

Maribelle's Motherhood

Sticking out like a sore thumb in the rural countryside, the elegant carriage made its bumpy trek down the dirt road. The luxurious transport was the property of the illustrious Maribelle, daughter of the Duke of Themis. Her position as part of a noble family in the country of Ylisse was demonstrated by the dainty, pink dress adorning her slim body that was decorated with a copious amount of white lace around the sleeves and skirt's hem. As was her preference, her golden blonde hair was done up in the style of magnificent curls held together by a pair of pink bows on both sides of her head. Spending the majority of her trip with her white gloved hands wrapped around the handle of her parasol, her eyes kept glancing between the various farms on the horizon and the person responsible for bringing her out here in the first place.

Sitting across from Maribelle was a former farm hand by the name of Donnel. In an effort to protect his home from the wages of war he had left his village and joined up with the Shepherds. While this did mean coming back with an impressive supply of armor from his battles and outfits for regal events in the capital, he had chosen to wear his standard blue tunic for his return home.

"Oh boy, I can't wait for you to meet my momma," Donnel commented, trying in vain to get his scruffy, brown hair into a somewhat controlled state.

"I do wish we could have sent a letter ahead of time," Maribelle replied, reaching out to aid him in tidying up the wild strands. "It seems quite rude to just show up like this without letting your mother know about the extent of our relationship."

"Aww, you got nothing to worry about," Donnel reassured. "My momma is gonna absolutely love you. I'm sure of it."

“I suppose I’ll have to take your word for now,” Maribelle said trying to get comfortable for the last stretch of the ride. “Let’s just hope your poor mother doesn’t have a heart attack when she hears the news.”

The carriage finally came to a halt in front of a large farmhouse on the edge of town. Thanks to the large amount of money Donnel had sent back home over the course of his campaign, the farm itself had gone through quite a bit of growth. A good part of this consisted of a variety of different crops, but they weren’t what drew Maribelle’s attention as she stepped out of the carriage.

Maribelle had to stop to cover her nose once she got a whiff of the wild animals in one of the nearby pens. Her ears picked up a cacophony of squeals and oinks that made it clear how far she was away from the regal nature of her home. Trying to avoid getting her boots stuck in the mud, she dared to take a few steps towards the fence to get a better look at the fat pigs contently eating from a feeding trough. For just a moment, she managed to lock eyes with one of the swine to see her dainty form reflected back at her. This image was distorted as she noticed something large coming up from behind her.

Spinning on her heels with her umbrella at the ready, Maribelle lowered her defenses once she got a good look at her supposed attacker. She was a portly woman dressed in plain clothes and adorned with a white apron covered in a multitude of smudges and stains. Judging by the woman’s similar hair color and cheerful expression to Donnel, Maribelle cleared her throat in an attempt to salvage her introduction.

“Greetings,” Maribelle said with a bow. “My name is Maribelle. It is a pleasure to meet you.”

“Ah, so you’re the girl my boy Donnel has been talking about,” the woman replied, reaching out her fingers to give Maribelle’s comparatively small hand a shake. “I’m his momma. But you can call me Mrs. Tinhead.”

Maribelle raised an eyebrow. “Is that your real name?”

“Ever since my late husband gave it to me,” she replied. “Enough chatting though. You must be pretty tuckered out from your ride here. Come inside and I’ll treat you to a little snack.”

Accepting her host’s gratitude, Maribelle followed Donnel and his mother into the house. Upon entering through the door, her nose was treated to a heavenly aroma that easily outshone the unpleasant aromas outside. Following the smell led her into the dining room where there awaited a sizable feast. The roasted vegetables and hunks of meat were far from luxurious cuisine, but it was more than enough for Maribelle’s travel-weary body.

“Go on and dig in,” Mrs. Tinhead offered. “It’s not everyday that my son brings home such a beautiful girl.”

Maribelle stopped from reaching out towards the feast. “About that,” she began, both her and Donnel’s eyes focusing on his mother. “There’s something we failed to mention outside of our letters. Mostly about how far our relationship has progressed.”

Seeing the confused look on Mrs. Tinhead’s face, Maribelle removed the glove from one her hands. Holding up her fingers, she allowed the middle aged woman to gander at the simple, golden band she wore. As the ring was brought closer to her face, Mrs. Tinhead lunged forward to pull Maribelle into a loving hug.

“I’m so happy for you!” Donnel’s mother proclaimed, getting dangerously close to smothering her new daughter-in-law with her hefty chest. “I’ve always wanted a daughter. Welcome to the family!”

“T-thank you,” Maribelle replied, managing to squeeze out of her mother-in-law’s embrace to catch her breath.

“Sorry we didn’t tell you sooner,” Donnell spoke up. “The threat of battle made us kind of hurry up with pronouncing our love for one another in-case something happened. We figured it would be better to leave it as a surprise.”

“Quite the pleasant one at that,” Mrs. Tinhead said. “Please, eat your fill and don’t be shy. I want to make sure my boy’s wife is given a proper welcome to our village.”

“I appreciate it, really,” Maribelle said, glancing between her and the spread. “However, I’m not sure if I’ll be able to eat all of this.”

“Aww, don’t worry about it,” Mrs. Tinhead said. “Just eat what you can. We have plenty to go around.”

Hesitantly grabbing one of the sausages, Maribelle brought it to her mouth and took a bite. The small taste treated her to a wonderful flavor that had her letting out a pleased hum. Driven by an awakened hunger from her travels, she gobbled up the rest of the link faster than ever before. Pausing to dab at her face with her napkin, she turned to see the expectant look on her hostess’s face. Not wanting to disappoint her and still peckish from the long journey, Maribelle saw little harm in trying to at least sample everything in front of her.

Gingerly stepping down the dirt path, Maribelle balanced a platter of snacks in her hands. On the plate was a collection of fancy treats she had recently received from some of her fellow Shepherds to congratulate her on her marriage. While she was appreciative, she also had to hold herself back in order to properly share them with her husband. What made the task all the more

difficult was the unsightly addition to her body over the course of the past few months she had spent at the farm.

Every few steps she could feel her dress straining against the belly bulge that had overtaken her formerly trim mid-section. The small amount of fat would have gone unnoticed by most people, but it was enough to make her regret every piece of food she had pushed past her lips since she arrived. Letting her fingers slide across the protrusion, she thought back to the various homecooked meals Donnel's mother had given to her. Despite assuming that the constant feasting was the main reason for her putting on weight, she couldn't bring herself to say no to the caring woman's hospitality.

Maribelle hypothesized that her husband was only able to maintain his fit, scrawny body thanks to his many hours spent doing work in the fields and with the livestock. When she had first arrived, she had assumed that she would be put to work with the rest of the farmhands. In fact the sense of dread of being forced to labor in the hot sun day in, day out had been part of the reason it had taken so much convincing to get her to settle down in the village. While she still wasn't in any rush to pick up a tool anytime soon, the pampered life she lived at the farm, while comfortable, had its severe downsides.

Pinching the fat around her mid-section, Maribelle wondered if she could have avoided putting it on if she had worked out in the fields with her husband every so often. This possibility was unable to be tested thanks to Mrs. Tinhead wanting to treat the noble woman like the daughter she never had. While this did mean Maribelle was banned from doing most forms of manual labor, she still took every chance she could to leave the house and get some exercise in. Adjusting the platter in her hands and resisting the temptation to take a few snacks for herself,

she pushed on to get in her daily short walk in a vain attempt to work off her mother-in-law's frequent feasts.

"Oh Donnel!" Maribelle shouted out, getting her husband to put his tool down and catch his breath. "I believe you've more than earned yourself a break."

"Thank you kindly," Donnel said, helping himself to one of the pastries. "Wow, these are really tasty. No way I'm going to be able to finish these off by myself though. Go ahead and grab some for yourself."

"Er, no thank you," Maribelle replied, holding up a napkin for Donnel to clean his face, only for it to be waved away. "In fact, I think I need to start cutting back on my food intake. I'm worried about my body's... issues."

Swallowing the lump of dough and sugar, Donnel wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "What are you talking about?"

"Crazy, is what she's talking about."

The familiar, husky voice made Maribelle turn around to see that Mrs. Tinhead had at some point caught up to her.

"When did you get here?" Maribelle asked.

"I followed soon after you left," the woman replied. "I wanted to ask Donnel what he wanted for supper. Same goes for you."

Maribelle tapped her fingers together. "I'm really not that hungry. Especially after the sizable lunch you provided for us earlier."

"Nonsense," the woman replied, stepping up to grasp at Maribelle's arm. "You're practically skin and bones. No daughter-in-law of mine is going to starve under my watch."

Maribelle wanted to argue, but she was undermined by a hungry growl emanating from her stomach. “Well... I suppose I could go for some beef stew,” she admitted, pushed by both Mrs. Tinhead’s expectant look and her steadily increasing appetite.

“Easy enough. If you don’t fill up on those pastries you got, I can also make you something special for dessert. Just have to tell me what you’re craving.”

Maribelle took a moment to think. Tapping her fingers together, she knew exactly what her taste buds wanted, but it took a few seconds for her to work up the courage to speak her desires aloud. “It’s admittedly kind of strange,” Maribelle began, “but you wouldn’t happen to have the supplies to make... chocolate covered pickles?”

“Chocolate covered pickles?” Donnel asked, scratching his head. “That doesn’t sound too appetizing.”

“I know, but for some reason my body wants to eat it. Although I have no idea why. Mrs. Tinhead, I’m terribly sorry if that causes you any unforeseen trouble. I’m sure I can get by with these treats and whatever you feel inclined to go alongside our-”

Maribelle trailed off as she saw the eager expression on the woman’s face. Recognizing what was about to happen, she managed to hand over the platter to Donnel moments before Mrs. Tinhead reached out to pull her into a hug. The worries she had about the meager amount of chub around her mid-section were made laughable as she was pressed up against Mrs. Tinhead’s doughy belly.

“I’m so proud of you two,” Mrs. Tinhead said. “Should have figured this would happen sooner or later after I set you up with your own room. I can’t wait to shower the little one with love.”

“The what?” Maribelle asked, triggering for her mother-in-law to let go and step away.

“Strange cravings are a surefire sign of a little bundle of joy growing in your tummy,” she replied.

“You mean, I’m going to be a dad?” Donnel asked, receiving a nod from his mother in response. “Well shoot, isn’t that great, honey?”

Maribelle didn’t respond. She was too busy staring down at her body, trying to comprehend what she had just heard. “So soon? I-I’m not ready for this. I’ve never taken care of a child, let alone given birth to one. There has to be some mistake. There’s no way I can-“

“It’ll be alright,” Donnel said, giving her some comfort by grasping her shoulder. “I’ll be with you every step of the way.”

Though Maribelle was still wracked with nerves, the sight of her husband’s warm smile helped to ease her worries. “Thank you. I appreciate it.”

“Guess I’d better pull my weight to then,” Mrs. Tinhead commented. “I’ll get to work right away on the stew and chocolate pickles. Don’t worry, I’ll make more than enough for seconds and even thirds. Catch you later.”

Watching Mrs. Tinhead run back down the road, Maribelle let her hand slip down to her mid-section once more. Only now realizing that the bump was more than just extra fat, her mind began to piece together what was in-store for her. The padding offered something for her fingers to push against in an attempt to calm herself down from the fears she held for the future. The various worries that hung over her shoulders were lessened a bit as Donnel offered the same platter of pastries back to her. Driven by a hunger created by her anxiety and her baby’s need for sustenance, she didn’t bat an eye as she pushed a handful of the sweets past her lips.

Unable to feign sleep any longer, Maribelle carefully slipped out of bed as quietly as possible. The upcoming birth of her child gave her every reason she needed to get as much rest as possible. However, the same message failed to be conveyed to the pigs, cows, and other creatures of the farm that continued to make their various noises in the middle of the night. She had hoped that at some point she would have gotten used to the sounds, but dealing with the various issues presented by her pregnancy took on the brunt of her attention.

As Maribelle shuffled her way into the kitchen, she had to keep a hand free to cradle her sizable belly bump. The swollen gut was mostly covered up by the pink maternity gown that had been sent to her by her parents. However, the garment had required some much needed adjustments to accommodate the added weight that had been layered around her buttocks from her pregnancy induced hunger pangs.

Just as she managed to enter the kitchen, she winched as she felt a trickling sensation along her chest. Grasping at her head-sized mammaries, she let out a sigh as she recognized the familiar feeling of milk leaking from her teats. The droplets were able to be absorbed by the padding around her chest, but that didn't make it any easier to deal with the thought of how much her baby would need to drink to deal with how frequently she lactated.

Telling herself that she wasn't going to help herself by just standing there and worrying about her body, Maribelle began to rummage through the cupboards to find something to eat. Her search resulted in a makeshift feast of smoked meats and sweets laid across the dining table. Taking her spot in one of the chairs to glance over the spread, she was reminded that she needed to work on her self-control. That was all put to the wayside as she heard a rumble from her stomach as her coming child wriggled around as a way to get its mother to eat.

Setting upon the feast like she hadn't eaten in days, Maribelle began to make quick work of what she considered a small, midnight snack. At first, these indulgences had made her worry about what they would do to her body. However, she had convinced herself that the amount of added weight was normal considering that she was eating for two. Sure the layers of fat were an issue, but she was certain that it could all be worked off once she had given birth and could take on a more active role on the farm.

Helping herself to the last few crumbs on a plate, Maribelle contemplated how long she would have to wait until after the child was out before trying to convince her husband to let her join him in the fields. The thought filled her body with the kind of weariness she needed to get back to sleep. Trudging her way back to bed, she paused as she felt a tremor through her body. Though she had never experienced it before herself, she had read up on enough books on pregnancy to know what it meant.

"DONNEL!" Maribelle called out at the top of her lungs, not wanting to move another step. "COME DOWN AND GET YOUR MOTHER! IT'S TIME!"

For the first time in many months, Maribelle was granted the gift of waking up under her own power. No cries of hunger in her ears or the calls of animals to remind her where she was. This was all due in part to her loving husband wanting to give her a chance to take a break from her daily routine. While she did appreciate the chance to recuperate and get a full night's rest, there was a certain part of her new life she could never seem to acclimate to.

Tossing off the covers and rolling her way out of bed, Maribelle winced at the feeling of the fabric of her night gown getting sucked up by her pudgy rear. Pulling the hem out from her

butt cheeks with her plump fingers, she shuffled her way over to the mirror to glance at her visage. What she saw was the usual bump of extra flab hanging from her mid-section that had failed to go away even after the birth of her son, Brady. As much as she loved her child, she still winced at the feeling of the milk left behind in her swollen bosom as they jiggled around within the confines of her outfit.

Dismissing her typical self-loathing of her body with an exasperated sigh, Maribelle shrugged off her clothing and looked for something to wear. Stripped down to her birthday suit and trying to ignore the stretch marks along her stomach rolls, she made her way over to her dresser. Opening it up, her eyes went wide as she realized that something very important was missing. Just at that moment, she heard a knock at the door.

“Please don’t come in,” Maribelle said, eyes moving across the room to try and find something to cover herself up. “I’m having a bit of a... wardrobe malfunction.”

“That’s why I’m here,” Mrs. Tinhead said as she let herself into the room.

“Do you know what happened to my clothes?”

“Yeah, I took them when you were asleep.”

“Why on Earth would you do that?”

“Because,” Mrs. Tinhead began, strolling up to Maribelle to grab her gut, “I think it’s obvious to the both of us that you don’t fit in them anymore. I’m more than happy to lend you some of my own clothes for now, but we’re going to need to get some measurements so I can make you some new ones.”

Having learned how to deal with her mother-in-law’s “eccentricities” when it came to taking care of her, Maribelle merely sighed and allowed the older woman to lead her towards the stairs. “Donnel and the others are gone?”

“Yup,” she replied, bringing Maribelle towards the dining room. “He took little Brady off to introduce him to the other farmhands and some of the livestock. My boy has been doing a great job being a dad. Makes me wish his own father was still around to see him.”

“I’m sure he would be very proud,” Maribelle replied. “For both his sake and yours, I’ll be sure to give his grandson a proper education once he-“

Maribelle paused as she stepped into the dining room with Mrs. Tinhead. Placed on the table was a typical spread of food that her mother-in-law usually prepared for large celebrations. Scattered amongst various pies, were platters of recently cooked meats and vegetables that made Maribelle’s mouth begin to water. The surplus of food before her was a byproduct of using what little time she got to spend out in the field and using her powers to improve farming techniques. This had been an effort to work off her fat, but that had fallen to the wayside due to how little stamina she had after giving birth.

Before Maribelle could dive into the feast, her appetite was overridden by her own logic. Wiping her mouth clean to try and regain her dignity in spite of her lack of clothes, she turned towards Mrs. Tinhead. “What is all this?”

“A thank you for being such a good mom,” the middle-aged woman replied, pulling out a chair for Maribelle to sit. “This is your day off after all. Can’t really relax while your stomach is empty.”

“About that,” Maribelle spoke up, attempting once more to persuade Mrs. Tinhead. “It might be best if I cut back on my food for a bit. I’ve actually been meaning to start losing weight.”

“Nonsense, I think you look great,” she replied with a wave of her hand. “If anything, the extra padding will be excellent for any other kids you have along the way.”

“Er, let’s just focus on the one for now, shall we? I’m still barely able to keep up with Brady as it is.”

“Sorry, got a little carried away there,” Mrs. Tinhead answered, pulling out a tape measure from her pocket. “Just help yourself to whatever you like for now while I get your measurements jotted down.”

In an attempt to ignore the feeling of her mother-in-law wrapping the tape around her bust, Maribelle started off her meal with a baked potato stuffed with cheese and butter. The extra garnishes for the meal had been provided by the influx of wealth Maribelle’s family had sent to the farm to ensure she would never have to worry about sustenance. While this was true, this also meant a surplus of fatty food that no doubt helped to contribute to the chubby belly that was currently being sized up by Mrs. Tinhead.

Working through the sensation of the tape being wrapped around her wide hips, Maribelle helped herself to more of the food on the table. As she ate, her ears picked up a sound similar to the pigs that had used to torment her for so long. Pausing for a few moments led her to notice that the snorts were coming from her own nose as she ate. These few seconds spent considering just how much her body had changed over the past year left her off guard when Mrs. Tinhead finally finished measuring her.

“Alright, stand up and come over here,” the middle-aged woman said, gesturing towards a livestock scale she had moved into the house. “Sorry it’s the not most elegant thing, but it’ll do the job.”

Taking a moment to brush the leftover crumbs off of her body, Maribelle heaved herself up out of her chair and made her way to the scale. Tapping her fingers against her stomach, she waited with bated breath while Mrs. Tinhead watched the readout. When she saw her mother-in-

law let out a concerned hum, Maribelle leaned forward to see what was going on. She jumped a little bit as she peeked past her belly to see the final number show up.

“232 pounds?” Maribelle asked.

“Hmm, my clothes might not be enough,” Mrs. Tinhead commented with a nod of her head. “For now I can use some of the sheets to create a makeshift dress for you. I think I have some flower pattern curtains that could work.”

“Absolutely not,” Maribelle said, stomping her foot into the ground. “I may be a little overweight, but I’m not so large that you need to adorn me with window dressing. There must be a more elegant solution.”

“I’m afraid we ain’t got much else out here,” Mrs Tinhead replied. “Sure we could wait for a merchant to come by with some fancier cloth to use, but that won’t be for quite a while. So unless you want to stroll around the farm as naked as the animals, then you’re going to have to deal with t for now.”

Again, Maribelle let out an exhausted sigh. “I suppose it will have to do for now,” she said, making her way back to the table to resume eating.

“Let’s go over this again, Brady,” Maribelle said as she eased herself into the chair in the living room, wincing at the way the armrests pinched her chunky torso. With a wave of her pudgy hand, she managed to get the young boy’s attention. Taking a deep breath that sent a jostle through her two chins, she rested the book against her swollen belly and turned to the first page.

“Now, what is this animal?” Maribelle asked, gesturing towards the picture of a sheep.

“Lamb, lamb,” little Brady replied, waving his hands in the air.

“Very good,” Maribelle said, happily nodding towards the three year old before moving to the next page. “Now what is this?”

“M-mommy!”

Maribelle’s eyes went wide for a moment. Turning her gaze down at the page, she let out a huff as she realized what she was looking at. “No, no, no,” she said, tapping against the illustration. “This is a pig. Mommy is not a pig.”

Brady scratched his head as he stared wide eyed at her. “But, mommy eats a lot like a pig. And mommy sounds like a pig when she eats. And mommy is pink and big like one too.”

The last statement made Maribelle look over her body once more to come to the realization just how similar her thick figure could outsize a few of the swine in the pen next door. “While I’m proud that you know your colors,” she said, regretting her choice to wear a pink gown over her body that day, “it’s not polite for you to call people pigs. Understood?”

“Yes, mommy.”

“Very well then, let’s continue,” Maribelle said as she moved onto the next page. “Now, what is this?”

“A... moo cow?”

“Excellent,” Maribelle replied, moving her hand lower to point at the drawn creature’s udder. “And do you know what this is?”

“Mommy!” Brady exclaimed, holding up his hands to make it painfully clear what her heavy breasts resembled.

“Er, well you are partially correct, I suppose,” Maribelle begrudgingly admitted. “Both do produce milk, but for very different reasons. A cow’s teats are meant to produce milk for their calves to drink. Mine are meant to help with your upcoming sibling.”

“But mommy, don’t we drink cow milk?”

“I... suppose.”

“Then why doesn’t your milk work the same?”

“Alright little buddy,” Donnel said, walking into the room just in time to save his son from a session in time out. “I think your mom is a little tuckered out. Why don’t you go play outside with the other kids for a bit?”

“Okay, daddy pig,” Brady replied, running off and leaving his father in utter confusion.

“What in the heck are you teaching him?” Donnel asked his wife.

“His observational skills are admittedly unique,” Maribelle began, accepting his help to stand up, “however they are also rather uncaring for a person’s feelings. I need properly direct him to not be so blunt with what he says.”

“Why are you doing this anyway?” Donnel asked as he helped his wife into the kitchen. “My momma taught me pretty well and you’re looking about ready to pop any day now.”

“While I am quite grateful for everything your mother had done to help us,” Maribelle said, helping herself to jars of chocolate chip cookies and pickles to sate her pregnancy-fueled cravings, “she does have her limits. I have to teach young Brady as much as I can at this age. He needs to be prepared for his academic career.”

“What are you talking about?” Donnel said, wordlessly pulling over a basket of muffins to let his wife continue her feast. “Last I checked, there isn’t a school or anything like that for hundreds of miles.”

Despite her earlier conversation with her son, Maribelle showed no hesitation in washing down her food with a glass of milk. “Well then that is a problem that I will have to solve myself,” she proclaimed, wiping her mouth clean with the back of her sleeve. “Even if I have to build the place with my own bare hands.”

“Not like I can stop you,” Donnel said, taking away the empty platters. “But, um, maybe wait until after you’ve got the other kid out first.”

Maribelle sighed. “I suppose you’re right. Still, I can at least make some preliminary plans. Would you mind fetching me some paper and a quill? Oh, and bring me some chocolate covered pickles. I’m still rather famished.”

Maribelle never thought the day would come when she would be spending her afternoon wiping the sweat from her brow. The perspiration was a direct effort of her pushing her plump body far past its limits as she directed her group of workers. She was easy enough to spot considering her fatty body was nearly double that of even the most muscle-bound men. Whenever one of them faced a small injury or was losing their stamina, a quick healing spell from her was enough to get them back to work. While a combination of her magic and supervision kept things going smoothly, it had quit the cost on her body.

Weary and about ready to collapse, Maribelle begrudgingly lowered her stave to use it as a support for her body. Letting out a huff, she waddled her way over to the chair that Donnel had carried over to the construction site for her. The seat proved to be a little too small for her, forcing the excess fat around her buttocks to spill over the sides. Thankfully for her, the set of

overalls adorning her was the perfect size to keep her comfortable while still covering up the unsightly parts of her sweat-slicked body.

Giving into her exhaustion, Maribelle allowed her sizable belly to sink in between her plush thighs. Tapping her fingers against the gut she had gained through a mix of two children and many hearty meals meant to recover her energy after long days at the construction site, she began to wonder if she would even be able to carry it back to the house. Thankfully, a wonderful smell drifting through the air helped to reinvigorate her enough to get her to turn her thick neck to the side just in time to see young Brady running over to her.

“MOMMY!” Brady said, showing no hesitation to leap onto her lap and nuzzle against her gut. “Eww, why are you so smelly and sweaty?”

“I think your momma needs a break there, kiddo,” Donnel said, having to approach his wife at a slow pace with his arms burdened with a box of cookies in one hand and his infant daughter in the other.

“It’s quite alright,” Maribelle replied, reaching out to accept the baby and nestle her against her sizable chest.

Ignoring the weary nature of her mother, the young girl showed off what she was really after as she reached her tiny fingers towards Maribelle’s chest. With an understanding nod, Maribelle unclasped the buttons on her overalls. Nestling her daughter into the right position, she allowed her to feed from her swollen teats to keep them both satisfied.

“You’re not worried about the other workers seeing?” Donnel asked, offering Maribelle the jar.

“Please, it’s not like it’s the first time I’ve done this,” Maribelle replied, holding out a hand to wordlessly accept a handful of sweets.

“Shoot, you’ve come a long way from how shy you were when you were feeding little Brady,” Donnel commented, handing his son a cookie before shoving several at once into his wife’s mouth.

“I’ve made a lot of progress since then,” she replied, effortlessly downing the sweets, and letting them sink down her thick throat. “And I don’t just mean my waistline.”

“I hear you, but you still need to cool it down every once in a while to give yourself a chance to enjoy yourself.”

“I will, in time,” Maribelle said, gently caressing her daughter’s head. “First, I need to make sure our children have a proper place where they can learn and develop their minds.”

“I still think you should call it for the day,” Donnel spoke up. “You’ve done a good job, but I’m sure the workers can take it from here.”

“Very well,” Maribelle relented, pausing to let her husband stuff her face with more cookies. “Let me finish feeding little Marcey here and then you can help me back to the house. I’ve left the rest of the workers plenty of instructions on what to do in my absence anyway.”

“You got it,” Donnel replied, using a handkerchief to clean off the crumbs of his hard working wife’s chins.

After many months of hard work, the day had finally come. Finding it absolutely necessary to be at the grand opening, Maribelle enlisted the help of her husband to make her way to the site of the celebration. With walking completely out of the question considering the way she was now, the obvious solution was far from the most elegant one, but she had learned to deal with things such as this over the course of her time on the farm.

As the cart rolled down the road, Maribelle tried to ignore the smell coming off of the two donkeys that struggled to haul her towards her destination. The harsh wood had been softened by a series of cushions set up by Donnel and her mother-in-law that provided ample support for her weary, bulky legs and double wide rear. Though the ride was a little bumpy, she managed to lean back and rub her hand against her taut, bulbous belly through the thin fabric of her dress. The act was a ritual she had developed over the years that gave her a sense of strange comfort that helped her out whenever she felt tired or overstressed.

Maribelle's relaxing self-message inevitably led to her pair of swollen, melon-sized teats. The lightest nudge against the heavy breasts was enough to let a few droplets of milk leak out. Ever since her second child, her tits never seemed to truly stop lactating. Thankfully she had dealt with her body's quirks enough to get over any lingering shock. As long as the pads wrapped around her nipples absorbed any milk that leaked out, she was sure she could deal with them while she went through the grand opening ceremony.

The cart came to a jarring halt, sending Maribelle's chubby form into a jiggling fit. Fighting against the lingering ripples, she shuffled herself towards the back end of the cart and swung her legs over the side. Graciously accepting Donnel and Mrs. Tinhead's outstretched hands, she carefully put her pudgy feet clad in a pair of comfortable slippers onto the ground. With her husband nearby to provide support, she began to walk the rest of the way to the front of the nearby building.

Maribelle's path took her nearby the crowd of people gathered for the event. Over the course of the years she had spent in the village, Maribelle had come to know each and every face she passed by. This familiarity helped her to ignore the lingering feeling in the back of her head that was partially ashamed of the way she looked. Thankfully, she was able to easily overpower

this humiliation thanks to the warmth she had felt from her neighbors from the thanks that shouted out to her as she made her way to the small, makeshift stage at the building's entrance.

“Thank you all for coming today,” Maribelle said, taking her spot in the front, her large body acting as a boon to ensure that everyone could see her. “It has taken quite a bit of time and effort, but I’m proud to finally present the fruits of our labor. Of special note, I want to give thanks to the various supporters that made this dream a reality.”

Waiting for the applause to die down, Maribelle gently placed a hand on her belly. “Because of us, the future generations will have a head start ensuring a bright future for themselves, this village, and the entire country.” Turning to the side, she gave a nod of the head to signal Donnel to hand her a pair of scissors. Shuffling over to the ribbon in front of the door, she got the tool into position. “Without further ado, I would like to welcome you all to Maribelle Academy.”

Cutting through the ribbon, Maribelle held up her hands to bathe in the applause. Stepping to the side, she gestured for the crowd to enter the building to see the results of their work and revel in the celebratory party. Once the crowd thinned out, Maribelle made her way inside to join the others.

Entering into the main auditorium, Maribelle’s intentions were to make her way to the snack table to procure food to recharge her body from the exhausting effort of her short walk. Unfortunately, her plan was foiled by an endless parade of people coming up to her to praise her for her work. She graciously accepted the thanks, but constantly kept glancing over at the food table with the desire to eat enough to satisfy the ravenous appetites of herself and her upcoming, third child.

In the midst of the surge of people, Donnel managed to push his way to meet up again with his wife. When he arrived, he came bearing a warm grin and a platter stacked high with at least one of each type of food offered from the table. Thanking him with a kiss to the cheek, Maribelle gave him the instruction to feed her as she continued to bask in the praise of her hard work.

The house glowed with a comforting warmth as Donnel went about the building lighting candles in preparation for the evening's events. The usual pitter patter of little feet on the floor was strangely vacant for the evening. While he did miss the sound of his children's laughter, he had to admit that he enjoyed the moment of silence after so many years of having them be heard day in and day out. This allowed him to focus on giving his wife an unforgettable night.

With the rest of the abode taken care of, Donnel made his way into the kitchen to see Maribelle just where he had left her. Finishing up the last few cookies placed on the platter in front of her, she paused to brush her chins clean of any lingering crumbs. The leftovers of her snack ended up bouncing off of her heaving bosom to momentarily get stuck within the crevasses of the gown that covered up her girth. Ridding herself of the mess by wobbling her rear back and forth against the two chairs she was sitting on, she brushed back her long hair to make sure her husband could see the pleased look on her plump face.

"Remind me to thank your mother once more for letting us take the night off," Maribelle commented. "Especially considering how rowdy Brady has been getting lately."

"You know she's happy to do it," Donnel replied as he began to gather up the platters of food set aside on the counter. "This is our ten year anniversary, so we have to make it special."

“Shame I couldn’t fit into my old wedding dress for the occasion,” Maribelle said, pinching at her belly rolls. “I would have asked your mother to see if she could modify the gown, but I’m afraid she’d take the opportunity to sew patterns of cows, pigs, and other livestock into it.”

“What makes you say that?” Donnel said, pouring out a mug of wine for his wife to sip on.

“Please, after spending so many years with the woman, I can tell what her interests are,” Maribelle said, helping herself to a mouthful of alcohol to start off the evening properly. “The main reason I have a body like this is because she tries to fatten me up like a prized pig at every turn. We might as well enter me into the next fair to give her the winning ribbon for all of her trouble.” Placing the mug back on the table, she shuddered as a pair of wet spots appeared along her chest. “Well, our children might have had something to do with it.”

“I’m sure they appreciate everything you do,” Donnel said, offering up a handkerchief to her. “Brady, Marcey, and even little Trisha adore ya, same as everyone else in this town. That school has been doing wonders for the place.”

Lifting up her mug once more, Maribelle finished off the rest of her drink. “Thank you, but I don’t intend to stop there. I still have plenty of infrastructure to add to this town. Things like a theater and a library to name a few. However, that all can wait. For now, I believe we’ve both earned our chance at some rest and relaxation. Donnel, give me a hand. I need to get a bit more comfortable for this.”

Without hesitation, Donnel hurried to his wife’s side. As Maribelle lifted up her pudgy arms, he grabbed at the hem of her gown and proceeded to pull. Though he struggled to squeeze past her love handles and stomach rolls, he gradually managed to free her body from the

restraining fabric. With one final tug, he managed to take off the gown with only a small tear left in the fabric from the colossal effort of struggling against her back flab.

Waiting just long enough for her body to stop jiggling, Maribelle took it upon herself to finish the job. Reaching into her back fat, she unclasped the hooks keeping her bra wrapped around her torso. No longer contained by the undergarment, her udder-like tits were free to sway against her belly and leak milk into her stomach rolls.

Having grown accustomed to her constant lactation, Maribelle allowed the droplets to continue to fall as she moved on to her panties. The underwear provided a much more difficult challenge in trying to free them from her body. Thinking about how hard it had been to put them on in the morning, she was left to ponder why she even bothered with them anymore. This question was cast aside by a loud popping noise echoing through the room. Pulling her hand away from her jiggling rear, she couldn't stop a hearty chuckle from leaving her lips at the sight of her destroyed panties limply hanging from her pudgy hand.

"Oh well," Maribelle said, tossing the torn undergarment to a corner of the room. "They would have only gotten in the way anyway. Let's begin, shall we?"

"You got it, honey," Donnel replied, coming to her side with the first platter.

Lifting up the cover to reveal the recently baked cherry pie, Donnel placed it on the table and stepped back. Mimicking the pigs that she had grown fond of, Maribelle dove forward face first into the pastry. Her gluttony rewarded her with a mouthful of sweetness that pushed her to eat up every tasty morsel. It was only after she had gobbled up every last bit of filling did she lift up her head to lick her lips clean and beckon for his husband to bring over the next dish.

Dutifully serving his wife, Donnel continued to bring food over to her as she continued through her one-woman feast. While Maribelle did pause on occasion to thank her husband for

his assistance, she spent the majority of her time face first in whatever plate was in front of her. No matter how much she ate her mother-in-law's cooking, it never seemed to lose the wonderful flavor that had attributed to her sizable appetite.

Hitting a lull in her binge session while Donnel cleared away the empty platters, Maribelle leaned back in her seat to catch her breath. As she massaged her overstuffed belly, she inadvertently slid her fingers through a leftover puddle of her breast milk. Smacking her lips, she couldn't escape a lingering thought going through her mind. Bringing up a plump finger to her face, she sucked up the leftover milk to get a taste for it.

"How is it?" Donnel asked, watching as she proceeded to lick her hand clean.

"Better than I expected," Maribelle said, helping herself to another squirt of her own milk. "After all these years, I can see why the children enjoy it so much."

"Really? What does it taste like?"

A sly grin appeared on Maribelle's face. "It may be easier for you to experience it for yourself."

Graciously taking up his wife's offer, Donnel clung to her pudgy form. Allowing him to wrap his lips around one of her teats, Maribelle gently squeezed down on her tit to gift him with a mouthful of milk. Judging by the way he eagerly drank, she had to assume that he found a similar sense of enjoyment from the strange act.

"I suppose we both know why our children have been growing so big and strong now," Maribelle said, caressing Donnel's hair as he took one last gulp.

"I'll say," Donnel replied, wiping his mouth clean. "Heck, we could probably fund several more schools if we bottled this up and sold it."

“Oh please,” Maribelle said with a huff. “It’s not like I’m some sort of cow.” She paused as she looked over the various bits of food on the floor that surrounded her. “Well, not fully at least.”

“So, do you want to keep going?” Donnel asked as he stood back up. “We still got plenty of grub left.”

“I suppose a bit more wouldn’t hurt,” Maribelle replied, smiling at the sight of her loving husband gathering up her next servings. “After all, I do intend to work this weight off over the course of our anniversary. After you help me get up the stairs of course.”

“It would be my pleasure,” Donnel said, dropping off another platter of food before laying his head against her belly.

Maribelle allowed her husband to cling to her body for a few moments. While his fingers caressed her stomach, her own digits occupied themselves with playing with his hair. This intimate moment was joined by the cries of livestock in the distance that had become strangely comforting to the former noblewoman. Taking in the life and body that her time on the farm had given her, she let out a pleased sigh. Eager to enjoy the wonderful family she had been blessed with, she let herself soak in the moment for a little longer before resuming her feast to continue enjoying the culmination of ten wonderful years of marriage.