

“Mmmh... so good.”

Camilla let out a happy mewl as she bit into her forkful of meat.

She was long past full, but that did not matter to her.

Ever since her husband Corrin had confessed his kink to her, her number one priority had been making herself more and more appealing to him.

In years past, Camila had been known as a fearsome warrior, riding atop her wyvern, battle ax in hand. Her ferocity was matched only by her beauty.

But looking at the lilac haired woman now, one would scarce believe she had ever been in the vicinity of a battle, let alone leading the front lines.

Through constant, unrelenting indulgence, Camilla had eaten herself to an absurd weight.

Thick thighs held up her enormous asscheeks, each one weighing as much as Camilla used to, in her armor.

A solidly packed gut extended from her once toned middle. Her chest had always been one of the largest in Nohr, but had grown to an exceptionally absurd degree.

She was wearing an extensively modified version of her usual outfit, which naturally drew the eye to her mountainous mammaries. She was either dressed in this, just her lingerie, or a specially made version of her armor, expanded using what seemed like half of an iron mine's output.

The armor was for no defensive purpose, of course, as there had not been a war in what felt like ages and if there was one, no one in their right mind would think to send Camilla.

Some would see this as distasteful, or Camilla sad for giving up her perfect figure for what her husband wanted. They could not be further from the truth.

While Camilla did not think of gaining weight before Corrin broached the subject to her, she found it marvelous.

She remembered the first time her potbelly became noticeable, standing in front of a mirror, her larger breasts just beginning to overflow her lavender bra.

Corrin walked behind her and pinched a lovehandle , giving her a kiss on the cheek that left her face hot and rosy colored.

The pampering was without comparison as well. Camilla always thought she would be the one

pampering him, but in a way she still was. Except, she was giving him more and more of herself.

Her growth was both of theirs top priority. The pleasure they got from her increasing girth was equal.

Camilla leaned back, truly stuffed. Her vision was encroached from the bottom by her heavy bosom, and from the side by her chubby cheeks.

She felt the chair creak as it tried to hold the massive weight that was her, and she hoped it wouldn't crash.

She wanted Corrin to be here to see that.

With a great deal of effort, she heaved herself forward, done with feasting for the time being.

She had not reached immobility quite yet, but it was fast approaching.

Her retainers, Beruka and Selena, were on hand to offer as much assistance as they could.

Both of them had their doubts about what Corrin and Camilla were doing at first, but could not deny just how happy all of this feasting was making her.

That, and by the look of their own snug outfits, they enjoyed indulging here and there as well.

Still, it was a tall order, helping Camilla get to her bedroom 30 feet away. A lot of effort was made just keeping her upright, as her top heavy frame did not like to be under the effects of gravity for very long.

Still, with much huffing and puffing from all three of them, they managed to get Camilla to the door.

Then, when she got stuck, they managed to squeeze her through the door, making a note to send a request to the castle's carpenter to resize it... again.

Finally, Camilla let her bulk crash onto her bed, eliciting yet another groan from a piece of furniture today.

"After all that... I'm suddenly a little famished. Would you two be so kind as to fetch me a snack from the larder?"

Beruka nodded, and Selena sighed, knowing full well that a snack to Camilla was substantial enough to be a dinner for someone else.

After they left, Camilla used the privacy to fondle her flab a bit more. It really amazed her that all of this was her. She felt so substantial, like an immovable object.

And yet she wanted more.

If Camilla had her way, there would be no end to her. She would always have more and more and more of herself to give to Corrin.

Her retainers returned with her snack, two thick juicy haunches of turkey legs.

She cooed when she saw them, mouth watering at the tastes she was about to experience.

With sausage like fingers, she grabbed one for each hand, and greedily began feasting.

Sauce dribbled onto her cleavage, only for a stoic faced but silently blushing Beruka to wipe it away with a handkerchief.

Toes she had not seen in a long time curled in glee, the wonderful taste lighting up her taste buds.

“Hope I am not interrupting.”

A voice came from the doorway. The only voice that could drag Camilla away from her food.

“Corrin!”

Sensing they wanted some alone time, Selena and Beruka silently walked past Corrin, granting the married couple privacy.

“My my, look at how much you have grown in the few weeks I have been gone.”

He placed a hand on his wife's mind blowing stomach.

“I know, and to think I haven't gained nearly as much as I would have liked.”

“Why don't I help you get more comfortable, and you can tell me all about how large you would have liked to get.”

He began to undo the various straps and strings containing her corpulent form.

Pale flesh surged outward, the rotundity of Camilla becoming more apparent.

She was dressed only in lingerie now, breathing heavily, from both strain and eagerness.

Before any lovemaking could occur, her stomach growled.

Corrin chuckled.

“I seem to have forgotten how often this beast of a belly we made needs to be fed. Wait a moment, dear. I shall return with more fuel for your growth.”

Corrin left the room, and Camilla smiled, thankful for the way her life had been blessed.