she seems to enjoy the compliments, she must realize how many of these admirers just want her for her--"

A creak echoed through the hall as the elf's door opened up. Rather than a blob of blubber or a tiny woman, what came out was a version of Frieren that seemed to be a hybrid between the two. Having put away her massive gown, she had gone back to the black and white top and white robes she usually traveled in. The typically loose-fitting clothes were instead held tight against her body thanks to the 300 pounds of fat still hanging from her form. Just as before, most of her weight had eschewed increasing the size of her bust and backside in favor of leaving her most prominent feature to be her rounded gut. It would have been a more shocking sight if it weren't for the previous day's immense version of the elf.

“What do you think?” Frieren asked, the proud smile on her chubby face made prominent as she swayed her wide hips back and forth. “I believe this is just the right form for the rest of my visit.”

“Wouldn’t it better to just go back to your regular size?” Fern suggested.

“But it’s not my regular size,” Frieren pointed out with a single chubby finger raised. “That’s just the form I have to take outside of this town. While I’m here, I still plan to live a bit larger. Albeit, at a size that won’t draw as much attention.”

“Are you sure about this?” Fern asked, watching as her master took care of the wedgie afflicting her pants.

“Of course,” the elf replied as she started waddling towards the dining area. “Now come on, we have a long day ahead of us.”

The inn’s breakfast offering was as indulgent as everything else the group had seen up to that point. While Fern and Stark took their time pecking away at their platters, Frieren showed no such hesitation. Over the course of digging through multiple strips of bacon and fried eggs, her once pristine outfit took on a fair number of stains. Despite her shrunken size, she still managed to show off an intense appetite that made the meal go down in a matter of minutes.

“Hmm, that was an excellent start,” Frieren said, leaving the money for the food on the table as she got up from her seat to stretch. “Now let’s move on to the next place.”

“Miss Frieren, we barely even touched ours,” Fern replied, gesturing towards her and Stark’s comparatively small plates.

“Not a problem.”

Picking up what remained of her companions’ breakfast, Frieren made short work of the leftover food. “Now let’s get moving. We still have plenty of other places to visit.”

Heading back out into town, the group found it much easier to move around the streets. Though some people still managed to recognize Frieren thanks to her hair and pointed ears, she didn't garner nearly as many suitors trying to ask her out on dates. If anything, her pudgy form was one of the smaller ones seen as the trio continued on their trek to the various eateries. Reveling in her cunning disguise, Frieren intended to make the most out of unhindered travel.

Going down the list she had put together from the locals, the fat elf went to every restaurant they passed. Moments after stepping inside, she and the others would emerge with her belly filled with yet another exquisite meal. The constant feasting took its toll on Fern and Stark quickly, as their overstuffed stomachs forced them to tread around at the same speed as their obese master. Blinded by her own gluttonous desire, Frieren merely told them to keep up the pace as she eagerly waddled from one eatery to another.

"This might be a bit much," Fern spoke to Stark when both of them managed to find a moment to rest at a table outside of a bakery. "If we keep eating like this, we're going to explode."

"Can't... talk," Stark said as he leaned back in his seat and rubbed his stomach. "Too... full."

"Don't say that," Frieren said, coming out of the bakery and placing several sacks worth of pastries onto the table. "We've only just begun sampling what this town has to offer." Reaching into one of her bags, the elf pulled out a chocolate-filled croissant and held it out towards Fern. "Here, I know you'll absolutely love this."

The smell was enough to get Fern to fight against her own fullness. Thankfully for her, logic kicked in at the last moment to make her tear off only half of the tempting pastry. "We

can't keep doing this," she muttered through a mouthful of dough and chocolate. "It's only a matter of time before the consequences catch up to us."

"Don't worry about it," Frieren replied, scarfing down the rest of the croissant before pulling out another. "Let's use our time here to just enjoy ourselves. Now come on and help me finish these off. There are three more bakeries down this street that we need to visit before dinner."

For fear of falling victim to yet another indulgent breakfast, Fern had made the wise decision to stand outside of the inn while waiting for Frieren to finish paying for their stay. Leaning against the exterior wall, she kept glancing at the townspeople that passed by. Their hefty figures had become a much more common sight to her over the course of their weeklong stay. As happy and friendly as the people were, she couldn't help feeling a sense of dread whenever her eyes lingered on them for too long.

Inevitably, Fern set her vision to glance at her own body. Though nothing was obviously different, she knew better. Pressing a hand against her clothes, she could feel small pockets of fat that only she would notice. Even if Stark wasn't in a perpetual food coma thanks to enduring the same stuffing sessions, she was certain that at some point he would bluntly bring up the unwanted modifications to her figure. Her only solace was the thought that a long walk through the countryside would eventually bring her back to normal size. She just hoped the same would apply to her master.

"We're all set," Frieren said, emerging from the inn, still appearing in her merely chubby state. Though in one pudgy hand she held on to her typical suitcase, the other was wrapped

tightly around a series of bags. Just a single whiff of the food lurking inside of the sacks was enough to make Fern wince.

“I really wish we could stay longer,” Frieren began as she unloaded some of her bags onto Stark. “There are still some restaurants I wanted to try.”

“I think we’ve had more than enough of a sample of the area’s cuisine,” Fern spoke up in an effort to dissuade her master from further threatening her waistline.

“Very true,” Frieren agreed with a nod. “Oh well. I’ll pass back in a few decades or so anyway. See what other foods they’ve come up with.”

On their way towards the town’s exit, Frieren once more became the center of the citizens’ attention. Rather than being enamored by her beautiful blubber, the residents instead were eager to thank her for her business. A few were even generous enough to further burden Stark by loading him down with more food for the road. Though this did slow down their actual process of leaving, they eventually came within sight of the road that would lead them out of town.

“Excuse me,” called out an old man with a long, grey beard and many wrinkles. “I think I recognize you.”

“Hmm, I suppose it was only a matter of time before someone here saw through my disguise,” Frieren commented. “I appreciate the offer, but I’m not really up for a date at the moment. My pupils and I must be going.”

“Oh, no I’m already happily married,” the man replied. “It’s just, I think I remember seeing you when I was just a young man. Yes, an elf with a simply amazing appetite.”

“Ah, now I remember you,” Frieren said with a grin on her plump cheeks. “As I recall, you already took your chance of trying to woo me.”

“Hehehe, guilty as charged,” the old man chuckled in response. “That was back when I was much bolder. I do apologize if this sounds rude, but I believe you were also much larger back then.”

“Oh, this is just a disguise,” Frieren replied, as gestured towards her body. “Would you like to see my true self?”

“Miss Frieren, I don’t think this is a good idea,” Fern spoke up as the old man nodded.

“It’s fine,” the elf replied, already waving her staff around to cast the spell. “I need a chance to show off my big body one more time anyway. Stand back and get ready with a change of clothes for me.”

A wave of magic spread across Frieren’s body as the spell took effect. Before the group’s eyes, the elf’s already plump figure took on hundreds of pounds of extra weight. Easily tearing through her clothes in the process, the blubber brought about the expected gasps of awe from the old man and any nearby townspeople. Frieren herself was quite proud of her more rounded appearance and the admiration it drew. That was up until she started to go past her old size.

The elf’s arms were forced down to her sides as they were dragged down by extra weight. Similar girth along her bulky legs served no purpose other than to bring her crashing to the ground. The resulting ripples that went through her flabby belly shook around her wobbling ass cheeks and her pair of watermelon-sized tits. Still stunned by her initial slam to the ground, it took her a moment to realize that the effects of her week-long binging session had pushed her body well past 1000 pounds.

“Oh dear,” the elf said as she tried and failed to stand up. “I think I’m stuck.”

“Miss Frieren, what are we going to do?” Fern asked, she and Stark trying to make a perimeter around the blob-like elf.

Tapping a sausage-like finger against her chins, Frieren thought for a moment. With a shrug of her broad shoulders, she reached past Fern to hold out a palm towards the crowd. Graciously accepting a sack of food, she brought it back to her face and began stuffing her mouth.

“Guess we’re staying for a bit longer,” Frieren commented as she chewed on pastries, finding herself looking forward to the experience of being an immobile fatty for the town to worship.