

Vivian stared out of the glass window, down at the green grass and flowers of the courtyard, she had been notified of the elvin queen's arrival at the capital hours ago. Preparations had long since been made, all that remained was to await her arrival, and pray to the gods above that she'd accept a diplomatic approach. any bargaining Vivian could make for her kingdom was something she HAD to take, to anger the elves, to catch the ire of their generals... it was a death sentence. There wasn't a soldier in the realm that didn't feel gnawing fear at the sight of their soldiers. The sheer unrelenting strength of orcs, the ingenuity and sheer determination of dwarves, they were powerful spellswords that would stop at nothing to defend their kingdom's honor, there wasn't a single known war that resulted in anything but total surrender, or utter annihilation of the poor souls that angered them.

"P-princess Vivian..?"

"Hmm..? Yes, what is it?"

"Queen m-Maeve has arrived at the castle..!"

"WHEN?!"

Vivian's eyes grew wide, she feared the worst, if queen Maeve felt disrespected, all hopes for anything that resembled mercy for her and her kingdom could very well be shattered.

"Please tell me she's been greeted and admitted into the castle..?"

"Of course princess..! She's been greeted and showered with gifts..!"

"Oh thank goodness... alright... go find her and direct her-"

almost as if summoned, the tower door slowly creaked open, and in stepped the towering form of queen Maeve. Time seemed to stop as Vivian turned to look towards Maeve, her eye sat just barely above Maeve's heaving bosom, covered only partially by her red ruby dress, matched perfectly with maroon gloss across her full lips. Her wide hips swayed as she walked, the clack of her shoes against the stonework seemed to echo intensely, the otherwise silence only broken when she finally spoke.

"You must be princess Vivian~ I must say, you're truly as beautiful as I've heard, even more so in fact!~ though I suppose I should expect nothing less from the princess of such a beautiful kingdom, such wide open spaces are a rare sight in my own you know, we've a great deal of forestry~"

"We'll, I'm sure it's... lovely in its own way but-"

"Oh it certainly is!~ especially our orchards, which reminds me... jonathan! Joseph! Bring out the gifts for our lovely princess won't you?~"

On command two elven guards clad in glimmering silver armor silently stepped into the room, moving in unison. One holding a large sack, and the other a wooden chest. They placed both on the table, reaching and placing a spread of a variety of items out before Vivian, from the chest were retrieved bottles of wine, cheeses, jars of what she could only assume were some sort of pickled vegetable... and from the sack, jewelry, silver, gold, glittering gemstones, in the hands of master smiths were made into beautiful bracelets, necklaces and rings, presumably made specifically for Vivian.

"It's best to put one's best foot forward in matters of diplomacy no?~ spoils of one's own kingdom i've found are oft quite adept at such a task, perhaps you learned that from your mother?~ I've heard she was quite the diplomat before disease took the poor woman..."

"Well she taught me a bit of what she knew but..."

"Poor thing... I've heard you were thrust into rulership quite before you were ready, no?"

“Yes but... if I may ask how is it you know so much of me..?”

“You may ask whatever you like of me dear Vivian! An effective discussion of our two kingdoms cannot be had without knowledge!~ but back to your question, you may not be aware, but... you’ve grown to be a rather... popular topic of discussion among nobles, you’re one of the youngest rulers to come about in a good few centuries you know. you’re a year off from coronation aren’t you? If I recall, traditionally it can only occur past your 25th birthday?”

“I... well... yes... I am not technically queen yet...”

“And such a shame that is.. a proper crown would look wonderful atop your head~ especially with the right dress, I must say, your seamstresses and tailors must be some of the most skilled I’ve seen~ they’ve made you such a wonderful dress~ I could only hope to have one that hugs my hips so flatteringly, and how tastefully it holds your bosom~“

Vivian couldn’t help but blush, never in her life had she received a compliment so... straightforward...”

Th-thank you queen Maeve, I will say your o-own dress is r-rather flattering...”

“why thank you!~ it was a rather exquisite gift you know, from one of my generals, she felled a great beast out deep in the forest, used its blood to dye the fabric, and it’s hide to make my cloak~”

Vivian stared back in shock, she was unsure what to make of such an outfit, what horrid beast was slain to make a dress worthy of an elven queen..? And why was she wearing it to a diplomatic meeting? Was it to intimidate her..? A show of power..?

“Oddly beautiful for something of such a gruesome creation wouldn’t you agree?~ it took a great deal of effort after the slaughter, I try to make use of it whenever I can as such. it took a great deal of time to create this dress you know, making dyes out of the blood alone took months of slow work, but it was certainly worth it for such a brilliant crimson!~”

“I-I see, it is rather pleasing to the eye...”

“Perhaps I could send one of my servants to bring your seamstress a few vials?~ a show of good faith between our kingdoms~”

“I-i couldn’t possibly accept such an extravagant gift queen Maeve..!”

“Being in debt to the elves, even if just a gift... having something like that could be held above her head... it felt foolish...”

“Really? Are you quite certain? I can say for sure a crimson scarf would look wonderful around your neck!~ or perhaps a cloak?~ every ruler needs something to wear when among her people~”

“I suppose you’re right but- Queen “Maeve with.. all due respect...”

“Yes?~”

“I believe we have engaged in enough small talk, my guards and staff have been... VERY anxious about your visit, for reasons I am... sure you’re aware of...”

“Oh yes I’m more than aware of the reputation me and my kingdom have gained over the generations~”

“As such, I wish to engage in a timely discussion with you regarding our two kingdoms, and their relations..”

“But of course my dear Vivian!~ I apologize I tend to run my mouth when given the opportunity~ please allow me to Assuage your fears, I do not intend to leave until nothing less than peace is assured between us, I have no desire for bloodshed!”

At Maeve's words, Vivian felt as if a weight was lifted from her shoulders, the pit in her stomach that had for so long tormented her finally closing

"In fact... I desire more than mere peace~"

"And... what might that be..?"

"Unification my dear~"

Vivian looked back, puzzled.

"What do you... mean by that exactly..?"

"I wish for our two kingdoms to become one~ by means of marriage~"

Vivian looked back in disbelief, the elf queen, under the guise of diplomacy, had come to ask for her hand in marriage, why she simply couldn't fathom, even if the swirling thoughts in her mind would calm...

"I-I... WH-what..?!"

Maeve cocked her head looking back at Vivian with confusion

"Your hand in marriage my dear Vivian! For the sake of our own kingdoms they are far safer as one, with my armies your people will never fear invasion, especially with you leading them~ your father was one of the greatest tacticians this realm has known, and your mother the greatest diplomat, suffice to say... I desire nothing more than your wonderful mind in my court~ and your beautiful form in my bed chambers~"

Vivian's face turned a deep red hearing Maeve's words, she could barely speak as her mind raced, conflicting thoughts and ideas waged war in her mind? To accept? Or to reject? Accept and Protect her people but risk their subjugation? Or reject it and risk the elven queen's wrath? For the sake of her people.. she couldn't risk it...

"Queen Maeve.. I... I simply cannot accept a proposal of marriage. Especially not for my kingdom..."

"I see... in such a case..."

Maeve's expression grew solemn as she stood up, quickly blossoming back into a grin

"In such a case... I ask in the stead of marriage.., a kiss, one kiss for my armies to defend your borders~"

Vivian couldn't believe her ears, a simple kiss for the greatest known army's protection, to deny this offer... it would be simply foolish...

"I accept your offer queen Maeve..! A kiss for your protection!"

Maeve's grin grew wide, she eagerly stepped towards Vivian, seeing her up close like this...are it clearer than ever just how small Vivian was compared to her, made more so as she was pressed into Maeve's soft bosom, staring up the elf queen's full lips and long black hair. Vivian tried in vain to speak before she was lifted to Maeve's face, her ears filled with gentle moans as a passionate kiss covered her lips, Maeve's lustful eyes staring into her own. Vivian had never seen someone so enamored towards anything, let alone herself, it was flattering in a strange sense...

"Mmmm~ mmmmwhah!~ oh how long I've awaited this~ your lips truly are as sweet as honey dear Vivian~ but..."

"Huh..b-but..?"

"Having finally tasted your lips... I don't think I can sate myself with just one kiss~"

"Wh-what do you mean..?! We had a deal mea-! MMPH!"

Vivian's cries were quickly silenced as once more Maeve's lip's pressed against hers, with mind full of passion and heart full of lust, Maeve began to blow. It was gentle at first, barely noticeable even, but it quickly grew more and more intense, what was at first merely a strange feeling in her stomach, rapidly grew into an odd pressure, until she finally realized she was growing. Maeve gleefully relished in the feeling of Vivian's bloating stomach pressing against her as she held her soon to be blimp against her chest. Vivian tried in vain to fight back to tear herself from Maeve's iron grip, but it was futile. Maeve barely even acknowledged it, too busy staring at Vivian's bosom as it too began to slowly fill with air. Vivian's mind raced as she grew, unsure of what was happening, only that she felt somehow larger. Her belly swelled and swelled with each puff from Maeve, eventually proving too large for her to hold against her, instead of the expected feeling of falling to the ground as Maeve's grip was released... she merely floated down, unfortunately grabbed once more mere inches from touching the ground

"You're not going anywhere my dear little Vivian~"

"N-no w-wa-! Mmmmmph!"

A brief moment of respite, ended as soon as it began, Maeve began to blow with ever increasing vigor, Vivian growing larger and larger by the second. Her now ballooning behind stretching the back of her dress ever tighter by the second, slowly but surely riding upward as even her hips began to widen, her inflated stomach overtaking her abdomen and rapidly beginning to swallow her limbs. Before long her once loose fitting dress fit taut around her blimp of a body, floating helplessly in Maeve's grasp she felt the ever concerning sensation of her behind brushing against the ceiling after finally being released

"There we are!~ I dare say you Look even More beautiful like this~"

"M-More beautiful..?! What in god's band have you done to me? GUARDS! WHERE ARE MY Mm? MMM! MMN?!?"

As Vivian Tried to speak, she felt her lips stick together, almost like glue, looking down at Maeve's grin, it was doubtless she was the cause

"Oh calm down now my dear~ we can't be having you riling up your servants into a panic now can we? You said it yourself after all right?~ that you wanted to ease their anxieties, yes?~ now then, JOHNATHON! A bundle of Twine if you wouldn't mind?~"

As before with the bounty of gifts, one of the Elven guards came forward, producing from a small Sack on his waist a bundle of twine that was quickly handed off to Maeve. In a Motion that seemed almost practiced, Maeve hopped into the air and grabbed Vivian's hand, humming to herself as she wrapped and knotted the twine around Vivian's wrist.

"There!~ can't have you floating off now can we?~"

"mm! Mmmmm!"

"Oh hush!~ I'll let you speak again once you've calmed down, like I said, can't have you spinning your servants up into a panic now!~ maybe a few more Kisses will help you relax?~" Maeve tugged at the String, pulling Vivian back down into Maeve's hands where her face was promptly peppered by Maeve's soft red lips, her face growing a shade redder each time they made contact. Maeve giggled as she looked at her royal balloon, turning around with a smile to return to her own kingdom, eliciting Stares ranging from confusion to outright terror as she Paraded through the Castle halls like a young child with a new toy, amassing a crowd of onlookers as she finally returned to her stagecoach stuffing Vivian inside, none were brave, nor foolish enough to try and stop her and Vivian was promptly transported to her new home. In

spite of Maeve's reassurances during her voyage "home", vivians heart was gripped with fear, for the safety of herself and for her kingdom. she feared the worst, she feared being a prisoner, being a slave to maeve's desires, nothing more than a toy to be thrown out or broken when she was bored.

"Have you calmed down now, dear vivian?~ no? I suppose I can't blame you, being the queen's royal blimp is a rather tall order!~ but in all seriousness... I truly have nothing but good intentions for you and your kingdom, even if it will take time for you to admit that to yourself... i'll allow you to reconsider my proposal for marriage once you've gotten used to my kingdom, you've not lived till you've experienced a wedding they say~ nothing but the best for the brides~" When they finally arrived, vivian was greeted not with the leering mockery she expected, but with cheers and welcome for "the new princess", where she expected to be held in filth and squalor she was brought lovingly to the queen's own chambers, fed endlessly whatever her heart and stomach desired, all by maeve's gentle hands. Over a month that felt like a mere few days, Vivian saw a side she didn't know existed to the elves, gentle, kind, love. Not once did Maeve stray away from soft touch and gentle voice, be it walks through the garden, watching performances in the theater, or getting close in tender hours of night. The one single time it changed was a question charged with excitement:

"Vivian my dear... will you marry me?~"

"I... I... yes~"

Not a moment was wasted to plan the wedding, much of it already had been planned in anticipation of her arrival. The courtyard was decorated, dresses were sewn, and the day arrived, the two royal brides made their way down the aisle, one walking, the other waddling her still partially inflated body. They exchanged vows, lifted veils, and kissed, deep passion shared by both, and when Vivian felt air once more flow down her throat, not fear, but glee filled her heart and mind as her body swelled ever larger in her wife's loving embrace.

THE END