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Contains: *Weight Gain*

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## The Cursed Chest

Samantha always dreamed of becoming a pirate. Sailing the seven seas, hoisting mainsails, shivering timbers, and collecting booty. She made her dream a reality when she signed up with Captain Cate. Five years of adventure and daring-do, collecting callouses on her fingers and a deep tan on her skin. She worked her way up the ranks, finally rewarded with the position of First Mate when the previous Mate took her share of a particularly good haul and retired. Sam had never been more happy. That was until they 'liberated' a very peculiar treasure chest.

The warning signs had all been there. Like, literally been there. "Turn Back Now," "Curse Thee," and other such deterrents were painted on rough wooden signs in blackened red paint that Sam suspected was actually blood.

Captain Cate would hear none of it. She led the landing party into the cave, and they hauled out a chest so massive it took four of the crew to haul it aboard. They set to work with hammer and chisel separating the lock from its clasp, and when the heavy wooden lid creaked open, the chest contained not a single doubloon.

Fresh fruit shone in the Caribbean sun. Shanks of pork and poultry as big as Sam's arm glistened with grease. Buns and rolls and loaves nestled between the fruit and meat without a speck of mold. There were even bottles of mead.

"Well then," the Captain said. "At least we'll not be going hungry."

The women huddled around the chest seemed less confident. To a woman, they stood a pace back from the cornucopia of mysteriously unspoilt food. Captain Cate shoved her way through the wide-eyed throng.

“Stand clear, ye lily-livered bilge rats!”

The Captain plucked a massive drumstick from the hoard, biting into it fearlessly. “Mmm, finally, some proper meat! No offense, Cookie, but I was growing right tired of fish stew.”

Bolstered by Captain Cate’s example, the crew crowded around the chest, selecting morsels to sample. Sam watched the scene with a nagging discomfort in her middle.

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Weeks passed, and Captain Cate’s crew hunted no treasure, boarded no galleons, and fired not a single cannon. It seemed all any of the crew wanted was to lounge on the deck and stuff their faces—none so much as their fearless leader.

“Yargh! *–urp–* Fetch me more meat, ye swarthy curs!”

Sam stood on the deck, leaning against the forecastle and listening to her captain bark at her girls. Cate rarely left her cabin these days and only stopped eating when she finally fell asleep. Sam itched to sail to Tortuga, rid themselves of the cursed chest, take on fresh crew, and set out on a new adventure. But only the Captain could give that order. They’d barely touched the sails, drifting lazily away from the cursed island with no course or even a heading.

Sam watched a cabin girl rush into the captain’s quarters with a huge bowl of meat and bread while another carried an empty bowl back down to the galley where the chest was kept. Both were now far too heavy to work as proper deckhands. Mast-like legs bulged from their skirts, round bellies spilled out of their shirts, and massive breasts flopped wildly as they waddled to and from the Captain’s cabin. Sam suspected the work of hauling food from below decks was the only thing keeping the women mobile.

She padded slowly to the captain’s door barefoot, then pushed the hatch open without knocking.

“Erm, Cap’n?”

Captain Cate reclined in her bunk. When Sam joined the crew, Cate had been a gorgeous, statuesque redhead with full breasts, a waist that made a mockery of the corsets she wore, and wide hips tapering to well-turned legs. Now, she rarely changed

out of her nightdress. Nothing but her tricorn hat would fit her now, anyway. Her pale, flabby body billowed like full sails, rolling across the bed like an uncalm sea.

Cate clutched the bowl nestled between her floursack breasts, stuffing wads of meat and bread into her mouth almost too fast to chew. She didn't even bother to pause as she responded. "What is, Sam?"

"Don't you think we should be... heading for port?"

"Port? What need we at port?"

"I was thinking maybe we should take on more girls?"

"We've enough crew," Cate barked, "There's no need to be taking on more mouths!"

"Well, we could trade some of that food for gold, then?"

Cate's plump face turned pink with rage. "You'll not be trading away any of that food, First Mate! It's mine! Er, ours!"

Sam shrank back, and it took an effort to stop her knees from wobbling. "Of course, Cap'n, of course. Well, what about the ship?"

"What about my ship?"

Sam glanced around the cabin. Captain Cate filled her feather bed to its edges, her bulk occupying nearly half the room.

"It's, erm, getting a little cramped..." She was about to suggest an upgrade. But, apart from the bottomless food chest, they had scant gold aboard to pay out the crew if they went to port.

"What if we found a nice deserted island? You could set up your own private queendom... Get out of this musty cabin and, erm, stretch out?"

Sam shuddered at the idea of being stuck on an island while Cate and her crew gorged themselves into immobile land whales. But if the Captain retired, Sam could take the ship and what few girls were still fit enough to hoist a line. She would finally achieve her childhood dream of becoming a pirate captain.

Cate's eyes took on a glint of greed more intense than any Sam had seen when her captain looked at a pile of gold doubloons.

“Help me up. I need to look at me maps.”

Sam took the Captain’s hand, but her slim body wasn’t enough leverage to raise Cate from her bed. She crawled onto the bed to push, enlisting the aid of a pudgy cabin girl who came to collect Cate’s empty bowl. In time, they hoisted the Captain to her feet. With slow, lumbering steps, Cate reached the cabin door. Her arms, chest, and belly passed through easily, but when Sam saw just how much of Cate’s barque-like posterior and hips spilled past the edges of the passage, she knew it would take more than herself and the plump cabin girl to squeeze the Captain through.

She heard the telltale sounds of Cate resuming her feast. Another crew girl must have brought her a fresh bowl. “Erm... Cap’n? Mayhap you could set a course from the comfort of your bed?”

Heedless of her suggestion, Captain Cate barked, “Fetch the navigator!”

Sam and the girl exchanged panicked looks. She eyed the large windows at the back of the Captain’s cabin. A loose line dangled outside the glass, and Sam reckoned she could make her way out via the quarterdeck. As Sam climbed through the window, the cabin girl watched wide-eyed. She doubted the girl had enough strength in those chubby arms to bear her own weight. Sparing her a sympathetic glance, Sam climbed. The only women she needed for her new crew were those who could control their appetites, anyway. She only hoped there were still some of those aboard.