

Basma had the worst luck.

Women in her country weren't exactly the most well treated, even more so if you were poor.

Basma was what some would call a "Street rat."

Ever since her family had died in the most recent plague, she had been on her own.

A life of stealing scraps and escaping guards had left her nimble and lean, but she knew as she was getting older that would become harder.

She needed to live, not survive. She hated sleeping on stone, having sand constantly in her hair, and the terror of what could happen if she was caught stealing.

As she wandered through town square when an announcement was made.

"Prince Yusuf is accepting new girls to his Harem! All girls who wish to be considered come forward to be judged!"

Basma paused.

There were times when she considered life as a Harem girl, but the other street rats very much did not recommend it.

Tales would pour from their lips of the brutality, of what fate befell someone who was owned by someone else.

There was a servant of every royal prince, who bemoaned how cruel each one could be.

Each one, except Prince Yusuf.

The only girl she had met who had worked for him had nothing but kind things to say about him.

"He was very sweet. If I didn't have to move back to support my parents when they got sick I would still be there."

"He treated his girls very well. I talked to them, and they said as such. Even kept his servants well, he was the only job I never lost weight at."

Basma assumed she was either full of it or severely misled.

In her mind, Prince Yusuf was probably the worst. The worst ones always had ways of hiding it,

of making sure no one heard anything.

Still...

Basma had been wrong before. Maybe life on the streets had hardened her. Maybe it blinded her.

And besides, if he was as terrible as she imagined, she could always get away, right?

She moved through the crowd, towards where the speaker was.

"I volunteer."

Two other girls got up.

One of them was Fatima, one of her long time friends. She was taller than her, and thin as a rail.

The other was Pari, the daughter of a local baker. She was pretty.. For a fat girl. Her parents evidently let her get into the pantry a little too much.

Awfully presumptive that someone as big as her thinks they have a chance of joining a harem, Basma thought to herself as the announcer looked over her, Fatima, and Pari, But looking like that this might be the only chance she has.

For once she was especially glad she had lived a life of meager portions and quick escapes.

"And how old are all of you?"

"20." I said.

"22." Fatima replied.

"24." Pari said.

The announcer looked over the girls one more time, then grabbed Basma and Fatima by the hand.

"You two, come with me!"

Pari's face broke into a frown, and Basma almost felt sorry for her.

But her heart was elated. A little anxious, but elated.

The man brought them to a truck, and we climbed in. As soon as he left them , Fatima hugged

Basma tight.

“I was so worried no one else from the village would be there! This will be so exciting!”

Basma wished she could share her excitement, but the seed of anxiety in my heart had grown into a tree of doubt.

“Let’s just hope Prince Yusuf is as kind as they say.”

“Oh we don’t have to worry about that! From what I hear, nothing but luxury awaits us.”

The ride was fairly short, only about an hour or so.

The driver got out and helped them down.

She blinked to adjust to the light and was blown away by what she saw.

It was a little small for a prince’s palace, but still awe inspiring. Beautifully painted architecture shone in the hot sun, showing them a modest three story house surrounded by a mosaic ridden wall.

A fountain sprayed cool water on either side of the walkway to the main entrance, where waiting for them was a devilishly handsome man wearing a white suit, amber colored sunglasses, and whose freshly groomed beard was just beginning to show the faintest signs of gray.

It was a face she had seen in newspapers and on television.

It was the face of Prince Yusuf.

“Welcome, welcome ladies. I hope you will enjoy your stay here! My chefs have prepared a wonderful lunch for us, but before we begin, are there any belongings you left behind that you wish for us to pick up for you?”

“No.” They both said in unison.

“Good, good. I am Prince Yusuf, as you may have guessed, and what are the names of the beautiful things I see before me?”

“Basma” she said quickly.

“F-fatima.” her friend said with a stutter. She had always been the romantic type, and Prince Yusuf obviously was having quite the effect on her.

“A pleasure to meet both of you, and hear such lovely names.”

He took both of their hands and kissed them.

So far, what I've heard is true...

He turned and they followed behind him. Inside, the air was cool and air conditioned. Basma realized how much she must have sweated both earlier today and in the car ride over.

Perfect place for a little test.

“I’m sorry, Prince Yusuf sir, but do you think I could freshen up before we eat?”

He turned again to face them and Basma scanned his face for any signs of anger or resentment at his plans being interrupted by my wants, but found none.

“Of course! Both of you will be shown to your rooms. And simply give my people your measurements and we will supply you with fresh clothes as well.”

He passes.. For now.

The feasting hall was very extravagant, but Basma and Fatima only took up a small corner of the table.

Yusuf sat at the head.

“Please, enjoy as much as you want, there is plenty here.”

Servants brought out some bread and oil.

They mingled with Yusuf for a while. He was very interested in hearing about their lives, where they grew up.

He offered no judgment when they both said they had to steal to survive.

Basma noticed that Fatima was particularly ravenous.

Be careful girl, keep eating like that and you will become like Pria, and be cast out and on the street again.

Then it was time for the main course.

Lamb curry, with naan and papadum to dip it in.

It was divine, like nothing she had ever tasted. Still, she made sure to keep myself measured and restrained, unlike Fatima.

If Yusuf was displeased, he didn't show it. He ate his curry and smiled as we ate.

Fatima hadn't even been finished for a few seconds when another plate was brought to her. Without missing a beat she kept eating.

This is probably a test. To weed out the greedy pigs before we officially join the Harem.

She paced herself, and finished her first plate just as Fatima was finishing her second.

Still, she was stuffed. This was more than she had eaten in two days.

"Thank you, Prince Yusuf," she said, "That meal was delicious."

He laughed. "Then you will be pleased to know it is not over. We still have dessert."

Three glasses of Sahlab were brought out and placed before them.

She was stunned at the luxury.

"Thank you, my prince, but I am too full to eat this."

"Please, I insist. At least eat what you can."

She glanced at Fatima, who was wolfing down her Sahlab.

She brought a spoonful to her mouth and had to stop herself from moaning.

"This is... divine, my Prince."

She managed three more spoonfuls of the creamy dessert before she had to stop, lest she either burst or make a pig of herself like Fatima was doing.

She leaned back in her chair, stomach more stuffed than she ever thought possible.

Prince Yusuf clapped his hands together. "Wonderful! I must leave now, but I am very pleased with you both."

He helped both of them to their feet, and kissed both their cheeks.

Basma felt her heart flutter some more as he held her close, the scent of his cologne enriching her nostrils.

“You both are free to help yourself to any amenity you want here. The servant’s will provide all you ask for.”

With that he left.

Now that she was free to do whatever, a question crossed her mind.

Where are the other Harem girls?

Nearly a whole week passed and Basma still didn’t have an answer.

She and Fatima just relaxed, ate, and enjoyed a nice peaceful life.

She continued to try to show restraint, but Yusuf always made sure she continued eating if she ever indicated she was full.

The damage of this was not lost to her. She stood in front of the mirror in her room, confirming with her eyes what she could already feel.

I’m getting soft.

It wasn’t much, maybe a few millimeters on her thighs, but she worried what it could mean for her future.

A fat concubine is a homeless concubine, Basma.

She didn’t really know all that much about exercising. Modest meals at best and running for most of the day took care of that for her.

But there was nowhere to run, and the meals were far from meager here.

Maybe that was why I haven’t seen any other harem members, they all got so fat from this treatment he kicked them out.

That was a disturbing thought. Basma was just about to try to do some crunches or push ups when a knock came at her door.

“Basma open up! I have exciting news to share with you!” The voice of Fatima came from the other side.

She opened the door and seeing her friend, she knew she wouldn’t be the first thrown out if her theory was true.

A few days wasn't enough to do a large amount of damage, but Basma could see what her ravenous appetite was doing to her friend.

A bit of softness dipped over the waist of her skirt, and her previously flat chested friend wasn't exactly looking busty, there was more up top than there had been previously.

She was wearing the brightest smile she had ever seen as she walked in and sat on the bed.

Last night," She said before pausing to sigh contently, "Prince Yusuf officially made me a part of his Harem."

A beat passed before Basma knew the meaning of what she said.

"You..."

"Yes. Finally."

She smiled.

"That's wonderful Fatima!"

Honestly, she had kind of forgotten what most Harems were for.

She wasn't really shy about the concept of sex. There had been times when she was tempted to sell herself for a quick meal. But the fear of side effects and how poor prostitutes were treated kept her from that.

Fatima grabbed her hands and looked into her eyes.

"So, tell me about it!"

"Tell you about what?"

"Your time with him of course!"

Basma looked away, brushing a raven lock to the side of her face.

"I... actually haven't... been with him yet."

A furious blush overtook Basma's cheeks.

Fatima brought her hands to her face.

"I'm sorry, I thought for sure he would have invited you before me."

“What makes you say that?” Basma asked inquisitively.

“The way he looks at you during dinner. I assumed he fancied you more than me.”

If Basma could blush any more she would.

“I’m sure he will come to you soon. He was such a gentleman to me. He asked if I wanted to, rather than force me like most Harem owners would act.”

They chatted for a bit more, then Fatima went to lounge by the pool.

Basma was now unsure of herself.

Why would he go for fatima first when she has been gorging like a pig this whole time?

Then a smirk came across her lips.

Perhaps he wanted to save the best for later.

Still, Basma stayed in her room most of the day, only coming out for lunch and dinner.

Afterwards, a still very full Basma heard a knock at the door.

Don’t get your hopes up, it’s probably Fatima again.

Opening her door she was very glad to be wrong.

“May I... come in?” Said the voice of Prince Yusuf, a sultry look and tone told her all she needed about his intentions that night.

Fighting the urge to stutter and swoon she replied with a very simple “You may” in a tone that she hoped matched his.

The prince was obviously more well versed in this than she was, so he was very gentle. He set the mood by changing the lights of her bedroom to the exact dark shade of red she wanted.

Still, she was nervous. This felt like the first time she was being tested on what she would be expected to do the rest of her time at the Harem.

“It’s okay, Basma. Let yourself relax and enjoy this.:

“As you wish, my Prince.”

It hurt a little, but Yusuf assured her that it was normal for her first time.

All in all, the whole thing lasted maybe 20 minutes, but it was 20 minutes Basma would treasure.

As she laid there afterward wrapped in her sheets, she sighed dreamily at what had just happened.

She would have been very disappointed to see the look of dissatisfaction that was on Yusuf's face.

As she dreamt, she imagined what her life would look like now.

She saw her and Fatima laying by while the Prince was on his throne. A servant fanned her, and she had grapes and sweet wine at her beck and call.

Maybe she would have some of his children?

Maybe he would see her true beauty and make her his wife?

She was awoken the next day by some servants.

"What's going on?" she asked as she answered the door, hair still messy from last night's visit.

"We are moving you to the Harem."

She stopped and blinked.

"I thought this was the Harem?"

"No, no. This is just the holding area. Come on, you have an hour to get ready."

As she picked out her favorite outfit and brushed her teeth, she felt the anxiety return to her.

What else is he hiding?

Fatima was her usual gleeful self, dressed to the nines.

"I can't wait to meet all the other girls!"

“Fatima, aren’t you at all concerned that he is moving us to another building?”

She looked confused at Basma.

“No, if anything it makes more sense. We were just picked up off the street, wouldn’t it make more sense to get to know us beforehand.”

“You have a point, just, be careful.”

“There are my girls!” Came the voice of Prince Yusuf as he walked towards them with outstretched arms.

“I hope you can forgive the deceit, but there were some things to take care of before you met the other concubines. Come, come, the car is waiting.”

Unlike the truck that had brought them here, this one was astoundingly luxurious.

Yusuf opened a cabinet with some champagne bottles and poured three glasses, handing one to Basma and Fatima.

“To our continued relationship!” he said before holding his glass out to toast.

Basma put her fears aside and toasted as well.

He hasn’t given me reason to doubt him yet.

The car ride lasted an hour or so. When they arrived, Basma saw a large facility that almost looked like a hotel.

“Welcome to your new home!”

He got out and led them inside. She was still somewhat convinced it was a hotel, with all the servants walking about, but she still didn’t see any other concubines.

“I bought this from an American hotel company. It was quite the bargain, even after I had it renovated.”

“What did you add?” Fatima said as she picked up a small cupcake offered by a servant.

“Some new swimming pools, expanded the rooms, and added a few kitchens. Come on, your rooms are on the 24th floor.

Basma stepped into one of the largest elevators she had seen. It looked more like a service

elevator.

“Oh, new elevators too.”

“Why are they so large?”

“We are here!” He exclaimed before walking out into the hallway without even acknowledging her question.

Outside every room, there was a gorgeous painting of a woman.

It was different for each room, with most looking like locals, but she saw some foreigners too.

It was only when they reached their rooms that they realized the paintings were of the occupants.

“Wow! When did you make this!” Fatima said, looking at a painting of her in a beautiful dress.

“I had it commissioned when I first met you. It’s part of the reason I waited to bring you both here.”

Basma looked at her painting, showing a less vibrant but still glamorous dress.

Then she looked at the painting of the person next to her and gasped in shock.

“Nagia Faez is here?”

She was looking at a painting featuring a fierce and confident woman with short dark hair, wearing a football uniform complete with a ball under her shoulder.

Yusuf walked up next to her.

“I take it you are a fan?”

“She’s a hero to me! I always wondered what she got up to, since she announced her retirement so early.”

“Well now you know. Most girls are still asleep now, but you can introduce yourself later.”

Basma thought it was strange that it was so late in the day and people were still sleeping, but she didn’t ask any questions when she saw the room she was given.

It was huge, with big floor to ceiling windows. A full fridge sat in one corner, and a microwave was above it.

A smart tv dominated one wall, and two doors led to, she assumed, a closet and a bathroom.

But the bed was the focal point. It dominated the room, looking like it could fit at least four of her on there.

I wonder if the prince likes to have... guests at night.

“Well, I’ll let you get settled in. You will be summoned for supper later tonight.”

With that, Yusuf left the room, leaving Basma alone once again.

She immediately flopped down on the bed, noticing how it was the perfect mix of soft and firm.

She opened her closet and noted she was half eight. Half of it was made up of beautiful outfits that looked very skimpy indeed, basically consisting of some loose almost see through pants, a top that was two strips of fabric that crossed over her meager chest, and a veil.

Men are still men, I suppose.

The other half was full of snacks and microwavable dishes. There were bags of chips, cookies, and bread and peanut butter.

Won’t go hungry here.

She also found a wired telephone and a sheet of things she could request, from special baths to masseuse appointments, and 24/7 meal service.

She took a bag of chips and settled on the bed, powering on the Tv.

She saw a library of content to work through, and she didn’t know where to start so she found a random series option.

She munched as she watched a trashy show about an American highschool, not realizing too much time had passed until she heard a knock at the door and a voice say “Miss Basma, dinner is ready.”

The voice had a french accent, and upon opening the door she found it belonged to a very pretty woman wearing a maid uniform.

“Hello! My name is Amélie, and I am your assistant. Please get dressed in the clothes Prince Yusuf supplied.

Basma got changed in the closet, a little embarrassed at what she was wearing, then followed

Amélie to a massive dining chamber.

It was circular, with long tables that ran the circumference, except for gaps in the middle that led to a large table on a sort of podium, where Prince Yusuf was sitting.

“Ah, Basma! Please, let Amélie show you to your seat!”

Once again, Basma wanted to point out that except for a visibly excited Fatima, there was no one else here.

Seemingly sensing this, Amélie said. “The others will be here shortly. The Prince wanted your first dinner as an official member of the harem to be special, so he brought you here early. Plus, it takes them... a while to arrive.”

She sat next to Fatima, and based on where she was sitting, and the nameplate in front of her, realized they were organized by room number.

That means I sit next to... Her.

Sure enough, when she looked over at the somewhat spaciouly gapped spot next to her, she saw the name “Nagia.”

Now she was really excited. Getting to sit next to a hero of hers would make this new place very exciting.

They waited.

And waited.

Finally, they heard grunts and groans coming. Basma looked to Fatima, only to see her own look of confusion mirrored.

Nothing could have prepared them for what came through the entryway to the dining area.

A horde of some of the most morbidly obese people either had ever seen came lumbering in. They all were dressed in the same style as her and Fatima, but the billowing silk of their pants were full of plush flesh. Their revealing attire did not support the mammoth mammaries they all sported, but a stupefying amount of stomach did.

The fat was not all distributed equally. Some had to squeeze hippo sized behinds past chairs and tables, some had helpers lift their bellies so they could move at all, and even more still had to tread carefully, as their bust blocked any view of what was right in front of them.

She looked to The Prince, who was more jubilant than he had ever seemed.

The women all made their way to their separate chairs, often having to squeeze their bulk past others who were already seated.

The nationalities matched the tapestries hanging outside the rooms Basma had seen. Most of them were from this country, but there was a healthy smattering of girls from many different countries.

“Hello... neighbor....” Basma heard a voice wheeze out next to her. She knew who it was, someone she had been very excited to see up until moments ago.

As she turned she saw the few features she could recognize, her eyes. They were still the same steely blue she had seen on television and magazine covers.

But they were almost completely buried underneath an obscene amount of flab. Her short dark hair had been grown out into a mane, and her sharp cheeks had become round.

Overstuffed into her outfit, she sat down at her spot on the table.

“I’m.. Nagia.” Said the former football sensation.

“I... know. I’m a fan.”

Nagia smiled and looked like she was going to say something, but before she could reply Prince Yusuf tapped his glass with a fork.

“Good evening my wonderful piggies! Tonight, we have two very special additions to the Harem, and you know what that means.”

Two servants placed two flat objects at the base of the table.

“It’s time for their first weigh-in!”

Flabby hands sent their owners' bodies quivering as they clapped. The Prince turned towards them, and they slowly got up and made their way in front of the table, to where the scales were set.

Her heart racing, Basma stepped onto it, feeling the many eyes all on her was not a pleasant sensation. She didn’t see a number pop up on a screen, but then a robotic voice said “118 pounds.”

She never really cared about her weight before, but she was sure it was a little higher than a week ago, after her decadent week at the holding facility.

Fatima stepped on hers and heard “125 pounds.”

Suddenly, the weight Fatima packed on created jealousy in her.

If I don't keep up and become like these... women, will I be on the streets again?

They returned to their seats amidst the sounds of the women all around them shamelessly gorging themselves. Carts full of delightfully decadent dishes were carted around the dining hall, and placed in front of the greedy eyed women.

Fatima joined them, while Basma nibbled at her food.

“Something wrong, dear?” Nagia said in between bites of her fried chicken wing.

“Oh, um, it's just...”

“Not what you were expecting, huh.”

She just wordlessly nodded, not even looking at the obese form of one of her idles.

“I was a lot like you, when I joined. It was too weird for me, and I was a football star.”

She then laid her hands down on top of her gargantuan girthy gut.

“But after a while, you get used to being pampered. I'm the heaviest one here, and it feels like I earned it.”

Slowly, she got herself to eat. This wasn't the worst thing imaginable, she would just have to accept it.

After dinner, she returned to her room, the paintings on the wall outside now serving to remind Basma of the fate, and weight, that laid before her.

The next day, Basma was awoken by her door being opened.

“Good morning! Basma! Time for the first day of your new routine!” Came the lovely french voice of Amélie. She wheeled in a large serving cart.

“We have a lovely breakfast for you today! An American special, as the Prince likes to call it.”

Basma groggily rose, the scent captivating.

Amélie revealed three silver trays with a bowl of scrambled eggs, pancakes, and bacon.

“Obviously we do not expect you to eat every last bite, but have your fill. Oh, and drink this.” She poured milk from a pitcher into a glass, then added a brown powder and mixed it until the milk turned brown as well.

“What is that?” Basma asked, eyebrows raised.

“Weight gain powder. Helps to add the pounds even quicker.”

For a brief moment waking up, Basma thought that last night was merely a dream, but those words confirmed she was indeed in reality.

She loaded a plate with eggs, bacon, and three pancakes and began digging in. Amélie made herself busy by straightening up a little around the room, her maid dress apparently not a costume.

“Everything alright darling?” She asked, dusting an area that obviously didn’t have any dust on it.

“Yeah, just not used to eating in front of an audience, and especially not used to the reason you all seem so keen on keeping me.. Well fed.”

“Oh, it’s understandable. Most girls are like you when they come in. But we all have our preferences, some are just stronger than others.”

Basma was reminded of something that had been bothering her.

“Back in my village, there was a girl who was already so plump, yet the recruiter chose me and Fatima over her. At first, I thought it was because she obviously didn’t meet the Prince’s standards, yet now I know that’s certainly not the case.”

Amélie laughed. “Another question new girls have. I guess you could say it’s less the end goal that the prince enjoys, but the journey and the transformation.”

Basma cocked her head to the side before drinking the sweet weight gain shake.

“I guess one explanation is that Yusuf is sort of a farmer. Sure, he could go to the store and buy produce there easily, but he prefers to grow his own.”

Basma kept eating, trying not to think of herself as livestock, until she couldn’t eat another bite.

Amélie took the platters away from her, but before she departed she said “ You’re free to mingle with the other guests, but try not to leave the compound without permission, and at 4 o’clock you have an appointment with me in weight room A. Someone should be able to tell you where

that is. “

Basma was a little confused but decided to relax a bit before heading out.

When she didn't feel so bloated, she got up and decided to explore a little.

The halls were fairly empty, except for the occasional maid either bringing in or taking away food carts. Given the states of the occupants, this was to be expected.

The mess hall was a different story. It was different from the dining hall, where everyone had assigned seats and the food was brought to them. Here, it was almost like a cafeteria she would see on American television, except the food looked a lot better and the women a lot bigger.

She walked up and got a tray of fries and a cheeseburger, furthering the idea that this was based on an American school.

“Oh Basma! Come sit with us!” Fatima was waving her over. She was sitting next to Nagia, and another hefty woman with short black hair and ivory skin.

“This is so exciting! We are living with a celebrity!” Fatima gushed in between bites of her burger.

“Oh, I wouldn't say that. I doubt most people would recognise me.” Nagia said, a blush on her chubby cheeks as sausage like fingers rubbed and fondled the mass of her belly.

“Yes, especially not after what me and my sister did to you.” The Stranger said, in a french accent that reminded her of someone.

“Wait, your sister?”

The person laughed.

“Apologies. You met her, and I assumed she mentioned me. I am Gaelle, and Amélie is my sister.”

“And the both of them took me from soccer star to.. this. Now I'm curious just what Amélie will do with you.” Nagia added.

“But.. you are...” Basma trailed off, mind working to understand.

“Obese? Fat? Mountainous?” Gaelle said with a devious gleam in her eyes. “I was brought on with my sister when Yusuf heard of our... talents. We were a package deal.” She paused to drink from her milkshake before continuing “But after a while I began to wonder what the other side was like, to be enabled, rather than the enabler. I started sneaking food, secretly stuffing

myself, until Yusuf noticed and put me in his harem.”

She sighed dreamily and jammed a handful of fries into her mouth.

“Speaking of your sister, she said at 4 I had to go to weight room A?” Nagia and Gaelle looked at each other and giggled.

“You are in for something truly special, dear. It's right around the corner from here so it shouldn't be too hard to find.”

Basma still had concerns, but for now focused on eating the delicious food.

When the time came, she followed the instructions she was given and arrived at a door marked Weight room A.

Entering inside, she saw Amélie waiting next to a massive chair.

“Welcome dear! Please come have a seat.”

“What is all of this?” she said as she walked forward.

“Simply eating won't provide you with enough calories to truly blossom. So we devised these feeding chairs to make sure we can maximize your potential.”

Basma kept staring at Amélie as she sat down. She also realized a large tv was on the wall opposite of her.

“Don't worry I'm sure you can find something enjoyable to watch.”

A clear tube descended from the ceiling.

“Chocolate or vanilla?”

“What?”

“Do you want chocolate or vanilla flavored cream.”

“Oh, um Chocolate I guess.”

“Very good choice.”

Amélie brought the tube to Basma's mouth.

“There may be some discomfort, try to relax.”

The tube going down her throat was an odd sensation, but not too uncomfortable.

“I will now begin to raise the rate of the flow. When you think you are at your limit, give me a thumbs up. If you want it raised higher after that, raise your right hand. Lower, raise your left. Nod if you understand me.”

Despite her heart fluttering with anxiety, she nodded.

Amélie turned a knob and a smooth brown liquid descended from the tubes. To Basma it tasted like the most wonderful chocolate she had ever eaten. She moaned while she was still able to.

The flow increased and increased, until Basma sent the thumbs up signal. It was pretty strong, but she didn't feel it filling her up, strangely enough.

She flipped through the movies and shows she was offered. She settled on a Korean drama she thought looked interesting.

About an hour in she began to feel a little full so she signaled for the flow to be lowered.

She kept adjusting the flow as she watched the show for hours, the flow always matching her appetite under Amélie's careful eye.

Finally, just as she was beginning to get a little tired of it, the flow stopped.

“Wonderful darling! You are a natural at this!”

“T-thank you.”

“Keep this up and you'll be breaking beds in no time.”

Basma just chuckled nervously, and retreated to her bedroom, where she collapsed onto the bed, as apparently all day eating was exhausting.

She kept this schedule up for some time. Some days ended in the banquet hall, some days she was subjected to the feeding machine.

It did not take very long for the effects to become obvious.

Basma noted that she seemed to very much be a pear shaped gainer. Her clothes were fairly loose, but she noted the sarong was getting a bit snug on her hips. Her belly was also receiving it's fair amount of pudge.

Her chest hadn't received the same attention that fatima's had, which irked her a little.

Nagia was happy to take Basma under her lard-laden wings. She told her when to expect the best meals, gave her good shows to enjoy while she was sucking down shakes, and little tidbits to maximize her laziness.

Amélie was also a very effective taskmaster for Basma. She had a calorific spreadsheet for her every day. She truly made it so Basma was working harder at being lazy than she had at any point in her life.

She was lounging with Gaelle by the pool, watching the obese women of varying size float in the pool, their adipose keeping them buoyant.

“There’s nothing better than this, Basma.” Gaelle said, while eating a sundae placed on her gelatinous stomach.

Basma said nothing, but couldn’t help but notice the barbed wire lining the perimeter of the compound.

“It would be nice to leave some time.”

“That can be complicated. Yusuf doesn’t like to advertise his... interests.”

Basma felt the gnawing anxiety come back. A pampered prisoner was still a prisoner. And Yusuf hadn’t come to visit her quarters since they arrived, as much as she wanted to sleep with him again.

“How big can you get here?” Basma asked.

“Nagia currently is the biggest,” Gaelle said, motioning for another sundae to be delivered.

“Amélie made sure of that, as much as I helped in the beginning.”

“But Yusuf still wants people to move, correct?”

“I think no one has been .. pliable as Nagia was. But I wouldn’t be surprised if immobility is one of his goals for us.”

Basma moved from anxiety to fear. Being a harem girl wasn’t as bad as she had thought, but her independence was a large part of her identity.

She hoped the prince would be sensible and have a weight limit for his girls. If not, sooner rather than later she would have to think of a way out of here.

But the sun was shining and the pool was refreshing. The growing lazy part of her decided to just enjoy today, and worry about the limits of her waistline tomorrow.

She signaled for someone to bring her a sundae of her own, as Gaelle's looked very good. She was also looking forward to dinner that night.

The next few weeks passed much the same way. Basma ate.

And ate.

And ate some more. No matter how many times she did it, or how frequently, she never got bored of eating.

Speaking to the other "Feedee's" as they called themselves helped. There was always someone eager to talk, even while they both were eating. Many were poor commoners like herself, but there were celebrities like Nagia.

There were some athletes, and also some small tv show actresses, who accepted Yusuf's offer once their careers floundered for a bit. There were even princesses who had been married to Yusuf through deals with much smaller nations, and Basma loved hearing them talk about their home country and its traditions.

Still some part of her was worried at how fat she was expected to get. Some of these girls looked one biscuit away from needing a scooter to get anywhere.

And Nagia was the biggest.

Far from the lean mean and pristine soccer machine she had always been in Basma's eye, she was actively seeing less of her because she seemed to be making less of an effort to get out of bed most days.

And when she did, you could practically hear the floor rumble in the entire compound. And hear her wheezing.

"Please, bring me that pitcher of lemonade!" Nagia demanded as she continued the arduous task of reaching the pool, where at least the water would alleviate the gravity of her astronomical body.

Two servants flanked her, supporting her the best they could by grabbing her fleshy folds. A third brought a pitcher full of the sugary drink to her lips, and she gulped it down like it was air.

Basma was sitting with Fatima, as they watched the bulging behemoth waddle past.

“Can you believe that’s someone who we used to look up to?”

Fatima said that with no hint of indignation, instead it sounded almost... aspirational.

Amélie was keeping Basma well fed throughout the day, making sure to keep a good balance between food stuffing and hose stuffing.

Basma felt the side of her hip. It was getting softer by the day, and trying to feel the bone was almost impossible.

The worry was still persisting in her.

She scanned the walls, almost absentmindedly. She wanted to have a plan in place, a plan to get out.

What was her plan after that, though? Hardly anyone would give food to a begging girl who looked so overfed as she did.

And stealing at her size would surely lead to her being caught and imprisoned, or even worse.

Basma thought she was working out a plan, but really she was debating with herself.

And for now, one side was winning easily.

Amélie came by, holding a pitcher of vanilla shake.

“Something extra sweet, my dumpling?”

She nodded yes. The sun was so hot, and something cool would be heavenly right now.

The days passed as they always did, but now Basma either spent them enjoying paradise or devising ways to escape from it.

She noted guard schedules, saw gaps in the security wall, and hid any utensil she could get her hands on that might prove useful.

Still, she debated.

Was this the best course of action? Would she be ruining her chance at a happy life?

She wished she could talk to someone about this, but all of her friends were firmly enthralled by the allure of decadence.

Fatima was a lost cause.

She had stopped letting fat happen to her, and had started embracing it.

“Oof, I think I overdid it again...”

Fatima leaned back, her gut practically spherical.

Unlike Basma, her pounds flowed upwards. She was exceedingly top heavy, and had to fight to keep herself decent most days.

Their outfits didn't offer much breast support, but luckily their guts helped mitigate that.

Basma merely gave her a sideways glance. This was the third time this week she had “overdone it,” and it was only thursday.

“I wonder, how much I've gained, this week?” Fatima added, in between deep breaths of her very stuffed gut.

“Fatima, don't you think this all is a little... excessive?”

Fatima looked at Basma like she had just grown a third head.

“Basma, the whole point of this place is to be excessive.”

“Still, aren't you worried about how quickly we are... changing?:

Basma put her hands under her new pot belly and shook it, to show what she was talking about.

Fatima merely fondled her own ballooning breasts.

“Not at all. I want Yusuf to truly see me as someone who deserves to be here. I'll keep getting fatter for him, no matter what.”

Fatima bit her lip, and Basma could tell what she was thinking about.

Gaëlle waddled over to them, her sarong almost invisible based on all her bulk.

The immense french woman plopped down, wiping sweat away from her short hair.

“Oof, glad to see you girls looking so well. Oh, Basma,” Gaëlle said as she turned to speak to her.

“Amélie said to tell you that she will be late for your funnel session in a few minutes. It seems Nagia has gotten stuck in the doorway, again.”

Gaelle spoke that last part like it was the most normal thing in the world, then sighed dreamily.

“Say, what are your girls' goals?”

Basma cocked her head.

“For me, just getting here was the goal.”

Gaelle laughed, sending her body quivering.

“Oh, not just life goals my dear. I was talking about more in terms of... size.”

Much like Basma had done earlier, Gaelle lifted her gut and shook it, only this was much more substantial.

“Oh, um I was really just seeing how things went.”

Fatima giggled. “I can't wait until I reach your size, or even Nagia's.”

Gaelle patted her on her doughy shoulder.

“That's the spirit, Fatima! Yusuf will notice you in no time!”

She did have a point.

Basma still felt butterflies when she thought back to her first night with Yusuf. She longed for him to treat her like that again.

A grumble came from her belly. She was getting hungry.

The day came when Basma could no longer deny what was being done.

Sure, she was getting fatter by the day, but she always assumed she would be able to keep her autonomy.

She was at dinner. Fatima was next to her, breasts almost bursting out of her sarong, as she talked her ear off about some of the gossip she had picked up from the other Harem girls.

Both of them had been weighed earlier, and Basma had gained an even 50 pounds since leaving the street rat behind, while Fatima had edged her out at 56.

It was absurd of her to feel jealous, but there was some part of her that was. There was a

growing part of her brain that was beginning to associate added weight with more of Yusuf's love and adoration.

No matter how much she tried to rationalize it, her hand was sneaking extra bites from her plate even though she was full.

It was then that Basma realized something.

Where was Nagia?

Yusuf stood and tapped his glass with his fork.

"Good evening everyone! I am pleased to announce one among you has reached a very important milestone."

The doors to the dining hall opened, and... something was being wheeled out.

"Is that..." Fatima asked, her pasta falling from her fork.

"It can't be..."

Currently being rolled in was a veritable mountain of flesh.

Greedy porcine eyes rolled back in ecstasy as they chugged gainer shake through a hose inserted into her mouth.

Lazy arms laid to the side of her vast ocean like belly, clearly not seeing much use.

What little she could see of her legs showed how they were soft pillars of flab, clearly unable to support the full weight of her body.

But mostly, she was just shocked that she was looking at Nagia.

It had been a few days since she had seen her soccer idol turned blubber mountain, but even then the difference was startling.

She must have been stuffed nearly 24/7 in order to reach this size.

Yusuf stepped down and approached her, briefly taking out the feeding tube so he could kiss her, which she seemed to respond to well but a few seconds later started whimpering so he brought it back.

Yusuf turned towards the rest of the Harem.

“Let Nagia be a guiding beacon for all of you, so that you can all achieve this greatness!”

Pudgy hands clapped together, all except Basma who only started clapping a few seconds later.

That anxious feeling that had been building inside her all this time shattered, filling her veins with ice.

This is what he intends for all of us, she thought.

If I stay here, I'm going to be huge, like her.

I need to get out of here.

That night after dinner, the survivor side of Basma that had been building an escape plan took over.

She knew guard rotations, how close she was to the buildings outside the compound, and had fashioned a little bag full of non-perishable food for her to take.

The lazy side of her tried to argue, saying how things were so much better now that they were off the streets, but she refused to listen to it now.

There were no visible locks on their doors, so she just needed to avoid detection from the guards outside.

She stepped out in the middle of the night, and walked right past Fatima's door.

They had been somewhat friendly in their past life, but she did not trust that Fatima wasn't fully corrupted by this church of indulgence Yusuf preached.

There was a second floor window that offered her access to a portion of the fence close by to some buildings. If she could just get over it, she would be home free.

Reaching the window, she furtively looked around to make sure there was no one coming, then opened it and began to climb through.

The opening was smaller than she expected, and her hips had grown wider than she realized. It was a struggle, as her excess flesh on her rear slowed her down, but she managed to force herself through the opening.

Another few days and I wouldn't be able to fit.

Now she had the fence to worry about. It was topped in barbed wire, so she had brought a towel with her for that.

But first she had to catch her breath. That window endeavor had taken a lot out of her.

She was far removed from her days of stealing loaves of bread.

Still, she trudged on. She only had a few more minutes until the next guard rotation.

She clambered up the chain link fence, throwing the towel over the barbed wire.

Just as she was climbing over, she felt a sharp pain in her rear, and everything went black.

When she awoke, she had a splitting headache.

With a groan, she opened her eyes, and saw she was back in her room, and Yusuf was sitting in front of her.

"I'm glad you're alright." He said.

There was no hint of malice or anger in his voice.

"What are you going to do to me?" Basma said, her voice full of fear.

"I'm disappointed in myself. I should have seen how unhappy you were. From now on, you will know nothing but the utmost care. I've instructed Amélie that you are her only patient from now on. Unless, you would like to leave?"

With that he turned to leave..

There was a sadness in him that made Basma feel guilty.

She realized now how much she would have given up if she ran away.

"No, I want to stay. Truly."

And she did mean it.

He paused, but didn't turn around.

“Good. I’m glad to hear it.”

Maybe she should take this as a blessing.

She rested her eyes and went back to sleep.

She was awoken by a familiar face the next morning.

“Hello! Had quite an exciting time last night, did we?” Amélie said, and she wheeled in a large vat connected to a hose.

“I’m sorry I-”

She put a hand up.

“This happens now and again. It’s ok to be frightened of the concept of immobility. Many of the girls are. Just talk to someone first, before we have to tranq you, hm?”

“Immobility,” Basma said, “There’s a part of me that wants to value my self reliance,”

“And?” Amélie asked with a raised eyebrow.

“And there’s a part of me that wants to indulge, and have all the hardships of my life washed away.”

“There it is,” Amélie smiled. “Now, I prepared an extra special concoction for you today.

She brought the hose to Basma’s lips, and turned it on.

The taste was like nothing Basma had ever experienced before.

It was a heaven like experience, like all the pleasure of the world only existed on her tongue.

She couldn’t help but moan, and Amélie smiled at that.

The days passed in much the same way as before, except now almost every day Amélie came by to fill her with the most wonderful liquid, and Yusuf himself would also walk by her room and hand feed her pieces of chocolate in a very loving manner.

A few days later she was cleared by the doctor to walk the grounds again, and filled in her friends on all that transpired.

“Hah, I used to laugh when the girls tried to escape,” Said Gaelle, lovingly rubbing her gut as she munched on chocolate strawberries.

“Then I tried to run when I gained a pot belly. They grabbed me before I made it past the hall.”

Basma found herself laughing at that.

It felt... nice.

The past few days she had been so wrapped up in fear, and she felt all of that dissipate.

Basma was going to get fat.

Probably extremely fat.

But maybe it wouldn't be such a bad thing?

She thought back to all the times she starved on the streets, how she had to live in fear that any possession of hers would be taken away in the blink of an eye.

Now, she had more food and more possessions than she could ever dream of, and she wanted to throw all of that away?

Basma knew that she was being foolish. She took a bite from her sundae.

Over the next few weeks, what surprised her the most was the attention that Prince Yusuf gave her. It wasn't every day, but more and more she had the Prince popping by to say hello. Sometimes he had a delicious treat to give her, and would spoon each and every delectable bite into her waiting mouth.

One time, after feeding her a whole box of chocolates, she got up to walk away and felt him pinch her ever growing behind.

She blushed, and smiled, then kept walking.

She didn't notice Fatima staring daggers at her.

The Prince never did anything sexual with Basma, who was beginning to grow a little desperate for it.

One day, she decided to speed up the process in which he would be attracted to her.

She needed to stop letting herself fat, and start pursuing the fat.

She stopped merely grazing or idly sucking on the food hose, and started devouring.

Before, each new pound and stretch mark on her thighs or rear would elicit doubt or reservation, but now they brought her closer to her heaven-like experience back in that bedroom.

This also ended up having some rather... pavlovian responses.

"God, look at how big my ass is!"

Basma was no stranger to masturbation.

On the streets she would use it to pass the time, whenever she had long enough alone (so rarely.)

She had kept up this habit when she was admitted to the Harem, only doing it in times of boredom.

But some part of her brain chemistry must have been altered by her fantasies, because now her growth was the fuel for this new wave of lust.

Earlier today, after getting up from her table, empty dishes of various ice cream flavors surrounding her, the small loop of fabric around her thighs had torn.

A blush came to her cheeks, yet no embarrassment was felt. Instead, she saw her gaze meet Prince Yusuf's, who stopped in his tracks at seeing the young girl looking so overfed.

Basma quickly shuffled to her room, locked the door, and got to work.

She laid there after, hand on her developing potbelly, breathless.

She thought again how the prince had looked at her, and suddenly felt hungry.

She got up with a groan, and not wanting to leave rang for Amélie to bring in a meal.

And sure enough she did.

It felt like mere moments before the raven haired frenchwoman had brought in a tray consisting of a few burger's, a load of fries, and a big frothy milkshake.

After Basma started greedily digging into her meal, Amélie gave her a knowing look.

"It looks like someone has been enjoying their new mass."

Now Basma felt embarrassed.

"Is it that... noticeable?" Amélie laughed.

"Only to someone as well trained as me. It's not any evidence, but your demeanor, your attitude towards food, you have become a total feedee!"

Basma felt the roundness of her thighs. There was a softness there that she never knew she could have.

"I guess I'm coming around to Yusuf's tastes."

"Every harem girl has that moment. For Nagia it was the first time she got winded after walking down the hall. For my sister, it was when her bra broke as she was eating an entire roasted pig."

Despite the burger currently in her hand, she felt a sudden desire for pork.

"Amélie, do you think you could-"

"Get you some pork? Like I said, I know those feelings well. And I will always make sure you are receiving anything you want, to the best of my abilities."

She left, leaving Basma to ponder and fondle her flab as she ate the rest of the meal, coming to terms with her new attitude.

A few weeks later, it came time for their next weigh in.

Fatima excitedly got up on the scale, her overfed breasts jousting as she practically skipped up.

The numbers on the scale read "199."

"Good work, Fatima." Yusuf said, but Basma noticed as she turned away she seemed disappointed.

Basma stepped up next, her gait a little unsteady thanks to the way her thighs were taking most of the weight, as usual.

She stepped up to the scale, and took a deep breath, and waited for the number to appear.

“202.”

She felt... happy?

Proud?

These were new terms to get used to when addressing how she felt about her weight.

Her whole life she considered herself lucky to have her weight be barely over 100, now she was more than double that.

And the number would not stop going up any time soon.

She took her seat next to Fatima, who was gorging herself on Sushi.

“I never knew I was putting on so much weight so quickly.”

Fatima replied with merely an unenthused grunt, but Basma was in too good of a mood to really notice or care.

The next time she really became aware of how big she was getting was during one of her feeding sessions with Amélie.

When she walked into the room, she noticed the chair looked a little... different.

“Yusuf requested that we use a specific chair for today.”

Said chair looked a little smaller and a lot less sturdy than the other one.

She was shocked as she sat down just how much resistance her large rear was giving her. She had never had to squeeze herself just to sit down before!

Amélie pinched a little of the flab mushrooming over the sides of the small chair, causing Basma to blush furiously.

“I think I can tell why our Prince wanted to use this chair,” she said, waving to a spot in the

corner that Basma realized now had a camera set up on a tripod.

The feeding continued as normal from there, Basma zoning out as she had gallons of fattening cream poured past her lips and into her ever expansive gullet.

The sound of the machine drowned out almost everything else.

Almost.

Creak.

That sound came when she tried her best to maneuver in the cramped chair.

Creak creak.

Then that sound came just as she was sitting there.

Creak, CRASH!

Before she knew it, the chair gave away, and Basma plummeted a few inches into the ground.

She was so surprised she spat out the hose, sending chocolate cream all over her before Amélie could turn off the flow and rush over to her.

“Basma! Are you all right!”

Basma coughed and shook her head yes.

“I’m alright, just surprised is all.”

Amélie grabbed a towel and put it over her shoulders.

“I’ll get you some dry clothes, wait here.”

Later, two figures stood, watching the footage of the chair collapse.

“She is coming along quite nicely, wouldn’t you say my Prince?”

“Yes, very good Amélie. You are outdoing even yourself.”

The french woman smiled. On another security feed, she watched as her previous passion project, Nagia, was being pleased by a machine, the titanic tub of rolls only getting more and more massive after she succumbed to immobility.

“Outdoing myself is why I came here, my Prince.”

Yusuf rubbed his chin as he watched slowed down footage of the chair breaking under Basma’s ass.

“And to think my initial goal for her was a mere 500 pounds.”

“You know what they say, you never know what you have until it’s gone. And she nearly was.”

Yusuf sighed. Keeping the women here as prisoners almost had been very distasteful to him. There had been several girls who left, as they had not been a good fit for this place.

He always tried to sway them, like he did after Basma’s escape attempt, but if Basma had sincerely asked to leave he would have let her go.

He was so glad she seemed more receptive to this lifestyle than before.

“The new goal is still the same, i take it?” She asked as she was getting ready to leave.

He smiled, looking at the current record holder, Nagia who was currently sitting very pretty at a respectable 800.

“Yes. Let’s see if we can’t outdo ourselves and get our dear Basma to at least 1000 pounds.”

Basma awoke the next day and saw that she had been given a new wardrobe.

Gone were the veils and sarongs of her old outfit, and instead she now had a more american style of dress.

A blue blouse and a pair of blue jeans.

The blouse was easy enough to put on, but the jeans were a struggle.

“Come... on!” The button was fighting every inch of her wide ass to close, and was not helped by the small overhang of her belly making it difficult to see over.

Finally, she managed to latch it closed, and waddled over to the mess hall.

The usual gang was all here, chatting and eating the day away.

Basma sat down, and that was enough for her button to give in.

Pling!

The chatting stopped as they all looked at Basma, who wore a sheepish grin as she once again broke out into a blush.

Gaëlle clapped.

“Good job, darling! You are growing out of jeans faster than I did!”

“What?”

Gaëlle smiled.

“Once we reach a certain weight, usually around 250, we are given jeans to wear. And it took me weeks to break the first button, because they usually start us at a rather large size. And you did it on the first day!”

Basma felt happy. She was making more and more progress towards her goals, and hopefully that meant the Prince would want to see her more up close and personal sooner rather than later.

She ate her waffles extra quickly that morning.

The routine was pretty standard from then on out.

Yusuf’s staff was very good at making sure there was plenty of variety when it came to the delectable treats she was shoving in her face from day to day.

The shows she watched were all very enthralling as well. She had found one Spanish telenovela she liked as well, it was about a young maid who has her eyes on the father of the family whose house she cleans, and trying to get him to notice her.

The pounds really started to come quickly. She was shocked when she had hit 200 before, but when she crossed over into the 300’s it was a pleasant little surprise.

She didn’t really notice until the scale hit 350.

“Oh wow, I’m getting pretty big aren’t I?”

Amélie just smiled. She pinched a little of Basma’s ass fat and said. “I would say you are pretty big, but your ass is definitely gigantic!”

Basma rubbed it through her extremely large jeans. “I can’t imagine I’ll be getting much bigger than this...”

Amélie just laughed. “Basma, you are a work of art, one that I’m nowhere near done sculpting

yet. Now come on, I have a wonderful new pudding recipe for you to try!”

Basma just let that comment slide. She had more important things to do and eat.

But that night, something wonderful happened.

A knock came from her door.

“Who is it?” She asked, idly munching on some cookies.

Stepping through was the strapping image of prince Yusuf.

“I hope I'm not interrupting something.”

Basma quickly brushed crumbs off of her chest and tried her best to assume a “sexy” pose.

More words were not needed. Yusuf began undoing the buttons of his shirt.

Foreplay was also not needed. Basma had been waiting for this night ever since her first night with the prince.

It was far different from that night, however. Back then Basma had been fit as a fiddle, but now she had packed on enough lard that any type of activity from her would be asking a lot.

Luckily, Yusuf’s ferocity meant that she didn’t have to worry about that.

Like a man dying of thirst, he needed her. He made sure to kiss every inch of her flabby body over the course of the night, but Basma noted that he seemed to have a special focus on just how large her ass had gotten.

It was an immensely pleasurable evening for both of them.

Before she knew it, Basma had reached 400 pounds.

“Phew, getting around... is a lot... harder than it used to be...”

It should have been seen as inevitable, but Basma had not really put much thought into her mobility ever since she thought of escaping.

Before, this would have panicked her, seeing her body become like a new prison, but if her mind ever did start to drift down that road, it placated her with memories of just how sweet and delicious building this prison had been.

Fatima and Nagia were sitting at a small table in the courtyard. Fatima wore a bright red bikini to hold back her massive tits that were far bigger than her and Basma's heads combined, and Gaelle was dressed similarly in black, but with a thin button up shirt wrapped around the two folds of her giant belly.

Basma sat at the table, having to fight the chair a little to get her massive ass to fit, all while Gaelle and Fatima looked at each other and had to keep from laughing.

Servants brought delicious food to them as they chatted about anything, from the different shows they were watching, new recipes they were eating, to just how fat the other women were getting.

"I hear Nagia has reached 800 pounds already. The bed they have for her must be breaking at this point!"

Basma laughed, then noticed Amélie approaching the table, and she looked excited.

"Wonderful news Basma darling! Tonight, the prince is taking you out on the town!"

Basma felt herself blanche. It had been so long since that one night she had shared with him before.

"I... don't have anything to wear!"

Amélie giggled.

"Oh dear do you forget where you are? We will have everything provided for you. Now come along, I want to do your hair and makeup before the date!"

Amélie helped up the behemoth that was Basma, and awkwardly removed the chair from her behind when it got stuck.

After they were out of ear shot, Fatima sighed.

"It's not fair. I'm just as fat as she is, and I have not received an ounce of attention like she has!"

Fatima angrily spooned some of her sundae into her mouth.

Gaelle rested her pudgy hand on the less pudgy girl's own hand.

"It's alright, Fatima. Just because he doesn't see you much now, does not mean that he doesn't care for you. He is only one man, and he has decided that Basma is going to be a special case.

“I just wish he wanted to make me a special case.”

Gaëlle grabbed a fresh sundae off a passing server’s tray, and slid it over to her dining companion.

“There is but one way to fully secure the prince’s interests....”

Inside Basma’s room was a flurry of activity. Amélie commanded a team of makeup artists and hairstyles like a conductor wielding a symphony. Basma just munched on some candy as a dressmaker held up various styles of dress for her to choose from.

Eventually, they settled on a blue dress with gold trimmings, one with enough silk to contain the monstrosity that was her rear.

For the first time in who knows how long, Basma finally left the compound.

Yusuf was waiting for her at the entrance, looking very proper in a crisp suit.

Basma smiled as she lumbered towards him, sweating under the sun.

Inside the car was a treasure trove. Small little snacks, and appetizers.

“It would be very rude of me to make you endure any degree of hunger.”

At first, Basma was reluctant as she didn’t want to spoil her appetite before they reached their destination, but she was feeling awfully hungry.

Yusuf sat beside her, caressing her hair and whispering little words of encouragement as she devoured every scrap of food in the car.

They finally reached the restaurant, a swanky uptown place that, to Basma, had only existed in pamphlets and advertisements she had seen in the street.

Now Basma was finally here, and all it took was her literally becoming 4 times the woman she was.

The staff did not treat her any differently than she expected, so Basma knew that it was not uncommon for Yusuf to haul one of his heifer’s out of the compound.

They did reach some difficulty as they got to their table, and found that Basma’s chair was too small.

No, that’s not entirely accurate. The chair itself was rather large, evidently used to

accommodate Yusuf's "Guests," but Basma's ass easily eclipsed it.

They had to bring a sofa from the main entrance just for her to sit down, and even then the sides of her ass mushroomed over, making it a tight fit.

The two of them chatted for a while, and the prince was enthused to share details about his upbringing and his relationship with his siblings.

Before long, food was brought to their table.

"Oh, but I don't remember ordering anything?" she said, as a large pasta bowl was brought in front of her.

Yusuf just grinned.

"That's because I asked them to bring out the whole menu."

Even to an experienced fatass like Basma, that sentence was daunting.

She began eating, and noted that this food was somehow even more divine than the food at the compound.

It wasn't until she finished her third bowl of pasta that she realized she wasn't even feeling full.

More and more staff came and took away empty dishes, only to bring back more and more food. After clearing the Pasta, the next was various cuts of meat, from beef to chicken, to veal. All of it found its way down Basma's throat and into the belly that was ever encroaching on the edge of the table.

The only thing the staff didn't bring her was salad.

The dessert menu gave her a little trouble, but some deep breathing and some loving rubs from Yusuf helped her get through it all.

She panted a little, shocked at just how much she ate, but also even more shocked at how quickly the hunger returned.

Yusuf helped her out of the chair and back to the limo, which held just enough treats to tide her over until they got back to the compound.

"Can you... spend the night again?" Basma said in her best coquette-like voice.

Yusuf brushed some hair behind her ear and kissed her.

“Of course, but I want you on top tonight.”

That was certainly a new experience. Basma was sure at several points she would crush him, but he insisted that he feel all of her press down on him.

After all, he was the reason she had gotten so massive in the first place.

Yusuf would take her out to dinner with increasing regularity, and all of their dates would end the same way.

Basma kept surprising herself with the fact that she could eat more and more obscene amounts of food.

Her weight continued to sky rocket, and she quickly began to eat way more than her friends.

“You are a machine, girl!” Gaelle said to her one day.

A buffet was brought next to her, so she could eat as much as she wanted.

Fatima hmped and turned her attention to the milkshake that she was drinking, nestled in the valley of her outrageous cleavage.

Basma smiled.

“The Prince likes a girl with an appetite, so I might as well enjoy this!”

“That’s the spirit!”

Basma grabbed a dumpling and placed it on her tongue.

This was the life.

She didn’t start to worry about her weight until the scale read 550.

By then, moving had become a serious concern for her.

It had been difficult for some time, between her pillar’s of thighs and general lack of exercise.

But she was rapidly approaching a breaking point.

“Maybe... I should... slow down... a bit...” She said to an attendant Amélie.

Currently, Basma was wedged in a door frame.

Her door frame.

She had devoured steak after steak at dinner that night, and as she dragged her stuffed gut, she might have been too eager to lay down and gotten herself good and wedged.

“Well, we will definitely need to widen these doors, if we ever want to fit these monster’s through.”

She slapped Basma’s ass, sending a wave crashing through her body and causing an eep to slip out of the mouth of the titanic woman.

“I have an idea, hold on.” she said, leaving Basma behind in the doorframe, whimpering not because she was stuck, but because she was starting to feel peckish again and all of her snacks were out of reach.

Amélie returned not long after, but she wasn’t alone.

“Maybe adding some weight to the equation will help.” she said, as her sister Gaelle stepped in and leaned against Basma.

With some effort, the two french sisters were able to push Basma through her doors, and decided to not think about how she would get out in the morning.

Gaelle took all of Basma in after.

“You know Basma, I think I’ve realized something.”

“What... is... that...” Basma said, plopping her ass down on the bed.

Gaelle walked in, her hips merely touching the sides of the door rather than getting caught in it.

She grabbed Basma’s gut, and played with it.

“I think you’re fatter than me!”

Basma gulped.

“That... that couldn’t possibly be true!” he said, munching on beef jerky.

Suddenly, there was a loud *crack* and Basma yelped as she dropped a few inches.

She blushed as she realized what had happened.

“Did i.... Break the bed?”

Gaëlle laughed.

“I think you did my not so little Basma!”

For the last time, concern bled into her heart.

The next morning, she had a statement for Amélie.

“I want to slow down on the feasting. I think I'm big enough.”

“If that is what you wish.”

Amélie smirked. This was the final test, to see just how fully gone the tiny woman that Basma used to be was.

She fed Basma her usual breakfast, but when she was only halfway through she began to take it away.

“What are you doing?” She asked, tilting her head like a confused puppy.

“Oh I thought you wanted to slow down, and I figured you had eaten your fill.” Amélie replied, amused at how she had forgotten her own request so quickly.

Basma frowned.

“Oh you're right.. The thing is.. I'm still a little hungry, so could I perhaps have a little more?”

Amélie had her, hook, line and sinker.

She gave Basma some more food, and while in the end she didn't end up eating as much as she had previously, she still definitely over ate.

This pattern continued for a few weeks, and sure enough if Basma's gains had slowed at all, it wasn't noticeable.

The jeans they had been giving her couldn't be made fast enough to contain her ass, so she was back to the traditional sarong she had come here with, but it still wasn't enough to fully cover her rear.

When the next weigh in came, and the number had still gone up, she gave up and told Amélie that she didn't want any more restrictions, and the French Feeder happily complied.

As her weight increased, Yusuf enacted the final stage of his plan.

“What’s that?” She asked him as he came to visit her once again.

“This, my love, is a funnel. Like the one that Amélie hooks you up to, but this one is more... intimate.”

Basma wanted him, so she just eagerly nodded along

She sucked down a familiar tasting concoction as Yusuf mounted her, moaning from the taste and as he rode her with the ferocity of a raging bull.

It was in that moment, that the neurons of Basma’s brain fired, she had her realization.

Getting fatter is hot.

Before, she was just getting fat off of grazing and contentment.

Then she was getting fatter to try to appeal to Yusuf.

And now she realized just how fat she could get if she actually started trying to.

More! I need more! More food, more Yusuf, more... Fat!”

No more would she be afraid of what happened when she got too big.

Now, she *wanted* to get too big.

How long until I can’t even move, and I break even this bed! God, I want to be massive!

As they both climaxed, Yusuf saw in her eyes that she had been converted. He had seen it before, in Nagia, and even though her gains had mostly stopped she was still a pile of flesh desperate for more.

How big could he make Basma?

The next few weeks saw another shift for Basma, this one the opposite of before. She began to stuff her face greedily. She was no longer eating out of obligation, or even to please Yusuf.

She was doing this for her.

“Someone has a good appetite.” Gaelle noted.

"I think.. I finally.. Realized.. Why... you all.. Like fat... so much..." Basma replied to her in between forkfuls of noodles.

Fatima just stewed in the corner, her 470 pound body comparatively scrawny.

That night, as Yusuf left Basma's room, he saw Fatima sitting outside her own room, enjoying a burger the staff had made for her.

"Good evening, my sweet Fatima. You are up late."

"I want in." She said, looking him dead in the eyes.

"Excuse me?"

"Basma has been blowing up ever since you started showering her with attention," she said, before grunting a little as she got up.

Even with her expensive bras, her huge knockers still messed with both her center of gravity and her back.

"And I want the same treatment."

Yusuf shook his head and said "I treat all of my girls equally-"

"Bullshit!"

She moved and pressed him against the wall. It would be very intimidating for him if it also wasn't very arousing.

"You turned me from a scrawny little street rat into an overfed and obese goddess."

She never broke the gaze she held with him.

"Now imagine how big I could be with even a fraction of the effort you give to *her*."

Yusuf saw the same fire he had seen in Basma's eyes in Fatima's, and he didn't have to do anything to cultivate it.

He gave his answer by kissing her. After, she whispered in his ear. "Let's see how fat you can make me."

If Basma noticed the slight decrease in Yusuf's visit's, or the sudden increase in Fatima's accumulation of mass, she didn't show it.

Or, more likely, she didn't care.

Fat was better than sex for her almost, as she didn't have to wait for a partner to gorge herself silly.

She ate, and ate, and ate.

She had one goal, to get as monstrously fat as possible as quickly as possible.

She had her eyes on one goal in particular.

The same goal Nagia had achieved, immobility.

Just thinking of the word got her heated, and both the foreplay and pillowtalk she engaged in with Yusuf were full of the term.

"Don't worry my princess. Soon you won't have to worry about anything but eating ever again."

She would just lay there, taking in her own enormity and trying to remember a life where excess wasn't the expectation.

It felt as fleeting as a dream to her.

Yet nothing like the dream-like state she was in right now, where everything felt as soft as a cloud.

On Basma's last day of immobility, she weighed 628 pounds.

She was absurd, a collection of adipose and rolls. And she was very happy.

She lumbered out of her double widened doors, helped by Amélie, and smiled at the act that the resistance she met with her ass that stuck out 4 feet meant that it would probably have to be widened soon.

She passed Fatima, who was also beleaguered by her weight, who smiled at her.

They had a chat a little while back, and while they still saw each other as rivals, they made sure to also see each other as friends.

One foot in front of the other, as her helper kept having to tell her, led her to the main breakfast hall, where Gaelle was munching on some eggs and bacon.

"Make some room, scrawny."

With her added weight, Basma had added some attitude.

Gaelle playfully stuck out her tongue as she scooted her heavy body to make some room.

She was up 5 pounds from her last weigh in, as being around Basma and Fatima apparently brought out the best in her appetite.

She wasn't actively gaining like them, at least for now, but it was still nice to see some change after plateauing so long.

The two larger girls sat at the table, and feasted. Amélie waited close by, ready to assist if called on.

The other harem girls all snuck in glances at the binging behemoths, who despite being newer arrivals easily outclassed the rest of them when it came to packing away food.

Suddenly, the legs underneath Basma's chair gave way, and she toppled to the ground.

Amélie whistled, and help was on the scene in seconds, helping up the booty heavy beauty, doing their best to ignore the breathing of a woman who had obviously just climaxed.

Fatima waited to see if she would also be lucky enough to break her chair, but unfortunately she was not heavy enough.

With a new, better reinforced chair beneath her, Basma went back to eating like nothing had just happened.

She had bigger things to worry about, like how she could make herself bigger.

The rest of the day consisted of her eating, waddling to the specially designed shower room that she had to use when she outgrew the one in her room, and then back to eating more.

Finally she retired for the night and dropped herself onto her mattress, unaware it would be the last time she ever walked.

Yusuf came by not long after, and their exploits that night left them both so exhausted that he ended up staying the night, sleeping on his obese lover.

As he got up and began to get dressed, he heard her come to, then start grunting with effort.

"Yusuf... I can't... get up!"

He rushed to her side, and tried to pull her up, to no avail.

They both looked at each other, and realized what this meant.

Feverishly, Yusuf was on top of her once again.

Any appointments he had that day were canceled.

With the last bit of exercise now buried beneath her ass like everything else was, Basma's rate of gaining somehow increased even further.

Her room was constantly being renovated, to make sure that anything she could ever want was available to her, or more accurately the team of people dedicated to the growing goddess.

A life spent always on the move, dashing from alley to alley, was now as far away from Basma as one could imagine.

There was nothing else for her to do but eat. And be fucked by the Prince almost nightly.

There was one last milestone to pass.

One more hurdle for her to undertake.

She passed it the day the scale in the room read 823 pounds.

"Basma, do you know what this means?" The Prince asked her as they both took in what the scale had just told them.

"Wh-what?" Basma said, voice muffled by the excess fat she now had on her face.

Yusuf crawled on top of her, kissing her lower neck roll.

"Your neighbor, Nagia, weighs 822 pounds."

The words washed over Basma, as she took it in.

"That... meansch."

"Yes, my love."

He kissed her, just like from a story book.

If story book princess weighed the same as a baby elephant.

“You are officially the fattest woman in my Harem, and by far the most beautiful.”

Tears of joy welled up in Basma’s eyes.

She had never felt more beautiful, more loved.

When this whole ordeal started, the idea of weighing what she did now was absurd.

But the Prince had allowed her true beauty to unfold, pound by pound and inch by inch.

She had been worried ever since she heard Fatima succumbed to immobility that she would lose the edge in their little race, but this news only confirmed one more thing for Basma.

There was no limit to how fat she could get.

The Prince began to lift her folds, hoping to find her treasure.

She wanted him to, but the extra effort he had to put in just made her hornier and hornier.

A sling descended from the ceiling, one whose sole purpose was to lift her belly so she could get fucked.

And that’s what Yusuf did to her.

Every thrust, her acres of flesh crashed and wobbled together, a symphony of excess.

Her tongue lolled out of her mouth, until the rumble of her stomach reminded the both of them how Basma had gotten so fat.

A special hose to the side of the bed was connected to a fattening slurry, and Yusuf placed it in her mouth for her to suck on during sex.

“Basma.. I hope.. You know.;.. I will never.. Stop making... your ass.. Fatter!” Yusuf said between thrusts.

Basma merely mewled happily. That sounded like the best thing in the world to her.

“Your ass... is a greater treasure...than all of my families wealth combined.”

Eventually, the time came for a new batch of girls to be introduced to the concept of gaining.

Yusuf scoured the world, as well as more local girls from where he found Basma and Fatima, and was quite happy with the new arrivals.

Zeina was in awe of the place. As a street rat, she was used to just having the clothes on her back, and little else.

Her week-long stay at the smaller compound had been the height of luxury for her.

So imagine her surprise at the levels of luxury on display in the main house.

The friend she had made there seemed equally enthused.

“This place has everything I reckon!” Said Bailey, a fierce and wiry Irish lass, whose long red hair was tied into a ponytail that reached her hips.

“Why yes, this place has anything that you may require.” said their tour guide, a french woman with short raven hair named Amélie.

Zeina wasn't sure that was a good thing.

Her time in the other location had been full of her snacking, which would be detrimental to keeping a slight and petite figure for her Prince.

Looking at Amélie who had the noticeable beginnings of a pot belly, she expected more of the temptations would surround her once again.

Zeina would have to be careful, lest she get thrown back out onto the street.

The portraits of thin and beautiful women from around the globe outside of the rooms they were walking along did not do much to ease her worry.

Suddenly, one of the portraits caught her eye.

They were of a girl from her village, one who, according to rumor, joined Prince Yusuf's harem some time ago.

This girl had been nice to her, sharing some stolen bread or panhandled currency from time to time, and she had always wondered what had happened to her.

Amélie saw her gaze and smiled.

“If you want to stop in and say hi, go right ahead. I will take Bailey to her room and come back for you.”

Zeina smiled and nodded, then went to the door, looking at the smiling picture of someone who had acted almost like a sister to her before.

Nothing could have prepared her for what she saw when she opened the door.

Inside was a pile of woman, so large it boggled the mind.

Her hips alone spread out 10 feet in either direction, and her ass was so large that in the sitting down position she was in, it nearly touched her head.

Chins too numerous to count framed a familiar looking face, and a gut poured out from her middle, cascading rolls like waterfalls.

The face's eyes were crossed, as she sucked down on a hose that descended from the ceiling.

An LED display at the base of her bed, perilously close to being covered and obscured by her flab, read 1279 pounds.

The eyes uncrossed, and she stopped sucking.

The hose fell from her mouth, pink liquid dripping out.

"Z-Zeihnah ish thaht'sh y-youh?"

The words she said were clearly marred by the fat she had on her face, but there was no doubt that this person was Basma.

"Y-yes, it's me. What, what happened to you?"

Basma sighed dreamily, memories of every single meal, every single bite, that had transformed her from scrawny to monstrous.

"d-de prince hahsh u-unushual tashtes'h." She said, speaking clearly an effort for her.

"He, did this to you?"

Basma shook her head, which seemed like the most movement she could do now.

"D-De prince shhowed m-me what'sh I t-truly wahnteht, and w-whaht'sh real pleahsure I-looksh like."

Zeina was in shock and awe. She approached the blob that was apparently her friend, and grabbed a low hanging roll.

"This is... a lot."

Bamsa laughed, her body undulating and quivering from the effort.

“I-It'sh ish a l-lot'sh to take i-in. But'sh I'm h-happier than I've e-ever been, bein' d-de fatesht'sh here, e-even with Fatima g-gunnin' for muh c-crown.”

“Fatima is here as well?”

“N-Next'sh room over. A-Although you can't'sh s-shee her face, h-her titsh are i-in de way.”

“She is something, isn't she!”

Amélie had returned, and walked up to Basma and rubbed her stomach.

“One of my personal favorite projects.”

Basma saw the shock on Zeina's face.

As Amélie climbed over her folds to the hose that was dangling, basma spoke one last time before it was reinserted into her mouth.

“J-Jusht'sh let'sh go. i-it'sh will feel m-more incredible than y-you can imagine.”

When the hose was reinserted, her face went back to looking blissful. Amélie climbed down, smacking Basma's ass as she did so, setting off a wave of jiggles.

“Now then! Why don't I show you the cafeteria? The chef's have cooked up something scrumptious for lunch. I should know, I've been snacking on them myself lately.” Amélie finished that with a little pat on her stomach, which now looked so quaint compared to the whale they had just seen.

Zeina thought about it. Basma had looked out for her, stood by her.

And now she was fat, yes, but also happier than she had ever seen before.

Maybe she had found something here, something worth throwing away her mobility.

And her last words of advice were to just give in.

Maybe she should do that?

“Um, sure?” she said to her french guide.

Amélie smiled and led her to a cafeteria, where a plethora of women who, before today, would

have ranked among the fattest women she had ever seen, were feasting away.

I guess the Prince really does like his women fatter, she thought.

She sat down, and Amélie grabbed a plate for her.

It was an american style cheese burger, with lots of fries.

She picked it up, and hesitated.

If I eat this, I might wind up like her.

Would that be a bad thing?

As she sank her teeth to one of the most delicious things she had ever eaten, she let out a small moan.

No, maybe it wouldn't.

She devoured the rest of the burger, hungrier than she had ever been in her life. But she would never have to go hungry again.

As she sat back after eating her meal, stuffed, a new thought entered her mind.

I wonder if I can get bigger than her.