

THE CONCUBINE

By Zaftig Industries

The King of Punt rolled aside the enormous stone separating his harem from the rest of the castle. In all the sun-baked lands of his kingdom, there were no treasures like the ones he had here... the *true* jewels of the desert. In the thousand years since his nation had cut itself off from the world, no object of beauty had been found so dear to his heart, as his Concubines..

Inside the chamber beyond was a miniature spring, flowing into a bathing-pool of clearest crystalline water. The same magic which kept his kingdom young and vital also kept the waters here flowing... and the food coming up from the enchanted kitchens. It was a vicious cycle of luxury and indulgence, made even more rapid by the lackadaisical life of the harem's inhabitants.

Today, the usual forms he expected to find lounging beside the pools were gone. Of course—the Queen, his accursed rival, had demanded a few of his jewels in payment for the land he'd “borrowed” for his wineries. He prized his jewels covetously, but there was a limit to his affections. Sometimes, matters of state had to take precedence over the call of his loins.

But there was one jewel he would not permit her to take. One above all that he had kept throughout the innumerable wars of his people—the Battle of the Nine Feasts, the Gourmand's Demise, the Great Bacchanal. No, even after all these conflicts he still had the one woman who had torn him away from the Queen in the first place: Shasta the Colossal.

Her “descriptive” title hadn't been in place when he found her, just a minstrel waif in the marketplace hawking hashish and cannabis. But she had been so beautiful his heart was captured then and there. Shallow he might be... but the King knew a prospect when he saw one. There had been greed in her eyes then, and he had seized on it, fanned it into a proper flame. Shasta had gobbled up so much of his attention and affection, not to mention his granaries, that the Queen had left in an incensed huff. And now... Well. He was a single man, so to speak.

And being single had its perks.

A wheezing cough drew his attention to the furthest alcove, where a broad silhouette sat shrouded behind a gauzy curtain. He drew aside the fabric to clap eyes on his precious—the crown

jewel of his collection, the one woman capable of satisfying him.

Shasta, the Bloated Concubine of Punt.

She had been so skinny once... willowy, brown and dusted with freckles from the excessive sun of the marketplace. Of all her features, she'd managed to keep her deep chocolate-pool eyes... and her nose, that regal arch of it so different from the Queen's tiny pointed one.

The rest of Shasta's features had been drowned, under the result of her endless greed for luxury: drowned in fat. Fat hung from her like a shroud, draped over the red velvet of the sofa she lounged on. Flash quivered and swayed, shifted and slapped as she turned towards him, the nozzle of a hookah in her plump hand.

“My King...” *Hufffff*, went the smoke into her lungs. It curled out of her broad nostrils and from between her saliva-slicked lips in a column of warm haze. “You've been gone too long. I've used up a *dozen* servant-boys, waiting for you. What kept you?”

“Matters of state.” He shucked off his robe, tossing it aside as she took another draw, the intoxicating mist of finest hemp-smoke swirling around him. “My... ex-wife has complicated matters. She's taken more prisoners from the coastal villages and is threatening to fatten them into uselessness.” He rolled his eyes. “When we found the spell of endless food, I thought it would erase the cruelty in our kingdom... What a fool I was back then.”

“Maybe. But a handsome fool.” She yawned, a rivulet of drool rolling out of the corner of her lips and catching in her wobbling chins. A huge testament to gluttony, her girth spilled off of the corners of the couch, atrophied hands drawing the hookah to her mouth once again. *Hffffff*. “I hope you... *cough, cough*... Called her bluff, my liege.”

“Of course. I knew she would double-cross me the moment I agreed to her terms. Those citizens were doomed to be butterballs the minute she got her grubby hands on them.” He actually missed the Queen's hands, if only because Shasta's were growing rather... clumsy of late. That was what happened when you ate enough for thirty women each morning and decked your fingers with ring after ring, until your flabby hands were massed with glittering gold.

Shasta waved one such golden-encrusted hand, gripping a wine-gourd by the side of her perch and swigging from it. *Glllk... glrrk. Buh-HULLCH*. “She was a fool to leave in the first place, my King. Rumor has it no man can quench her lust, now that she's lost you...”

“Yes, yes. Flatterer.” But he knelt beside her anyway, and kneaded the fat of her enormous belly with his hands, his eyes fixed on the cavernous gulf of her navel. “Have you grown for me today, my

sweet?”

“I have. Fifteen talents since yesterday.” Fifteen talents was equivalent to a fistful of heavy coins. She was truly expanding by the second!

Enchanted, the King took a wad of her sagging brown flesh in his palm, and kissed it... before tenderly biting it, grazing the handful of woman-meat with his teeth. “Mmm, delightful. Soon you will eclipse the Queen herself... And then she will never trouble me again. There will be no doubt where my heart lies, when you grow so large that no door in the kingdom would allow you passage.”

“Heh-heh. *Now* who's the flatterer?” She belched again before finishing off the bottle of wine, long eyelashes fluttering as she chugged and chugged. The King held his ear to the undulating mass of her stomach, so pendulous and turgid it nearly brushed the floor, and shivered with glee to hear the wine splashing into the overfilled cavern of her insides. Wet sloshing sounds echoed from behind walls of tissue and fat as his decadent mistress glutted herself on drink.

“If I compliment you, great Shasta, it's only because you've earned it.” He patted her gut, relishing the sheen of sweat over it and the moist, almost feverish heat wafting off her body. Swaddled with flesh, his Concubine was almost constantly overheated, requiring a servant to cool her after large meals. And her meals were larger than most elephants' dinners.

“Mmm, enough talk... Come show me your gratitude, for drawing you away from that *horrible* witch of a wife.” She was slurring her words, so full of wine and fumes that if she *could* walk, it would have been a stumbling shamble. Luckily, her stomach kept her pinned to the couch all day, requiring two strong men to lift it up on a rope or a tray when she had to jiggle to the latrine. This was a constant problem—since she overloaded her bowels every hour of every day, her trips to the commode had become... adventurous.

And it seemed another adventure was about to begin... Her face reddened as the King pressed against a particular part of her stomach. “Oooh, not so rough, lover... I'm quite... I've drunk a lot of—*hiccup!*--wine today... And had a lot of b-beef... Ooogh.” Her face turned slightly pale under her jowls as her guts churned, bowels shifting dangerously.

“Oh, yes? Hmm, you tend to do that. What a naughty girl you are... I really should punish you.” He reached up and waggled his finger in her armpit, a canyon of secondary fat-rolls so sweaty they were slick to the touch. Ticklish, she thrashed and wiggled under her immobilizing blanket of fat, huffing and wheezing and snorting.

“Seriously. D-don't do that... I'm *quite* f-f-full!” She stifled giggles like an overgrown child.

Very, very overgrown.

“Mm, I'm afraid I must. Wine thief—you'll not escape my harem unpunished!”

But it was too much. The Concubine had been guzzling wine for hours, her overloaded bladder swollen with the product of her addiction. And when the King tickled too greedily, she let out a most un-seductive shriek... and her bladder let go, gushing in a thick stream out of the abyss of flab around her hidden crotch. The floor was quickly stained with puddles.

“F-fuck, now look what you've made me do.” She whimpered pathetically, her entire facade of coquettish grace ruined. For a moment, she looked like what she was: a monstrously bloated, street-corner whore, fattened on decadent treats for years until she was swimming in her own fat. “I suppose we'll have to call the servants...”

“Yes, but first...” He gripped the next bottle of wine, already opened by the Concubine in anticipation of further debauched revelry. “First, you much finish your *dinner*. Such as it is.”

“My King, don't, I'm covered in—*fgllk!*” Her words were cut off as the mad monarch shoved the wine-bottle's neck in her mouth, fermented liquid bubbling and sluicing down her throat. She struggled momentarily, feeble little shoves and slaps that signified her weakening resolve... and then went limp, accepting her role as a human wine-skin, her throat's fat-rolls bulging as she drank and drank. Helpless against his mad desires, regret floated in her eyes as she struggled to gag it all down.

Gllrp... Glllrgg... Glg-glp-gloog...

At length the bottle was finished. Eyes crossed, bloodshot and drunken, the Concubine clumsily pushed the King's hands away and slurred, “At leasht let them clean me up before you... Before y'fuck me. **HUORP**.”

“You know, my dear...” The sturdy-framed ruler undid the silk rope holding up his broad pants, letting them fall to the floor. The pride of the kingdom stood exposed at last, standing erect and nearly a foot tall, thick enough to make any woman in the land walk oddly for days. “I think *you're* too drunk to care. And quite frankly, you've got plenty of clean rolls left.”

Then, grabbing a double fistful of fat and folding it into a temporary cavity, the King used her sweat to lubricate his 'battering ram,' and commenced fucking the overstuffed flesh-folds of his Queen until she ceased caring about her condition and simply dragged him to her mouth, burying his girth in her throat down to the base.

This, thought the King as his eyes rolled back, gripping Shasta's hair and fucking her fat throat as hard as he could, *now this is what I conquer nations for.*