Help! I'm an obscenely powerful Demon Queen but I'm trapped living as a modern-day Fast-Food Worker, and all I can think about is Fucking Fatties!

Behold, Astarothia the Ruin Bringer—Conqueror of kings and destroyer of their kingdoms.

Her highness’s long and ivory form stood at the ready, her feet squared, and her stance poised for the offensive. The infernal monarch stood prepared for any and all that may have tried to best her on this joyous inaugural day, her wits sharpened and her reflexes honed after many weeks of dutiful study. Deep honey-colored eyes narrowed at the sight of an enemy troop that dared to begin his unsuspecting charge forward, darting through the barricades and making his way up to face her. Without a moment’s notice, she rallied her war cry;

“WELCOME TO BIG BURGER, WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY A BASKET OF OUR SWEET POTATO FRIES TODAY?”

But here she was just Esther, newly promoted Shift Lead and resident transplant from another world—one that was far more magical than ours.

“Esther.” Her manager’s nasal, corrective tone sounded from beside her, “We *talked* about this.”

“M-My apologies, ma’am.” The offending fry cook cleared her throat, tone noticeably more soft in the face of her direct superior in their army against hunger, “I’m just…”

What way was best to say it?

“With all that’s been going on, I really…”

There was simply no way to describe it—not in the purply prose of her people’s tongue, that flowered way of speaking that was seen as so gauche and old fashioned by the common folk of the here and now.

“…I’m still ***really***excited about being promoted to Shift Manager!”

Scrunching her broad shoulders together and clenching her fists tight, Esther shimmied out a portion of her excess joy with the tiniest of happy dances. This had been a long time coming once Mark, the Great Deserter, had abandoned them. Three times he no-called, and three times he no-showed, leaving a vacancy spot in the Big Burger hierarchy that had been calling the Demon Queen’s name from the moment that it opened up. Esther the Fry Cook had worked hard at honing her skills and developing her craft for weeks now, despite the claims of it being a simple formal application.

Astarothia the Ruin Bringer would be the best employee that this small piece of the mighty Big Burger kingdom had ever seen—

“Yeah, well… try not to lunge at any customers.” Liz put her hands on her wide, *wide* hips as her lips tugged tiredly to one side, “There won’t be a shift to lead if you scare away all our customers.”

—because at the end of the day, serving her customers (and fellow staff) was of the *utmost* importance.

“Y-Yes ma’am.” Esther saluted, standing at attention to her full height of just over six feet, “I’ll do my best!”

“Whatever, you weirdo.” Elizabeth’s expression softened ever so slightly, “Why don’t you do some table-touching out in the floor, and I’ll watch your register.”

Esther was almost too excited to go out into the field, allowing her general in their fight against hunger to sit back and man the register so that she, the Ruin Bringer, might do the heavy lifting for her. The changes in Liz’s shape since Esther had become a member of their Kingdom had not gone unnoticed to Esther’s trained eye—her hips had become dimpled and doughy beneath her uniform black slacks, and her cute little tummy had started to squish against the lip of the counter whenever she leaned too far against it. Elizabeth was certainly seeing the spoils of war now that her team now had someone as dedicated as Astarothia the Ruin Bringer, conqueror of kings and—

“Is there anything we can get you today? A simple black coffee won’t do for the day’s demands!”

“Oh my goodness it looks like you’ve spilled your beverage! Allow me to get you a new one!”

“If you’re still hungry, we offer a small 5-piece meal that would do well for a snack!”

Upseller of delicious fast-food garbage.

“So you’re like… *mmph*… really hard up Liz chick, aren’tcha?” Bea nommed on one of the burgers that came with Esther’s complimentary meal as an employee, “What about us being ‘peons’ and a ‘lesser species’, huh?”

Bea had been living with Her Highness for long enough to know when she’d found a new hyper fixation. First it was the great Box of Beguilement (television) then it was our mysterious Raven Substitutions (cell phones) and then very quickly after that it became the Oracle in its entirety (meaning the internet). Once she got a handle on how money worked in a realm outside of her own, Esther was surprisingly adept at navigating the world around her.

But even a high-ranking demon queen couldn’t hide the fact that she was down bad for a pair of hams pressed into a pair of stretchy lycra pants.

“SSHSHSHSH*SHHH*!!” Esther visibly sputtered, arms flailing in an attempt to keep her roommate quiet, “Someone might *hear you*!”

It was kind of cute, actually. When Bea had met Esther she was all doom and gloom and “mwahahaha I will conquer this world and claim it for my own”. But now that she’d been here for a little while and it had become clear that she wasn’t just going to be able to poof herself back to the Solemn Isles, Esther had allowed herself to get comfortable. With the culture around her, with the people that she worked with, and now apparently with feeling feelings for a “lesser species”.

“There’s nothing lesser about Elizabeth!” Esther harrumphed before taking a little sip of her Coke, “And I’m not… *hard up* for anything. I don’t even know what that means…”

Esther was certainly right about one thing—there was nothing “lesser” about Liz these days. Ever since she had found a certain Demon Queen with no concept of what passed for a fair workload, Liz had apparently gotten to kick her feet up a lot more. Surrounded by all this greasy fast food and the fact that Esther apparently insisted on doing *all* of the grunt work for her, it was no surprise that Liz’s ass was getting fat.

“It’s a figure of speech.” Bea rolled her eyes as she leaned forward for another handful of free fries, ignoring the slight resistance that had built up over the past few weeks, “It means you’re horny.”

“A-Are my horns *showing*?” Esther instinctively reached for her Big Burger employee cap, adjusting it to make sure that the large conical horns that she’d had in her home dimension hadn’t returned at such an inauspicious time, “What sort of link would Elizabeth have to my—”

“Oh forget it.” Bea scoffed, taking a big swig of Sprite, “You know for a Demon Queen, you sure are a ditz most of the time.”

“Does ditz *also* some cruel way to imply that I, in any way, have feelings for the commanding officer of my place of employment?” Esther harrumphed again, arms folded like a child as she pouted into a mostly uneaten lunch, “Because if *that’s* the case—”

“Yo! Esther!” a coworker’s voice came out from behind the counter, “Break’s over!”

The haughty demeanor that the towering woman had worked herself into crumbled in an instant.

“But… I didn’t even get to eat my—”

“Don’t worry.” Bea assured her as she slid the tray closer towards herself with a mischievous twinkle in her eye, “I’ll take care of that for you…”

As Astarothia the Ruin Bringer, she had known only the grandest of chambers in twisted castles that were always warm with the coals of hellfire.

But as Esther the Fry Cook, she had only known the insides of Beatrice’s rental home.

It was a small place, with thin walls and hollow floors. Her powerful steps echoed throughout the house as she towered over its original occupant, and she still fought the instinct to duck underneath the threshold of its doorways. Had her horns remained in this poor approximation of her mortal form, Esther would have surely found her accommodations less lacking.

But at the end of the day, to get her through these sleepless nights, there were some things that this realm held over the Solemn Isles in ways that she could have never expected.

“Ohhhhhh*fuccccccck…”*

Esther panted hotly into her pillow, plopped on top of her face so that she would not wake Beatrice with her mewling. She maneuvered the small device in and out of herself, rabbit ears tickling her clit as they vibrated in time with the rest of the shaft. Such a device would have been a boon to her back in her homeland, where she grew ebony claws rather than the easily trimmed fingernails of her current mortal coil. Should she ever make it back to her united kingdoms, Esther made a note to either take such a toy with her or to develop one for herself. Without the aide of a servant or concubine, Esther was able to pleasure herself to that whichever her mind could construct—and there was hardly anything as bulbous and provocative as that which she denied so heinously back when she and Beatrice were at the booth in Big Burger.

*“Oh my queen, how much* ***more*** *will you make me* ***eat****?”*

A crude approximation of Liz’s voice echoed in Esther’s mind as she imagined her manager to be bigger and fatter than she had already become.

*“My butt is* ***sooo*** *big that I don’t think I’ll be able to fit behind the counter!”*

Esther picked up the pace, the shaft moving quickly and slickly between her legs as she felt herself begin to mount a summit of arousal.

*“Your true self is so beautiful, I’d do* ***anything*** *to be your concubine…”*

Esther imagined Liz hefting up a handful of stomach only to find it lacking. She wanted Liz to want more. To eat more. To *be* more. Bigger and rounder, with hips the size of the Darkwood trees that populated the wretched forests of her kingdom, and a stomach so vast that it could serve as a table for her manyy Big Burger feasts! What Esther wouldn’t have done to make this a reality, what she wouldn’t have traded for a chance to see her precious Elizabeth at such an impossible size!

*“Don’t you want to feed me? I’m* ***sooo*** *hungry…”*

The Demon Queen’s little pink tongue lolled out as she got sloppy and desperate to reach an arrival. Her eyes crossed as she arched her back into the Earthly toy, a soft moan muffled by the pillow that she’d placed over her mouth but still audible to anyone that didn’t live on the other side of Bea’s rental home. Her breathing had become haggard and strained, her thoughts increasingly unfocused as she teased herself towards yet another Big One.

“Yahh… *yes*…” she gasped aloud, to herself, “Luh… *Lizzzzz…*”

Warm, sticky cum poured from between her legs, covering her toy and fingers like she had struck oil. Her long legs spasmed, her toes clenched as the rush of endorphins and release flooded her system in ways that she had not experienced since coming to this strange new world and indulging in all the sights to see.

People of the Solemn Isles could not get fat. Under her rule, she had eliminated all excess—unified all classes and peoples under her singular infernal rule. Should she ever make it back to her home, she would rectify this immediately.

In fact, that thought alone might have been enough kindling to start another fire.

Astarothia the Ruin Bringer—Conqueror of kings and destroyer of their kingdoms—reached with a growing instinct towards her cellular telephone to conjure up the oracle. She had yet plunged the depths of Earthly culture, many things about their plentiful devices still puzzled her.

But she had become exceptionally well-versed in this thing that they called a Spank Bank. And while the name was somewhat confusing to her, the fact that she could store her newfound fascination with the fattened form inside of its depths was something that she had already become eternally grateful for…