

Curse of the Porcine Princess
By Haxcall

Princess Patricia Truffleton was the only child and heir of House Truffleton and the ruler of the Sagwell Kingdom. Patricia was a haughty young woman, sheltered and as spoiled as possible who cared little for her subjects save for what they could provide for her.

The Kingdom of Sagwell was a wealthy agricultural region that was rich in crops, game and livestock and it was particularly famous for its swine, which could grow to twice the size of normal pigs and tasted extra succulent. This made the kingdom an important hub of trading and commerce and brought it riches and influence among all its neighbors.

Naturally, it was the nobility and the affluent merchant classes who benefit the most from the nation's success. The peasants and middle classes weren't particularly abused by their rulers but they weren't given the protections and privileges that were supposed to be provided by their lieges. During the winter months, where food was at its thinnest, the upper classes did not properly distribute the collected harvest among those who needed it, only supplying the country's poor with the worst of the stored crops or giving them whatever scraps of food remained from their luxurious feasts.

One night in the thick of winter, Patricia and her many fellow nobles were celebrating her 21th birthday. They partied long and hard from midday to long past dusk, feasting and drinking on best and biggest meals and wines without care or restraint. The hardworking servants of the extravagant event had to work all day with little chance for rest and their only reward for their labor would be that they would be allowed to eat whatever leftovers remained from the excessive celebration, forbidden by Patricia from partaking in any of the delectable dishes while they were still warm and fresh despite the fact that the party of only a few dozen people had enough food to feed the entire castle staff five times over.

As the party reached its final hours, an old woman made her way into the room. None of the guards or servants recognized the crone but all them assumed she was just some cleaning maid or the like. However, the woman surprised them by walking directly into the crowd of inebriated partiers and attempting to grab a sweet roll from the table but before she could Patricia pudgy hand slammed down on the dessert tray and pulled it away from the elderly lady.

"What do you think you're doing?" The princess asked in a half slurred voice, full of cake and wine.

"Please, milady. I was hungry and I just want one of your delicious pastries. You have so many to spare." The old lady begged.

"These are only for myself and my guests." Patricia said. "You can have whatever's left once my party is over."

"I simply wish for one, mistress. I haven't eaten all day and I feel faint." The old lady begged.

"I said they're mine, you old wretch!" The drunk princess angrily snapped. "Guards, throw her out!"

A couple guards surrounded the old woman, hoping to escort her out of the room without much more fuss, but they were taken aback when she raised up her arms and was consumed in a pillar of black, sparkling smoke. When the dust cleared, the old woman had been replaced with a young, slender woman clad in black silks, glowing purple hair and she floated in the air on butterfly-like wings.

"Since you and your peers like to act like greedy swine then you all shall be like the pigs that you are, with your bestial greed reflected for all the world to see and only when you learn the error of your ways will your refinery be restored!" The dark fairy declared before disappearing in a puff of dark smoke.

The guards and servants openly shrieked and panicked at the sight of the magical being. The guests who were sober enough to be fully aware also became frantic at the fae and her words. Patricia, however, simply looked unimpressed.

"Can I get some more wine here?" She demanded from Ethel, her handmaiden.

"Milady, aren't you scared? A fairy just cursed you!" Ethel said as she shakily carried a bottle of expensive wine towards her mistress.

"Bah! It's nothing but a bunch of hogwash!" The princess said as she grabbed the bottle from her servant's hands and looked at herself in the reflection of the glass. "I don't look any different. I don't feel any different. If she had really cursed me then the changes would be immediately obvious to me. She was nothing but some charlatan who thinks she could use smoke and mirrors to scare me into obedience but I refuse to be scared of her tricks."

The princess took a deep chug of the wine and saw that the carefree atmosphere of the festivities had been replaced with one of fear and nervousness.

"Well, if nothing else she managed to ruin my party." The princess said annoyed. "I'm going to bed."

And so the princess retired to her chambers, the shaken partiers returned home and the frightened servants cleaned up the messy party room and gathered what leftovers remained to eat later. However, as Patricia, a normally silent sleeper, drifted off into slumber she began to snort and snore in her sleep and, despite spending all day eating and drinking, her stomach began to grumble with hunger.

About a month later...

The castle's kitchens were getting low on supplies as the chefs worked tirelessly on Patricia next meal. The princess had demanded that lunch be ready by the time she had awoken from her afternoon nap. This itself wasn't too unreasonable but she had already eaten two large breakfasts and a brunch that day and she expected a midday meal of a giant rack of smoked ribs, half a dozen roasted chickens and multiple pies and cakes waiting for her after she had slept off her previous belly stuffing ventures.

Patricia was always a chubby and greedy girl, a consequence of being born and raised in opulence and privilege for her entire life. However, ever since her birthday a few weeks ago the princess's appetite had grown increasingly ravenous to the point where she was eating a full, multi course meal every couple of hours. Rumors through the grapevine told that the other nobles who had attended the princess's party were also starting to increase their diets significantly. There had been gossip that this was the work of the fairy but the princess had ordered that such talk be ceased.

An hour past noon and Patricia had awoken from her nap and entered the dining hall still wearing her satin night gown which had grown significantly smaller on her in the past few weeks. At nearly 250 pounds, she had almost added 75 pounds onto her jiggling bod within a month. Her chubby belly had become sagging, her breasts barely fit within her brasserie anymore, her chunky thighs chafed and reddened after walking small distances and the fabric of her barely fit over her dumpy rear and wedged into her crack it bounced with every step she took.

The main reason she didn't get dressed was that it had become a bit of a constricting hassle to do over the past few weeks. Ethel was in charge of dressing the princess each day and it had become increasingly difficult to squeeze her into clothes made for a woman at least three sizes smaller than she was. The princess had already burst almost every corset Ethel tried to squeeze on her and nearly half her wardrobe had suffered a seam tear of some variety. Patricia decided to blame the washerwomen for "shrinking" her clothes and chose to simply wear her roomy leisure outfits around the castle until new clothes could be made for her.

Patricia drowsily waddled into the dining room. The various chefs and guards in the room had the discipline and common sense not to stare at the bloated princess clad in only a nightie that barely fit her.

"Here you are, my grace. Your lunch for the afternoon." Ethel said.

"Very good. Everyone but Ethel may leave so I may eat in peace."

As the room cleared the princess quickly sat down in her reinforced seat and began eating the massive meal with gusto. She had already devoured enough food that morning and afternoon to feed a large family for three days but she ate as if she was starving, quickly and haphazardly grabbing every viddle in arms reach and stuffing as much into her mouth as she could. Patricia

was never the most courteous of royalty, especially when she was dining in private, but lately she had been unnaturally sloppy with her eating habits. She loudly chomped and smacked and belched loudly between bites. At times, it seemed like she wanted to just stick her head face first in her food and eat with nothing between her lips and her meal.

As she quickly consumed half of the small buffet before her, a loud grumble emanated from Patricia's stuffed belly. Before she could do anything, she involuntarily leaned forward in her seat and her bowels pushed out the air it had been building up inside of her.

FFRRRRRRTTTTT!!!!

A loud and smelly fart erupted from behind the princess's elite cheeks. Patricia had been dealing with increasing gas issues but had been able to keep it private. Never before in her life had such a large outflow of flatulence erupted from her so forcefully. The sensation of passing gas did feel good though, especially as it made Patricia feel like her insides now had more room for food. The sound of her outburst was so loud that it echoed through the large dining room and could be heard out in the hall and in the kitchen. Ethel bit her lip and shuffled slightly, struggling not to laugh.

"What?" The red faced princess asked her handmaiden, all but looking for an excuse to punish someone. As she scowled at Ethel, her rear continued to uncontrollably produce tiny but audible poots.

"Nothing, madam." Ethel said, able to make the smile on her face look respectable and not amused. The handmaiden was smart enough not to get on her mistress's bad side, even if she was acting like a pig.

Ethel suddenly felt a shudder when she thought of the word "pig" and couldn't help but remember the dark fairy's words as she continued to watch her lady continue her stuffing her maw while squeaking out small but pungent farts.

Two months later...

PPRRRRRRFFFFFFTTTTT!!!!

A massive fart echoing through the palace halls told everyone that Patricia had awoken from her nap and was going to the dining hall for her third lunch of the day. The princess was approaching close to 340 pounds in weight. She now needed Ethel to help her squeeze through doors and she was spending a small fortune on having her expensive wardrobe retailored and remade to fit her ever expanding frame. Despite her size, the noblewoman didn't seem to be out of shape. She often appeared blushed but she never seemed tired or out of breath from having to haul around her excessive girth, able to quickly waddle around and was only slowed by the thick flab constricting her movements. Something that Ethel and the other servants also noted

was that the princess appeared to be growing taller, being almost half a head taller than what they remember her being a few months prior.

The princess squeezed her way into the dining room and was shocked to see the table was set with less than half as much food as what she was used to.

“Where is my lunch?!” The princess wailed before straining her face and releasing another fart. By this point, Patricia's excessive diet had left her bowels in disarray. Due to this, she only made a conscious effort to hold in her farts for the rare occasion when there was company she needed to be cordial around. Otherwise, she now constantly passed the smelliest of gas around her servants and no one dared to react as her brassy melodies echoed through the hall and stunk up the castle so badly you'd think it was a farm.

“I'm sorry, milady but we've run out of ingredients for the gourmet five course meal you requested. It won't be until tomorrow that we get another shipment in.”

“I'm hungry now!” The princess said before an angry sounding toot emerged from her barely covered cheeks. “If you can't present me with the food I deserve then I'll help myself to yours instead! Take me to where the servant's food is kept!”

The princess was guided down to the staff's pantry and larder, where the servants' food and leftovers were kept. The farmers of the Sagwell Kingdom had to periodically tribute crops and livestock to the crown, with Patricia keeping the best of the harvest for herself and supplying her servants with middling and subpar meat and produce to subsist off of. The kitchens either prepared the staff meals or supplied them with the ingredients to make them themselves. After every meal, whatever food that was leftover and in edible condition was taken to the larder to be eaten later.

Patricia was led into the massive food storage area and saw the dozens of shelves and ice boxes full of days old food and half moldy fruits and veggies and she squealed with glee at sight. A few months prior, the suggestion that she eat mere commoner food would cause the princess to laugh and call the person a total fool, but now she rushed to and began to stuff her face with whatever she could grab.

“I think I'll start coming down here more often since I can't depend on anyone around here to do their job!” Patricia said through a mouth full of poorly preserved corn and bruised apples.

Ethel and the chef watched on as Patricia began to eat her way through their food supply, snorting and farting all the while.

“It seems her highness has taken a liking to our larder” Ethel said “So I guess we're going to have to tighten our belts from now on.”

“Not necessarily.” The chef said with a bit of mischief in his voice. “This room contains enough food to feed a staff of over 1000 people and it gets partially replenished to every day. Not even the princess can eat all of it. If anything, the princess’s presence here might help us get rid of the food that’s about to go bad, and the food that has already gotten bad if she doesn’t mind the moldy taste. And if her highness is happy to eat our second hand dishes then I don’t see why enjoy the higher cuisine reserved for her grace and ‘pass it down’ back to her.”

Ethel was shocked and conflicted by the chef’s words. He was suggesting that the castle’s servants start taking the princess’s high quality foodstuff and only serve her the piles of table scraps that were leftover from their meals. That kind of talk might as well have been high treason in Sagwell. However, it would have also been karmic since that is exactly how the princess and her peers had been treating their subjects for their entire lives. Ethel also looked at Patricia as she stuffed her face on the excess of stale and degrading rations. For the first time in recent memory there was enough food in front of her that even she couldn’t hope to finish it in one sitting. The princess could finally eat to her heart’s content without having to wait for chefs or food deliveries, so in a way it was a win-win situation. That said, Ethel couldn’t also help but notice she looked noticeably more flush and pink, almost unnaturally so. Looking at her stuffing her face and acting so out of character made Ethel feel uneasy and the words of the fairy echoed in her mind once more.

Another two months passes

“Is it done? *SNORT* Patricia said with a loud nasal clearing.

“It is, your grace. Your castle now has the grandest mud bath chamber I’ve ever designed.” The foreign architect said. “Now, with your leave, I will accept my payment and go. Since I’ve arrived in your capitol I have received multiple other commissions from other nobles in the city for similar construction projects.

The princess continued to gain weight and height. She was nearly 480 pounds and at least 6ft tall. The royal tailors struggled to keep pace with her rapid change in body type and it took Ethel an hour every morning to squeeze her into her dresses. The handmaiden often had to convince her mistress to continue to get dressed as Patricia had started seeing clothes as an unneeded hassle and would happily waddle around naked if it hadn’t been for Ethel begging her to stay somewhat decent. Her face had also become visibly different. Her once dainty, pointy nose was now large with pug nostrils and she had to audibly clear them almost every time she talked. Her ears had also grown outwards, so much so that they looked like they were about to flop over onto themselves. By this point, it was clear to all that the princess was undergoing some kind of drastic change and the reports were coming into the castle that those who had attended her party were undergoing the same gluttonous, slobby transformation. However, the other cursed nobility had enough self awareness to realize something was wrong and hid themselves away as they continued to change in body and mind while Patricia continued to insist that nothing was wrong. Most of the castle staff decided it wasn’t worth the effort to help the self-centered

princess, especially since she herself didn't seem bothered by it, and they let her continue her curse unabated.

As the head chef predicted, the princess's appetite had increased tenfold but it had also become far less discriminating. The kitchen staff could present her piles and piles of half eaten leftovers and old table scraps as long as they spruced it up a bit to look like a fancy meal. The princess didn't notice or care that that 90 percent of the food she ate was old and close to rotting as long as there was a lot of it to eat. If anything, her taste buds now seemingly preferred the subpar cuisine over her gourmet meals and her castle servants were more than happy to take the high quality food off her hands.

A few weeks ago, Patricia declared she wanted to bathe in mud and demanded the garden be flooded so she could wallow in it, but her advisors warned against it as it would be a scandal if any citizen saw her. This upset the princess as she claimed that it wasn't just a demand, she needed to wallow in mud! She desperately contacted a foreign architect and had him quickly turn one of the castle's largest rooms, the one where she previously held her birthday party in, into a Greek inspired bathhouse full of bronze statues and pillars and a large, square pool of the finest mud. Lining the left and right side of the pool were trough-like containers that were each filled to the brim with expired foods. Finishing a construction project like this in only a few weeks cost the princess a large chunk of her family fortune but she claimed she had to have it, with her being visibly frustrated that she didn't have easy access to wet dirt to romp in whenever she wanted.

Now that the room was complete and ready for use, the princess sent everyone but Ethel out of the room and demanded her handmaiden undress for her first dip into her new mud bath. Ethel slowly undressed her massive lady, careful to make sure that she didn't cause the fabric to rip against her huge frame or that a button to pop off at high velocity. She first removed Patricia's XXXXL dress, then her equally large undershirt and her brasserie that could fit two watermelons. Finally, and most hesitantly, she moved on to removing her pantaloons and underwear. Kneeling behind her mistress, Ethel took the full force of Patricia's incessant and pungent wind breaking to pull down her pants and panties. However, as she removed the princess's huge yet still undersized bottom wear, she was shocked at what she discovered had grown underneath the fabric.

Now naked, Patricia slowly waded into the watered down soil and began to frolic in it, truly resembling a highborn pig crawling around in an overpriced sty. Ethel knew she had to do something before it was too late, before the curse had fully overtaken her mistress. Patricia may not have been kind to her over the years but she and her family had been devoted servants to the Truffletons for generations. Spoiled brat or not, she had a duty to advise and protect her liege.

Ripping off her clothes and clad only in her undergarments, Ethel marched into the mud Patricia was rolling in and confronted her.

“Ethel just what do you think you are doing?”

“Your grace, forgive my impertuous but you have to stop. You’re cursed! You have to find a way to break this hex before it’s too late!”

“For the last time, the curse wasn’t real! Now leave my bath or else I’ll...”

“Please your grace, just look at yourself!”

Ethel took hold of her mistress’s obese frame and forced her to look at her reflection in the polished bronze pillars in the room. For the first time since her birthday, Patricia was forced to directly acknowledge the extreme changes to her body. She was disgustingly obese and bloated and well over a half a foot taller than she had been just half a year before. She couldn’t see past her huge bust and overstuffed pot belly, she couldn’t lift her heavy arms all the way up or fully bend her fat padded joints and thanks to her thick double chin she couldn’t freely turn her head anymore. Her skin was a dull pink in color and it wasn’t because she was flush or blushing. The facial features on her lard laden head were more squat and primal and she now had a nose that was becoming snout-like in appearance. Her fat ass was spewing out so much gas that the mud behind her was bubbling. She, a princess who once prided herself with accepting nothing but the best and who draped herself in nothing but refinery, was wallowing in dirt and eating rotten food out of troughs like an animal and she enjoyed it, she enjoyed being a fat, gassy hog of a woman. The only reason any of this felt strange to her was only because she remembered that she wasn’t like this before her birthday. She was changing dramatically everyday and she never realized it, partly due to her blinding ego and partly because it all felt so natural and instinctual in her mind.

“Alright fine, maybe there is something wrong with me.” Patricia finally admitted. “Maybe that fairy really did curse me.”

“I’m afraid there is no ‘maybe’ in this situation, milady.”

Patricia yelped as she felt Ethel yank on the curly tail that now resided above her cavernous buttcrack.

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