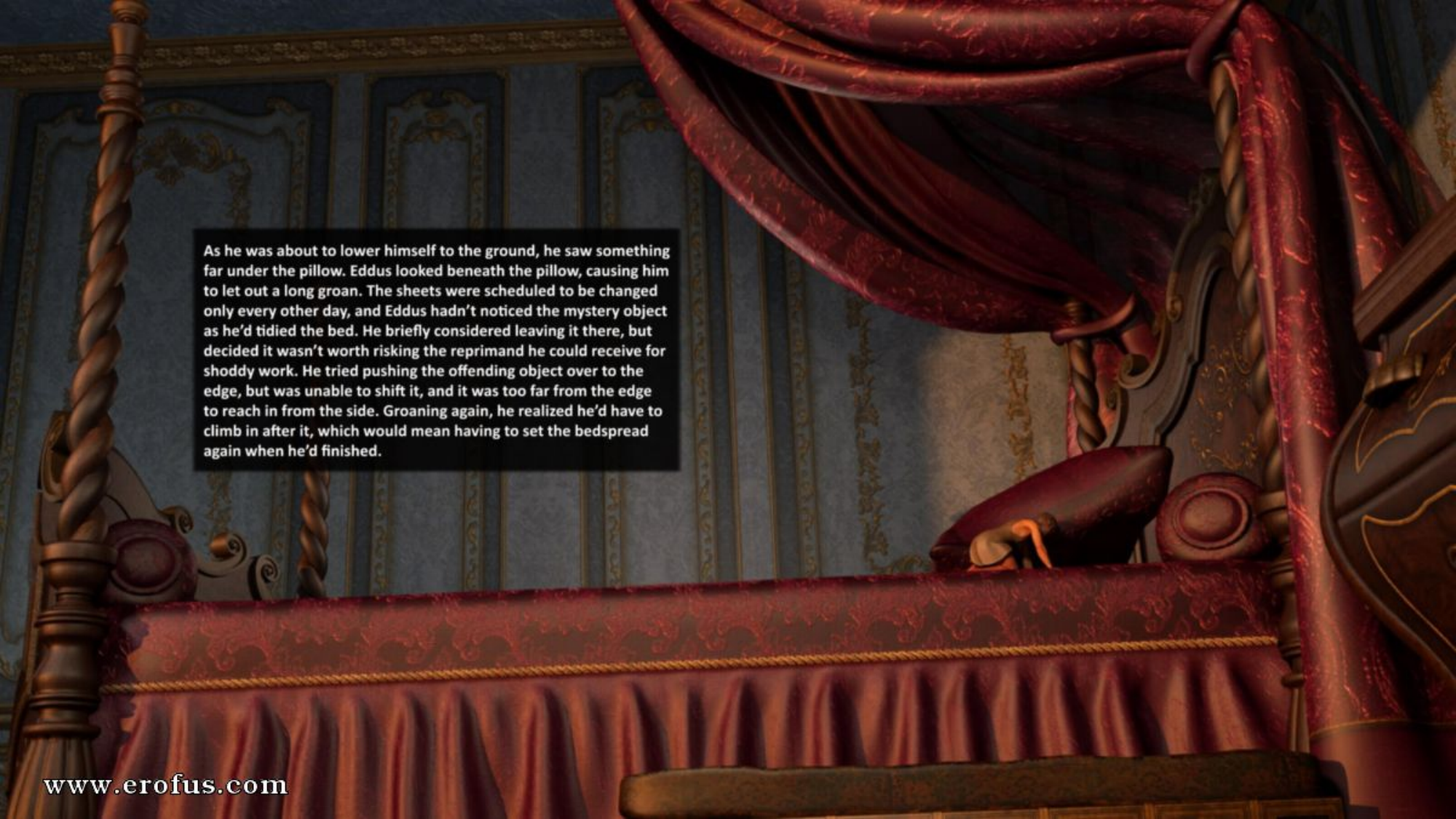

The Princess and the Peasant
STORY BY BURNICUS
ART BY REDFIREDOG
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Eddus stood on tiptoes, trying to tuck the luxurious satin sheet under the pillows of the colossal bed. Today the last job on the servant boy's roster was to clean the Princess' quarters, which was no minor undertaking. Giving up his attempt to reach the ornate headboard from the ground, Eddus pulled himself up onto the expansive bed to make the finishing touches. He was exhausted from a long day, his eyes drooping as he arranged the mass of pillows decoratively before sitting up to admire his handiwork, glad to be almost done with his duties.
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As he was about to lower himself to the ground, he saw something far under the pillow. Eddus looked beneath the pillow, causing him to let out a long groan. The sheets were scheduled to be changed only every other day, and Eddus hadn't noticed the mystery object as he'd tidied the bed. He briefly considered leaving it there, but decided it wasn't worth risking the reprimand he could receive for shoddy work. He tried pushing the offending object over to the edge, but was unable to shift it, and it was too far from the edge to reach in from the side. Groaning again, he realized he'd have to climb in after it, which would mean having to set the bedspread again when he'd finished.
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The cool air washed over his face as he emerged from the fabric cave into the dying light of the early evening and examined the object that had caused him so much difficulty. It was phallic, quite unquestionably phallic, and had a rubbery texture, causing Eddus to let go in shock as he realized how much of an intimate possession of the Princess' he was holding. Eddus rubbed his tired eyes as he considered his next move. It was his job to put any stray objects back in their place, but he didn't have the slightest clue where it belonged. Maybe he should just tuck it under the pillow? Or drop it down the back of the bed onto the floor so it would look like it had ended up there by accident? Eddus ran his fingers through his short, dark hair which had been thoroughly messed up by snuffling around under the covers and tried to fight off his body's natural inclination to give in to sleep. The Princess' bed was several magnitudes more comfortable than his own cramped bunk-bed in the servant's quarters, surely he could spend just one moment to enjoy the kind of luxury that would never be afforded to someone like him.

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He'd deposit the item in her bedside table in a second, it's just that his eyes had become accustomed to the darkness and he needed to close them briefly while they adjusted to the light again. He stretched out his tired muscles, obviously in preparation to clamber out of the bed, which was going to happen any minute now. The sun slipped beneath the horizon, casting a thin beam of orange light through the window, where it bounced off the mirror on the dressing table and into the valley between two large pillows where Eddus' dozing head lay. Since moving to the palace two years ago on his seventeenth birthday, he had become a heavy sleeper to cope with the background noise of the servant's quarters, so rather than waking up, Eddus merely grunted irritably in his sleep and rolled to the side, tucking his head under one of the oversized, plush pillows to block out the sounds and lights of the waking world as he fell deeply into slumber.

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The only thing Eddus saw was what had left the bed in such a state: the Princess' enormous posterior. She was currently bent over, rummaging through the bottom drawers of her dresser, a position which fully exposed the huge, fleshy mounds to Eddus, whose breath caught in his throat as he took in more of the Princess than he had ever expected to see. Bent over like she was, her upper body was nearly completely out of view, leaving Eddus' mouth to go dry as he took in the sight of her underwear losing the fight against the sheer amount of rippling flesh that sought to engulf it. The warm light of several naphtha lamps positioned around the room illuminated the titanic princess, who seemed to be growing agitated in her search.



Eddus began to slide as silently as he could manage away from the Princess, if he could reach the far side of the bed, he could try to lower himself onto the floor and hide until an opportunity to escape came up. Eddus had made it only half way to his goal when terror froze him in place as the Princess stood upright with a slight huff and turned around. Her lips were pursed to the side, the unmistakable look of somebody trying to frustratedly recall the last place they had left something. She scanned the room, her gaze sweeping from left to right and Eddus' felt his stomach turn when the expression of mild irritation was suddenly replaced with one of wide-eyed shock; she had definitely spotted him.

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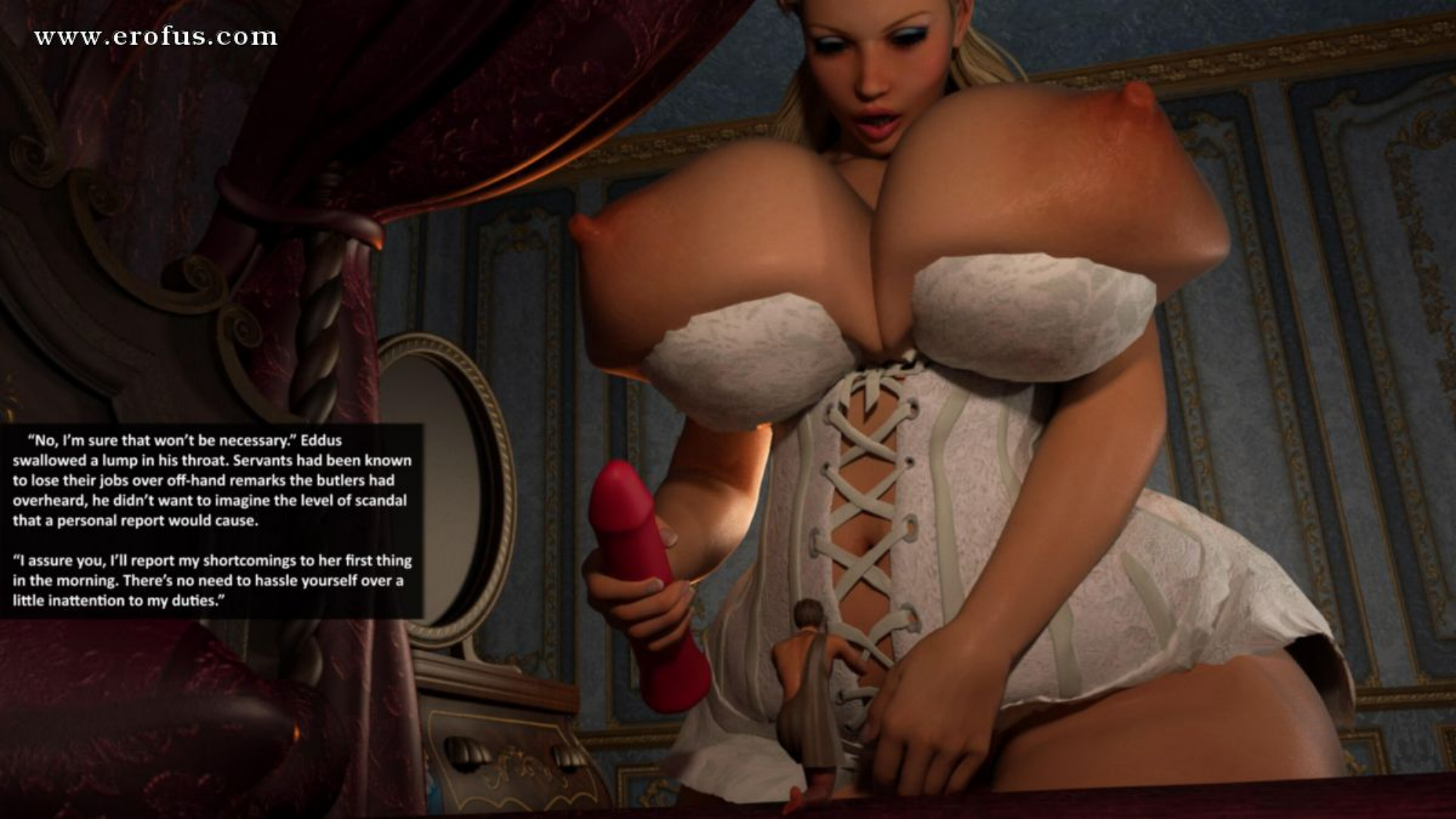

Eddus panicked, he began scrabbling over the covers, whimpering vague apologies, but the Princess' pudgy fingers curled around his calf and effortlessly pulled him back towards her, bouncing across the sheets as he was roughly dragged. Eddus pulled himself up into a kneeling position, taking a brief look at the Princess' angry pout, framed by her short, auburn hair before remembering he was forbidden to make eye contact without permission. He lowered his head, finding himself gazing into her deep navel, which like the rest of her tremendous belly, had still not come to rest after the recent exertion.
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"What are you doing in my bed... with that!" she exclaimed, snatching up the rubbery object that had been the cause of this mess. "Explain yourself!" Her voice was haughty and indignant. Years of elocution lessons when she was younger had given her the kind of accent that had been ordering people like Eddus about for hundreds of years.
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"Your Highness… P-please forgive me." Eddus stuttered. "I was so tired, and it was so comfy that I just… and then…" Realizing no excuse would be sufficient, he gave up. "Please, if I don't report back to the Steward soon I'll be reprimanded. I swear, your Highness, this will never happen again, just let me get back to the servant's quarters and-"
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"Do you really think you can get off that easily, boy?" the Princess scoffed. Eddus had (as all new members of the serving staff) grown used to being referred to as 'boy' from his aged superiors, but having never been addressed by those he served before, found it almost surprising to hear coming from the Princess; despite being twenty times his height and countless times his weight, Eddus knew she was actually slightly younger than him. But she was royalty and he was nothing but a lowly servant; she could refer to him with whatever condescending term she pleased and he would have to respond, especially after she had caught him in such a compromising situation. "The Steward obviously doesn't care enough to notice your absence thus far, I doubt he will mind if I keep you longer. If you really must see her, I could always escort you down her chambers in person and hear what she has to say about your behavior."

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"No, I'm sure that won't be necessary." Eddus swallowed a lump in his throat. Servants had been known to lose their jobs over off-hand remarks the butlers had overheard, he didn't want to imagine the level of scandal that a personal report would cause.

"I assure you, I'll report my shortcomings to her first thing in the morning. There's no need to hassle yourself over a little inattention to my duties."

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"Oh is that all it is? Because I could report you for much worse than that." she took a small step closer to where Eddus was kneeling on the bed, her immense breasts jiggling softly inches from his face. "I am practically naked after all, or hadn't you noticed?"

"I was err, trying not to mention it, your Highness." Eddus swallowed, again, trying to clear his throat.


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As he approached, the Princess withdrew her hand, undoing the clasp on the hip of her underwear. No longer attached on one side, the front of her underwear slipped down. She turned back towards Eddus, who was trying best to keep his gaze focused firmly on the ground.

"And if mother got wind of a peeping tom hiding himself away to spy on me undressing, well... your job is only the first thing you'd lose. But don't worry, I'm sure you could find work as a brothel attendant. One of those ones with the funny high voices." She giggled slightly at his discomfort, noticing his hands move slightly up his lap to cup himself protectively.

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The princess stretched out before Eddus, Eddus tried not to watch as the princess undressed before him, but as he couldn't help but sneak a peek. Her lacy black underwear, all but swallowed up by the princess's behind, had hidden little, but now her thick posterior was truly on full display. His eyes shot back down as she turned back to look at him.

"I despise corsets, necessary though they may be. As much as they help to maintain my perfect figure, they're terribly constricting. That's why it always feels so good at the end of the day, to finally take it off…"

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Now she stood before Eddus, truly and completely naked. She was gazing down at him, and it took every ounce of self-control not to look up at her. Her round posterior, her heaving chest, her shaved pussy, all laid out before him. To be caught staring at her without permission could have dire consequences, and yes Eddus was visibly anxious just trying to resist the urge to stare.
"Oh dear, oh dear. You really are in a spot of bother, aren't you boy?" The Princess began pacing slowly around the room, speaking slowly to let her words sink in. "Tell me boy, what do you believe should happen to you?"
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Eddus continued, worried his response had been lacking enough flattery. “It’s like they say: To serve the Royal Family is the most noble and rewarding aspiration of the commoner.”

“Hmmm, that is a good answer, well done.” the Princess ceased her pacing, laying herself down with great delicacy along the edge of the bed behind Eddus, who turned to face her. “Tell me boy, is that truly what the people say?”

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The bed creaked, and again Eddus found gravity pulling him down to the depression the Princess' colossal body made in the mattress. Her huge soft breasts, a result of countless feasts of the richest food money could buy, spilled out across the silk sheets towards him. They shifted and rippled slightly as she gently caressed the smooth upper surface of her right breast with one hand, the other holding up her head where a sultry look of amusement now resided.

"Oh yes, most definitely." Eddus felt a slight wave of relief. "And it couldn't possibly be more rewarding when the Royal Family is represented by... visions of beauty such as your Highness." It was impossible to deny, the Princess was magnificent. Men all over the country drooled over her stunning looks and the women sought to emulate her.

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Throughout all of history, standards of beauty had been set by kings and queens, and nobody embodied that ideal more than the Princess. From her plump, stout behind to her thick thighs, imposing bosom and arms too wide for most men to reach around, all the way up to the strong features of the pretty and proud face passed down from her mother. Even if not for her great stature, one did not have to be near to see her irresistible allure.

"Tell me, boy." The Princess asked, "What else do the people say? About me."

"Well, of course they talk of your beauty. I'd say-, I mean, they say it surpasses even that of the Queen in her prime, not that I would speak ill of her, of course."


"Oh, I don't need you to tell me how beautiful I am." the Princess smirked. "That's what suitors are for; not that the sentiment isn't appreciated. What I want from you, boy, is what the servants whisper when my back is turned."
"I'm sorry?" the panic in Eddus' chest began to slowly rise again.
"I want to hear about the kind of rumours that get passed among you folk downstairs."
"Oh, there isn't any-"
"I'm sure there's something. Go on, tell me the worst thing you've heard." she said more firmly. Eddus found himself walking the tightrope between disobedience and offending the Princess.
"Well, Gareg got drunk once said that when he was preparing your bath..." Eddus braced himself. "That he heard you muttering that you'd, erm, well... swallow him if it was it too cold again."
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"What a ridiculous tale." the Princess replied smugly. Of course it was, Eddus thought, everybody knew that sort of thing just couldn't happen. Not anymore, anyway. Sure, the Queen probably did, back in the day, but that was a different era, way before she married a human and moved to the palace. These were civilized times and such beliefs were the concern of the elderly who couldn't let go of the prejudices and fears of their youth.

"Yes, utterly absurd, I know, but your Highness did insist." Eddus said in his defense.

The Princess paused a moment in contemplation. "This Gareg... did he, err, does he have long, dark hair and emerald eyes?"



"No, Gareg is bald your Highness. That sounds like Jirm… but he disappeared one day a while ago. Nobody knows where he went." Eddus explained.

"Oh don't they?" The Princess tried to suppress a smile as she continued to massage her gut. "That really is such a shame, I rather enjoyed his company."

Eddus briefly worried he may have inadvertently put Gareg in line for a reprimand, but it was better than to disobey the Princess when he was already on such thin ice.

"Now, boy. Before I decide what should be done with you, tell me what they say about you." the Princess reached out, hooking a finger daintily under Eddus chin and directing him to look at her.

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"About me, your Highness? I'm sorry I don't follow." Eddus felt her fingernail scratch quietly against the traces of stubble as she withdrew it.
"Let me be more clear then. The maids. What do they tell each other about you when the men aren't around? Do their friends listen with jealousy, or with pity?"
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"I do beg your pardon, but I haven't a clue-"
The Princess cut him off with an irritated grunt. "Have you been with a woman, boy? Answer me!" she demanded with surprising ferocity.
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"Erm, yes." Eddus stuttered, "Yes, your Highness. A, err, a few times."

"Were you any good at it?" she asked bluntly. "Did you make them scream your name? Did you have them coming back for more? Or are you one of those men who's afraid to get their mouth dirty? Whose fingers can't last more than a few minutes inside a woman before he's begging me to let him stop?" The Princess rolled over, lifting herself up onto her hands and knees, causing the mattress to shift and creak as she prowled over to Eddus to come face to face with him.

"That's inappropriate, Princess!" Eddus objected, panic had removed the filter from his mouth.

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"I will decide what's inappropriate, boy. Now answer me this instant: Are you a good fuck?"
"Yes! I think so... I didn't hear any complaints." Eddus was almost too shocked by the profanity that dropped from the Princess' plump lips to answer. He didn't even think that princesses would even know words that vulgar existed.
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"Good." the Princess smiled brightly. "That wasn't so hard, was it boy?" she drew herself up to a kneeling position, straightening her back to look down at Eddus from her full height. "I have decided that I will take the matter of your punishment into my own hands."
"You- you will?" Eddus wasn't sure if this was good news or not.
"Well I am going to be Queen one day after all, so I really ought to practice exerting my authority over the common people; this seems like an excellent opportunity to me."
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"Such a wise choice, I know you'll make a great Queen." Eddus offered nervously, still trying to keep on her good side through flattery.
"Oh I can hardly wait, I'll have so much fun... But let's not get ahead of ourselves. I have decided to give you a test."
"What kind of test, your Highness?" Eddus wiped the nervous sweat from his brow.
"A test to see if you really are as devoted to me as you claim, of course."
"Anything you ask, your highness." he bowed his head submissively.
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"I- I- I couldn't possibly." he sputtered, scarcely able to believe what she had just done.
"Are you so sure?" she grabbed the solid bulge that had formed in his pants with one hand and ripped open his work uniform with the others, sending the buttons popping all over. "If you weren't ready to sleep with a Princess then you shouldn't have slept in the Princess' bed. Seems to me like you're more than ready." she emphasized her point with another firm squeeze that sent a slight spasm down his leg.
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"No, it's not that- I mean- You're royalty!" Eddus struggled for words as his pants received the same treatment. "I'm just a commoner, I don't deserve-" The Princess silenced him with a big, slobbery kiss that covered the lower half his face. He felt the tip of her tongue enter his mouth, moments later he was choking on the thick, powerful organ as it wormed its way towards the back of his throat.


The embrace felt like it lasted hours, the Princess softly groaning as she crammed herself even further into him while she teased and groped his genitals.
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Eddus even felt her teeth bite ever so softly at his face as his body went limp against the onslaught. With his head growing light from the lack of oxygen, Eddus felt the Princess withdraw from his mouth, and moments later he was staring into her face again, a wild look in her eyes.
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"No, boy, this is much more than a servant like you deserves." a thin line of saliva that had been joining the two broke, falling across Eddus' face. "But this isn't about what you deserve, this is about me being the Princess, and I deserve whatever, and whoever I want."
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"Yes, your Highness, of course you do. I'm yours to do with as you want."
"That's right, boy, and there's plenty I want to do to you."
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The Princess untucked her legs and crawled over him. Slowly she lowered her body onto Eddus, who felt the weight on his chest and legs increase as the malleable flesh of her bust spread over him until he was engulfed by it, pinned under his massive mistress with only his head and shoulders emerging from her cleavage. Eddus turned his head to the side, looking at the door and briefly considered calling out to anyone within earshot. A long, slow moan from the Princess was nearly deafening in Eddus' ear.
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"Don't you dare pretend you don't want this, boy." she hissed. "I'm going to make you my pathetic little fucktoy and it'll be the best thing that's ever happened to you in your entire miserable life. Now start showing some gratitude or I'll make you beg for it."

"Thank you, your Highness. I exist only to serve you." Eddus tilted his head to kiss the Princess' neck; it was the only place his lips could reach as she continued to amuse herself with his ear.

"Mmm, that's what I want to hear. Those tiresome human suitors that Mother finds don't seem to grasp that they simply must submit to me utterly if they're going to get anywhere. Maybe that's why they never last very long." she let out an evil giggle that pierced through the warm cloud of pleasure forming Eddus' head. "But you, my helpless little toy, already know your place, don't you?"

"Yes, your Highness." Eddus answered, pulling his mind away from how much he was starting to enjoy being squashed and played with by the Princess.

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"You're such a lucky boy. Imagine if I hadn't been in the mood, who knows what would have happened to you then." the evil giggle made another appearance. "But there I was looking for my sex toy and wouldn't you know it, he was just waiting for me in my bed."
"Does this mean I've passed the test?" Eddus asked hopefully.
"You think the test is whether you're willing to be my plaything?" the Princess scoffed, "I don't need you to be willing for that, as if a servant like you could resist me anyway. No the test isn't if I can make you my fucktoy, the test is if you're even worth keeping as one. If you do well, I may even decide to reward you."
"And what if I don't... do so well?" Eddus asked the Princess, as she held his chin and turned his head to face her.
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"If you fail, then I reward myself with a tasty, little midnight snack." A low, slow chuckle sent chills down Eddus' spine. "And guess what my absolute favorite treat on the menu is, boy. Shhh, it's a secret." With another devious giggle, the Princess whispered a single word in Eddus' ear before her tongue was again penetrating his lips and filling his mouth with her warm, sticky saliva, still sweet from the deserts she had been guzzling down earlier that night.


Paralyzed by a mixture of carnal rapture and primal fear, Eddus submitted his body to the Princess as she slurped and suckled her helpless captive's hole. Her final word still echoing in his head.
"Peasant."
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With a loud slurp, the Princess withdrew her tongue from Eddus' mouth, leaving him gasping for air as she bit her lower lip, eyes lowered in a look of intense anticipation of all the fun she was going to have with the servant boy. Eddus, forcing a meek smile, cleared his mouth of the sticky residue from the aggressive tonguing, gulping it down with some difficulty. He felt dizzy and lightheaded, unsure whether it was from lack of oxygen, or fear from what the Princess had implied would be his fate if he didn't impress her.

Could she have been serious? Or was she just trying to scare him into fulfilling her taboo desires, as though he wasn't already completely at her mercy. Eddus had little time to consider this, as moments later, the Princess rolled over onto her back, clutching him tightly to her so when the tumultuous movement had finished, he was now on top. Eddus struggled to lift himself off the Princess, his legs unable to reach the bed on either side of her titanic chest, but her grasp was too tight, pressing his head into her breast.

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The sound of her heart pounding away could be heard quite clearly, even under the impressive amount of flesh as the Princess dragged Eddus' unresisting body downward across her towards where her feet rested against the headboard. She was pressing him quite firmly into her, as though she was trying to pull him in closer than was physically possible. Eddus was pushed so deep into the soft fat covering her body, he felt each of her ribs as a slight bump against his sternum as he was pushed lower; a shiver passed up his spine as his member slid across her navel briefly before eventually coming to rest between her thighs, through which he could feel an intense warmth from the pudgy lips that had been eagerly awaiting him. It was only now the reality of what was expected of him began to dawn on Eddus. He wondered how he, a mere servant, could possibly be expected to-

"You like my body, don't you boy?" came the Princess' voice, almost tauntingly, snapping Eddus out of his thoughts. She released her hands from his shoulders, one moving up to cup her breast, the other playfully running its fingers through his hair.

"Y-yes your highness." he stuttered. "You're... stunning."



"Prove to me you can appreciate it." she ordered, sounding unimpressed with his words. "I want you to worship me, boy. Make me feel like I'm your goddess." The hand which had been tousling his hair now pushed his head into her stomach. Eddus reached out his arms, embracing as much of the Princess' amble body as he was able, passionately kissing every square inch of her skin he could reach.

"Your Highness is so ravishing..." Eddus called out, following it with any flattering phrases that came to mind, his sentences punctuated by kisses. He was being quite sincere, there had been several times where catching sight of the Princess around the palace had lead to wandering eyes trying to soak up and memorize every detail to be used as fodder for some personal time in the shower. For the upper-class matriarchs, looking your finest was the best way to display one's wealth and power, so no expense was spared in an endless competition of one-upmanship to ensure that they and their daughters represented the highest standards of beauty.

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"You're nervous, boy?" Eddus ceased his worship of the Princess, raising his head to answer her.
"Erm, how can you tell, your Highness?" he asked.
"How do you think?" the Princess squeezed her thighs together, and ground his pelvis against hers. With a shock, Eddus realized he had softened somewhat.
"I-I'm... er..." he began, withdrawing to kneel upright on the bed between her thighs, terrified she would take this as a grave insult.
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"What's the matter boy, too much woman for you to handle?" she laughed, sitting up and sending relief washing over Eddus, "You're not going to be much use to me like that, are you?" Without warning, the Princess began to crawl across the bed towards her nightstand, right over the top of the unsuspecting Eddus as though she hadn't seen him, or simply didn't care he was there. Eddus scrambled desperately to avoid being crushed by her hands or knees as they came down, ending up with her heavy breast pressing down upon him as the Princess reached over to her nightstand.

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Pulled down by gravity, the Princess breasts rest atop Eddus as he watched her press a latch hidden in the decoration of the drawer's handle as she slid it open. Fortunately for Eddus their full weight was not pressing down upon him, so rather than crushing him they merely pinned him against the bed. He could see the drawer was split in two, one above the other, and releasing the latch left the upper drawer in place, revealing the secret compartment beneath. The Princess extracted a large wooden box with brass furnishings and placed it atop the nightstand before sliding the drawer shut again. Eddus rolled out of the way as the Princess seated herself cross-legged at the head of the bed and undid the box's clasp.

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"Fortunately for you, this is a well-documented phenomenon. One that I've prepared for. Take a look, boy." Eddus stood up and nervously approached the box, trying to peek at what it contained.

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Eddus squinted, as his eyes slowly adjusted to the darkness of the box. He was able to recognize one thing right away; that the purple, rubber object, which the Princess had confiscated earlier, was crammed inside the box. There were several other objects as well, though at first he couldn't quite make them out.

"Such wondrous things the little craftsmen make for us," the Princess mused.

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At last, Eddus adjusted to the darkness of the box. Just below the enormous purple phallus sat an almost identical, but smaller object, which was just as unquestionably phallic. The empty space in the box contained two small jars filled with what seemed like some kind of candy, like Turkish delight.



"Well documented, your Highness?" Eddus asked, as the Princess held up the jars to the light, she seemed to be comparing the color of the contents, which Eddus now saw were slightly different.

"Oh yes. I found a fascinating book from a few hundred years ago, it was written by the Steward of the time for her successor. Back in those days the steward's main job was to manage the Royal Harem. Did you know we used to own a tonne of you humans as slaves?" the Princess put one of the jars back in the box, and tried to extract some of the contents of the other, somewhat hindered by the size of her chubby fingers. "Anyway, the Queen tended to wear out the ones she took a fancy to quite quickly, so the steward developed something to help prepare new recruits for their duty."



"That sounds... really interesting." Eddus had never read a book, in fact, he could barely read at all, but he didn't need to be literate to know that those who attended to the palace and its residents hadn't always been paid for their service.

"It most definitely was. Gives a princess a lot to think about, and you should see some of the diagrams!" the Princess gave up her attempts, instead opting to shake the jar upside down until one of the candies fell into her palm. "But the point is, the steward wrote down most of her recipes, and I sent some of them off to an apothecary. Go on, boy. Take it."

"Well your Highness, if it's all the same to you... well it's just, err..." Eddus stumbled through the sentence, looking for an excuse to reject the suspicious candy being proffered to him in the Princess' palm.

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"All the same?" she scoffed "You think you can impress me at half-mast when I'm used to this?" she indicated the rubber object that had caused this predicament in the first place.

"Well-" Eddus began, accepting the candy before the Princess cut him off.

"Did you honestly think I'd just let you choose to give me a night of disappointment? What fun would that be; if you didn't at least make a sporting effort. Now eat up, before I force it down your throat."


As the Princess lay down on her side, spreading herself out luxuriously across the bed, he resisted the urge to mutter that such comments didn't help his performance anxiety, watching the Princess' breasts and thighs take a couple seconds longer than the rest of her to settle into the new position.
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Kneeling before the Princess, his head was about level with the highest point of the Princess' wide hips and the generous padding that covered them.
"Well boy, are you ready to start?" she crooned.
END OF PART 1
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Character Designs
1st version: done as a request for Burnicus. A true BBW. Closest to the story description in looks, proportions and scale.
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2nd attempt: intermediary. Corset/hourglass. Slimmed down the body while keeping the breasts and face similar. Large mouth to suggest her big appetite, as in No Guts No Glory. Slightly butch look between the hair and face; looks more mature.


Final version. Decided to go for a younger, relatively innocent look, which provides a contrast with her darker actions. Her features are slimmer and more delicate. Gave her a longer, more royal-looking hairstyle. Made the breasts slightly smaller; as tempting as it is to make them as big as possible, it made sense to keep them relatively manageable. Also swapped out the generic fantasy set for a french bedroom one that looks much, much better.
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