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Long ago, in the kingdom of Galore, King Gordon and his Queen Gabriella reigned over a prosperous land befitting the name of their kingdom—the land was green, their people grateful, and the bounty of their land was great.

The days of the war that had devastated the surrounding countries were but distant memories to those old enough to remember it, the King himself had lived twice his age over since then, and two generations of prosperity had helped to heal the wounds that divided most of their lands and people.

Where once there was turmoil, now there was peace.

Where once was need, now there was only want.

Where once there was struggle, now there was flourish.

And though you would be hard pressed to find a King more fit to rule than Gordon, house of Godfrey, even he would admit that perhaps he had created *too* easy of a life for his people. Worse yet, for his successors…

Heir to the galloping fields of Galore, there were two sisters—the king had sired only girls, and had been debating on which was to inherit the crown.

The logical choice, as dictated by tradition, was to name Glory as his successor. She was the older of Gordon’s two daughters by three years. In the prime of her life, halfway between her second decade and the third, she was just as fit to rule as she had ever been; that is to say, she was just as qualified now as she had been when she was a child.

Born during the final years of the war in which her father had fought in, Glory’s conception had been taken as a sign of good fortune and provided incentive for him and the rest of the rebellion to push through the tyranny of the Old King and she had been named appropriately. Lavished upon as a sort of miracle child from every end, all of Gordon’s generals and wartime comrades had hailed her as the Golden Child of Godfrey. Famous for not only being a princess, but also as a national symbol of good luck to her people, Glory would grow from an indulged but sweet child with her father’s temper to a rowdy teenager with a rebellious streak, until finally settling into a fittingly spoiled princess with a penchant for both getting into and out of trouble with the townspeople to fill her days.

It is fitting, then, that the feature for which Glory was most well-known for was not her beautiful face, her beautiful golden hair, or even her ample bust. Instead, Glory had made a name for herself for her venomous tongue. Beneath the chiseled, almost artistically designed features of her button nose or her big doe eyes was a bitter with that worked wonders at pointing out the foibles of others while remaining blind to her own shortcomings—what few anyone would dare acknowledge in her presence.

Surprisingly, her sister Grace was her opposite in many of those same regards. She acted as the “safer” choice in this predicament, though not in a particularly inspiring way. Having come some years after and living with a bombastic sister had taught her to stay quiet. Where Glory was troublesome and rude, Grace had always been appropriately (perhaps overly) polite to mostly everyone around her. Though they both were indulged in the same sorts of luxury that had lead to Glory’s privileged outlook and expectations, Grace had never taken much for granted. She had never made much of *anything* for herself. Which was something of a problem when being considered for royalty.

You see, while Glory was troublesome and rude and loud, people would still follow her. She had a way about her that commanded respect. Grace, the younger and more shy, did not. Even when Glory made a fool out of herself and had to cry for her father to help, she was still *interacting* with the townspeople and the outside world. Grace might have been far less of a toxic person, but she spent her time locked away in the castle’s libraries. She loved to read and was quite intelligent, but Queens were not crowned merely for a voracious appetite for literature.

It was a confidence issue—everyone knew it. Grace and Glory looked far too much alike for the former to have considered herself ugly. Even if she had been only half as beautiful as her sister, that would have still made her easily one of the most beautiful women in the kingdom. Sure her hair was darker, her skin paler, and her physique more wiry. But there was a certain elegance to the younger princess that simply wasn’t found in her brash, louder sister Glory.

If King Gordon had been able to put the two together somehow, if he had been able to combine the traits of both women into one daughter, they might have made the perfect Queen.

But between them, he would have had an easier time cutting his crown in half than he would have deciding which of his two daughters would have been a better fit to inherit his kingdom and titles. All the while running a country, no less. The crown weighed heavily on King Gordon in ways that only those closest to him realized.

But while he was busy trying to run a kingdom, the lives of his subjects and his daughters continued on.

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Venturing outside the castle walls was such a common thing to do for Glory that she was surprised that the guards bothered to do it anymore. She hadn’t spent a full month inside the castle since she had bows in her hair, and she knew all the comings and goings, the secret passageways and dead-end tunnels better than the guards themselves.

But the woods was another story.

One of the many places that she ventured throughout her days of shirking the responsibilities of a princess was the small shrine in the wooded area just outside of the castle walls. When she and Grace had been younger, they would play there. When she was a teenager, she had enjoyed several first kisses there. And not long after, she began to enjoy the occasional roll in the hay amongst the mossy ruins.

But on this fateful day, she was merely *there*—enjoying the one area that she felt was only hers.

The birds were chirping, the forest alive with wildlife, and there was a beautiful princess with long straw-colored hair, brushing at her shimmering locks while she sat on a stone bench that was far older than her father’s father’s father. It was very much her sanctuary—a home away from home that only she and a handful of others knew about. Not even her father was privy to the knowledge of his daughter’s secret hiding spot.

So one could imagine her surprise when someone revealed themselves to her.

“My my, aren’t you a pretty one?”

A shriveled old voice spoke from behind her, sharp and haggard against the gentle tweets and trilling of the wildlife outside the clearing. Glory whipped around to see a woman just as shriveled and old as she sounded; hunched and leathery, with roughspun hands and a roadmap face. Her large, hooked nose was warted thrice over as it jutted out noticeably from beneath an uncombed mop of silver hair.

And of course, the first thing that came to Glory’s mind was what she said aloud. Why shouldn’t it have been?

“I half-expected you to be blind, looking the way that you do.” She said with a warm venom, “But clearly, you’ve got at least one good eye.”

“All the better to see you as you are, my dear.” The old woman laughed as she shambled forward, “M-May I sit next to you? My bones are old and tired. I could use a rest.”

“The crypt is just a bit further into town—I’m sure you’ll want to crawl back into the grave you’ve emerged from.” Glory raised the handheld mirror back to eye level with one hand as she resumed combing with the other, “How did you manage to shamble all the way out here, anyway?”

“Ohh… these ruins are old, my dear.” The old woman warbled, stepping closer still, “Older than Galore, that much is for sure.”

“Younger than you, I’m guessing.”

“Please, a sit?”

“There are toppled stones everywhere, Grandmother.” Glory scoffed, “Sit wherever you like. Just… not in my mirror.”

A pregnant pause loomed between them as Glory did her best to ignore the strange old woman who had wandered into the woods one day, all the while feeling the hairs on the back of her neck stand on end. Spiteful, yes. Hateful, sometimes. But stupidity was not something that Glory of House Godfrey had ever been—and sitting in the presence of this strange old woman was making her incredibly uncomfortable.

Perhaps understanding this will illuminate why she chose to act the way that she did on that fateful day.

“Can you hear me?” she asked aloud, more vicious now that her spiteful tolerance had evolved to frustration, “Do you know who I am? What year it is?”

“I know that you are a princess of King Gordon—the Golden Child of Galore.”

“Good. Then you know that there are literally dozens of guards within screaming distance.” She threatened, “As much as I don’t want to give up my secret spot, I don’t much care for you, Grandmother."

"You are a symbol of your people’s prosperity, are you not?” the old woman continued, unaffected by Glory’s idle threats, “Why then, are you so cruel to those who do not have when you have so much?”

“Because the sky is fucking blue—who in Seven Hells cares?”

“I think that it is because, despite your outward beauty, you—”

“What are you even *talking* about? Just leave me alone, alright? I come here for privacy, not so that I can be sized up by some old crone who wandered out some ancient barrow!”

Another pause. One that seemed to drag on for forever. Certainly long enough for Glory to regret speaking to this enigmatic old woman in such a way that made her, though not *visibly* upset, seemed to poison the very air around her.

“I-I’m warning you!” Glory’s voice trembled for the first time in many years as genuine fear crept into her throat, “M-My father’s men are just a ways away. I-I told them all that I was coming here! They all know where I am, and I’m a *very* important woman!”

The old woman glowered ahead of her, her slow shambling resuming.

“I… I’m worth twenty times my weight in gold—I-I could… arrange for someone to walk you back to town, if you’d like?”

“Twenty times your weight?” the old woman said in a voice that both was and wasn’t the one that had sucked the sound from the forest and the chirps from the birds, “I suppose that would do.”

“D… Do what?”

“Vanity is vanity—I was *going* to rob your youth from you.” The old woman’s hunch lessened as she stood taller, taller, and taller still, “If you *are* worth twenty times your weight, my dear, then let’s see to it that your father becomes a very, very rich man…”

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“And that’s how my sister here got cursed.”

Thora’s eyes were as wide as saucers as she leaned closer to the fire. A riveting tale to be sure, but not one that she entirely believed. Either way, it made for a riveting campfire story.

“…are you *sure* she isn’t just lazy?”

“How dare you!” Glory’s disapproval rippled in her jowls and second chin, “I am not *lazy*! I’ve just doubled my weight since the beginning of the season—it’s *hard* moving around when you’re this big! Tell her, Gracie!”

“It is, unfortunately, true.” Grace sighed, “My sister really is so stupid that she didn’t realize that she was talking to a witch until it was too late.”

The two other women shared a good-natured laugh at Glory’s expense, much to the big blonde’s chagrin. Glory’s fat face frowned, her double chin creasing deeply as she crossed her meaty arms across each other over her heavy chest. The great wooden bench beneath her was strong enough to support the burliest barbarian, but her belly still rested between her legs and billowing out into her lap—barreling towards the table as if it were demanding to be fed.

“Well, between you and me, I don’t know much about witches, but I can’t exactly say no to a few extra gold. If you need someone who knows the lands, I’m more than happy to provide my services.”

“That’s *so* great to hear.” Grace smiled earnestly as she took Thora’s rough brown hands in her own, “I’ll make sure that you’re paid handsomely for your expertise. Glory and I can’t thank you enough for offering to be our guide. Isn’t that right, Glory?”

“I’m not thanking anyone if she’s just going to make fun of me the whole way over.”

“Oh don’t be such a baby.” Grace huffed, “She’s the best hope that we have to cure you—it isn’t *her fault* that you don’t know how to talk to strangers.”

“Rest assured, I’m *very* good at talking to strangers.” Thora laughed, putting her hands on her hips as she puffed out her chest, “And with me by your side, there won’t be a bandit or highwayman that I won’t be able to take care of for you—one way, or the other.”

While Grace and Thora talked, Glory could only sink lower into her depression. Here there was, another fit and lithe body—this time someone who was *muscular* on top of being reasonably pretty—that was going to make her feel like an absolute heifer. Since she had been cursed to gain a pound a day, she’d almost doubled in size before anyone had been able to figure out what had happened. She was easily one of the fattest women that she had ever seen (at least with her own two eyes) and was only going to get heavier as they continued this journey across the continent…

And now she had to deal with the fact that not only was her younger sister going to be hauling her around, but also that this strapping, (reasonably) attractive would-be squire was going to be there making her look even *fatter* by comparison?

Ugh.

Though her excess and ample amounts of pudge had not come from overeating, the curse *had* made her more prone to overeating. Every extra pound made her stomach that much greedier. But it was times like this that really helped her to fall into the sort of comfort-eating that her figure might suggest…

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And so, this is how their story begins.

Two sisters on a quest to cure the eldest between them as she is cursed to steadily gain weight—both princesses, sheltered in their own respective ways—with nothing more than a traveling adventurer by their side.

As their journey goes on, it will become more treacherous as each footfall weighs heavier on them. With every passing day, their journey will get incrementally more difficult. As the figurative and literal burden of Glory’s weight becomes more prominent, they will be forced to adapt, improvise, and overcome great odds that—

“This fucking *saddle* is making me *chafe!*”

“Gods in Heaven…”

If it weren’t obvious, Glory hadn’t ridden a horse in several years and at least a hundred and twenty pounds. Her fat thighs held out at an awkward angle while her fat ass pushed her further forward than she was used to riding. Her fat fingers gripped the reigns while every inch of her fatted physique jiggled with the clip clops of the horse beneath her, two hundred and fifty pounds of princess resting heavily on top of the beleaguered beast like the most pampered hat in existence.

“Stop clenching your thighs so much then!”

Grace, by no means an advanced equestrian, was at least more acquainted with the animals that had been provided to them by their father. Even Thora, who hadn’t *legally* owned a horse in some years was doing better than the woefully out of shape princess. The humiliating struggle that Glory had doing much of anything was made that much worse by the fact that Grace handled everything with… well… a surprising amount of grace.

“Can we *switch or something?!”* Glory whined, “Thora, your horse is skinnier than mine.”

“…and you would punish the poor thing for that?” the scrappy gal ventured in jest, “We’ll get you some stirrups along the way—that’ll help keep your legs resting naturally. You’re trying to wrap your legs around the body when you should just sort of let them sit.”

This would be a long, perilous journey of many months. All three of them knew that. Glory was going to get much bigger before she was going to get smaller. And trekking across the country was going to get more perilous by the pound.

But at the same time, Grace couldn’t just leave her sister to her fate. Expanding, day by day, until she would fill her room back at the castle. The witch’s magic said that only someone who truly loved her could make such a journey and hope to break the spell—and despite her reputation and proclivities, Grace felt that she really was the only one who could make this trip with her.

Besides, with her smarts, she might at least be able to keep her sister from making things any worse than they already are. And hiring Thora seemed to be a good first step in the right direction.

And so they rode off into the sunrise, ready to begin the long trip that would eventually (hopefully) lead to Glory returning to her former namesake.

And not a one of them among the three had any idea just how strange this journey was going to get by the time it was finished—or just how hard it would get as Glory only got bigger, and bigger, and bigger still…