

One day, several years before the war of Sandwing succession, Blaze hatched from her egg. She was a sand colored young female dragonet. She was slightly chubby, which was fairly common for a newly hatched dragonet, although most rapidly lost that weight within a month as they started to grow. Blaze was a princess in her tribe of dragons called the Sandwings. Her mother, Oasis, was the queen of the Sandwings, and Blaze had two sisters, Blister and Burn. Blister was intelligent and cunning, while Burn was the oldest and strongest, and both constantly competed to inherit their mother's throne and often made fun of Blaze for being being uninterested in ruling the Sandwing kingdom. Blaze grew up being pampered and raised by servants because her mother was too busy being queen to care about raising her daughters, and this lack of parental supervision led to her unchecked laziness and greed. Blaze was very spoiled and rude, and constantly ordered the palace servants around to make sure she was always comfortable and had delicious food to snack on. As a result of her luxurious lifestyle, her hatred of exercise, and her natural tendency to laziness and greed, Blaze began gaining weight at a very young age. Her belly was round and plump, jutting out prominently from her body. Her thighs were thick and heavy, with folds of fat bulging out at the tops. Her butt was large and jiggy, wobbling with each movement she made. Multiple fat rolls could be seen around her neck and back, and her face was chubby with full cheeks and a double chin.

As Blaze grew to a young adult dragon, her lazy and greedy habits only worsened and her weight rapidly accelerated out of control. Blaze had very little opportunity or desire to run and play with other children as a small dragonet, and now as a teenage dragon, the princess got out of breath from even waddling at a slow pace. She even started ordering the palace servants to carry her around on a comfortable stretcher with pillows and blankets so she didn't have to use her weak, flabby legs to haul her obese body around. Her sisters, Blister and Burn, continued to compete for their mother's throne, but Blaze was content with her luxurious lifestyle and had no interest in ruling the Sandwing kingdom. She spent her days lounging around the palace, eating delicious food and ordering the servants to do her bidding.

Blaze was obsessed with beauty and fashion. She believed that her extra weight made her more beautiful, and she loved to adorn herself with jewelry and clothing accessories to feed her vanity. As Blaze continued to gain weight, she kept outgrowing jewelry and clothing that a healthy dragoness her age should have fit into quite easily. The jewelry would snap and burst as Blaze's body grew larger and larger. The palace staff would have to constantly order new jewelry and outfits in bigger sizes to accommodate Blaze's growing body.

Blaze would frequently demand the palace kitchens prepare large, fattening feasts for her several times per day. As she would gorge herself on these meals, the outfits that she was wearing would frequently snap, as her body became too large to be restricted by it. Her fat body would surge outwards once it burst free of the restrictive jewelry, jiggling and wobbling violently for a while before succumbing to gravity and settling and sagging downwards. This was a common sight in the palace and her mother, Oasis and the palace staff would watch with a mixture of disgust and concern for her health.

The first time that Blaze got so fat that she burst out of her jewelry was when she was still a very young dragon. At that time, Blaze was already quite overweight for her age due to her sedentary lifestyle and her love for food. Even as a young child, she was physically out of shape, with a

round belly, chubby thighs, and a jiggly butt. Her wings were small and weak, and she couldn't even walk a few feet without getting out of breath.

The jewelry and outfit that she had spent hours ordering her servants to pick out for her and struggle to get on to her fat body was straining to keep her body contained. The jewelry was digging into her flesh, leaving deep red marks on her scales. Her belly was so large that it was pushing against the fasteners that held on her cloak, stretching the straps to their limit. Finally, one day, as she was gorging herself on one of her large and fattening breakfast feasts, the restraints finally snapped. Her body surged outwards, jiggling and wobbling violently as it burst free from the restrictive jewelry. Her belly was so large and round that it looked like it was about to burst. Her thighs were thick and heavy, with folds of fat bulging out at the tops. Her butt was large and jiggly, wobbling with each movement she made. Multiple fat rolls could be seen around her neck and back, and her face was chubby with full cheeks and a double chin. The palace staff were shocked and horrified as they saw Blaze's large and growing body on display so suddenly, and even Oasis was slightly concerned as she saw how her lack of presence in Blaze's childhood and Blaze's unhealthy tendencies had led her daughter to this state. Blaze, however, was not embarrassed or ashamed, and instead, she was pleased with her growing body, since in her mind it was the pinnacle of attractiveness and beauty, and she continued to indulge in her gluttony and laziness.

One of the few times that Blaze was forced to exercise own was when her mother, Oasis, had guests visiting the palace. Oasis wanted to show off her daughters, the princesses of the Sandwing tribe, but Blaze was not used to moving on her own and had little muscle tone left. As she tried to walk down the hallway, Blaze struggled to keep her balance. Her belly was round and plump, jutting out prominently from her body. Her thighs were thick and heavy, with folds of fat bulging out at the tops. Her butt was large and jiggly, wobbling with each movement she made. Multiple fat rolls could be seen around her neck and back, and her face was chubby with full cheeks and a double chin.

It was an effort for Blaze to take each step. Her legs felt weak and shaky, and her feet barely lifted off the ground. Her breath came in short gasps, and her chest felt tight. Her once proud wings hung limply at her sides, unable to support her weight. She would get out of breath from just waddling at a slow pace. Her weak, flabby legs could barely support her overweight body. As she reached the staircase, Blaze's heart began to race. She knew that climbing the stairs would be a challenge, but her mother insisted that she do it. She took the first step, using her arms to pull herself up. Her body swayed and jiggled as she climbed each step, her breath coming in short gasps. Her legs felt like they were on fire, and her feet felt like they were made of lead.

Finally, she reached the top, panting and sweating. Her mother and the guests were waiting for her, and they were all shocked and horrified by how hard it was for Blaze to walk and climb a simple staircase. Blaze felt embarrassed and ashamed, but instead of taking this as a wake-up call, she continued to indulge in her lazy, pampered, and greedy lifestyle.

On a rare occasion where Oasis actually spent time with her youngest daughter, Oasis insisted one day that she was going to teach Blaze how to fly, mostly to help continue her denial that there was any problem with Blaze's weight.

Blaze, however, was too out of shape, spoiled, and lazy to even try. She was content with being carried around by her mother and had no interest in learning how to fly. When Oasis threatened to take away most of Blaze's extra food, Blaze reluctantly agreed to give it a try, but it was clear that she had no genuine interest in learning how to fly.

As she attempted to fly, her belly jiggled and wobbled, her fat rolls spilling out over the sides. Her butt looked large and round, wobbling with each flapping of her wings. Her wings flapped weakly, unable to lift her heavy body. She panted and sweated, her breath coming in short gasps as she struggled to get off the ground. Her wing muscles were too weak and atrophied from her sedentary lifestyle, and her body was too fat and heavy to even lift off the ground. Blaze pretended to be upset by this, but in reality, she had no interest in being able to fly so she could accompany her mother on strenuous long distance flights to diplomatic meetings, when instead she could spend her time lounging in her palace and stuffing her face with fattening feasts.

Queen Oasis was determined to make her daughter Blaze presentable for a fancy diplomatic party, so she ordered her servants to squeeze Blaze into a dress that had been passed down in the royal family for many generations. The dress was intended for a healthy young adult dragoness, but Blaze was far too fat to fit into it. Her servants spent hours begging Blaze to at least try to be cooperative by sucking in her stomach while they were desperately squashing Blaze's fat body down with tightly cinched corsets and belts. Despite Blaze's constant snacking, they managed to squeeze her into the dress, barely able to fit it around her copious lard reserves.

Blaze's entire fat body was covered in restraining belts and harnesses and tight corsets, and Oasis was happy to see that the servants had been able to cram her obese daughter into the family heirloom dress and jewelry, and used it to continue justifying the princess's weight gain to herself, since it couldn't be too bad if she fit into the dress Oasis herself had worn as a princess. Oasis warned her daughter that she was not allowed to eat a single bite at the party or she might burst out of her outfit, and ordered the servants not to feed Blaze, which was an order Blaze could not overrule, since her mother's word was law.

At the party, Blaze spent the time just lounging on a couch, being rude and bratty to any other dragons that tried to make conversation with her, since she was upset that she had not been allowed to stuff her face with food for almost two hours now.

But Blaze had an idea. Her mother had warned her not to eat or she might burst out of her outfit, which was exactly what Blaze wanted to do. Despite being barely mobile without the help of her servants, Blaze decided to haul herself up off the couch and waddle to the buffet table. It was a struggle for her to slowly waddle the short distance, her extremely overweight body looking and moving clumsily despite being restrained by corsets and belts under the dress. Her legs shook with effort, her belly jiggling and wobbling with each step. Her breathing became labored, and by the time she reached the buffet table, she was panting and sweating.

Once she reached the buffet table, Blaze frantically gorged herself, used to having constant feasts and not having to suffer hungrily for two entire hours. As she ate, her stomach placed

more and more strain on her restrictive belts and corsets until finally one snapped, the loud sound drawing the attention of everyone at the party. The increased strain on the belts and corsets set off a chain reaction of every restraint snapping off until Blaze's enormous fat body burst free, tearing her dress to shreds.

With her dress now off, Blaze's obese body looked even more enormous, her belly and thighs bulging out prominently, her rolls of fat cascading over each other. Her legs were thick and flabby, her butt bulging out behind her and jiggling madly as she continued to stuff her face, her wing muscles atrophied from her sedentary lifestyle. She continued to eat, not caring about how she looked or how much she was embarrassing her mother and herself. The guests looked at her with disgust and shock, and Oasis was deeply ashamed of her daughter's lack of self-control.

Soon, Blaze struggled to move at all without assistance from servants. Her wings hung limply at her sides, unable to support her weight. She would get out of breath from just waddling at a slow pace. Her weak, flabby legs could barely support her overweight body.

The day Blaze tried to walk across her bedroom was a defining moment in her life. She had grown so large and overweight that she could no longer stand up on her own. She had spent her entire life being pampered and spoiled by her mother, who had given her everything she could ever want except for freedom to explore and play. As a result, Blaze had become very chubby, her belly was round and plump, jutting out prominently from her body. Her thighs were thick and heavy, with folds of fat bulging out at the tops. Her butt was large and jiggly, wobbling with each movement she made. Multiple fat rolls could be seen around her neck and back, and her face was chubby with full cheeks and a double chin.

Blaze struggled to lift herself off her comfortable couch, her flabby legs shaking with the effort. She tried to take a step, but her weak, fat roll covered legs couldn't support her weight. She stumbled and fell to the ground with a thud, her lardy body jiggling with the impact. She let out a cry of panic as she realized she was trapped by her own weight. She desperately called for her servants to rescue her, tears streaming down her face.

Dozens of servants rushed in, their expressions a mix of concern and disappointment as they saw their princess trapped by her own laziness and greed. They lifted her up and carried her to her bed, where she lay panting and out of breath. Blaze should have realized the consequences of her actions and the severity of her situation, but instead, she relaxed and the fear she had felt from being trapped by her own fat was already fading. The only lesson that Blaze learned was that she could continue to get fatter and lazier and keep relying on the palace servants to take care of her.

Blaze continued to live her lazy, pampered, greedy lifestyle, completely reliant on the palace servants for everything. Most of the staff was very concerned about her health and weight, but they were not allowed to say anything to Blaze or disobey her orders about food portions or carrying her around because they would be fired for criticizing royalty. As a result, Blaze's health continued to deteriorate, and her weight continued to increase. This was a turning point in her life, where she could have realized the consequences of her actions and taken steps to improve her health and well-being, but instead, she chose to ignore the obvious signs and continued on with her unhealthy lifestyle.

As Blaze's weight continued to spiral out of control, she became increasingly reliant on the palace servants to carry her around on a comfortable stretcher like bed. One day, as she was being carried down a hallway by her servants, her body got stuck in a doorway. Her belly was so large and round that it was pressing against the door frame, preventing her from passing through.

The servants struggled to push her through the doorway, but Blaze insisted that they keep going, as she didn't want to miss her dinner feast. Her body felt heavy and cumbersome, making it difficult for the servants to move her. Her belly jiggled and wobbled as they tried to push her through the doorway, her fat rolls spilling out over the sides of the stretcher.

The servants were sweating and panting from the effort, but Blaze was completely unfazed by the situation. She simply lay there, demanding that they keep pushing, her breaths coming in short gasps despite not exerting herself in the slightest as she watched her feast getting cold. Queen Oasis heard about the incident and instead of demanding that her daughter lose weight and take responsibility for her actions, she simply decreed that the palace doorways would be widened to accommodate Blaze's growing body. This further enabled her daughter's unhealthy habits and allowed her to continue living a life of gluttony and laziness.

Blaze was suddenly woken in the middle of the night by her personal servants. They were in a hurry, and they explained to her that her mother had been killed during the night and that Blister had fled the palace with some soldiers. Her oldest sister, Burn, was now in control of the palace and the army, and she had declared herself queen. Blaze was confused and shocked by this sudden news, she couldn't even begin to process what had happened.

The servants told her that she needed to escape the palace immediately because as long as she was alive, she was a threat to Burn's claim to the Sandwing throne and Burn would want her dead. Blaze knew that she had to trust the servants that had raised her and kept her safe all these years. She ordered them to help her escape from the palace, since she was now too fat to move at all on her own.

The servants quickly got to work, they packed a few essentials for Blaze and prepared a secret route for her to escape the palace.

As Blaze and her loyal servants made their way through the dark and narrow servants' tunnels, the urgency of their escape was palpable. The princess lay on her comfortable stretcher, surrounded by pillows and blankets, her large and round belly jiggling with every movement, while her servants struggled to carry her through the narrow and twisting passages. They were all aware that they were being hunted by Burn's guards, who were determined to capture Blaze and eliminate her as a threat to Burn's claim to the throne. The princess was used to being pampered and waited on hand and foot, and she constantly complained about how slow they were moving as they struggled to carry her fat body and how they needed to hurry up and escape the palace.

As they made their way deeper into the tunnels, they soon came across a narrow section that Blaze was too large to fit through. Panic set in as they considered their options, knowing that they were running out of time. They tried pushing and pulling, but her large belly and thick thighs kept getting stuck in the tight space. One of her servants suggested trying to turn her on her side, but Blaze's round butt and jiggly fat rolls made it impossible. They quickly formulated a plan to use scale polishing lotion to lubricate Blaze's fat body and make it possible for her to squeeze through the narrow section of the tunnel.

With the help of the lotion, her servants managed to squeeze Blaze through the narrow section of the tunnel. As she wriggled and squirmed through the tight space, Blaze couldn't help but regret letting herself get so out of shape and overweight. Blaze, too, was beginning to feel the weight of her own body and the reality of her dependence on her servants.

"I regret letting myself get so out of shape that I'm completely dependent on you," she said, her voice trembling with fear.

But her loyal servants reassured her, telling her that there was nothing wrong with being obese and dependent on their help. They were proud to continue supporting Blaze, and even suggested that she could become the first obese queen of the Sandwings once they had escaped the palace. Blaze was shocked by this idea, as she had never considered ruling her tribe before. She protested that she still had no interest in all the work required to rule a kingdom, but as she lay on her stretcher, panting and sweating, from the tiny amount of effort she had exerted her servants reminded her that the only way she would ever be able to regain her life of luxury and excess was if she became queen.

The process was difficult and awkward, but with the help of her servants, Blaze managed to make it through the tight space.

For the first time in her life, Blaze actually considered the possibility of ruling her tribe as their fat and beloved queen.

As Blaze and her loyal servants continued to make their way through the narrow and cramped tunnels beneath the palace, they encountered several obstacles that slowed their progress. Blaze was constantly struggling to fit through tight spaces and was often stuck, her immense girth making it difficult for her to move. Her servants had to use all their strength to push and pull her through the tight spaces, and Blaze could hear the sound of her own flesh rubbing against the rough walls of the tunnel. Despite the difficulties, the group pressed on, driven by the fear of being caught by Burn's guards.

Finally, after what seemed like hours, they reached the end of the tunnel and emerged into the night air. Blaze was relieved to be out of the cramped and stuffy tunnel, but she was also aware of the danger that still lay ahead. Her servants quickly loaded her onto her stretcher and set off into the desert, moving as quickly as they could while still avoiding detection.

As they traveled, Blaze began to realize the full extent of her situation. She had always been too lazy and greedy to care about the consequences of her actions, but now she was on the run and in danger. She realized that the only way she would ever be able to get her life of luxury and excess back was if she became queen. One of her servants said to her that the queen of the Icewing tribe knew that Blaze was more interested in food than being a queen, but she would be willing to host Blaze in her palace and use her army to fight Burn for Blaze's right to be

queen, if Blaze would be willing to give up her kingdom to the Icewing queen once they had won. Blaze agreed instantly to this deal, eager to give away her kingdom and her people in exchange for the opportunity to keep living her luxurious life of gluttony and laziness, fattening herself up in a palace and letting someone else do the work to rule the kingdom.

The journey that Blaze and her servants took to get from the Sandwing palace to the Icewing palace was a grueling one. Blaze had to be carried by her servants on her comfortable stretcher bed the entire journey, since she was too fat to walk or fly at all. They had to navigate through treacherous deserts, rocky mountains, and frigid tundras. Blaze, who had never left the palace before, was completely unprepared for the harsh conditions of the outside world. As she lay on her comfortable stretcher bed, her belly and fat rolls jiggling with every motion, her servants had to carry her every step of the way. They took turns, with some carrying Blaze while others scoured the area for food to feed her insatiable appetite. A journey that would have been a day's flights for a group of fit, healthy dragons took nearly a week as Blaze's long-suffering but fiercely loyal servants carried their obese princess as she lay on her stretcher and complained about how slow their progress was.

As they crossed the desert, Blaze's fat body jiggled and bounced as her servants carried her. Her belly was so large that it hung over the sides of the stretcher, and her flabby legs dangled limply as they walked. Her thick thighs chafed against each other and jiggled with every step, and her legs were flabby and atrophied from a lifetime of inactivity. Her servants struggled to keep her stretcher bed level as her weight shifted, making their journey even harder. Blaze complained the entire time, saying that they were moving too slow and that she was hungry. Her servants struggled to hold onto her stretcher as they walked, but they never once complained, despite the strain on their muscles from carrying such a heavy load.

The servants that were taking a break from carrying Blaze spent their time hunting for any food that they could use to at least slightly feed the appetite of their greedy princess. They caught and cooked small animals, gathered fruits and berries, and even scavenged for plants that Blaze would deign to eat. But despite their efforts, Blaze still complained that she was hungry and ordered her servants to find more food. The servants doing all the work barely took enough of the food to live off of, while Blaze ate her fill and then some.

As the group traveled further north, the weather became colder, and Blaze's servants began to shiver from the cold. They were not used to the bitter winds that howled through the mountains, and they were barely dressed for the weather. They wrapped themselves in whatever they could find to try and stay warm, but Blaze refused to part with a single blanket from her stretcher bed, despite having more than enough insulating blubber to keep herself warm. She only cared about her own comfort, and her servants suffered for it. Despite the cold and hunger, Blaze's servants never once wavered in their loyalty, determined to see their princess safely to the Icewing palace. As they trekked through the harsh wilderness, they often wondered what life would be like if Blaze had been a different kind of ruler, one who cared about her people and her kingdom. But they knew that was not the case, and they had to accept Blaze for who she was, even if it meant carrying her across the entire kingdom on a bed.

As Blaze and her loyal servants arrived at queen Glacier's palace, they were greeted by the Icewing guards at the entrance who, upon recognizing Blaze's extreme obesity, quickly alerted their queen. Queen Glacier emerged from the palace, her wings spread wide in welcome and a

smile on her face. Despite Blaze's obvious weight issues, Glacier seemed unfazed and didn't even mention it. Instead, she welcomed Blaze and her servants, inviting them inside to rest and to partake in a traditional Icewing feast.

Blaze was struck by the chubbiness of everyone in the palace, as she noticed that all the Icewings had a thin layer of insulating blubber that protected them from the extreme weather conditions of their frozen kingdom. This was a stark contrast to the lean, tough desert dragons of her Sandwing kingdom. Especially here in the Icewing palace, where food was plentiful and chores were performed by servants, many of the Icewing royalty had gotten more than a little chubby, including queen Glacier, who attempted to hide her extra weight underneath a jewel-encrusted silver corset.

As Blaze sat down to feast, she turned to queen Glacier and said, "I am willing to give up my kingdom after we have won the war to take it from Burn, in exchange for a life of total luxury and endless feasting." Glacier smiled and replied, "I am happy to hear that, and I welcome you to stay here in my palace as long as you like. We will work together to defeat Burn and reclaim your kingdom for you."

The feast was an enormous spread of traditional Icewing foods, with meats, fish, fruits, and vegetables piled high on platters. Blaze enjoyed every bite, feeling more at home here than she ever had in the Sandwing palace. She was surrounded by dragons who understood and accepted her love of food and luxury, and she knew that with queen Glacier's help, she would soon be back in her palace, living the life of luxury and excess that she had always dreamed of. She would be queen of the Sandwings, with all the perks that come with that position, without actually having to do any of the work to run the kingdom. And so, Blaze and her loyal servants settled into their new home in the Icewing palace, and Blaze happily went back to enjoying her life of ease and comfort. She didn't care about the war raging across the kingdom, or the hundreds of lives that were being lost every day. All she cared about was staying fat and comfortable.