

PRINCESS TUTU, starring in:

“TCHAIKOVSKY’S DANCE OF THE GUT-PACKER”

By Zaftig Industries

CW: Burping, rapid weight gain, slob, ballerinas getting fat. Any characters depicted in the story are 18 years or older unless otherwise stated. No actual tutus were harmed by expanding bellies in the making of this story.

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It was another beautiful, shining, fairy-tale day at Gold Crown Academy. The ballet school, at the heart of Gold Crown Town, was the jewel of the village--an elaborate manse at the center of a large moat, with little baroque turrets and parapets at its edges. From the outside, it appeared peaceful and serene. Unfortunately, on the inside, all was not so peaceful.

“And step-and-lift, and step-and-lift and... *en pointe*, Duck, you must be *en pointe!* What is the purpose of trying to be a ballerina if you can’t be *en pointe?*”

Mr. Cat was the terror of the school, a hard-hearted master whose constant threats kept students literally on their toes. As a dandily-dressed humanoid cat just a little taller than the students themselves, he was hardly a menacing figure, but he spooked them just the same with his constant scolding.

“Higher, girls, I need to see HIGHER leaps! Duck, see me after class...”

Duck, a red-headed and awkward young woman whose form and style had never been perfect, broke from the pack by accident as she tripped and stumbled out of the line of *ballet* dancers.

“WAUGH!”

Her classic klutziness had struck again. She stumbled clean out the door... and right into the arms of young Master Mytho, a male ballet dancer whom Duck had been crushing on since day one.

Instantly the young girl’s face went beet red as she extricated herself from his grasp. She bowed repeatedly, apologizing as she practically slithered away from him.

“Oh gosh I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to fall on you so heavily, I must be like a sack of potatoes to you, wait what am I saying, maybe you like potatoes, oh gosh...”

Mytho merely shrugged. His heart stirred with amusement... but he did not smile. Instead he simply responded to her with a distant memory, one that came from before the days he had arrived in this realm.

“Oh, that’s quite alright... I prefer a woman with substance anyway.”

With this little joke, he turned and walked away. Immediately Duck fainted clean away from embarrassment, and when she came to, her best friends Lilie and Pike were standing over her, Pike’s red hair falling in her face and Lily’s blonde curls bouncing.

“Gosh, you practically *leapt* at him,” cooed Pike, teasing Duck. “What will Master Mytho think of you? So *improper!*”

“I think it’s cute,” said Lilie, stars dancing in her eyes. “A chance meeting... Two young lovers... How romantic!”

“Guys, stop it!”

Duck was humiliated all the way back to her dormitory room that day. Her friends just wouldn’t stop teasing her. Yet they didn’t know the half of the situation... in truth, Duck had never heard Mytho--she still thought of him as *Prince* Mytho, because he had secretly come from a fairytale world--to express what he thought of the women around him.

*Could this be it? Has he finally gotten enough pieces of his heart back... to love someone? She pondered the possibility, staring out the window in her dressing-gown that night, and looked down at herself. A woman with substance... Gosh, that’s something I don’t have very much of. I’ve always just been gangly and awkward--surely he couldn’t love me, the way I am now! But how can I add “substance” to myself?*

By dawn, after tossing and turning all night, she had a plan.

Her schedule was iron-clad, but luckily, the following day she didn’t have ballet class. Bright and early after dawn, she arrived at the door of Ebine’s Restaurant, the home of the woman she had saved from supernatural possession some time ago.

*Knock, knock, knock...*

“Hello?”

A woman in a simple pink dress with large, purple eyes emerged, and stared down at Duck in surprise.

“Oh! It’s you. Hello, dear. What can I do for you?”

Duck swallowed, struggling to express what she needed.

“I need you to cook for me, Madam Ebine!”

“Hmm? Cook for you?” The restaurant owner scratched her chin. “Well, I could make you some breakfast...”

“Not just today! Every day!” Duck squeezed her fists, embarrassed at even asking such a crazy thing. “Until I get ‘substance’ and I can make the Prince--er, I mean, Master Mytho--like me!”

Ebine blinked in surprise.

“Well... I guess you *are* a little skinny. And I still owe your friend the swan for helping me with my... little problem. She really knocked some sense into me!”

Ebine was referring to the possession she’d experienced due to being infected with a Heart Shard, of course. Victims of Prince Mytho’s lost Pieces of Heart never knew quite what had happened to them, but they were always filled with gratitude when Princess Tutu--Duck’s magical alter-ego--freed them from their possessive trance.

“Thank you,” Duck said, bowing to the kindly older woman. “Thank you so much! I promise I’ll eat *every bite!*”

And so a new, strange chapter began in Duck’s fairy-tale.

“Well, dear, what would you like? We have tartiflette today, some gnocchi with sausage, raclette with pickles, tomatoes and ham...”

“I’ll take all of it,” said Duck, impulsively. She was filled with determination.

Ebine tapped her chin.

“Are you sure, dear? That seems like a lot of food for such a little Duck...”

“Yes! I’m sure. I need to get *substance!*”

“Erm... Very well.”

Ebine, reluctantly, toddled off to the kitchen to speak to her cooks. She was pretty sure this was just a passing phase--one of those moments of sudden fixation that young women arrived at, in their lives. But when she brought out several steaming dishes of European comfort

food, she watched in amazement as Duck tore into each one, her eagerness causing her to burn her tongue several times on the hot food.

“Mmf... Iff very good,” choked Duck around a heaping mouthful of delicious *duck foie gras*. “Fank you! **URRP**--exchushe me.”

“Er, you’re welcome, dear.”

Ebine shook her head in confusion as Duck continued to stuff her face. The girl was very strange... but she meant well. Besides, she couldn’t possibly eat *that* much. Eventually she would get full, and give up.

Or so Ebine thought.

Within an hour, Duck was indeed quite stuffed. Her petite frame couldn’t handle the sheer amount of calories she was stuffing into herself, and she was green in the gills by the time she waddled out of the restaurant, her stomach a swollen dome underneath her dress.

But she didn’t give up. That night, while tossing and turning in her bed--indigestion causing her to groan and grunt as she passed gas as quietly as she could--Duck felt invigorated. This was the first time in a long time that *she* had the chance to improve herself, and be someone Mytho actually wanted! Instead of having to rely on the magic of Princess Tutu, *she* could be the object of desire! It was a tantalizing idea...

But alas, her body did not have the strength to support her in her quest. When she awoke, she was groggy, gassy and uncomfortable. Still packed with digesting food, her stomach had acquired a thin layer of pudge, her rapid metabolism burning through most of the calories but unable to rid itself of *all* of them. Duck examined her puffy middle in the mirror, enduring teasing from Pike and Lilie, knowing deep down that soon, this would be worth it. Soon she would be curvaceous and womanly, and Mytho would love her...

And so, back to Ebine’s she went after her *ballet* lesson. Ebine, surprised to see her but willing to play along, served up another heaping helping of traditional dishes: this time, for lunch it was *wiener schnitzel* and *kaznocken*, with a thin slice of veal meat pan-fried and covered in breadcrumbs for the *schnitzel*. The *kaznocken* was even more delicious: With Austrian *spatzel*, cheese, and caramelized onion, the dish was exceptional, and Duck managed almost half a dozen servings of it before growing too ill to continue.

But she wasn’t done yet. She ordered glass after glass of milk, trying to pack as many calories into herself as her body would take before exploding. Belching softly into her delicate hands and unable to avoid spattering her *ballet* uniform with crumbs and droplets of milk, Duck was a sight to behold when she heaved herself out of her chair and sloshed her way back to the dormitories.

This cycle continued for days, until someone finally noticed her indulgence... and made her pay the consequences for it.

“Miss Duck! What is *this*?”

Mr. Cat, the dance teacher, prodded Duck’s bulging gut with a riding crop as the girl struggled to do a *pirouette* under the gravitational influence of her newly bulgy stomach. She blushed and tried to cover up the chubby evidence of her overeating.

“Well, Mr. Cat, you see, uh...”

“This is *disgraceful!* No ballerina was ever quite so... Rotund!!”

The cruel cat poked her stomach again, and to her embarrassment, Duck released a thick belch that nearly shook the windows of the gilded practice-room.

**“BREAAALCH!!”**

Repulsed, Mr. Cat’s ears flattened and he hissed with displeasure.

“How rude! Miss Duck, you are banned from practice until you lose that *absurd* spare tire of yours! And... Deal with your digestive issues!”

“But sir--**urrrrp**--”

“No butts! Begone!”

He smacked her newly chubby rear with the crop as she scurried out of the room, belching and groaning. The other girls watched her go, all snickering with amusement... except for Lilie and Pike, who were too worried to be amused.

However, Mr. Cat’s orders backfired--now that Duck was free to eat more, she smuggled food into her dormitory, turning her bunk into a nest of gluttonous indulgence. Candy, snacks and soft-drinks filled her corner of the dormitory room, and within a few days, she was plumper than ever. For the most part, the other girls ignored her--Duck had always been eccentric. Eventually she would abandon his obsession, and then it would be back to business as usual.

But not everyone had turned a blind eye to her behavior. One morning when she emerged from her room, gassy and bloated, her thighs chafing together and her body feeling softer and clumsier, Duck bumped into Rue, the raven-haired ballerina who was--at least in name--Mytho’s girlfriend.

“I see you’ve been eating well, Duck...”

“Rue! **URRRP**, how are you?”

Duck covered her mouth in embarrassment as another rich belch escaped her. She was so stuffed all the time lately, she couldn’t help it.

Rue sniffed haughtily at her and prodded her stomach, which was bigger than ever, sagging off the freckly ballerina like a blubbery beach-ball of fat.

“My, my, you’re getting rather *wide*, Duck. What is this, then? Some kind of mental breakdown? I should have known you wouldn’t last long in this academy...”

Duck whimpered as Rue fingered her belly button, squirming away.

“It’s... It’s not that... I just... Wanted to be pretty for Mytho...”

“Pretty? Hah!”

Rue threw back her head and giggled cruelly.

“You won’t ever be ‘pretty’ with a gut like that, sweetie. Last I heard, Mytho doesn’t date *pigs*.”

Duck sniffled, clutching her jiggling gut.

“You’re wrong! He *will* like me this way! You’ll see!”

And she stormed out of the academy, Rue watching her go with perplexed confusion. Usually, her bullying never failed to put Duck in her place. But now... now she was trying to steal Mytho from her? By getting... *fat*? Surely Mytho wouldn’t fall for such a grotesque little porker. Unless... had he secretly been into big girls, all this time, and hadn’t told her? Could it be that Duck was on to something?

Rue’s heart burned with jealousy. She wouldn’t let Duck steal her man--*she* would have to catch up to Duck’s already ample, fleshy head-start. *She* would be the bigger woman here, literally. She wouldn’t let that flabby little *nobody* steal away everything she had built!!

Back in Ebine’s restaurant, Duck was ordering up another heaping helping of fattening goodies. This time she was focusing on carbs: buttery *croissants*, rich fluffy baguettes with olive oil, and pasta. Lots of pasta.

The steaming platters were already in front of her when the door burst open, and a swirl of raven feathers floated into the restaurant.

“Table for one, please...”

The delicate form of Princess Kraehe, the heroic Princess Tutu’s dark counterpart, minced into the restaurant and settled into a chair beside Duck. At the sight of her Black-Swan-inspired costume and elegant dark hair, Ebine was all aflutter, convinced she was hosting a professional ballerina from out of town. Little did she know it was Rue’s sinister alter ego... and Rue had decided to claim the title of greatest glutton for herself.

“Pig,” hissed Kraehe as Duck tore into another roll of heavily buttered bread. “I’ll show you how a *real* woman fills out her figure. You won’t steal Mytho from me!”

And so the dance began... not an *en-pointe* performance on a stage, but a dance of gluttony, each of them reaching for new food at a faster and faster pace.

Duck had a head start... but her body was already packed to the limit, gorged to such a swollen extent that she was having trouble keeping her food down. Belching and groaning, she reached for the plate of *pana cotta* that Ebine had served her for her fifth desert... and her hand fell down limp, belly straining and grumbling.

“Ha!” Kraehe mocked her, around a mouthful of sauce-slathered *penne* pasta. “You’ll never have the graceful curves of a *real* woman... You’re just a fat little hog, aren’t you? No real curves at all. Poor thing.”

Duck looked around; all of Ebine’s servers and Ebine herself had already gone glassy-eyed, seduced by Kraehe’s dark magic. She needed to do something. She couldn’t just let Kraehe have this victory!

It was time... to become Princess Tutu.

But she always danced when she became Tutu, and right now, dancing felt *impossible*. Her stomach sagged down between her chubby legs, a swollen beach-ball of packed flesh, gas bubbling from both ends as she struggled to stand.

Against her will, a trumpet of flatulence emerged from her backside, fluttering her delicate ballerina’s skirt and making her blush and whimper.

**PFWRRRRRRTTffff.**

“Ha!” With a mouthful of food, Kraehe was exultant. “Poor, gassy **URRP** pig. Can’t even stand up without--*mnh*, *glp*--without humiliating yourself. Just give up!”

But Duck would not be intimidated. Despite the reeking stench emerging from her rump, and the sweat coating her flabby body and causing her uniform to stick to her skin, she remained determined.

With the last of her energy, she performed an elegant and flawless *pirouette...* and transformed into the magical Princess Tutu, glowing light stretching around her body, her freckles disappearing and her hair growing lusher and more luxurious.

However, there were some things that *didn't* change. She was still quite flabby, and the food in her belly didn't go anywhere. But Duck found that the Princess had a much bigger appetite than she did. A *royal* appetite.

Sitting down, her chair creaking beneath her, the delicate Princess Tutu dug into her meal with gusto. Gobbling down mashed potatoes and gravy, drinking directly from soup tureens, ignoring silverware and diving into her food face-first, the graceful Princess debased herself in front of Kraehe... all for the sake of love. For the sake of Mytho.

“Impossible...”

Kraehe was shocked. She'd suspected Duck might transform, of course, but she'd never realized what a true pig Princess Tutu could be. Who would have known that inside that graceful demeanor there was a hog waiting to be unleashed?

Not to be outdone, she threw herself into her food--guzzling wine, belching freely, plucking *escargot* from a platter and sucking them dry with the speed of someone utterly unconcerned with savoring the dishes before her. She needed to eat, and eat fast, if she was going to keep up with the whirlwind of gluttony that was Princess Tutu.

Hours passed. Ebine and her servants kept the food coming, ensorcelled by Kraehe and unconcerned with payment. And the two ballerinas gorged... and gorged... and gluttoned, stuffing themselves to an inhuman degree.

As two rival magical princesses, Kraehe and Tutu could eat more and grow much fatter than Rue or Duck ever could have. They were superhuman, magical escapees from a storybook... and like Hansel and Gretel, they could devour a whole house of food if they wished. And they nearly did so. But even magical princesses had limits.

By the end of the impromptu eating contest, both of them were utterly massive. Kraehe's pale, sunless flesh hung down in thick white rolls from her thighs and upper arms, her face a round parody of what it had been before. Her makeup streaked, raven feathers stuck to her sweaty and food-splattered skin, she wheezed heavily as she struggled to keep eating.



Tutu, for her part, was even bigger... but she, too, was close to collapse. With a colossal, monstrous belly that stretched nearly to the floor, she had split her uniform wide open, exposing plump piles of back-rolls and destroying her ballerina shoes with her new “cankles” and massive calves.

She was a true blob: swollen, repugnant and utterly replete with food. But still, somehow she retained the unearthly grace of a princess. She was still royalty, still somehow beautiful in her obesity, while Kraehe was nothing but a repulsive pale blob.

The two of them reached for the final dessert, a slice of cheesecake... and their chairs collapsed beneath them in unison, spilling the bloated princesses onto the floor and leaving them in piles of their own discarded plates and leftovers.

Huffing and puffing, the two girls stared at each other in shock over the swollen, gurgling domes of their massive bellies.

And then Tutu reached out with the last of her strength, grabbed the slice of cheesecake off its fallen plate, and stuffed it into her flabby mouth with her bare hands. As a rolling fart shook her blubbery body, she laid back with a sigh of stuffed contentment. She had won.

Watching from the storybook realm, beyond the food-clouded vision of the two princesses, the storytelling wizard Drosselmeyer stroked his chin as he marvelled at the two bloated hogs, down in the mortal world.

“Well... *that* took a bit of a left turn. We’re going to need a full rewrite on this fairy tale... Obese princesses! My, my... No, this will *never* do!”

And so he began the process of re-writing their world once again... but while he did so, Princess Tutu basked in her own gluttony, secure in the knowledge that she was finally the woman that Mytho truly wanted.

For the first time, she really was the *belle* of the ball. Well... More like the blob of the ball. But as she opened her mouth for one final wet belch, she admitted to herself that she rather enjoyed it.

Even royalty had to cut loose once in a while, after all.

**“BRULLLLCH.”**

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~End of the fairy tale... for now.~
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