

The Princess and The Blacksmith

By Haxcall

“And now, I present to Princess Claire!” The king shouted to the crowd gathered outside the castle.

The large princess walked up to the balcony and waved happily at the gathered crowd, the first time her people had seen her in over ten years.

The princess had been away for over a decade, being fostered in a neighboring kingdom. Stories of her grace and diplomatic skill had spread throughout the land and she had become of pride and joy of the Sagin Kingdom. She also had become known for her heavyset figure, giving her the appearance of a jolly and matronly figure.

Among the crowd was a young man named Darius, a blacksmith in the employ of the royal family and former childhood friend.

During their youth, the two would play together around the castle before she was sent away. He remembered her dragging him into all sorts of misadventures and how she used to rather crass and immature, disgusting her etiquette coach and other noble girls by belching and passing gas in their presence. However, while the crown princess's antics and her friendship with him was tolerated while they were children, she was now a fully grown, widely famous member of the royal family. He knew that he wouldn't be allowed to be anywhere near her. He doubted that she even remembered him after all this time.

What's more, Claire's parents were now looking for a nobleman to give their daughter's hand to. They didn't need her seen interacting with some peasant and having nasty rumors about her spread far and wide. He himself was looking for a wife at the moment, but despite having a good job and a great body he had yet to find a woman interested in him. As he looked at the princess, he remarked to himself that he wouldn't mind having a hefty woman as a bride.

As the celebration ended and the crowds dispersed, Darius returned to his smithy near the castle grounds. As he worked on making swords and arrowheads, his hammer broke and he had to go across the palace to get another from a storeroom. As he walked, he was surprised as Princess Claire walked unattended through the halls, the other servants quickly bowing and curtsying as she passed them

Now that she was so close to him, Darius could see just how much she'd grown over the years. She was almost as tall as he was and nearly three, maybe even four times his weight. Unlike many other noblewomen, Claire wore a dress that that proudly showed off her deep cleavage and accentuated her massive bust. Her hips and hindquarters were decidedly huge as well, so much so that Darius thought her dress had a bustle before realizing that it was the princess's

own girth that was pushing out the dress's lower half. Her fat tummy was clearly being restrained by a girdle under her clothes, though one wouldn't know by Claire's graceful movement and demeanor. Her footsteps were slow and had a decidedly heavy sound to them.

Darius tried to just walk by with just a polite "Milady" and a quick head bow but the princess quickly recognized him.

"Darius? Darius, is that you?"

"Yes, milady?"

"Darius, it's me Claire! Don't you remember?"

"I could never forget you, milady." Darius said, with happiness that the crown princess hadn't forgotten him. "The kindness and attention you showed me in our youths was the highlight of my life. I could never repay you in a thousand lifetimes for the honor "

"Oh, there's no need to be so formal, dear heart." She said. "I consider you a friend and I would like you to treat me no differently than you would treat your friends."

"You are too kind, your grace." He said, struggling to keep his eyes on her face and off of her chest and body. However, he failed to notice Claire's trained eyes catching him staring at her or that she herself began to ogle his sweaty, muscled form with great subtlety.

"You've gotten so big and strong since we last met." Claire remarked. "Your wife is incredibly lucky. Tell me about her? Do you have any children yet?"

"No, your grace. I've yet to wed."

For a split second, Claire's eyes lit up with ecstasy at his words before quickly returning to a much more controlled and dignified state.

"How odd, I would have figured someone as... handsome as you would be taken by now. Though I'm sure you'll find someone soon." She said. "I can see your busy so I'll let you be on your way."

"Thank you for your attention and kind words, your grace." Darius said with another bow.

The princess politely nodded and the two went their separate ways. As the two parted, Darius heard a loud brass like sound and a rotten smell drifting towards him from behind. Darius dared not look back and refused to acknowledge what had happened. As a child, Claire was rather crass but he refused to believe that the noble and widely respected princess she grew up into would have such a public breach of etiquette. It must have been someone else.

At the end of his work day, Darius prepared to retire to his quarters in the castle, but he chose to visit the kitchens. The royal family always ordered the cooks to prepare more food than necessary, especially during big events like today. The cooks left all the leftovers in a spare larder for whoever wanted to take them.

As he began to look for leftover meats and cakes, Darius was surprised to find that none were left. As he poked around the kitchens for a meal, he heard a loud, bellowing burp followed by high pitched flatulence.

He looked outside at the main dining hall to see the princess eating piles of food. She was surrounded by dozens of empty plates and she was going at a leg of mutton like a starving animal. Her face and dress were stained by sauce and crumbs and every other second she released a loud and foul belch or fart. Her father, the king, sat on the other end of the table, watching in disgust.

“Daughter, control yourself!” He scolded.

“Don’t tell me how to act! You sent me away for over a decade! You don’t have any say over how I act!” Claire said through a mouthful of meat.

“I sent you to be fostered. My parents did the same to me and I became wiser for it.” The King retorted. “You may be the pride of our kingdom but you have to display as much grace in private as in public. You are to be betrothed soon and no one would want to be with a princess who acts so disgraceful. It’s been hard enough to suppress the various rumors surrounding you over the years.”

“Rumors?” Claire said with a snicker. “You mean like the ‘rumor’ that I once fucked a small of knights and their squires all in one day at a tourney. Or how about the ‘rumor’ that I once caused a wedding with 1000 guests in attendance to be cancelled because the scent of my gas in the church was too much for everyone to bear. You wouldn’t want it getting out the the ‘Pride of the Realm’ is a fat, gassy hog whore!”

She took another bite of mutton while letting out a sloppy sounding fart. As she continued arguing with her outraged father, her eyes glanced towards the kitchen and the cracked door that Darius was looking through, causing him to quickly back away.

Darius immediately fled the kitchens and retreated into his dingy servant’s quarters. Hopefully, Claire didn’t see him or, if she did, didn’t recognize him. As he changed into his sleep cloak, his mind turned to what he had just witnessed. Claire proudly calling herself a whore and acting so disgraceful and disrespectful? It was madness! But as he thought about it more and more, Claire’s behavior and appearance and his member began to poke through his cloak at half mast.

Suddenly, the door to his quarters flew open.

“*BELCH* I saw you poking around in the kitchens earlier. You hear anything that interests you?”

A cloaked figure walked into the room, their body so fat that they brushed against the doorframe’s sides. One quick look revealed that it was Claire, drunkenly stumbling through the doorway with a half empty bottle of wine in hand.

“Your highness!” Darius exclaimed as he clumsily hid his boner.

She tossed her cloak away to reveal she was wearing nothing but her overstretched girdle. She slowly pulled a string on her girdle and it popped off of her body, giving Darius a good look at how fat she truly was. Her stretch mark covered belly went down almost to her knees, her swollen breasts were even larger than he originally imagined and each of her bloated thighs were almost bigger than his torso. She took another swig of her wine before letting out another belch, followed by a wet fart coming out of her ass.

It was just as she described herself: a fat, disgusting, sex obsessed hog of a woman. But the more he looked at her, the more aroused he became, and Claire could see his infatuation for her poking out of his cloak.

“We’re both adults now so we should greet each other like adults. *HIC* Now prepare to serve your princess properly.” She said as she came forward and yanked his sleep cloak off of his body.

“I can’t.” Darius begged even as his member started to visibly throb in anticipation. “Please consider what you’re doing! You’re supposed to save yourself for a noble worthy of your station, not a lowly blacksmith.”

“Don’t say that. Besides, I can see you’re already more of a man than any of the loser “nobles” I’ve been with.” She said looking at his fully extended manhood.

She grabbed him with a strength that was comparable to and threw him onto his hay filled mattress and hopped on top of him, quickly inserting his manhood into her womanhood. They had missionary sex for the next several minutes, with her farting with every thrust and burping into his mouth as she sloppily made out with him. As she came, she released an echoing burp and passed gas for almost ten seconds.

“*Burrpp!* You’ve successfully pleased me before reaching your own climax. You’ve earned the right to release in me.” Claire declared.

“Please your highness, allow me to pull out! I won’t be hold it much longer and if I spill my seed in you, I may shame you with a bastard child.”

“Good! You’re the only real friend I ever had!” She said, her drunken words filled with excitement. “Your the only one to love me for me and not my status! I want your seed in me! I want to have your children! I want the next heir to the throne to the bastard of my beloved blacksmith!”

After letting out another fart, she planted herself firmly on Darius’s member, grinding and humping quickly. Unable to hold himself back any longer, Darius fired into her like a hose, instinctively grabbing onto her love handles and he surrendered his virginity to her.

“Oooh, you’ve little experience in carnal ways but you’re the most fertile man I’ve had the pleasure to pleasure.” Claire said, swooning over the large load now in her. Overwhelmed by both the situation he was in and the strength of his release, Darius quickly fell asleep and the princess soon passed out on top of him.

The next morning, Darius awoke to find that the princess had gone, though the room still stunk of wine and flatulence.

Darius panicked and fled into the city. He had heard many horror stories about commoners romantically mingling with nobles. How they getting gelded, banished or even beheaded by enraged family members. While Claire clearly was no virgin beforehand, if he had gotten her pregnant then it would likely that the king would have it out for him.

He hid himself in an inn in the city’s slums for two days, hoping for news on whether or not the princess was carrying his child and pondering what he should do if she was. He also couldn’t stop thinking about the princess’s behavior and how he found her disgusting. On the third day, consumed with stress and arousal, he decided to pleasure himself in the privacy of his room. With his eyes closed, he sat on the edge of his bed and began fantasizing about his sloppy lady. Now fully aroused, he reached for his extended member, but was shocked as he felt a dainty but strong hands brush his hands away and take hold of his manhood. He looked down to see the Princess Claire, wearing a dark colored cloak, kneeling in front of him with a grip on his manhood.

“I finally track you down and I find you doing a job that I would not only happily do for you, but could do a thousand times better than you.”

“Your highness...” He said flustered as she began handling his genitals with expert skill.

“I’m afraid no child was sired on our night together, surprising considering how fertile you proved yourself to be.” The princess said as she gently worked his privates. “Still, I don’t blame you for

trying to leave. The whole “bastard” plan I came up while drunk was kind of taking things too fast. So let's take things a bit slower from here on out. Though only a bit.”

Using both hands, she fondled his testicles and pistoned his shaft until he came all over her chubby face. After bringing him to climax, she got up and walked towards the door, licking his seed as it dripped down her skin.

“I have to go now. Though I have spent plenty of time in low class areas like this, I can't be seen here. I do have an image to maintain, whether I like it or not.” Claire said as she left. “Clean yourself up and gather your things, guards will be here soon to escort you back to the castle. I've taken the liberty of moving your belongings to a new chamber, one worthy of a paramour.”

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