

Royal Gut

By: Indi

King August hesitated as he lifted the fork up to his mouth, contemplating the succulent bit of meat impaled on it. He knew how delicious it was, how wonderful it smelled. How it could make his mouth water in a second and tempt him while full.

But he was well beyond full at that point. The lion felt his bulging belly pressing against the dinner table. Though he'd avoided glancing down at it as best he could, he could still guess how round it was. A ball of doughy pudge filled with food.

To think a mere three months earlier King August had actually been fit and trim. Of course he also hadn't been king.

August's ascent to the throne was unexpected, the result of his older brother rather abruptly deciding to seek adventure rather than deal with the obligations of being a ruler. He'd been unprepared for a lot, but the sheer size of his royal meals was the biggest surprise.

The Royal Dietitian—a plump orange-striped zebra named Rho—was rather vocal about his belief that a king's meals should be as grand as their title. From August's perspective "grand" apparently just meant "fattening".

Every meal was a feast and every feast a celebration of gluttony. Even the snacks were excessive, sometimes consisting of whole cakes and pies. The King was obligated to finish every last morsel on his plates—oh there was never only one—and turning away gifts of food from visitors was simply unacceptable.

And there was so much of that as well! August had gluttoned on delicacies from every corner of his kingdom, *and* every bordering kingdom, *and* every far-flung land that had the slightest connection to them.

For the first month of his reign King August had felt perpetually stuffed. The only time he wasn't eating was when he was sleeping, and even then he often felt strangely full upon waking, as if he'd managed to gobble up a pile of sweets in his sleep.

With dismay August had watched his lean figure balloon outward at astonishing speed. There just wasn't enough time to stay as active as before. The royal tailor was working nonstop to keep up with his expanding waistline, and royal portraits were delayed until August's weight stabilized.

If it ever stabilized.

August suddenly understood why his father, the last king, had gotten so fat.

Of course Royal Dietitian Rho assured him he carried the new heft wonderfully. August himself was conflicted, split between his fondness for his old athleticism and his growing addiction to the decadent food he now gorged on daily.

"Need any assistance, sire?" Rho asked with a smile, intently watching as his liege ate.

King August frowned, finally taking the bite he'd been lingering on. His chewing was slow and somewhat forced, yet he still enjoyed the taste. "I'm...I'm feeling a bit tired. Perhaps we should put off the taste-testing while I get some rest."

"Sire, you should've told me sooner! Of course you can rest."

August nearly breathed a pained sigh of relief before Rho plucked the fork from his weak grip and skewered even more juicy meat on it. "Now just sit back and relax, and I'll bring the food to you. After all, it's essential the ambassador sees how well-received his gracious offering was."

The zebra rest a hoof on the King's round belly and gave it the gentlest squeeze. August couldn't help but moan at the touch, and as soon as his mouth was open the meat was pushed in. He blushed a deep red but didn't refuse the food, eating it without complaint.

He'd barely finished the first bite when a second was waiting to replace it. Rho kept a steady stream of food flowing into the King's maw. Meats and pastas and stews and a score of other dishes.

They all became a blur to August, who vaguely remembered their amazing taste but little else. The persistent fullness of his middle ensured that.

Though designed to stretch, the buttons of King August's robe were passing their limits, creaking and quivering as the lion's royal gut threatened to burst free.

Rho saw, and moved his free hoof to unbutton them one-by-one. King August let out whispers of moans as each button was undone and more doughy pudge exposed, the pressure reduced.

The rubbing began shortly after.

August should've been suspicious about the lavish attention Rho gave his new gut in particular, more than someone with the increasingly dubious title of "Dietitian" should be giving. The fact of the matter was it felt *good*. In the heat of the moment it even made the King enjoy his weight.

So when Rho massaged or teased or adored his belly, King August made no effort to stop him. It also kept him distracted from how much he was eating.

The food seemed to never end. Rho always had a new bite for him to take. At some point the fork was put down and a slice of pie was guided into August's mouth, followed by the rest of it. He perked up from the sugar, but not enough to dissuade his stuffing.

There were so many pies, dozens. August wondered how many of them were actually gifts, or if Rho had snuck in some from the kitchens, too. A few random slices tasted familiar, after all. It was hard not to suspect the zebra was actively fattening him up. With how ridiculous the rules of meal etiquette were, though, getting fat may have been inevitable even without a conspiracy to feed him.

Growing bold, August made a sluggish attempt to sit up. At the first sign of movement a hoof pressed into his belly and pushed him right back. It was faintly firmer than usual, prompting the King to groan and let out a short *uorrrrrp*. But then it lightened and started moving in a circular motion, forcing moans from the lion.

"Just relax sire, and eat. You deserve to indulge on this bounty, and it'll benefit the Kingdom as well. You're a symbol of its prosperity. Filling out the throne is essential~"

Deep down the King wanted to disagree, to resist. The urges were suppressed more and more with every bite, every rub. He was being stuffed into submission and he knew it...and embraced it.

Rho saw the acceptance in the eyes of his King and his smile widened. A mere glance at how the lion's huge gut spilled over his entire lap was enough to send a euphoric shiver through him.

The King was always massive and blubbery—that was tradition. Thanks to Rho's talents even August was unable to avoid such a destiny. Rho's plans for the regal lion were ambitious but he was certain they were possible. Yes, one day not only would King August fill the exceptionally wide throne, he'd overflow it. The fattest king the Kingdom had ever seen, perhaps *would* ever see. And Rho would be right by his doughy side the entire time...