

Fire Emblem WG: - Blooming of the Crimson Flower

Times were changing.

With the War of the Three Houses concluded, the continent of Foldan had finally been united under the banner of the Adrestian Empire. With the church abolished and the ruling order in disarray, the horrors of war had run their course, leaving the survivors to pick up the pieces and heal their scars. Archbishop Rhea, monstrous as she was, had woven an intricate tapestry of lies and intrigue which the ruling powers had based themselves upon which had now left a mighty power vacuum in the wake of her absence.

I know this because I was there.

In her stead, a new ruler had arisen to guide these broken lands. I had met Empress Edelgard von Hresvelg back when she was still a princess to the throne and had guided her through her early years in both the axe and the tome. I was her professor, you see, and she was my student. She was also one of the most beautiful women to grace the campus.

Tall and thin with long hair the color of freshly fallen snow, her lithe 110 pound figure concealed tremendous power behind it as she swung swords and axes with enough force to cleave her foes in two. Outside of the field of battle however, she was always so careful and demure, dressing appropriately and regally in her officer's uniform which clung to her well-proportioned breasts, flat tummy and lithe hips and thighs. Even when we shared a meal together at the campus cafeteria, she would always remain cautious, never letting anything personal slip, believing so strongly that as the head of the Black Eagle's house that she ought to set a good example for others. I pitied her as I had always considered those lack of freedoms a result of her stolen childhood.

Five years later she had blossomed into a wonderful young woman. Her military discipline and rigid sense of order had led her troops to victory, but even as I continued my role as her advisor, it always felt as though she was constantly looking for someone's approval. Even as she ascended the throne, the crown weighed heavily upon her dainty features as day after day she grew more tired and flustered.

I could still see my role as her teacher was far from over.

"Enter."

Edelgard sat behind her grand oak desk, studiously writing away at whatever new writ or law she had to consider atop the piles of withered parchment that lay about her. Her hair was pulled into a pair of tightly coiled buns with just a light dash of makeup applied to her otherwise flawless features in the event of an impromptu meeting. Her 'official' red and white robes hung behind her like an ornate tapestry as she had chosen her more simplified battle uniform to carry

out the day's tasks. She was so busy she barely noticed me slip in and place a tray of her favorite tea and cookies right on the edge of her table.

"Your grace," I began.

I was swiftly interrupted by a raised white glove as she continued to scratch away. A few seconds of silence permeated the room until she finally placed her quill down.

"How many times have I told you all, not to disturb-"

Edelgard raised her eyes off her writings. Stern visaged and ever focused on the future, she processed my face. I could see her visibly start to flush as her mind was brought back into the present. The great leader of this vast new empire pressed her fingers together in pensive embarrassment as she assessed the tone with which she had initially taken with me.

"O-oh professor, w-what a surprise. If I had known you were coming, I would have minded my tongue. You know you're always a welcome guest to my study."

"Relax Edelgard," I said slowly, taking careful note of the panic slowly rising in her voice. "You need not be so formal all the time. You're the Empress of a nation and there's literally no power in the land higher than your own that you would have to answer to."

She sighed heavily and allowed herself to slump forward in her chair. She sagged with relief, one cheek falling into her upturned palm, making a most unlady-like face for the first time in a while as she took in my counsel.

"I know...but somehow this is all so much harder somehow than the days we spent on the battlefield. I only had to look strong for the troops for a duration of the campaign but now it feels like I always have to be on my best behavior at all times. The eyes of the nation all look in my direction now and I'm not sure I can guide it alone."

I reached over and poured her some tea, hoping the scent would help calm her nerves. She thanked me and took a cookie for herself to go with it.

"Ever since we first met, you've always striven to be the ideal leader. But in doing so, you've always put yourself in a position of sacrifice, ready to deprive yourself of your needs for the good of others."

I could feel her tired eyes fall upon me with greater intent as she clung to my every word.

"An Empress needs to carry herself differently from a princess or even a field commander. You are no longer merely the tip of the spear leading your battalion, but rather a person of importance and reverence that embodies the spirit of what she wishes her people to become. Do you know what that means?"

I paused for effect as I allowed Edelgard to heed my words as I slowly sipped my tea. After about half a minute of contemplation, she spoke.

“If it is not what I am already doing, then sadly professor, I do not see it so clearly as you. Might you enlighten me as to what you are speaking of?”

“Why my dear girl, I am speaking of your reverence. Currently the people see you as Edelgard the War Hero rather than as the Empress of Foldan. One ready to leap into the fray and take matters into her own hands rather than entrust less important tasks to those around her. While you may be beholden to the rules and duties befitting a royal, you insist on continuing to do too much on your own that you are neglecting your wellbeing.”

Edelgard thought to herself as she bit into her own cookie. Crumbs trailed down the front of her uniform.

“My teacher, while I appreciate your council, I simply feel that a leader should take direct command as needed. While I am ever so proud to have you by my side, I fear that if I am fated to keep our hard won victory, I must continue to endure as I have. Lest Rhea’s abominable words ever come to pass...”

She had been thinking about the Archbishop’s parting words that day when we stormed the castle. After transforming into a most horrific beast, jealous of the freedom which Mankind had achieved without the Gods, she had spat one last venomous curse upon the future ruler of these lands before collapsing into nought but ash and bone.

“Foolish child...you are but a brutish slave to your own wants and hungers...Until you understand, may your misbegotten greed weigh heavily upon you...Heavy is the crown...Edelgard...heavy is the crown...”

“Merely the gurgles of a dying dragon,” I reassured her. “Trying to be profound and menacing until the end.”

“I am glad you think so, my teacher,” Edelgard mused. “But I am starting to see what she means. It was a struggle trying to balance the needs of the empire when it was but a third of the country and even more so now it has tripled in size. I would need at least three of me to do this job as it is...”

Edelgard’s shoulder slumped. She looked so worn, too weak to even attend to the remaining cookie still on the plate in front of her. I moved to her side and lifted it to her mouth, feeding her out of the palm of my hand like she was a small animal. Her large, doe eyes gazed up at me as she kindly took my offering between her lips.

“Which is all the more reason why you have to keep up your strength. There are only so many hours in a day and if you should let me, I would like to organize your time table just as we used to do back at the academy.”

“You would do that...for me?”

“Anything for the Empress,” I saluted in an exaggerated manner. The act in itself brought a long overdue smile to Edelgard’s face.

“Ha-hah...I am beginning to see what you were talking about. All these formalities are a bit silly. Very well, I shall be in your care once more, my teacher.”

The first step was to overhaul Edelgard’s schedule. Anything that could be delegated would be and anything she had to do in person was limited to only a few hours a day. This alone opened up a lot of her day to managing the more diplomatic niceties which she had once taken part in back at the academy including multiple luncheons and tea parties.

“Are you sure I don’t have to attend the military drills anymore?” Edelgard asked between mouthfuls of cake. “I always liked slipping in a bit of light training myself so as not to grow too rusty...”

“Certainly. Every time you do so we waste at least an hour or two getting over to the far forts. Then you have to bathe and change your outfit at least twice which leaves very little time to manage your afternoon appointments.”

“I see your point. We shall carry on then.”

I made it a point to dine with Edelgard most evenings, allowing her to simply sit and listen while I rattled off the day’s agenda in summarized form. I arranged her advisors to condense their proposals into simple bullet points and returned the Empress’ words back to them in kind. Once that was all done, we had a bit more free time.

“And that’s what she said?! I had no idea! Oh professor, please tell me what happened next!”

For the first time in a long time, Edelgard appeared to be enjoying herself more as she dug into her meal with gusto as I regaled her with tales of how the realm was fairing. The rebuilding process was well underway and our forces were quickly replenishing their ranks. So fascinated with my tales was she that we often found ourselves extending dinner times as she replenished her own plate merely out of a desire to make the night last longer.

The Empress was naturally disciplined and even when allowing herself to enjoy some of the luxuries of her reign, did not act or behave too differently in the initial few weeks with myself as

her confidant. She trusted me implicitly and I would not betray that faith. Slowly but surely she allowed me to take on more of her mundane duties and organize her appointments until it appeared she could be everywhere at once without so much as taking a step beyond her desk.

Ruling efficiently meant that I had her papers prioritized into piles requiring her immediate attention and those which could wait. I made her a seal she could sign things with instead of her usual elaborate signature and even brought in one of those newly designed printing presses she could use to make copies of her decrees without having to rise from her throne. The results of the added productivity were soon made apparent.

“Another gift basket?” Edelgard asked as she mused the piles of food which were beginning to line the study. “We must be doing exceptionally well this season.”

“A bumper crop thanks to your guidance with the new agricultural bill. It is an achievement to be proud of.”

“Tell the envoys that I thank them and shall partake of their tithe this evening over supper.”

With dams rebuilt, aqueducts constructed and farms planted anew, the foundations of the new realm were established. Food security had been the Empress' top priority and with time, such abundance became commonplace throughout the land.

“This calls for a celebration!”

Where one, small party may have sufficed for the old Edelgard, the Empress had to go on tour. Each day was spent sampling each region's specialty dishes, made possible thanks to her guidance. Our dinners together were preceded by regular draughts of ale, candied treats and new concoctions devised by a populous no longer so worried about their next meal but rather what they would make for it. The wheels of industry were starting to turn as her more liberated lifestyle finally started to take hold.

Naturally, it wasn't long before Edelgard started to show her affection towards me. In secret at first but then more openly as her next landmark decree would allow both her and her citizens to love beyond their station. We progressed towards more intimacy as time drifted by.

The effects of Edelgard's new sedentary and ravenous lifestyle were quick to take hold. For a start, her hips had become much bigger. The evening dresses she wore to any gala or ball had to be adjusted to accommodate her new girth. Her belly had also risen from its dormancy, becoming rounder and softer, giving her love handles for the first time in her life. Her face had grown a little fuller and more regal as she marveled at her reflection.

“This will be all off once I have brought stability to the lands,” Edelgard vowed.

“Until then, you have a morning tea with the duke and a luncheon with the regent. I will take care of your transportation and papers.”

“Please see that you do.”

After nearly gaining a pound a day since her new schedule was put into effect, it was clear that it wasn't just her ballgowns which had to be adjusted. Almost everything she slipped into was at least one or two sizes too small. It became clear to me that the old Edelgard had always vainly worn her outfits in such a way that they fit her perfectly and even with her growth, had continued to size them in such a way that perfectly fit her current weight. The end result was that everything always looked tight on her and despite my counsel, she refused to alter this practice. Anything which didn't fit was relegated to a closet in her bedroom which she intended to wear once again after she reassured me that this was all a temporary measure.

Inevitably, there came a period where Edelgard grew conscious of her ever escalating size. Without the demands of the battlefield to keep her thin and lithe, it was simply bound to happen. During this time, she depended even more heavily on me to make excuses to cancel visits, in person appearances and opening day festivals, leaving me to come up with excuses for her reclusive behavior. Nausea and minor illness came to mind, often with her clutching her head or stomach after glutting herself the night before. Without these small snatches of gentle exercise left to her, she became even heavier and more sedentary, sometimes sounding like she was breathing heavily on the other end of the speaking tube to the kitchens as they set about preparing her evening meals. Boredom set in shortly after this explosion of free time, leading her to attend to the mounting pile of deliciously fattening desserts which still continued to arrive at her door each day.

“I do fear that things have gotten ever so slightly out of hand...” Edelgard spoke as she pressed a scarlet ball gown to her billowing frame.

“Whatever do you mean?”

“My teacher, I do recognize the kindness which you have shown me these past few months but I fear that all of this excess has resulted in much of THIS excess.”

A clear belly roll oozed over the top of her skirt which she emphasized between her once dainty fingers. She jiggled it softly, locking my eyes over her body's new rolls. It took much of my will power to hold a straight face so as not to make obvious my sense of fascination.

“Merely your body becoming more regal,” I conjectured. “The leader of a nation must exemplify the finer things in life as a means to embody both the luxury and the prosperity which comes with office.”

She looked unconvinced. I tried again, paying careful attention to change my tactics.

“Allow me to put it this way, an Empress who eats well has the energy to make decisions which put the needs of her subjects to the forefront of her mind but also serve as a figure for young women to aspire towards. As you once said, the eyes of a nation do indeed look to you and what greater symbol of wealth and prosperity would there be if you as their leader did not look the part?”

“I-I suppose you are right Professor,” Edelgard finally relented as she placed the small dress back over the seat. “It’s just that I have...well...I have never been so large before and I fear that I might yet grow larger still at this rate...”

“You are settling into a new role and with that comes new responsibilities. You have seen the consequences of conflicts over the most trivial of disputes. If further wars may be avoided at the cost of a few inches to your waistline, is that but a small price to pay in the long term?”

Edelgard simply nodded, which brought about the smallest hint of a double chin to form at the corner of her face.

“Very good, then we shall be off to the dutchess’ manor for another round of high tea and a trade agreement on beef...”

By the time the second month had rolled around, Edelgard had added another 60 or so pounds to her frame, bringing her to a grand total of 220. She had almost doubled in size and it greatly affected her new lifestyle. Where she had previously wanted to at least do things for herself, she reluctantly allowed me to summon a maid for her to at least help with cooking breakfast, tidying around her personal office as well as managing her laundry. Being the Empress of course, they always addressed her as such and ensured they wore spotless formal uniforms. Edelgard now started each morning with someone to wake her to the scent of a large breakfast.

“You’re eating too much again...”

I caught her chastising herself in front of the mirror.

“The professor might approve but where is your discipline, Edelgard? Where is your restraint?!”

The reflection staring back at her was entirely incongruous with her voice. It smiled mischievously as it shook her belly, grabbing and molding the double rolls which swallowed her fingers to the knuckles. It almost seemed to be playful as she pawed at her fatness, her face flushed with embarrassment and...something more...

“Oh you are a disgrace, aren’t you? Look at what you have become. All in the name of peace you convince yourself you do it for the nation and yet the only peace you wish for is a piece of cake to pass between your lips.”

A growl emanated from that berated belly. A harsh slap rang out through the empty chamber as she showed her belly her place.

“Hungry again? You have only just eaten! No wonder you’ve allowed yourself to get so big and in such a short span of time! How did such a disgrace rise to the position of ruler when she can barely keep her appetite in check, let alone her citizens...”

As much as I wished to stay for the entirety of her monologue, I knew dallying too long would be sure to rouse suspicion. I kept her verbal self-recriminations in mind as I arranged to have the coach brought around to continue onto our lunch.

Dinners however, were still our private time. It took a lot to keep her looking presentable throughout the day so we delegated more of the country’s duties so she could have time to make her appointments with the seamstress for further alterations. Once I had managed to convince her to leave her room, I brought her out for a night on the town. Everywhere we went she was met with cheers and adulation, with nary a sidelong glance or hint of gossip as to the great change which had come over the supreme leader. I had taken measures to ensure that she would be treated with the respect she deserved and the citizenry were more than willing to comply.

“A most wondrous night, don’t you agree?”

She spoke with a voice hazy with distant bliss as she emerged from the bedraggled bedsheets. Sex always made her feel hungry and I was already preparing her a meal in anticipation. The Empress smiled broadly as she arched the folds of her back along her quilt, batting her long lashes at me while she nibbled her upper lip in anticipation of what I had prepared.

I returned to the bedside and presented her with my tribute.

“A fruit and chocolate platter, as you requested.”

“Feed it to me, Professor,” Edelgard commanded, her rounded cheeks forming into a seductive pout. “I have expended far too much energy to do so myself.”

“As you wish.”

I returned to my place with my back against the headboard of her bed. Edelgard took her place in front of me, wedged between my legs which were splayed by the sheer volume of her thighs. Her long, platinum blonde hair cascaded against me as I angled my arms around her, prepared to deposit each chocolate covered strawberry between her luscious lips. The warmth of her breath as she lapped my fingers clean was magical, showing off little aspects of her newfound gluttony as she let not a single calorie escape.

Needless to say, she cleared the plate in a matter of minutes as she drummed her juice stained fingers against her flawless belly rolls.

“A throne fit for an Empress, wouldn’t you say?” she said, forcing her multiple back rolls against my lean stomach.

I tried my best to embrace her from behind, surprised to find my fingers barely locked against one another in my attempt to circumnavigate her widest point.

“Certainly fit for a queen, but not yet fit for the Empress of a nation.”

“We shall have to do something about that.”

It was about this time when Edelgard had also decided to give up drinking. Much to my surprise, she had pulled me aside to explain that she was not only getting heavier with food, but also heavier with a child. We celebrated with an extra serving and declared an impromptu national holiday.

“I am...afraid...”

Her words caught me off guard following the evening of celebration. Statecraft had allowed her to master the art of smiling when she least wanted to, yet she would always bare her true self before me. I sat by her bedside and held her hand.

“Why is that?”

“I-I am unsure of my fitness to be a mother.”

Edelgard unclasped her hands and drew them over her soft and pliable belly. She could feel life stirring within her which did indeed bring her some joy, but also filled her heart with trepidation. She began to tremble slowly, with an anguished look upon her face.

“Whatever shall I do, my teacher? Please, guide me...”

I rose from the bedside and began to pace in front of her. I had to admit, I had very little experience in comforting expecting mothers, let alone one who served as the Empress of a nation, but felt as though I had to try and impart something to ease her anxiety.

“But don’t you see? You are already quite fit for the task. You care deeply about your people and reflect that in how you also care for yourself. The hope of an heir has ignited belief in the longevity of your house and shall become the talk of the nation! This is something which we must embrace!”

“But what if I were to fail? As I grow heavy with child, I fear that my body shall only balloon further, possibly making me as large as an Imperial airship. What respect would I garner then?”

“The respect of an Empress who cherishes her body and lets that be known to the people. If you should decree it, I would happily add an agenda to double rations to all females of this land who wish to take part in a campaign to help repopulate our war torn nation, bringing the laughter and smiles of children to a new age where their parent’s suffering only exists in bed time stories.”

Edelgard looked at me with astonishment, not at all expecting my sudden show of bravado as I placed a booted foot upon her coffee table. The cakes upon it rattled on their fine china before I sat back down beside her.

“Well...if I’m not the only one...” said Edelgard as she allowed my words to sink in. “Then let us use our new found prosperity to replenish the populace!”

“As you wish, my Empress.”

The second month of pregnancy was also her third month of gaining weight. For her safety, I had put in orders to further minimize any stress or strain which she might undergo for the sake of the child now growing within her softened belly. Where the prospect frightened her at first to have even less to do than she already did, it wasn’t long before she had found new hobbies to occupy her time. One of which was deciding what she wanted to wear each day as she quickly discovered that the symbol of the Empress was almost as important as the decrees.

“Professor, come quickly! I have an emergency of the utmost importance!”

Now it was my turn to recoil in shock as I found the door to my study burst open with a mighty slam. Edelgard’s widening figure consumed the doorway, her face flushed red with embarrassment and effort as she heaved herself towards my desk. I returned my quill to its ink pot and folded my hands in contemplative anticipation as I knew all too well what was going to happen next.

“I have been wounded by some sort of invisible blade! You must help me find the culprit at once!”

“And where might this wound be?” I asked, arching an eyebrow while trying to conceal my amusement. “I would very much like to inspect it.”

Hesitation hung in the air as Edelgard felt the words catch in her throat. She glanced about the room furtively, ensuring that none were around and going so far as to lock the door behind us. Once satisfied with the outcome, only then did she disclose the location of her perceived wound.

“Here! Can you not see! I bare a scar yet have not been in training for months! I fear that dark magic is afoot.”

She undid her blouse and ceremoniously plopped her belly onto my table, allowing it to flow out and over the paperwork upon my desk. Soft, pale fat oozed to where it wanted to go, marred by a single purple stretch mark along its curvature. I removed my gloves in order to inspect it, causing her features to soften at the feel of my touch.

“My, this is a grievous wound indeed,” I announced, my voice filled with mocking concern. “Fortunately I know just how to handle this.”

I placed my lips upon her exposed gut, and planted a line of kisses across it. It hung heavy in my hands as I lifted it off the table, enjoying its heft as I continued to trail further upwards, past her enormous tear-shaped breasts, past her double chin and finally upon her plump lips.

Needless to say, no work was done that day by either of us.

Her next emergence into public saw her feasting with the knightly houses wearing a modified version of the outfit she had adorned herself with at the academy. Edelgard’s long white hair cascaded down her cardigan jacket with her leggings exchanged for a nice belted skirt and an open collar blouse. The whole combination barely fit her fleshy, shapely figure and by the end of the luncheon she had eaten so much that she could no longer button her jacket. We retreated to the carriage to take the button of her blouse off and pulled it over the top of her skirt in order to hide that the top most button could no longer stay secured.

Something about this seemed to excite her as she would request my presence in her bed chambers on an increasing basis. Try as I might to sate both the Empress’ upper and lower lips in kind, I found both become more and more ravenous as time went on. It was as though every pound she gained, every new inch she added to her waistline or new fold which developed seemed to make her yearn for my touch all the more. I did my duty of course, to reassure her and encourage her as best I could as she continued to tip, and then crush the scales.

The sun rarely touched her royal physique and consequently, her skin became even paler. It accentuated the deep purple of her eyes and her platinum blonde hair. She accentuated her more ornamental and sculptured hairstyles by growing out her nails, getting them done in more ornate fashion, suitable for a noblewoman of her stature but entirely impractical on the battlefield.

“These are indeed peaceful times...” Edelgard mused as we walked through the gardens outside of the palace. “I had never thought I should live to see them...”

“Do you yearn for battle?” I asked.

“No, not in the slightest. I yearn for another slice of lemon tart and perhaps something to wash it down with.”

“Then let us hurry back and I shall get you just that.”

“Thank you, my teacher,” She replied with her hands rested upon her belly. “We are always in your debt.”

By the third month of her pregnancy, Edelgard had completely embraced her new lifestyle as she had definitely started to show. This meant that she became even more sedentary and increased her maid service to every weekday morning which she extended right up to lunch. Rather than leave the castle, she would invite those who would want to speak to her chambers while serving the most fattening of snacks to both herself and her guests.

“Eating without a partner again, I see.”

Edelgard immediately dropped her fork out of surprise.

“P-professor! H-How long were you standing there?”

“Long enough, my dear Edelgard, do please continue.”

Reluctantly, she picked up her fork and resumed eating. She eyed me with all the guilt of a child caught with her hand in the cookie jar as she continued to ferry food to her mouth. I decided to offer her an out.

“Practicing for an upcoming meeting?”

“No,” Edelgard said, surprisingly. “Simply because I was hungry...again...”

Her honesty around her weight was...refreshing...to say the least.

“My teacher, I am ashamed to say that of the many lessons you have taught me...I fear that I may have unlearned that of self restraint...”

“Oh? And why would you say that?”

There was a clack of the fork on an empty plate. While still chewing the remnants of her hastily devoured meal, Edelgard rose and began to pace against the back wall of her chambers. Her broad hips swayed from side to side, giving me a good look at the rolls which had accumulated along her back and arms as she did her best to avoid direct eye contact.

“Lately, it feels as though I have...awakened something,” Edelgard continued. “In the last few days I must admit that I have started to eat beyond my body’s simple need to sate itself. This meal and many before it have been driven by a desire to fill myself to gluttonous excess and for that...I am ashamed...”

I drank in her new form, imagining just how much her body had continued to swell beneath her scarlet robes. I could see the conflict in her plump, pretty face as her old self battled to hold its ground underneath the weighty desires of the new. The Edelgard who never once had anything to truly call her own was finally at a point where she could deny herself no longer.

“What you are experiencing are known as ‘cravings’,” I said out loud. “Entirely normal parts of motherhood, I assure you and ones which will be sure to only grow as your appetite and that of the child within your belly continues to expand.”

She turned to me with a flurry, her dress whipping around her swollen ankles as she did.

“Really Professor,” she said almost giddily. “Then, am I not simply in error? Am I not a woman so swayed by her appetite alone?”

“Really,” I reassured her. “And even if you were, I would continue to serve you all the same, as would your people.”

I brandished another plate of delights I gathered from the pantry and watched her eyes light up despite her earlier concerns.

“A body fit for an Empress is one which shows the signs of feasting as she wishes, whenever she wishes and often to excess. It is one of the perks of motherhood as your subjects are sure to understand the heavy strain of ruling and nurturing new life in the process.”

I directed her back and watched her slide her broad hips back into her throne. I positioned myself as close as possible to her sturdy oak desk as I began to deliver forkfuls of those much needed nutrients towards her. Her lips pursed at first before opening slightly and then all the way as I fed her bite after delicious bite.

Many lunches soon came straight to her desk which were equally decadent as the cravings of motherhood took hold. Chocolate became a fast favorite of hers and would often be served as an additional form of dessert. Moving around also became more challenge, one which she avoided by asking both servants as well as myself to get what she needed or even to assist her with rising from her chair. This formerly fit paragon of combat prowess now weighed in at a whopping 280 pounds and wore leggings which she classed as ‘empress sized’

“Motherhood and my regular duties...are certainly taking their toll. My teacher, could you please bring me another chocolate slice? Or enter yet, please send up an entire cake. I so desperately wish to sate myself today.”

Food became an addiction for Edelgard. My kindly attempts to help her clear her plate each and every time were soon in demand and by unofficial and private royal decree. She was growing bold as well as growing fat, almost possessed by a desire to expand herself further in lieu of expanding her territory beyond our shores. I could hear the very throne beneath her groan mightily as she shifted her weight upon it, absentmindedly tugging at her ever shortening skirt which struggled to contain her meaty legs. Thighs as thick as tree trunks lost the ability to cross themselves, forcing her feet flat on the floor as she urged me to continue to fill her up.

“I don’t know what’s wrong with me today,” Edelgard moaned between bites. “I’m just so hungry, I can’t even think straight.”

“I warned you this would happen,” I said slyly before presenting her with another silver domed dish. “Fortunately, I have come prepared.”

Edelgard looked the offering over and sighed as her hands instinctively drifted over the great dome of her belly. Now it was my turn to be surprised.

“It shall have to do as a snack I suppose. Do be sure to bring dinner up to my chambers again and tell the chefs I would like to eat somewhat early today...”

She had embraced her gluttony far sooner than I had ever imagined.

Without even paying any heed, Edelgard had quickly slipped into pure obesity. She had difficulty getting around as most of her weight had quickly accumulated at her posterior while everything else settled at her now enormous belly. The Empress was now far more than double her original weight and her legs could feel the change during the short instances she was up and about. She had appointed a new royal courtier for herself to ensure she was always appropriately clothed with a variety of outfits to compliment her increasingly bell-shaped figure. There was never a moment when she wasn’t eating or drinking something now as she oversaw the overall course of the nation as it headed towards a golden age of peace.

One tradition she was eager to revive was that of the millennium festival. It was a special night for us, one which was rudely disrupted by the escalating war all those years ago which she now sought to get right. I was surprised to find she had fulfilled her oath to me as she had ascended the tower at 335 pounds, heavy with child and bountiful with blubber in all the right places. Climbing the stone steps at her size was an impossibility of course and she had instead arranged for several mages to focus on levitating her to her desired location where she awaited me with a picnic basket filled with all her favorite treats.

“Ah, Professor...,” She huffed, her flabby cheeks reddened with effort. “Please...*Huff*...sit with me so that we may enjoy the festivities...in private...”

It took a few good minutes for her to catch her breath as I offered her my shoulder to hasten the process. The weight of her body felt immense upon my back as her expanded chest flowed over my arm as though threatening to engulf and smother it. Once revived, Edelgard spoke with a confidence now befitting royalty of her stature, commanding me with just a touch of added feminine grace to lay out the spread before us as we watched the fireworks. Even just standing up seemed to be such an effort for her as she gently lowered herself to a table cloth laid across the stony floor as I watched the buttons straining on her blouse from the surge of her tummy which pressed against them. She was practically panting as she caressed the roundness of her protruding stomach, excited for me to unbundle the treats.

“I’m eating for two now and it is important that I give birth to a healthy heir. I must admit...I never thought I would enjoy the prospect of motherhood quite this much!”

Naturally, we agreed on further reducing her duties, particularly her travel time away from the capital over the coming months. More maids were added to her full time service so that she wouldn’t have to lift a finger for even the most basic activities.

“I had a bell installed at your bedside,” I explained as I demonstrated the mechanism. “Ring this and it will go straight to the kitchens who are ready to serve you at any time.”

“I do know how to use a bell,” Edelgard laughed as she gave it a playful tug. “Shall we see what happens next?”

Fairly soon, there was hardly a moment when a flurry of maids weren’t in and out of her chambers, bringing in new plates and carrying away the empty. Fattening up the Empress had become almost a factory-like procession with shifts and schedules put into place to keep up with her near endless demands.

I had overheard one of the many cogs of this great machine bemoaning to another about how spoiled and lazy they had felt Edelgard had gotten. I listened to them gossip about how the once fit and formerly well proportioned Empress had devolved into a mass of cellulite and stretch marks. They weren’t wrong of course, given how hard they were to miss.

Edelgard’s once flawless body had become a playground of ‘imperfections’. Where fat once strained and bulged, it was clear to everyone just how much of her was starting to succumb to gravity. Her proud breasts hung like quivering jelly filled sacks supported by straining bras, her belly rolls were multiplicate and billowed about her like an apron of lard. Her thighs were no longer visible from the front but were more than ample enough from behind as the maids debated the possibility of balancing a serving tray off of that mighty cellulite ridden shelf which quivered and wobbled with each ponderous step.

I smiled to myself as I realized that women all over the country would be having conversations such as this, spreading her name and reputation far and wide as the tales of her bottomless stomach and unceasing excess continued to spread and become more exaggerated with each

recount. Fatter and lazier would become something the nobility embodied, a new goal upon which classes could base their social status on. After all, what household couldn't afford a wife with a proper double chin at least?

A tinkling from that tiny bell might as well have been a booming echo as their conversation was cut short. I watched as they hurried back to tend to the whims of their mistress, entirely unaware of just how wide their own buttocks were getting as they scuttled away.

Empress Edelgard the Wide would be a household name for many generations to come...

By the next month, Edelgard was eating and drinking at almost all hours of the day. She started waking up later, with her first maid coming in at 6AM to prepare her breakfast which was promptly served at 8. A tray full of greasy eggs, bacon, sausages, sugar doughnuts, toast with butter, pancakes and a full cream coffee were just the start. I had insisted on the maid cutting each part up into small bites which were forked into the Empress' greedy mouth so that she would not need to expend more than the bare minimum of energy needed.

The springs of her bed groaned their dismay as the Empress shifted her weight with much effort. So round had she become at this point that pretty much every piece of furniture would do the same if she so much as cast her wide shadow in their direction. Ordering steel reinforcement and disguising the sound of splintering wood soon became a skill she would pick up across multiple delegations until she eventually decided to conduct much of her non-essential business from the comfort of her bed.

And so a new routine began.

After her large breakfast in bed, she would then be assisted to the bathroom where she would be cleaned and prepared for the day. Edelgard was bathed and dried, followed by another maid assisting with helping get her undergarments on. Her panties, bra and stockings were all now at a most impressive size and it was quickly becoming a two person job to get them all on. Once that was done, she would be seated at a large dressing table with an expanded mirror to have her makeup and hair done, befitting of her royal status. As she grew larger, I noticed her taste in jewelry also became more elaborate and ornate to match her robes. Where her younger self would have recoiled at the idea of so much finery, her current self quickly understood the difficulties of keeping her ever expanding body in a state of appropriate dress and appreciated the warmth and cover which fine furs could provide. They also had extra pockets within which she could store extra snacks as she took a private carriage even across the shortest distances.

The longest walk of the day was always from the castle entrance to her office, which caused her to huff and puff all the way. More staff were there to take her multiple coats, replenish her snacks and brief her of the morning's events until she finally collapsed on her new, more comfortable throne. If it rained, the procession of servants came to meet her the moment she

stepped out of her carriage to wait on her hand and foot from the start. Every button which adorned her, every zipper and every strand of cloth seemed to strain from the abundance which the Empress was quickly growing accustomed to.

The bedroom was no different. Edelgard's nightly routine was becoming more and more elaborate as she was primped and preened at almost all hours. I had suspected much of this was due in part to her difficulty sleeping on her back as the weight of her body caused her to sink ever deeper into the mattress. She told me as such when she awoke; expressing rather peculiar dreams of herself feeling encased in her ever growing body, prepared like a ceremonial sacrifice ready to be entombed in a soft and pliable temple of her own obesity. The vivid dreams of growing so large that she became unable to move were so real that she sometimes awoke with a fright, as well as a hunger beyond compare that she could hardly get back to sleep.

"And when I uncovered the priestess' face I saw that she was...myself...but somewhat larger," she confessed as she munched through an emergency midnight snack. "A prophecy perhaps? Oh Professor, it was ever so frightening...and felt so real..."

I had not heard much about the curse she had spoken of so many months before but in thinking of Rhea's final words, I could dismiss them no longer. Even with my efforts to demonstrate what it meant to be royalty to Foldan's new Empress, Edelgard has grown far faster and larger than anyone could have anticipated.

An appetite for motherhood, an appetite for power, an appetite for more on the whole were all elements which Rhea herself had stood for and I would not have her taint upon my Edelgard.

Like all appetites of course, it was merely a matter of sating them no matter how large they grew. I would have to set about finding a panacea to her woes immediately and further enforce the joys of eating rather than as a means to curb her anxieties.

I consulted the apothecaries as well as the mansion's many chefs until we had arranged for a concoction suitable enough to safely sedate the pregnant Empress. Untested magic was entirely out of the question as we opted for a more natural approach. A blend of dark chocolate, heavy cream, roasted almonds and berries with a mildly sedating property soon became her favorite nightcap, ensuring that her mind was empty and her stomach was full in order to finally sleep. I would stay by her side as she mumbled the occasional audible sentence about being far too full one moment and asking for more the next until the candle at her bedside finally went out.

A couple more months of doing this naturally saw a surge in her growth as Edelgard grew fatter and fatter by the day. By the 7th month of her pregnancy, she was quickly closing in on 500 pounds and was preparing to shoot by it just as fast. She now had three maids helping her with her morning tasks and another to continuously supply her with snacks up to lunch time. When she wasn't barking orders and requesting updates and status reports, she was sending pretty much anyone she could find to fetch her something fattening to push between her plump lips. Lunch just became a bigger, more formal version of this where she sometimes got her hair,

makeup and dress stitched up wherever it had burst or torn which had become a daily occurrence.

“The royal physicians have requested to examine your condition.”

“Tell them to...*munch*...return later...*chew*...I am quite occupied...*chew*...right now...”

Against my better judgment I took the plate which she was sampling away from her, causing her to almost reflexively stare daggers at me. After realizing what she had done on instinct, her features softened as a sense of shame she had not felt for quite some time set back in

“I’m sorry my Empress, but I must insist on their behalf. I assure you that there will be plenty more upon your return.”

“Oh...if I must...”

The physicians were thorough and did many tests upon their Empress. As expected for a woman her size, she performed surprisingly well which yielded the final results.

Height: 5’ 2”

Weight: 530 pounds

Blood pressure: Elevated for a woman 24 years of age

Flexibility: When standing can barely reach over her own belly

Addictions: Chocolate

Body fat: Far beyond normal levels

Number of laps around the yard completed: Unable to be assessed on pain of being forced to run those laps with the Empress riding upon my shoulders.

Measurements: Unable to be completed due to technical limitations.

Mana: All but spent maintaining her mobility

Conclusion: A healthy progression of pregnancy, in spite of a significant and alarming amount of weight gained. The Empress is overweight and out of shape and would be entirely unfit for military service. Recommended actions-

“The rest of the note has been scribbled out,” I noted as Edelgard returned to her newly restocked buffet.

“A pity that,” she mused. “The important part is that my child and I have received a clean bill of health.”

I watched with eager anticipation as her belly grew rounder and fuller, gradually engulfing her once hourglass figure alongside her burgeoning hips. Edelgard seemed all too thrilled at the prospect of a custom throne being made just for her, following the untimely demise of her previous one and seemed ever eager to impart knowledge of her current pregnancy to all who would listen. Regents, envoys, diplomats and the like were all subject to hours of listening to her cravings for various things, designs for her child’s room, names and toys which she would purchase all while she stuffed herself to bursting point. I made it my personal duty to see her returned back to her chambers at the end of each day for some intimate time along with evening snacks.

The day was fast approaching as she reached her 8th month of pregnancy. We filled it with a wonderful weekend of food, drink and pleasure. We took a carriage to the capital’s finest steakhouse as a kind of early celebration. Edelgard was dressed in a custom fiery red, low cut, sleeveless cocktail dress adorned with all manner of finery. A brand new fur coat which she had purchased adorned her broad shoulders and framed her elaborately styled hair and make up which had both been done to the extreme. Naturally, she turned heads as she entered with her enormous belly jutting out in front of her and her titanic hips swaying with every step as the wait staff rushed to grab no less than three chairs for her to sit upon.

There was no waiting for a menu or for dinner to arrive of course as I had ensured she had the largest steak on the menu served along with all the other fixings and no less than five courses of dessert. Watching her eat was a sight to behold as she did so with a grace and efficiency befitting her stature as she ensured no calories would escape her hungry maw. I took her to the lounge next where we danced to a private band which she could barely make it through before she was again red and sweaty from the effort. It only seemed the larger she got, the more pregnancy hormones which flooded her body, the more lustful and hungry she became. Needless to say, we spent the following day in bed with every kind of food rushed to her private chambers as she consumed every last bite.

Edelgard was ravenous at the best of times as her weight continued to skyrocket. As a further pending celebration, we invited all of the members of the Black Eagles to the castle for a most luxurious feast. Much of the night was spent with Edelgard as the center of attention, happily discussing motherhood with the other ladies lucky enough to be blessed with the same gravid figures while the men continued to steal the occasional glances at her exceedingly well endowed assets.

That wasn’t to say that a good chunk of our former female squad had not also decided to follow in the Empress’ flabby footsteps. Bernadette and Dorothea in particular seemed to have been great advocates of my earlier campaign and had taken the decree upon themselves to bulk up considerably. Sitting either side of Edelgard, they may have been seen as sisters as they shared

in the feasting as well as discussions around their eating exploits. Both girls made it a point to 'catch up' for a big lunch some time in the near future.

After arriving and greeting all of her guests, Edelgard excused herself to her bedroom only to emerge a few moments later wearing the fanciest, flashiest and most form fitting maternity gown ever conceived. Scarlet with gold trim adorned her enormous breasts which rode high upon her huge belly and even larger love handles. Her hips were a dreamy ocean of rippled cellulite which hung in rolls all the way down to her ankles. With a click of her pudgy fingers, she could summon maids to adjust her throne to wherever she wanted it facing as she addressed each of her guests personally while eating and drinking continuously the entire time.

A few of the more health-conscious members of the Black Eagles had attempted to talk the Empress back into exercising. They urged her to strike the same poses like she used to as commander of the army, hoping that she would regain her strength if she felt the grip of her favorite weapon. Not wanting to displease her guests, Edelgard sighed as she was heaved out of her chair where she was given her trusty axe to hold. Where her younger, and fitter self could have easily wielded her old blade like it was nothing, the significantly more throne-bound Edelgard could barely hold it more than a few inches above the ground with trembling fingers. Eventually she started to gasp and wheeze with the effort, before collapsing back into her soft throne, calming herself with a few more sweet drinks and a slice of cake to boot.

It was clear that she had overdone it even from that.

The celebration lasted a little while longer before she excused herself from the party, thanking everyone for their attendance. The rumors about the weight and size of the Empress would become exaggerated rumors throughout the surrounding region for a while.

"It is time for us to visit the neighboring island states," I reminded her. "Dimitri may be gone, but Claude could still prove a valuable ally if we have his support."

Edelgard gasped through a mouthful of cookies.

"Oh that does take me back...I would like to bury the hatchet and consolidate all of Foldan's power if I could. He has not seen me since we put him into exile all those years ago and I am sure he will have something to say about my new look...He always was one to speak his mind after all..."

Traveling at such a tremendous size was certainly no easy task. Being so close to term, Edelgard was practically eating every leg of the journey in a carriage supported by several wyverns. Dolled up to the nines, she wore the most regal outfit that could still adorn her, consisting of a large pleated skirt, a white open collared blouse and a red overcoat which cascaded over the enormous shelf of her ass and steel wired undergarments. Leaving the safety of the Empire and entering neutral territory was still risky and her body being how it was did paint an enormous target.

When we arrived, we discovered that Claude had built himself up a modest but comfortable lifestyle off the coast where he and the remaining members of House Golden Deer had chosen to remain in exile. A sizable mansion built upon an orchard where he personally tended the land, Edelgard's former rival for the continent was almost in shock at the sight of her as she alighted from her carriage.

"Well, aren't you going to let us in? My knees are getting tired from just standing..."

The war was long since over and Claude had at least enough sense about him to do as his Empress commanded. I could see that his eyes burned with questions about her size and how she had wound up that way but Edelgard had chosen to decline to answer him. She made her way into his compound where the other former members of Golden Deer stood in equally shocked silence.

Diplomatic discussions were soon underway as Edelgard got straight to the point of her visit. She wanted to invite her former schoolmates back into her new empire's governmental infrastructure, effectively releasing them from their exile to consolidate their kingdoms once more. Though Dimitri was long since gone, she was sure that they had some connections to the surviving members of the Blue Lions as she extended a flabby hand out to them as well. True peace could finally be established if they put their differences aside and looked to a brighter future together.

Claude, as expected, was outright amused by Edelgard's new appearance. Watching the once slim and poised girl now struggle so much as to waddle a few steps was almost comical to him but he was quick to abide by her wishes to keep her plate full as she laid out her plans. As she spoke, he could see that she had changed both externally and internally and had the nation's best interests at heart. Their politics was punctuated with periods of small talk including when she was expecting, how many children she wanted in total and a morbid fascination with trying to compare her flabby upper arms and legs to various fruits and animals which grew on the island which had become his frame of reference.

Trade and land agreements were soon established as the former Golden Deer students would become a satellite state unto themselves which better served the good of the Empire. Borders were drawn up with a tithe of crops and produce delivered straight to the kingdom with an amount set aside for Edelgard's personal consumption. In return, Claude only requested a personal discussion with myself which later turned out to be a more detailed interrogation as to how I had managed to get Edelgard so large as well as any tips I might be able to share were he to pursue a woman of size for himself. This was a state secret that I was more than willing to share in the name of peace.



I decided to immortalize Edelgard at her largest by requesting a family portrait.

This would be no ordinary painting session of course as the artists struggled to capture her likeness as fast as possible before their Empress could put on even more weight. Lazy and spoiled beyond reason, Edelgard had opted to recline for the entire duration of her painting as standing even a second longer on her swollen feet was clearly out of the question.

Maids hurried back and forth across the studio floor to ensure that she had as many snacks and drinks as possible. Edelgard would only get up (with my help along with at least one other maid) to relieve herself before returning back to the pile of cushions which had become her body. Her melon sized, pillowy arms served as the perfect headrest as we lazily discussed what would be for dinner rather than embroiling ourselves in any matters of state.

She took her meals where she lay, loosening her skirt and blouse every so often by a couple of notches much to the painter's chagrin. Edelgard's face was flushed from all the eating as she was barely able to maintain conversation, forcing the artist to add yet another shade to his living masterpiece.

The true test came on the day she came in with a brand new fur coat, each flabby finger bedecked in new jewelry along with a hefty diamond necklace which hung at the great valley of her cleavage.

“You will update this portrait to how I feel. Update all of it to display my grandeur and show the elegance of a mother to be. If the nation is to see me, I shall give them something to imprint in the history books so all might look upon their mighty Empress with the reverence she deserves.”

I could see the artist’s soul leave his body as he took down his canvas and started over once more. The Empress merely scoffed as a team of maids descended with chocolates, nectar and another pillow to prop up her royal belly as it sagged over the edge of the rapidly shrinking couch.

There would be no half measures, especially when it came to filling her plate.

When the day of the birth came, we had all the finest healers in attendance. I was beside myself with worry as they took the Empress away as was much of the empire who waited for the outcome with bated breath. None had ever treated a woman as large as she was and the stakes for any complications were far more dire if they were to fail. Fortunately, after several long hours, they returned with the Empress alongside her first born daughter who lay asleep in the crux of her enormous arms.

It has been a few years since then.

Princess Blythe is turning two this year and Empress Edelgard is expecting her second child soon. Her weight has only continued to climb as she reached ever closer to nearly three quarters of a ton. She mostly sits upon her throne now, calmly knitting new outfits for her children while delegating tasks for me to do to ensure the Empire continues to run smoothly.

“My teacher, I do believe I understand now,” Edelgard spoke as she ate chocolates by the handful. “What Rhea had meant to say all those years ago...”

“What is it that you understand?”

“I believe that she had ascertained that I was still so inexperienced and desired only to do things myself that I could never have taken control unless I was willing to grow into the role.”

I mused on the way she had said that last part. How fitting her choice of words would be as I pulled out from behind my back, her old school uniform when she was still 1/6th her current size.

“Oh please do get rid of that gaudy outfit. It is nice to reminisce but it is not like I intend on working out anytime soon. In fact, please do away with my entire wardrobe as it no longer fits me. I have only grown larger still and do not have the time nor energy to spend on such things as military drills. Between my designated meal times and spending time with my daughter, I shall dedicate myself to becoming a more worthy mother to this Empire of ours and serve as a symbol that unites our people beneath my care.”

“All well and good, my Empress,” I acknowledged with a bow. “How shall I best ensure your will be done?”

Edelgard paused as she contemplated her flabby, pregnant belly. She put aside her knitting needles as she felt its fullness, the heft and weight which overflowed her enormous thighs which spanned at least three times her shoulder width across. Her rotund legs shook from even the slightest jostle as she pensively shifted in her seat.

I waited with bated breath as the wobbling of her body came to a slow ripple before finally ceasing as she made up her mind.

“How about a snack to start? Anything sweet right now would be fine...”
