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WORDS

16
IMAGES

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PAGES

THE KING'S MAID



A WG STORY

CREATED BY CHOCEND /
THEGUYNOREMEMBERS
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Foreword

Hello, I hope you are doing well! Thank you very much for downloading this story.

Things can change a lot in a year. It is hard for me to believe that this story was made back in 2017. While reading this story, please remember that it was made several years ago. Although parts of it still hold up, many aspects of this story are outdated. For example, some character designs and personalities have been altered since this story's release. My art style has shifted and improved since then as well.

I have chosen not to alter the story in any way since its release (the only thing different about this version is the foreword). In my mind, it makes the experience more authentic. It is nice to look back and see what I was capable of several years ago, and to see how far I have come. At the time of its release, this was my most ambitious project and I tried as hard as I could.

Despite its age, this story is still important. Not only was it the first illustrated story of its kind, but it was also the introduction of popular characters like Lilith, and it established Irlia as a setting. Characters like Emily and Shamy are still prevalent today, and others, like Virgil, are still characters I plan to do more with.

I hope you enjoy this story and my other future projects!

- ChocEnd

The King's Maid

A Weight Gain Story by ChocEnd/TheGuyNoOneRemembers

Welcome to Irlia, a vast and mysterious realm made up of multiple landmasses. This strange world houses many kinds of creatures including humans, anthropomorphic animals, dragons, and even odd species that no one has ever seen before. You can live in the mainland of Irlia where most of the species live, but you can also live on one of the islands separate from the mainland, such as Ignaigo Island, an island inhabited by most of the dragons of the realm. Regardless of where you choose to live, though, you are bound to enjoy living in Irlia!

At least, that's what Emily *wanted* to think, but no matter how long she thought about it, Ignaigo Island did not seem like a fun place to live. She had never seen the island before, but now that she was travelling on the island for the first time, she saw that it was covered in snow and ice. Maybe the dragons didn't mind it, but icy landscapes weren't a good environment for a fox like herself.



Emily had no natural protection from the cold: she had hardly an ounce of fat on her body. Emily was a young vixen of about 20 years, and she was in excellent shape. Red-orange fur covered her body, and white fur covered her torso and her cheeks. Her tail was unusually massive for a vixen's and it dragged across the snow behind her, but at least it didn't hinder her movement very much. Constant exercise had chiseled her stomach into a set of rock-hard abs and sculpted her backside into an almost non-existent butt. Her breasts were diminutive as well, although she hardly cared about attracting anyone in the first place. Her training in the dojo had toned her muscles, making her very strong (for a vixen at least).

She could hike up the snowy mountains relatively easily, but she was freezing in the process! Despite her heavy coat and scarf, the blizzard wind blew right through her and chilled her to her core. It didn't help that the coat was almost too big for her; every step caused her coat to slide off her slender figure ever so slightly, forcing her to adjust it every few steps. Thankfully, according to her map, Emily was pretty close to her destination. She couldn't imagine anyone being dumb enough to live this far up in these snowy mountains, but she assumed dragons just preferred different living conditions.

The only reason she was out here hiking in this freezing landscape in the first place was because of a desperate need of a job. Most of the jobs around the small village where Emily lived had to do with farming, and Emily was never a fan of dirty jobs. Any place that wasn't dirty was boring, like working at the library. And anything that wasn't dirty or boring was literally impossible for Emily to do. It didn't help that looking for a job was sort of new for Emily. She normally trained at the local martial arts dojo, which was run by one of her best friends. The only reason she was even looking for a job was because the dojo had closed for the season and she needed to raise money before it opened again later in the year. She also had to make sure to stay in shape during the break so that she'd still be in good condition when she came back to the dojo!

She had already gone through all of the jobs being offered in her home village, but right before she gave up hope she heard about a very high-paying job as a servant over in Ignaigo. She didn't really like the idea of staying in a home among dragons, but she was going to be paid a lot of money; she could afford to go to the dojo for several seasons straight by working this job for only a few days! She accepted the job and was directions to get to the job location.

Now all she needed to do was survive the hike. The sun was setting fast now, it would be an awful idea to get caught out here during the night...

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Finally, after what seemed like several hours later, a faded image of a building came into view, barely made visible by the light of the setting sun. Emily rushed towards the building as fast as her frozen paws could take her! She could hardly make out the size of the building through the snow, but this had to be the right place! She tumbled through the snowy banks and ran up the few steps to the nearest door, nearly slipping several times in the process. She almost broke down the door as she barged inside, thanking her lucky stars that the door was unlocked. She slammed the door behind her without a second thought, right as her coat slid off her slender shoulders once again.

"Whew... glad that's over..." Emily grumbled to herself as she adjusted her coat and proceeded deeper in the building. It was very poorly-lit and cramped; she must have come in through a back entrance of some sort. There were a few small torches lining the walls, so she was still able to see where she was going, although faintly.

She shivered as she proceeded down the hallway. It was almost as cold inside as it was outside. Maybe she could convince her future master to invest in indoor heating, although before



she could think of more complaints, she turned a corner and ended up in a much larger and open room. A massive pair of doors stood at one end of the room, practically reaching the ceiling. Several staircases and a large chandelier took up most of the rest of the room. This was the kind of entryway that Emily expected!

“Hellooooo!” called someone. Emily turned to see a small ball of orange fur tumbling towards her. Before she screamed and ran away, she took a closer look at the incoming fluff and realized it was a little dragon covered in fur! Emily had never seen a real dragon before, but she had no idea they could look like this one! It was obviously a younger dragon; its horns were small and dull, its legs were short, and its snout was small and undeveloped. It had a very bright and peachy smile on its face as it stopped in front of Emily and waved its paw.



“Hey there, Ms. Emily!” said the little dragon. Emily just stared in response. “My name’s Samantha, but everyone calls me Shamy. I live at this castle,” said Shamy, “and I’m going to take you to your new master!”

“Hello, Sa—Shamy!” sputtered Emily as the fluffy orange dragon gestured towards the nearest staircase. “How do you know my name?”

“The master and I are best friends and he told me all the details,” Shamy grinned. “Now, this way! He’s waiting for you~”

Emily tried her hardest to admire her surroundings as she passed through the hallways of the mansion with her escort, but sadly her tour was short-lived. “Here we are,” said the Shamy. She opened a large door and stepped aside for Emily to go in. “Your master awaits~” She giggled as she shoved Emily’s leg. Emily stumbled through the doorway but before she could turn around and protest, the door had already closed. The vixen gulped and turned back to face the room.

This room was particularly grand, although it was dimly-lit and difficult to make out. It was late now; the curtains were drawn and the room’s only source of light came from a massive fireplace that contained a huge, crackling fire. The frozen fox could feel its warmth even from where she was... As she stepped closer to the inviting warmth, she saw a very long table overlooking the fire place, surrounded by a few chairs. One chair next to the far end of the table was facing the fireplace. Emily stopped short--was someone sitting in that one?

“Good evening, Emily.” A deep and quiet voice came from the chair, confirming Emily’s suspicion. Her fur stood on end and her tail shot up into the air. She stumbled to regain her composure as she stepped closer to the fireplace to see the source of the voice (and to warm her tail as well).

Sitting in the chair was what appeared to be an adult human man, although there were a few key differences between this man and other humans Emily had seen before. He seemed a little taller than an average human and his ears were long and pointed. His skin was dark and his

hair was very long. His irises were yellow and his pupils were reptilian and slanted. He was dressed in very fine robes and he wore many gold necklaces and other jewelry around his neck. The glow from the fire made his jewelry glow and made his eyes shine, and his expression seemed frustrated, as if he was tired of waiting or disappointed with what he was looking at. Emily was a little intimidated, to say the least.



After he had finished looking Emily over, the “human” rose from his chair and came closer to her. He really was more than a foot taller than her. Emily started to shiver from more than just the chill in the air...

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Emily,” he said suddenly. His face changed from a stoic and almost agitated expression into a much calmer and relaxing smile. He held out his hand for Emily to shake. After staring at his hand for a few moments, Emily finally remembered what to do and shook his hand in response. His grip was as light and as soothing as his expression.

“Allow me to formally introduce myself,” he said. “My name is Virgil, Second King of Ignaiago and your new master.” Emily’s eyes nearly bulged out of her head and she took a step back. A king! She knew she would be working in a house with dragons, but she didn’t expect to be working for the king of dragons himself! Virgil chuckled, “Yes, I am truly a dragon, but in order to move around easier in this castle, I often appear in this human form.”

“Uhm... hi,” she finally said while waving awkwardly. How was she supposed to address the king of all dragons! Was there a special dragon custom that she didn’t know about?! She was too afraid to bow or curtsy. She blushed and turned towards the crackling fire quickly.

Virgil took a step back and sat back in his chair. “I’m sure you’ve endured a very long trip to get here,” he began. He watched as the poor vixen shivered even while next to the fireplace and wearing a coat and scarf. “You’re welcome to have a seat for now or warm yourself in front of the fire for a while. My chefs will be here shortly.”

Emily’s ears perked up. Did he just say “chefs?” The vixen’s stomach rumbled softly. Then she remembered—she was about as hungry as she was freezing! She had hardly brought any food with her on this trip and all that travelling and hiking had made her totally famished! She hasn’t eaten anything all day!

Moments later, the large doors swung open and a small group of dragons dressed in culinary gear came in with several carts full of dishes in various shapes and sizes. The chefs quickly made it to the table and before Emily could properly react, they had already left and had shut the door, leaving the table covered in tons of various meals.

Several tasteful aromas bombarded the vixen’s senses all at once. She could hardly control herself—her tongue poured out of her mouth as she looked all the extravagant foods on the table. Each dish looked like it was cooked and prepared to perfection. There were plenty of meats, several kinds of cheeses, at least a dozen different fruits, and more desserts than Emily could possibly count. This was truly a meal fit for a king!

She began to reach for a utensil to begin her feast, but then she remembered that she was in the presence of royalty! She had no idea how much dragons ate, maybe this was all for Virgil and not her! She stepped away from the table and forced herself to sit down in a chair nearby. Virgil laughed as if he could see Emily’s internal struggle. “Don’t worry, this is a meal meant for you. Please, help yourself. You must be starving.”

He might as well have been waving a green flag.

Without another thought, Emily took off her coat and scarf and tossed them on her chair as she stood up and practically lunged at the table of food in front of her. There weren't any extra plates, but there didn't need to be; the hungry vixen simply grabbed a whole plate of roasted potatoes laced with cheese and ate them all in just a few moments. Next, she moved on to the next nearest plate: a plate weighed down with a huge bowl of soup and several slices of bread on the side. The soup was so hot and delicious that it literally and figuratively melted in her mouth. Next was a plate with one of the biggest steaks Emily had ever laid her eyes on, but even its sheer mass was not enough to tame Emily's raging appetite. She finished the entire steak with a side of tangy steak sauce and she was still far from full. She took a moment to drink a pint of thick and rich apple juice before reaching for the next plate that was closest to her.



The ravenous vixen continued eating like this for several minutes. Soon she started reaching dishes that she had never even tasted before. She had never tried a lobster tail before, but once she had tried one soaked in creamy butter, it was one of the best things she had ever tasted! It was almost as good as the sour cherry pie she had near the end of her meal, which was also gone within seconds. Finally, she came to the last dish on the table: a massive dark chocolate cake. It was two layers of dark forest deliciousness; the fluffiest and most wonderful cake that Emily had ever eaten. Even the huge cake was gone in just a few minutes, though.

Full at last, Emily took a deep breath and fell back into the chair behind her. All that was left on the table was several stacks of empty plates; every delicious food had been packed into Emily's taught tummy, which was now bulging several inches past its usual spot. Her abs were hardly visible through the huge bulge of food, but Emily didn't care. That was easily the best meal she had ever had! She had never been so satisfied before. Now all she wanted to do was relax for a while.

Finally, Virgil spoke up again and Emily remembered that he had been in the room the whole time, watching her feast: "I am very impressed, Emily!" The king softly clapped his hands while still relaxing in the chair on the other end of the table. "Now that your meal is over, I imagine you must be exhausted from the hard day of hiking, and now that.... finished..... ... can..."

Virgil's words soon began to trail off as the exhaustion of the hike and the huge meal finally overcame Emily, and she drifted off to a comfortable sleep...

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Emily yawned and stretched slowly. Very slowly. For some reason, it felt like she was laying on a cloud. One sudden movement and she would probably fall out of the sky! But once she sat up, she realized she was in a very large and comfortable bed. Easily the comfiest bed she had ever been in. Loads better compared to the old bed she slept in back home. The room surrounding her was very big and very fancy as well. The floor was covered in fancy carpet and pictures of noble-looking dragons dressed in regal clothes and jewelry covered the walls. There was an old desk in one corner of the room, and two doors on different walls.

Suddenly, one of the doors began to open. A small orange head peaked around the corner of the door, and a moment later, a familiar orange dragon hopped into the room.

“Good morning, Ms. Emily!” said Shamy happily, “it’s time to rise and shine!” Her voice was clear and full of vigor. Emily couldn’t help but smile.

“Good morning, Shamy,” responded Emily, “What are you doing here?”

“Mr. Virgil asked me to help you out for a while!” said the little dragon happily as she ran up and hopped on to the side of Emily’s bed.

“You mean the king?” Emily asked. The last thing she could remember was Virgil presenting her with a gigantic banquet and she somehow managed to eat every morsel. Then she passed out. It all happened so fast. Someone must have brought her into this room and she must have slept here overnight. She was still wearing her outfit from last night, minus her coat and scarf, which were sitting on top of a nearby nightstand. Hopefully she didn’t snore in front of anyone.

Shamy nodded, “Mhmm! We need to get you all dressed up for your first day! C’mon Emily, into the washroom we go!” With that, Shamy jumped off the bed and headed through the other door in the room.

Emily almost forgot that she had been hired to be the King’s maid! And Shamy was right; this was supposed to be her first day! There weren’t any clocks around, but hopefully she wasn’t about to be late. Just in case, the vixen slid out of bed and quickly entered the washroom.

It was a lot more than just a washroom. In fact, the washroom was only half of the room that Emily had come into. The other half of the room was a closet filled with clothes, many of which were black and white maid outfits. Shamy was sitting among the outfits with a measuring tape over her shoulders.

“C’mon over here, Ms. Emily!” Shamy waved her orange paws and Emily soon followed. “Time for you to get your official uniform,” she said in a sweet tone, “but first I’ll need to get your measurements, okay? Please take off your shorts and shirt!”

Emily blushed for a moment but then agreed. It’s not like anyone would be able to see her back here. She removed all but her underwear and stood up straight, ready for Shamy to measure her. “Okay Ms. Emily, now please stand on this scale!” Shamy pulled a bathroom scale out from under the clothes and placed it next to Emily’s feet. Emily felt a little weird taking

orders from a little dragon that was probably much younger than her, but she still agreed and confidently placed both feet firmly on the scale.

Her confidence melted away as she saw the number that appeared on the scale.

“164 pounds?!” Emily squealed as her eyes grew wide and she quickly stepped off the scale, but not before Shamy had written the number down. How had she gained so much weight? Last time she checked she was a graceful 145, but now she was 19 pounds heavier! She dashed to the sink and stared at her reflection in the mirror. Her reflection proved her weight gain: her once-chiseled abs had inflated into a small belly that stuck out ever so slightly over her waist. Her breasts seemed to have grown slightly as well; her bra had previously been able to cover her breasts without any problem, but now it was strained slightly, producing a fair amount of cleavage. Her panties were also stretched as if her hips had widened slightly. Her jaw hung open for a moment as she stared at her pudgy reflection.

“Aw, don’t worry about it, Ms. Emily! You look awesome to me!” said Shamy happily, who had jumped onto the counter and wrapped the measuring tape around Emily’s new paunch. Emily blushed and tried to suck in, but Shamy figured out of her plan and gave her tummy a poke to make her stop. Emily sighed and let her body relax as Shamy recorded her honest measurements. Shamy made sure to get every detail, from Emily’s stomach to her wider thighs, and from her thickened arms to her swollen chest.



“Alrighty, all finished, Ms. Emily. You’re pretty thin, aren’t ya?” Shamy smiled and rolled up her measuring tape.

Emily grumbled. “Yeah, about as thin as a beach ball.” She was so embarrassed. How could she have let herself go like this?

“Alright, now that I have all your measurements, I can put together your outfit for ya,” Shamy said. “That means... it’s shower tiiiime!” She shoved Emily towards the shower, who stumbled slightly but managed to get into the shower without falling over. The water came on as soon as she entered, and Emily quickly took off her underwear to allow the water to cover her exposed breasts and waist. The water was very hot and very soothing; all of Emily’s frustrations and worries seemed to melt away.

As she began to wash herself, Emily thought more about her body. It wasn’t really that big of a deal, literally. She may have gotten a little bigger, but her gain wasn’t enough to notice. She still had hardly noticed a thing when she looked down to see the scale. And besides, she got a lot of exercise out in the snow yesterday. Considering her usual workout, it would probably be

easy for her to get back into shape quickly. All she needed to do for now was relax. She finished washing and left the shower, covering herself with towels shortly afterwards. Meanwhile, Shamy had already prepared her outfit and was waiting for her among the clothes in the closet.

“Didja have a nice shower?” Shamy asked.

“Yes, it was a very nice shower,” Emily said slowly. She had never been so relaxed in her entire life. It almost felt like she had just left a spa.

“That’s great, Ms. Emily,” Shamy replied. “Now you can try this outfit on!”

Emily finished drying and slipped into her new black and white maid outfit. She had to admit: she looked cute. Not only did her outfit fit perfectly, but it hid her enlarged features extremely well! It was as comfortable as her favorite outfit back home. Emily couldn’t help but smile as she looked over herself in the mirror. Shamy stared along with her and smiled as well.

“Wow, you look great, Emily!” Shamy nodded gleefully. “Ready to meet your master for the day?”

“Yes, definitely!” Emily replied. Now that she was cleaned up, relaxed, and dressed in a lovely outfit, Emily felt like she could take on the world! Being a servant for a king seemed like an easy task now! Shamy opened the door to the bedroom and guided the vixen out into the vast hallway.

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“Good morning, Master!” Emily said with a bright smile on her face. Her smile was returned by a smaller but equally-happy smile from Virgil. The two of them were standing in the castle’s grand dining hall, a massive and very well-lit room thanks to the morning sun shining its way through the huge windows, and several chandeliers hanging from the ceiling.

“I hope you had a wonderful sleep,” she said with a curtsy.

“Yes, I certainly did,” replied Virgil. “Thank you, Emily. Would you prepare some tea for my guests and I?”

“Yes, of course!” Emily said with another curtsy. She turned from Virgil and entered the nearby kitchen as Virgil’s guests began to enter the room.

A few minutes later, Emily reemerged with a brew of Dracia Tea, the most famous brand of tea in the kingdom.

Virgil sat at one of the large dining tables with his guests sitting nearby. The group was very diverse: a large human man with dark skin and tan armor sat across from Virgil, while an odd wizard with gray skin and several black piercings sat next to him. A small and slender succubus sat close by, as well as a cyborg who was leaning back in his chair. Each of them had an empty cup, ready to be filled with tea. Emily made her way to the table and began to fill every cup with tea as Virgil stopped his conversation and everyone turned to her.



“Who’s the fox?” asked the tan-armored man with a gruff and arrogant tone. “Everyone, this is my new maid,” said Virgil. “Her name is Emily and she just started today.” Everyone around the table began to greet her in different ways.

“Nice to meet you, Emily,” said the armored man. His expression was arrogant, but it still looked like he was being genuine.

“Hi Emily,” said the wizard, who waved awkwardly with a crooked smile.

“Hey, Emily. Nice to have you with us,” said the succubus, who waved slowly. She was much more calm and less-awkward compared to the wizard.

The cyborg folded his arms and grinned, but didn’t say anything.

As the group drank their tea, Virgil told them all about a grand banquet he was planning. “It’s going to be a ‘big deal,’” Virgil said, “Everyone I know will be invited. I feel like this is the first step in reestablishing connections with the neighboring countries, so I want to make this banquet as popular and successful as possible. I’ve already handed out most of the invitations, and the banquet is scheduled to happen a week from now. I hope you all are able to attend.”

Emily overheard the conversation from the kitchen. It sounded like this banquet would be a lot of fun, and of course it would be filled with more mouth-watering foods! She could hardly wait for it, even if it was a week away.

Once the tea was all gone, Virgil called Emily over. “Emily, I will be holding a banquet in about a week from now, and I need to make sure everything is as clean as it can be before I invite everyone over. I would like for you to go and clean the guest room in the Eastern tower.”

Emily's face fell. She was excited to work in such a nice castle, but she had to admit that she knew very little about the castle and where everything was. Before she could speak up, though, Virgil continued to speak: "My accomplice Lilith will take you there." The succubus at the table stood up and smiled.

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"So you're one of Virg—I mean—the King's top warriors?" asked Emily. She and Lilith were both walking down one of the castle's many hallways, passing by grand windows, sculptures, and suits of armor on their way.

"Of a sort," replied Lilith bluntly, "I don't really fight that much, but the king likes having me around because I know a lot of magic."

"Magic, huh? That's cool," said Emily. "I know a few spells too. My friend back home taught me, but most of them are pretty basic."

"Heh. It's always nice to meet another spellcaster." Lilith smiled.

The two talked about their friends and the spells they knew on the way to the tower. Lilith eventually started talking about some of the more unusual spells she had learned from some of her more unusual mentors, such as a spell that summoned coconuts or a spell that could make a cat's fur turn purple. Emily couldn't help but laugh at some of the spells Lilith described. By the time the two girls had reached the room in the tower, they were practically best friends.

"Well... huff... this is it," panted Lilith, having just climbed several flights of stairs to reach the room. Emily panted along with her.

"It's pretty... huff... nice up here!" said Emily between breaths. Her extra pudge had made the climb a little more difficult than what she was used to.

Nice was one word to use to describe the room, although it was still very dusty and messy. An old bed covered in boxes was at one corner of the room, and most of the windows were fogged up due to the dirt that covered them. This looked like a job for a maid. Emily took out her new feather duster and got to work cleaning the room, while Lilith stuck around to help her and to continue their conversation.

Several hours later, the room had been transformed from a dirty and underused loft into a truly magnificent room that matched the excellence of the rest of the castle. Emily and Lilith were sitting in the middle of it all, leaning up against each other and covered in dust.

"Thanks for your help Lil," said Emily.



“Don’t mention it, Em,” replied Lilith. “It didn’t seem right for you to clean everything yourself. You’d probably be up here until midnight!” Even as she talked, the sun was beginning to set over the horizon. The two girls had spent most of the day cleaning, and now they were not only exhausted, but famished as well. Or at least, Emily was famished. Her stomach growled as she headed back down to the main castle with Lilith. She hadn’t eaten a morsel all day!

Hoping for a bite to eat, Emily and Lilith headed back into the dining hall. Virgil and his other guests were waiting for them, and they were all sitting around a table packed with food.

“Welcome back, Emily. Hello, Lilith,” said the king, who was as calm and collected as ever. “I have no more chores for you today. We were just about to have dinner, would you care to join us?” Virgil hardly even needed to expect a verbal answer.

Emily and Liltih both took seats around the table and began to feast along with the rest of them. The whole hall was silent as everyone dug into their meals and said nothing.

Despite his size, the large tan-armored man ate a single steak and stopped shortly afterwards.

The wizard ate a random assortment of foods, although his plate was still half-full by the time he finished.

Lilith, being such a slender succubus, ate a few slices of bread but nothing more.

The strange cyborg did not eat anything, he just sat and grinned at everyone.

Even Virgil, the only dragon of the bunch, ate a few fruits and a few slices of meat, but he stopped after one plate of food.

The four characters had hardly made any dent in the table of food. Emily, on the other hand, was eating everything she could get her paws on! No dish was safe from her as she grabbed at whatever plate was nearest to her and gobbled up the contents in mere seconds. She could hardly explain it; something about this food made her want to keep eating it! No matter how many dishes she devoured she was never full and she kept gorging herself on plate after plate of mouthwatering meals until all that was left was a bunch of empty plates.

Emily’s belly was bulging significantly now; even her outfit was having a difficult time hiding how stuffed she was. Everyone around her started in awe at her and her ravenous appetite. All that cleaning must have made her very hungry.

“Thanks... urp... I mean, th-thank you for the food, Master,” said Emily as she struggled to rise to her feet, her bloated belly almost pinning her to the ground.

“You’re very welcome, Emily,” said Virgil, “I hope you enjoyed it.” Out of everyone there, Virgil seemed to be the only one that wasn’t surprised by Emily’s incredible appetite. He snapped his fingers and held out his hand to help Emily up. Moments later, Shamy hopped into the room with her infinite energy.

“Ooooh, looks like someone’s nice n’ full~” cooed Shamy as she wagged her fluffy tail.



“Shamy, would you please escort Emily back to her room?” asked Virgil.

“No probs, Mr. Virgil,” said Shamy. Virgil couldn’t help but smile at her cheery attitude.

“Just follow me, Ms. Emily! I’ll take you back to your room for now,” said Shamy as she began to leave the room, with a stuffed Emily following close behind. As soon as they got back to Emily’s room, Emily immediately threw off her tight uniform and sprawled out on her bed with her tightly-packed tummy sticking straight up into the air.

Shamy stayed behind for a while to gently massage Emily’s belly, easing Emily’s

discomfort, dispersing the calories in her belly to other parts of her body, and allowing her metabolism to fatten her up further. As soon as the vixen began to fall asleep, Shamy grinned sweetly and eagerly left the bedroom. It looked like she would need to tailor Emily’s outfit very soon.

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The sun poured through the windows of Emily’s bedroom and shined into her eyes. She groaned for just a moment, but soon began to wake up from her quiet slumber. As she finally managed to uncover herself from the soft confines of her blankets, she literally rolled out of bed and dragged her feet towards the washroom.

Emily had been the king’s maid for more than a week now. Every day was about the same: she would meet Virgil and his guests in the morning and serve them, then Virgil would ask her to take care of a few tasks during the day, many of which involved the grand banquet that Virgil had planned. The banquet was very close now, only one day away! When her daily chores were finished, she would meet with Virgil again, who would congratulate her with a feast of delicious food. The food seemed to get even more delicious every time Emily ate it.

The constant feasting had certainly affected Emily in more ways than one. The once-trim vixen had blown up like a balloon over the last several days. Her belly had become much bigger and stuck out an inch or two past her waist. Her poor belly button was practically made invisible by her voluptuous rolls. Her hips had become much wider and her thighs had expanded to match; she no longer had any trace of a gap between her thighs—they rubbed against each other every time she walked. She had gone from having a non-existent butt to having one of the largest backsides in the castle, which stuck out even more than her ample middle did. Even her upper-body had gotten fatter: her arms had thickened, her cheeks had become round and puffy, and her breasts had grown by at least a few cup sizes.



As the chubby vixen waddled towards the washroom, she could feel and hear her pajamas strain against her ample frame. Her bubble butt pressed firmly against her elastic pants and her belly was much too big to be contained by any pajama top. Seemed like she had gotten fatter still... Shamy had needed to tailor her maid outfit multiple times over the last several days to compensate for her gain, and considering the huge and fattening meal she ate the previous night, Shamy would probably need to do it again.

Shamy was waiting for her in the washroom as usual, still as eager and as cheerful as ever. Her routine was always the same; she would measure Emily to see if she had gained any more weight, and would make proper adjustments to her uniform if the need arose. Then she would nudge Emily into the shower for her daily wash. Emily noticed that her time in the shower had increased dramatically thanks to the time it took to wash her growing figure, and she seemed to be using more towels as well, but fresh and new towels were always waiting for her the next morning. Not like she minded, of course. Spending time in the shower gave Emily the chance to inspect the growth she was going through. She sometimes would run her paw up and down her belly to see how fluffy she had become, and caress her breasts to see how heavy they had become. Sometimes when Shamy wasn't around, she would even pose in the washroom mirror,

showing off her growing curves to herself. She would shake her wide hips and move her huge, white-furred belly back and forth, watching as it jiggled along with the rest of her body. She certainly didn't mind the growth.

Finally, Emily emerged in the washroom. "Wow, Ms. Emily..." Shamy stared at the vixen's swollen body, but she caught herself before she said anything rash. "Uhm, anyway, time for your daily measuring!" Shamy wasted no further time in climbing onto the counter and wrapping the measuring tape around Emily's fluffy orange gut. It was getting a little harder to wrap the tape around Emily's middle these days, but Shamy didn't care. Measuring was always fun for her!

Once the measurements were taken and Emily finished her shower, Shamy had already had the latest version of her uniform all set. Emily tried her best to suck in her belly to squeeze into the uniform, and luckily Shamy had made it plenty big enough to fit. Even her round breasts



and swollen butt were well-protected by the new outfit, although Emily didn't want to think about what size outfit she was wearing.

Once she had finished dressing she waddled into the kitchen like she did every morning and prepared Virgil's usual tea. The same group of guests were sitting with Virgil in the dining hall this morning, all talking amongst themselves. They only stopped when Emily emerged to pour their tea, greeting her briefly before they began to sip their tea and resume whatever conversation they were having.

As Emily turned and waddled into the kitchen, she tried to overhear what Virgil's guests were talking about.

The burly man with tan armor was speaking: "Y'know, Virgil, that maid of yours is getting... uh..."

"Fat." The gray-skinned wizard finished his sentence. "Yeah, she's really ballooned, hasn't she? What's that all about Virgil?"

Emily almost gasped aloud. How could those guests say such mean things about her? She waited for Virgil to respond and put those rude guests in their place. Instead, Virgil just chuckled slowly like he normally did.



"Well," Virgil began, "it's quite simple, really. The residents of this kingdom will not complain if my maid is fat. If she is thin like she was when she first arrived, then some subjects of my kingdom may think that she is malnourished and they will assume that I do not treat my servants well. However, if she is fat then that means she is well-fed and well taken care of. I'm happy to know that the enchanted food I have been feeding her has done a wonderful job at fattening her up." Virgil grinned as he twirled his wrist, and a small spray of magic rose from his finger.

"Most of the food I've been giving her has an enchantment that makes her hungrier the more she eats, and each is cooked to have as many calories as possible. Of course, I'd rather her not explode, so she does become full eventually, but not until she has already eaten everything on the table!" The guests chuckled along with him as if he was revealing an evil master plan.

Virgil continued: "A friend of mine makes sure her outfit always fits, so now one will think she is not properly clothed. No one has any reason to complain! She is being well taken care of, but she is still helping me a lot in preparing for the banquet tomorrow."

There was silence for a moment. Emily couldn't see any of them, but she could tell that they were satisfied with Virgil's response.

"You are truly full of wisdom, my lord," said the armored man with a hint of laughter in his voice. Emily could hear the tapping of glasses and laughter, as if they had all had a sarcastic

toast to each other. It was hard to believe that Virgil could laugh with them, despite his standing as a king.

Once the tea was finished and Virgil's friends began to leave, Emily was called over once again. For once, Virgil did not seem as calm as he normally did. "The banquet is tomorrow evening," he said. "I've asked our chefs to start preparing food this morning so everything will be ready by tomorrow night, but some of my chefs have complained about our livestock... I've seen what the problem is as well, but since we're only a day away from the banquet, we have very limited ways to fix the problem."

"What's the problem, Master?" asked Emily.

Virgil grunted. "As odd as it may sound, it seems most of our livestock is too small and ill-suited to be used for an extravagant banquet." He gestured for Lilith to come over. The succubus glided over next to Emily in response. "Lilith, Emily. As much as I hate having to do this, I would like for you both to 'take care of' the livestock for me. I wouldn't want to use magic in any normal circumstance, but given our current amount of time, I don't think we have much of a choice."

"Of course, Master," said Emily eagerly, "We can help!" Even though Emily had no idea what Virgil was talking about. Luckily, Lilith seemed to have the right idea.

"No problem, Virg," grinned Lilith. "C'mon Em, this is going to be fun." She gestured for Emily to follow her. Virgil watched as the two girls left the dining hall and disappeared down one of the many hallways.

...

Emily didn't even know the king had a barn, although it made sense, considering all the meat she had eaten during her stay. According to Lilith's directions, the barn was a little walk away from the castle, which meant poor Emily would have to go out into the frigid air for a bit. She hadn't left the castle since she had started her job, but every time she looked out of the windows, she always saw a huge blizzard. She didn't want to freeze on her way to the barn. The vixen waddled her way up to her quarters and dug around in her closet until she found her winter coat: the same coat that she had trouble with the last time she was outside! She didn't want to have to put it on, but any protection against the cold would be greatly appreciated.

As she slipped the coat over her thick arms and began to zip up the middle, she realized that the coat fit her a lot differently now. She had completely forgotten about how much bigger she had gotten! Her chubby arms fit snugly into the sleeves, and zipping up the middle of the coat was made much more difficult due to the size of her big, white belly. The coat was especially tight around her breasts, making her breath a little harder than normal. But at least she wouldn't have to worry about her coat slipping off anymore; she had nearly outgrown it!



Once the rest of her chubby frame was tightly packed into winter clothing, she waddled to the exit of the castle to meet Lilith, who was dressed in her own heavy clothes. Together, they ventured out into the cold wasteland and huddled together as the chilly air blew against them.

The barn was big, well-kept, and warm compared to the constant snowstorm outside. Emily and Lilith both breathed a sigh of relief as they stepped inside and

shut the large doors behind them, soaking up the heat from the numerous lanterns that kept the barn warm. Lilith immediately took off her heavy coat and tossed it aside, but Emily's coat was too snug to take off easily; she decided to leave it on for now.

Now that she was able to move freely again, Lilith cracked her knuckles and grinned. "Alright, let's get started," she said as she stepped over the hay on the ground and made her way over to one of the nearest animals: a skinny cow. As Emily looked down the barn's wall, she saw nearly a dozen cows just like this one: all skinny and ill-suited for a luxurious banquet. Lilith faced the nearest cow and began to make unusual motions with her hands.

"So, you're a spellcaster, right Emily?" she said with a grin.

"Uh-huh," replied Emily, "Still learning, but I catch on quick. Why ask?"

"I bet you've never seen a spell like this before," said Lilith as an orange beam formed in her hands. The strange orange beam lumbered towards the nearest cow and began to surround it. A quiet gurgling sound rumbled from the cow's stomach as it began to grow in every direction. Its stomach blew up with multiple pounds of fat as its udder filled with several gallons of milk.

As the orange aura faded from her, the cow had nearly doubled in weight, having gone from thin to fat in just a matter of moments. Although the dull creature hardly seemed to realize its gain.

Lilith dusted off her hands triumphantly as Emily stared with wide eyes at the fattened cow. “Yup, that’s one of my weirder spells,” sighed Lilith as she prepared to use the spell on the next cow. Emily patted the fat bovine’s belly for proof as a familiar orange aura enveloped the next cow in the line. Emily’s paw sunk deep into the cow’s new flab—it was even fatter than Emily was. It was hard to believe there was a spell that could do something as simple as making the target fatter... but in the land of Irlia, perhaps it made more sense.

The process continued for several minutes, with Emily watching Lilith’s hand movements carefully as she used the strange fattening spell on each cow in the line. Once half a dozen cows had been properly fattened, Lilith began to show signs of fatigue. Performing this many spells in a row was certainly not easy, even for an experienced mage like herself.

“Want me to take over?” asked Emily eventually, “You look like you’re getting a little tired.”

“Nah, I’m doin’ fine,” replied Lilith between breaths, “Lemme just get a few more, then you can try.” She raised her hands once more to perform a new spell, but she soon found out she was much more fatigued than she thought.

Right as she finished the motions for the next spell, Lilith fell to her knees in exhaustion, allowing the newly-formed orange beam to travel away from the target cow and straight into Emily’s stomach.

Emily yelped in shock as her body became surrounded by the orange aura, and her belly began to gurgle softly. A sudden pressure built up in her belly as it pushed outwards with incredible force. Her snug coat became tighter and tighter until it managed to unzip itself. Her belly filled with several more pounds of blubber as the sides of the coat tore up and as the zipper popped off the front. The whole coat seemed to disintegrate as the fat vixen finally outgrew it, but even as the remaining pieces of the coat fell to the floor of the barn, Emily continued to grow. Her cheeks grew from chubby to round and her arms grew even thicker than they already were. Her already-massive butt grew even larger, pushing against her heavy winter pants until they eventually burst open with a low *riiiiip*, revealing her black panties. Even her panties were hardly able to contain her massive orange-furred bottom. Her breasts grew especially large, stretching her bra and tearing through the top of her uniform, nestled on top of her enormous belly.

The growing vixen wanted to feel surprised from her sudden gain, but soon a different feeling began to wash over her: a deep feeling of euphoria. She could feel every part of her body getting heavier, softer, and squishier. She could feel her uniform stretching and tearing to accommodate for her luscious curves as they grew ever larger. Finally, the orange aura left Emily’s body, leaving her even fatter than she was before. Lilith, who had recovered from her brief fatigue, stared and covered her snout in shock.



Lilith's chill personality vanished. "O-oh my gosh, w-what have I done!" she wailed as she blushed a deep red. "E-Em, I'm s-so sorry... I didn't... I couldn't..."

But Emily could hardly hear Lilith's wailing. She was much too distracted by her body and how large she had become. She couldn't hide it any longer: she loved being big! Ever since Shamy had taken her first measurements, she adored her tummy and had watched it grow over the last several days. Her whole body had grown so much softer, especially her breasts, which had become massive enough to attract the attention of any man (and some women), and her huge bubble butt, which felt like a giant pillow attached to her back. And to think she used to be so skinny... She still had the strength that she used to, her muscles had been covered with layers of

soft and wonderful fat! She may have become slower, but she had much more to show off now. She gave her belly a little shake as proof, allowing the rest of her body to jiggle along with it. Her uniform creaked in protest, but Emily hardly noticed. She finally noticed Lilith's wailing, though, and turned to her.

"Don't worry about it!" Emily said, "I hardly mind it at all. In fact, it feels quite nice... Makes my features stand out even more, don't you think~?"

Lilith just stared blankly for a moment as Emily posed for her. Could this be the spell talking? No, that couldn't be right. The spell couldn't affect the mind of the victim, and besides, brainwashing and mind-control spells were much too difficult for Lilith to practice. Had Emily just lost her mind? No, that couldn't be right either. She was posing and moving her body so fluently, showing off her curves as if she had been practicing ever since she began to gain. Emily had finally admitted to liking her enlarged girth. Lilith had no reason to hold back now...

"Well, in that case..." Lilith grinned sheepishly as she sauntered over to the posing vixen



and gave her bulging butt a light slap. Emily yelped and turned around just in time for Lilith to press into her and give her a great big kiss! Lilith's thin body sunk deep into Emily's squishy belly and her smaller breasts pressed up against Emily's much fuller breasts as the two embraced.

"You seriously look awesome, Em," said Lilith as they let go of each other. "I mean, you looked awesome before, but now... you're even... better." Both girls blushed heavily as they embraced again. Lilith used her position to her advantage as she dug her fingers into Emily's ample middle, squeezing it tightly and causing the voluptuous vixen to moan with

delight. Emily soon laid down on the floor and removed her tattered uniform, exposing the rest

of her belly and quite a lot of cleavage through her bra, which was clearly struggling to hold back her pillowy breasts. Lilith seized the opportunity to lay in between Emily's breasts and massage her gigantic, white-furred belly. Emily murred softly as Lilith rubbed, flicking her huge fluffy tail back and forth. Lilith pressed her finger into Emily's belly button, watching as it sunk down several inches, and following up with a gentle kiss. The vixen blushed deeper than ever as Lilith moved closer to her face, massaging underneath her breasts and giving them a gentle squeeze to test their girth. The lustful succubus rubbed Emily's chubby cheeks and planted several tender kisses around her face, allowing the vixen to return a few of the kisses as well.

After what seemed like several hours, the two girls left the barn, having finished fattening the rest of the cows and ended their brief session of belly worship. They were so engrossed with each other that the cold air of the outdoors hardly bothered either of them. They made their way inside and sat down with Virgil to celebrate the successful mission with another feast leading up to the banquet.

...

Once the sun began to set on the following day, the long-awaited banquet finally began. King Virgil of Irgaigo humbly greeted everyone who showed up, which included a crowd of individuals from all over Irlia, from the humans of the Southern regions to the anthro animals of Emily's hometown. Everyone who showed up was introduced to a huge selection of foods, among the finest in Irlia. Thanks to Lilith's spells, the meat served at the banquet was the best meat that many of the guests had ever tasted; many even asked for seconds.

Emily helped as a waitress for most of the banquet, dressed in her newly-tailored outfit, and she too could greet mostly everyone that showed up, as well as overhear many conversations. She received many comments about her appearance, and very few of them were negative. It seemed Virgil's plan worked perfectly.

"Look at the King's maid! Virgil must treat even his servants well!"

"Is that the King's maid? She is not malnourished at all! The king is truly a kind ruler."

"The King's maid is beautiful! The King takes good care of her, for sure!"

"By the Seven! Have you seen the King's maid? She is gorgeous!"

"Where's the job application for this place again?"

"The King's maid is ravishing!"

Overhearing these words filled with Emily with such joy that she almost felt like she was hovering in the clouds. Once the banquet made its way into the later stages of the evening, Virgil approached his maid as happy as ever.

"Emily, you have done such a great job!" Virgil said with a smile bigger than any he had ever worn before. "Please, you must spend the rest of the night enjoying the banquet along with the rest of us!" He gestured to an empty spot at one of the many tables in the dining hall. Lilith was already sitting at that same table and waved at Emily to join her.

“Thank you Master, I would be honored,” Emily said as she smiled just as brightly. She sat down at the table and was greeted by many smiling faces and mountains of food.



All this waiting had worked up an appetite, and her new friend Lilith was more than happy to help feed her many of her favorite foods. Soon her belly was snuggled up against the side of the table as she was fed one delicious food after the other. It was even better than what she had been eating earlier in the week! She could practically feel herself growing fatter as more

greasy meats and sugary desserts were stuffed into her maw, but she hardly cared. If anything it would just make her look even better and further test the limits of her uniform.

“Emily? Is that you?”

Emily briefly stopped her binge and peered over the mountain of food to see a familiar-looking man. The man removed the sash from his eyes and returned Emily’s gaze. It was Rob, Emily’s Sensei, who usually trained Emily back at the dojo! He could hardly find his words as he addressed her again. “You... you look... different.”

Emily blushed and smiled sheepishly. “Yeah, haha... Working here has been a changing experience for me.” She patted her belly for emphasis, which was squished up against the side of the table. Lilith joined in and gave her belly a quick shake as well.

“Are you the King’s maid that everyone has been talking about?” Rob continued, “Sounds like you have a really great job here.”

“Yeah, it’s really great here. I’ve met a lot of great people here, and the food is fantastic!” Right as Emily finished her sentence, Lilith shoved another pastry into her mouth, making her cheeks bulge even more.

“Yes, I bet it is,” Rob muttered under his breath as he struggled to take his eyes off Emily’s attractive middle, “Are you still going to come back to train when the season starts?”

“Mhmm!” Emily nodded, “King Virgil told me I can leave to come train with you, and then I might come back here and work for him some more. I might even have a few friends to bring with me.” She turned to Lilith, who nodded eagerly.

“Great, then I’m looking forward to training with you again,” Rob said.

To Rob, Emily had never looked more beautiful. She may have been fully clad in her uniform, but her body pressed so firmly against the outfit that it was easy to tell how big she was and where all her dimensions were. He imagined pressing his arms into her super-soft tummy and seeing how much it gave. He thought about how she would look as she stretched, imagining how she would look in a skin-tight workout outfit with all her fattened features hardly covered by anything. He could hardly wait to measure her waistline and her weight and track her progress as she trained with him. Rob used to hold special training sessions with her, and from the looks of it, he was going to have quite a few more with her this coming season.

Rob watched Lilith feed Emily another delicious cake as he left the dining hall along with many other guests. He could hardly wait for the next season to start, and he could only imagine how big and beautiful Emily would be by then.

THE END

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