

<https://linktr.ee/GrowingDesires>

1,749 words.

<The King>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Seven

The two were awoken by a knocking on the door. The king was quick to rise; he opened the door to the cabin and Maeve could barely hear him talking through the wall.

“No, I’ve got it, go back to the castle and get some more supplies.” His voice boomed before Maeve could hear him approaching the room again.

In his hand it looked like he was wielding a sword based on its length, but it was thicker, much thicker. The rod in his hand was almost double the length of the last one and it was certainly thicker. Maeve guessed it was 40 inches in length, longer than Magnus’ arm which was already a mighty feat because he was so large himself.

Maeve knew exactly what it was for, yet, looking at the rod she couldn’t help but feel a sense of lust bubbling from the depths of her core.

She watched on as Magnus picked up the discarded leather contraption that she had learnt to love over the past few weeks, with a quick twist and tug,

the old rod fell to the floor, a sharp clanging pierced the air.

Maeve watched as the king attached the new larger rod and he lined it up to her stomach. The cold feel of the steel made her break out in goosebumps and the woman let out a small shriek. The warmth of her belly heated the metal up quick enough though as he slowly inserted the thick rod into her huge stomach. The pleasure washed over her once again as she felt herself being stretched again way past her limits, the tight feeling returned but this time before the rod had even fully inserted itself due to the thickness of the rod.

“Oh fuck...” She moaned loudly as Magnus continued to slowly insert the rod. “So thick...”

She moaned louder as she was stretched more by the second. Still, her skin continued to accommodate the massive rod and before she knew it, half of the rod was inside her belly button, just under really but it was stretching her so wide that the depth was compromised.

Maeve sat there panting, her huge belly rising and falling from the intense feeling of being stretched. She moaned, her fingers kneading the edges of her stomach, feeling how it manipulated the rod in her belly. She was getting worked up again despite being still so spent from last night.

“Oh, you really seem to like it now Maeve...” The large man whispered. “I’ve not even strapped you in yet sweetie.”

He quickly started on the belts, making sure that he covered her whole torso and steadily he tightened the clasps, making the rod stab into her belly button, stretching her wide and making sure that it was firm he picked up a

satchel and plucked out a vial, only this time, Maeve didn't open her mouth willingly.

Her ragged breathing had increased from the second that the straps were tightened, the uncomfortable feeling only drove her wilder, feeling just how big and stretched she was in heaven.

Yet.

"More..."

The word echoed in her mind as she watched the king pluck the vial from the satchel. As his huge hands moved towards her, she kept her mouth shut and she looked up at him with a crazed look, her heart thumping faster and louder by the second.

"No." she said softly.

Magnus raised an eyebrow. "What did you say?" He held back his anger for just a moment, giving the woman attached to the gargantuan belly before him another chance to say the right thing.

"No. I said no."

Magnus' face started to turn red as the anger came over him quickly. "You dare defy the king of this land!?"

Maeve would've been scared if it was a few months ago but now, she knew she had him.

"More..." Her words were soft, fuelled by a lust that she didn't even understand.

Magnus, for the first time, lost his composure out of something other

than anger. He stumbled backwards, as if he had just been punched in the jaw.

“W-what?” He stammered.

“I said... *More...*”

The room fell silent other than Maeve’s breathing for a few seconds.

Maeve relished every second before she broke the silence.

“I know you’ve got loads in there... What are you waiting for?” She goaded the large man.

He looked at the satchel with wide eyes, the idea to give her more than one hadn’t crossed his mind, Flint was usually struggling to keep up with demand, it was the only reason he hadn’t been giving them every day, yet after some extra work, Flint had procured ten.

The one in Magnus’ hand was one and the other nine jingled slightly as the vials clanged against one another. He looked wide eyed at the woman who had a very serious look on her face.

She meant it.

The small woman who resisted, who hated this arrangement was now looking at the king with a hunger that no amount of food could ever fill.

There were no more words said, there didn’t need to be, she just slowly lowered her jaw and looked up, leaving her open mouth there for Magnus.

He knew what to do.

As quickly as he could, he pulled out the vials and started pouring them into her mouth, the sweet taste lingering on her tongue as she let the liquid pool before she winked at him and swallowed it all down in one gulp.

Maeve let out a satisfied gasp after she felt the liquid reach her stomach.

“Now... Let’s see how good your apothecary really is...”

The effect was sudden; a loud groan came from the giant dome before the two of them and Maeve let out a shriek.

“Hungry!”

Magnus ran into the other room to bring in a whole barrel of food. He placed it at her side before getting another one. Noting that she looked like she was bigger already.

He shrugged it off, but when he came back with the second barrel there was no mistaking the changes were already starting.

Magnus stood and watched as her stomach started to grow in real time before him. Maeve was too entranced by the food she was shovelling down but Magnus had a front row seat for her stomach growing. The rest of her was also changing but it was hard to see other than her cheeks getting puffier and her tits swelling plumper.

Her belly though had a measuring stick to document the changes, and Magnus was watching closely as her belly button climbed up the rod that was showing about 25 inches of girth left, each second that number was shrinking, however.

The first barrel was cleared before she started grabbing from the second. She screamed out “More!” which made Magnus run to grab a third barrel. The food given was meant to last a few days, but she was blowing through it at a rate that would mean they’d be out of food before midday.

He didn't waste any time, he grabbed three more barrels into the room, noting how her stomach had made a quarter of the distance of the exposed rod. He didn't want to miss anything, so he sat down and watched as Maeve ate and grew before his eyes.

He reached out and put his hand against her stomach, it was so warm, he could feel the skin shifting below his large palm. It was driving him wild as she continued to expand in real time. Standing up, this king placed his hands over her large breasts and felt those swelling too, they had outgrown his large hands already a while ago but the absolute weight of them as they continued to swell made him even more turned on.

Maeve grew by the second, she didn't slow in her consumption and her moaning increased with each added inch to her girth. The straps were reaching their limits, they had a few more notches to give but there was no time to loosen the clasps, instead they just snapped and buckled one by one. Each snap was followed by a torrent of flesh filling the gap created.

After a few minutes she finally outgrew the rod, her growth slowed just as her belly button closed around the end of the metal. Magnus watched in awe as her stomach had growth and extra 25 or so inches in a few short minutes. The final barrel was half finished when Maeve finally broke her trance, she let out a massive wail as her body shuddered.

Looking over her newly acquired fat she was in disbelief.

"I... Grew..." She stammered, not quite sure if she was dreaming or not.

Magnus grabbed his knife to cut the last remaining strap off, Maeve let

out a grunt as her whole body shook from being released from the leather.

The pressure against her belly button had eased but she still felt something inside there, thick, girthy and long. Magnus had to actually lift the upper swell of her stomach up to reveal the metal so he could get a good grasp of the rod to start extracting it.

Once again Maeve experienced higher highs than she did the previous times, her whole body shuddered and jiggled with her added weight, she was easily 10 times the size of the woman she was when she got here now. Her massive arms came up to play with her tits, wanting more pleasure as Magnus retrieved the rod.

After it had come out and many orgasms later, Maeve looked at the king with a knowing smile, she gave a subtle nod and watched as he thrust his hand between the fold into her truly cavernous belly, his whole arm wasn't enough to fill the hole anymore.

He stood up and looked at the massive woman.

"I'm sure I can get Flint some more... Do you want more?" He was much smaller than her now overall due to her fat, but he still towered tall over her sitting body.

Maeve looked up, her vision was blurry from the orgasms, she could actually feel the cavernous belly button she had now, her belly had formed this hole, and she could almost feel sensations from it as she heaved her mass with her laboured breaths.

Still.

She kept thinking one thing.

How she wanted more.

Looking at the king she breathlessly answered.

“Yes my King...”

* * *