

## The Matter of Heirs

**Warning:** The following is erotic content featuring *breast expansion*, *muscle growth*, *futa*, and other minor fetishes. You know why you're here, so don't complain to me if it's not your thing.

This story was sponsored by my most generous Patrons: tahu109, Error Prone, and Makeshift Razor.

In memoriam of Luna: a close friend who was always there and will be forever missed.

- *Madam Materia*

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It was a fine morning, bright sunlight trickling through the scarlet drapes to coat the wide hall of the castle in a warm glow. Outside the fair chirps of bird songs rang; calls for mates as the winter's melt made way for spring, the season of nesting. There was beauty to it, between the young blooms and verdant green signalling the return of life, and yet, sitting upon her throne, the queen could find no enjoyment in it.

"Queen Severina, your majesty," a serf bowed as he came into the ornate throne room.

The woman's deep-brown locks cascaded over her shoulders as she turned to him. "What is it?" she asked, a soft sigh pouring over cinnamon lips; she knew the reason for the interruption already.

"A request from our northern neighbour, for your hand Queen Severina," the messenger explained.

The apathy in her chocolate eyes, displayed unabashedly on her angular features, was palpable. "I am not interested," she replied, getting to her feet and stepping down from her place up high.

Rising, the servant awkwardly stood, watching the tall queen pass him, half a head above him. "Forgive me your majesty, if I may," she paused, an ear turned to him to listen to what he had to say, "You are nearing thirty, and still have no heir to your throne; even a bastard. If you continue to reject every offer of marriage that comes to you, the kingdom will be left without a monarch."

"I am aware," was all she replied, her hands clasped at her front as she continued out of the room and into the grand halls.

Passing by the windows, thin rays of sun made the jewels of her silver crown shimmer, contrasting well with her tanned skin. The soft padded sounds of her shoes against the stone were the only company to her thoughts. Of course, she knew the consequences to her actions. She wanted children to call her own, for her nation to maintain its strength, but it wasn't so simple as that.

From the corner of her eye, something came into view. At once the queen's pace stopped, the frilled hem of her layered dress sweeping around her ankles from the sudden halt.

A door, here, in her castle? That was not its only oddity, it was unlike any other such portal within her home. The wood shone oddly, her fingers gliding over it like the finest, and the handle was some odd brass ball; how was one to turn it? Experimenting with it, she could feel the mechanism inside

turning as she rotated it, the final kick and the lurch of the door inward as the pressure relieved sending a shock through her.

The hinges were well oiled, swinging inward with nary a squeak, and revealing an even more unusual sight. A storefront, within a room of architecture completely foreign to her and her country. Curiously her eyes wandered, her muffled steps carrying her inside without even noticing. The carpentry of the shelves was exquisite, and the exotic wares on display boggled the mind.

Snapping her from her wonder was a horrid sound: a metallic strum that grated against her ears and drew her attention up to the back. There was a woman, laxly laid back in her chair, heavy boots propped up on her counter with some garish instrument laid across her lap. Lithe fingers lay across its strings, and with a flick of her wrist another rough note echoed through the shop and made the refined guest flinch.

"What a horrid sound. I insist you stop, minstrel," it was the only word she could think to describe the woman, with her outlandish garb that did nothing to protect her modesty. Her white tunic was oversized, lazily hanging over one arm and showing the ridiculous thin straps of a chemise beneath.

"Hello to you too," the mysterious bard replied, the accent to her words as extrinsic of her people's own as the rest of this place.

Toying one last time with the knobs on her strange tool she set it aside, swinging her legs down with sloppy movements that somehow came off as graceful and rising to her feet. "Gimme a minute," she requested, the slang making the queen recoil in revulsion. The bard stretched her arms high, bangles clattering up her wrist as the leather of her fingerless gloves groaned, and turned hazel eyes that seemed to glow with unnatural power to her guest. "Welcome to Madam Materia's Magical Menagerie."

"Magic?" the dark-haired sovereign questioned, knowing better than to trust such things from silver tongued rogues, "So you are a charlatan as well then?"

The minstrel contemplated it for a moment, bobbing her head back and forth and making her raven hair dance; the dyed shocks of red within quite eye-catching, highlighting her pristine face. "Charlatan, no. My boss maybe, but I do strive to do my best while I'm stuck here," she walked over, holding a friendly hand out for the queen to take. "The name's Kasumi, and I'm pretty sure I'll be able to help you today."

The monarch looked to the gesture. "Excuse me, but I am a queen, knave, Queen Lidia Severina," she stated coldly.

"And I'm a goddess," Kasumi replied laxly.

Queen Severina scoffed, "A blasphemer too," she levied a critical gaze upon the woman.

"No," the bard replied, her words suddenly heavy as they left her ruby-painted lips, "I'm quite literally a goddess Queen Severina," she slipped one of her gloves off, raising a tattooed palm in front of the sovereign's face that had her flinch in shock.

The mark glowed, and the tan woman felt true fear filling her from her core. She couldn't move, as if this inhuman creature had a pull rooting her in place, forced to watch as blue light poured into her

left eye. When finally, that hand fell, she was met with strange new sights; half-visible threads of light entangled the deity, wrapping her arms, her legs, every part of her, threatening to strangle her or perhaps pull her to the four winds. And looking down, one such string was coming out from her chest.

"What is this?" she wondered aloud, trying to take the line in her long digits only to have them pass through it like it were as it looked: just light.

The goddess, however, handled it freely, picking it up and pulling it taught between them. "There's a lot of names for it. The one that's stuck between gods is the threads of fate," she explained, rolling Lidia's thread in her fingertips.

Impossible as it seemed, the royal woman could feel the tug in her core, from this divine being just holding her destiny within her grasp. "I apologise for my rudeness, Kasumi," the queen dipped her head in respect, "Your... garb and language, they are not what I would have imagined from a deity in the flesh."

"Don't worry about it your majesty," Kasumi replied with a warm grin, "I could have certainly made it easier on you by wearing something era-appropriate."

Ignoring the once in a lifetime nature of such a divine visitation, it was strange to have a goddess not speaking down to her. In all the tales she'd heard of such things, the gods put themselves on a pedestal above mortals. And yet, here was one, willfully and deliberately showing her casual respect. "You said you wished to help me, Kasumi?" the queen brought them back.

"Always," the raven-haired deity replied, curling an arm under her bust. "To pull a play from my boss's book, people don't find this place unless there's something missing from their lives."

It wasn't a wonder what Lidia was missing, her hand hovering above her empty womb. "My station expects much of me Kasumi, I need..." no, that wasn't right, "I want an heir; to do what is best for my kingdom and keep it thriving, but," she paused, holding her tongue with an ashamed look upon her face.

Queen Lidia Severina, "the virgin queen". It was a title she had not donned herself, but what her constant rejection of every suitor had placed upon her shoulders. Her parents had died when she was still young, thrusting her into her position as ruler early enough that such a decision as marriage became her own. Many a nation, many a man, had come with offers, but Lidia turned each away, for a simple reason.

"But you're gay," Kasumi finished for her.

The dark-eyed sovereign raised her brow, "Pardon?" she questioned, not quite understanding the statement.

"Sorry," the goddess realised the error in her choice of words, "I mean you prefer to lay with women."

Deep crimson filled her tan cheeks, and her gaze dropped to the side. "Should I be surprised that a goddess would know that?" she asked.

Chuckling the minstrel shook her head, the many threads hanging off her dancing with each jump of her shoulders. “Doesn’t take a god, just someone familiar with such things,” she tapped her nose.

Such a fact did not comfort the virgin queen. “So, what shall you do, Kasumi?” she went on, “Fill my womb with magic so I need not take a man?”

The dark-haired deity shrugged. "Maybe, not sure," she admitted, reaching out and lifting the woman's glowing thread into her view, "Why don't you see where fate takes you?"

Queen Severina stayed staring a moment, her heart racing beneath her modest bust. Her fingers still passed through the ethereal string, so all she could do was follow. One step after another, chocolate gaze locked with the thin strand, she walked among the shelves. Anticipation growing with each twist and turn, her heart nearly stopped when the thread of her fate climbed the shelf.

Following it up, she was surprised by what it was. With so many unusual artefacts, she expected some magical implement she wouldn't recognize, but no. It was an ornate dagger, sheathed snugly in the beautifully sculpted maw of a horned daemon.

Picking it up, fingers curling around the handle, Lidia could not deny the unnatural pull it had. “I am unsure I am comfortable with the connotations of this, Kasumi,” she offered grimly.

"Magic's an unpredictable thing, things aren't always what they seem," the goddess explained.

Reasonable. Taking the weapon tightly, the woman made a move to draw it, only to find Kasumi's hand stopping her.

“Not here,” she smiled, “Fun a time as it could be, getting wrapped up with this nonsense,” she gestured to the hundreds of fates entwined around her, “wouldn’t be good for either of us.”

With a nod, the queen held the item close, wondering what mysteries it would hold. She thought to ask, but somehow knew the goddess would give some vague answer, no matter how helpful she was. All she could do was trust she would know when the time came. “Thank you, Kasumi, I will pray to you that this cures my woes.”

That bare hand waved in front of her, the symbol flashing and stealing the unearthly sight back from her eye. "Please, don't pray to me," she chuckled, "Keep your prayers for the gods of your world."

Looking at the lax smile upon the goddess's lips, one would never fathom the weight of the burdens constantly pulling on her. Outlandish as her dress, she seemed just a normal woman, happy, helpful, and living her life. Something even greater than her divinity to be envious of.

Dipping her head one last time, the queen struggled for a smile of her own as hope filled her. "I will," she declared, turning and departing from the unusual shop with a spring to her step.

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Returning to the real world, the shadows had not moved from their positions across the floor. It was as if not a moment had passed, and yet, the unusual dagger was still in her hands. The duties of her station would not hold however, and so, the treasure would have to wait until the evening.

That did not mean, of course, it was not on her mind. The goddess's words were echoing within her, that familiarity would help her identify other women with her tastes. As she slowly enjoyed her dinner, the elegant drags of her knife through the red meat upon her plate spilling sweet-smelling juices, her chocolate eyes wandered. She had admired a number of the common folk within her staff in secrecy over the years. Now she was actively hunting.

Lidia's gaze lingered upon her server, the slight girl refilling the wine in her cup as she collected her empty soup bowl and spoon. "Would you care for a bite?" the queen asked, skewering a thick slice of steak upon her fork and presenting it.

The young girl seemed confused, looking to her queen and her offer. It took pause, thinking her way through the situation, to finally answer, "Yes, your majesty."

A wry smirk upon her lips, the ruler's slender fingers steadied the girl's chin. Her skin was soft, smooth despite her meagre upbringing, and was lovely to touch. Cuter though was the little O of her mouth as the morsel approached.

Palm acting as a bib, to catch the abundant juices, Queen Severina fed her servant. It must have been the girl's first time eating something from the kitchens. Her eyes lit up when the flavour touched her tongue, and her little O was quick to snap shut and lock the treat in. Pink tinted her cheeks, and delighted little squeaks emerged from her throat as she chewed, savouring this once in perhaps a lifetime experience.

"Thank you, your majesty," she beamed, cupping her cheek to let her tongue catch every last bit of the taste.

"You are quite welcome," the tan woman beamed, lapping the small puddle from her hand before clearing it on her handkerchief.

The young servant skipped back to her duties, a fresh spring in her step, while the queen watched on. There was definitely something to the goddess's words, while the girl was happy, Lidia was quite certain the flirtations she'd offered had not been caught in the intended way.

It was her first such attempt, so perhaps the virgin queen was simply missing some aspect of it? Regardless, it was an excellent stoking of the fires of curiosity. How was the dagger going to help; especially with the matter of heirs?

These thoughts within her mind, she finished dinner, laying her used utensils over and rising with every bit of grace expected of her station. There was time yet in the day, but she had already deemed where she wished to be. With long strides through the halls, up the tower, she made her way to her private chambers.

Arriving through the door, the queen was met with one of her chamberlains, straightening the corners of the fresh linens she'd applied to the bed. "Your majesty," she greeted with a small dip that offered a peek at her plump breasts, squeezed tightly in her dress, "I will be finished shortly."

“There is no need for haste Isa,” her highness replied on the way to her desk by the hearth, “I shall not be taking to my bed for a small while yet.”

Isa gave another bow, a stray strand of her chestnut hair slipping from her bun to tumble in front of her face, “Of course, your majesty,” she offered and immediately got back to work.

Settling into her chair, Lidia went for the dagger; tucked next the small chest that held her jewellery. The metalworking alone made it worth such a place, its status as a divine gift made it deserve so much more. Once more, it was comfortably back in her hands, her lithe fingers wrapping around the handle. Despite how long it had sat here, in the dim, coldness of the empty master chamber, the cured leather of the grip was still warm.

“Did you touch this, Isa?” the queen asked her servant, dark-brown cascades caressing her shoulders as she turned to the woman.

The chamberlain was quick to shake her head. “No, your majesty. My duties are only the linens and laundry,” she emphasised, tucking the blanket’s edge beneath the mattress.

Looking into her hazel eyes, the sovereign had no reason to doubt her. Her face was calm, the roundness of her sun-kissed cheeks quite adorable. No words were needed, only for the kingdom’s ruler to return her attention to her treasure, for all to be declared well.

It was finally time. The royal’s heart was hammering, her grip tightening, letting her feel the growing heat of the small weapon. Whatever secrets this miracle had in store, she was about to find out.

With a click the dagger came free, the gleaming silver of the blade reflecting the shock in her dark-eyes. A sensation was washing over her, quickening her breaths as heat spread to her every extremity of her body.

Starting in her fingers, moving up her arms, she felt strength. Her muscles tightened, swelling within her sleeves, making them groan in protest. With a sudden surge her breasts jumped forward, powerful pecs perking them up as a good pound was added to their soft weight. It was enough to split her dress, with a resound rip that exposed a dark cleavage.

She was overwhelmed, with a power she’d never imagined before; exhilarating, and sexual in ways she’d never experienced. The transformation was not done however, focusing inward to her core. With a grunt she collapsed forward, the magical weapon clattering away as she caught herself, feeling the warmth of her gasps over her lips. Her loins were burning, making her fingers curl, their pads dragging across the surface of her desk as her brittle nails dug lines into the wood.

There was swelling beneath her hood, pushing forward into her chemise and causing a pitch in her skirt. It was difficult to see down past her well-enhanced bust, but with an awkward lean that had whatever was growing below tearing through her clothing, she managed.

The sensation of the frayed threads moving over it left the queen gasping. It was so sensitive, a euphoric sensation such that she couldn’t help but thrust a hand down to make it continue. Inch after inch the thing escaped the hole, her fingers flanking it on either side as she pressed down, right until she hit her pelvis.

Fully revealed, she got her first look at it: A thick, meaty cock between her legs. It was over a hand long, dark and erect from her blood coursing through it. The head was weeping a musky lust, practically dripping down its length and spreading its stench about the room.

"Y-your majesty?" her chamberlain piped up. After having witnessed the event from behind the bed, the queen's body shielding most of it from view, her voice was wavering with nervousness and worry. "Are you alright?"

Lidia heard her servant's voice, but the thought to address her woes did not even enter her mind. It was as if she were possessed, the regal woman turning with a sharp snap of her powerful form, her chocolate eyes those of a hunter, transfixed upon her prey. This new body was hungry, starved, for a feast it had yet to experience, and the meal to sate it was in her sights.

She rose so quickly her chair clattered to the floor, revealing the whole of her new self to the attendant in her room. "Q-queen Severina, what have you-?" Isa's eyes were wide in shock and horror, and she was given no chance to finish.

In a blink the hermaphroditic creature had crossed the room, one strong hand wrapped around her chamberlain's waist as the other leapt up and palmed one of the woman's hefty tits. Her breaths were like dragon's fire, pouring over her lip and washing over her prey's face as a herald of her coming kiss. The servant did not resist, submitting to her sovereign's desire and falling back onto the freshly-made sheets.

Every little movement had Lidia's overburdened dress straining, crying out as threads were shredded in a cacophony of faint snaps. Even in this lust-fueled state, she recognized it as in the way. So, once Isa was lain upon the bed to her primal satisfaction, her hands returned to herself, strong fingers curling into the frayed holes and helping them along, tearing them away from her body in long strips.

Swaths of smooth, sun-kissed olive skin were revealed, muscle rippling just beneath the surface. A toned look, with hardened abs and thick-corded biceps, hidden beneath the thinnest layer of softness. A statuesque perfection captured only before in art, now in the flesh.

Thoroughly destroyed, the scraps of cloth were cast away, to litter the floor around their coming carnality. Revealed, her hybrid sex was ready, the petals of her flowering womanhood open and dripping, as the turgid tool of a man stood ready beneath its cowl. Though unnatural, there was an alluring aspect to it, Isa's legs already up and waiting for her highness to have her way.

An invitation the queen was all too eager to accept. Her right hand took hold of her chamberlain's ankle, her fingertips caressing over the calluses of a working life, combing through the sparse hairs of her legs as she hiked the maid's dress up to give herself access. Many a time had she dreamed of such a moment, to have a bare woman in her bed, and she was not about to let the first time fall short of those expectations.

Half-lidded, her chocolate eyes lingered on the feminine folds before her, her thumb running slowly along the giving lips of her sex from base up to their apex, and the hard nub hidden within. A shudder of pleasure ran through her servant, stirring in her core to come from her lips as a sharp gasp.

"My queen," she questioned, the reddish green of those hazel pools looking to her in confusion.

Queen Severina lifted her head, gazing back and wondering what the problem could possibly be? This was sex, the pursuit of ultimate pleasure with another human. Did Isa not enjoy it, when her eyes, her body, were so clearly calling out to her?

Speaking back to her mistress, her sovereign, was unheard of, but the mighty creature was giving her the opportunity. "Your majesty, u-use me to sate yourself!" she requested, "There is no need for sin."

Sin? Having her enjoy it, ensuring she was ready, what was sin in that? All attempt to speak through her turgid arousal only came out as a hungry growl, her face coming down to lay kisses upon her chamberlain's chin, and what little of her neck she could unbury with only her face. The maiden spoke truth, this tool of hers was screaming for satisfaction; hovering close to the simmering lips below, close enough to feel their warmth on its flared tip, and begging to plunge in.

Was this what men felt? A singular focus, dominating her will, to seek that satisfaction. It was as intoxicating as it was blinding, bordering on madness. Well, if it was what her servant wished to make this experience pleasant for her, then who was she to deny?

Without further ceremony, the sovereign took the dive. Hers and Isa's voices cried in unison, the woman's walls stretched and clinging tightly to the girthy intrusion on her womanhood. A few inches, and resistance, forcing Lidia to pull back with a hiss, teeth clenched at the white flashes of pleasure coursing through her, before thrusting back in. One of her powerful hands found her bedmate's, pinning it to the sheets. She felt as the chamberlain's fingers slipped in between her own, gripping her so tightly her nails dug into her skin. It was a raw expression, one of absolute ecstasy.

Again, the tan-skinned huntress came in, lips pressing against the woman beneath her in an impassioned kiss as she hilted her sword within her. Both gasped as their hips collided, the full length of the queen's potent tool now buried within those velvety folds. She learned quickly the shaft meant little. Her pleasure came from the flared tip, its rim rubbing and stroking Isa's own sensitive spots, that small collection of bumps that Queen Severina knew from her own exploration.

Her range tightened, focusing each pull and push to have the lip of her cockhead rake across that spot and maximise both their pleasure. The chamberlain cried out in ecstasy, one arm wrapping around and clinging to her sovereign. Never had she experienced such a thing, had sex given her such shocks of delight. "M-my queen-" she tried to stammer some objection to this sin, but it broke in her throat as she thrashed with a powerful climax.

The rhythmic squeeze of those walls, wringing the invader of her sacred space to beckon from it seed to fill her womb. Lidia felt every pulse of it, and with a grunt she complied with its wishes. The pit of her gut tightened, and with a guttural cry she tossed her head back and unleashed a load inside of her first.

The pair began to slow, hot semen leaking out to drip over the servant's plush thighs from the sheer volume of her flood. There was even a small bump in the woman's belly from just how much the royal had stuffed her.

It invoked a sense of pride, as well as an elation that such a virile toy would easily bring her an heir. The hermaphrodite queen did not have much time to revel in it however, as quickly the exhaustion

of the day was piling on; along with that of having experienced her first make orgasm. One arm draped over her bedmate, she quickly drifted off into a heavy slumber.

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It was not quite morning when the tanned woman rose. The drapes were shut, a pre-dawn orange giving them a soft glow that cast out into the room. She felt a stiffness, and a level of filth she was unaccustomed to. A wash would be in order before dressing.

Coming away her skin was brushed by coldness. She had been warm, and looking down the reason was quite clear. Isa, her chamberlain, was still in her bed, her eyes still softly closed in slumber, and the gentle smile of good dreams upon her lips. Last night started coming with more clarity. Looking upon her form, her arms were still tight with muscle and she could feel her flaccid manhood lazily flopping around between her thighs; thighs that were covered in dried cum. No wonder she felt dirty.

And yet, it brought a smug grin to her lips. Not wishing to disturb her servant the queen crawled off the bed, noticing the distinct divots their sweaty play had left in the sheets. Her grin widened.

Now, with some distance between them, she also realised hers wasn't the only body that was changed. Her chamberlain's form was more... she didn't quite have a word yet. The woman's breasts, while already plump as ripe summer fruits had grown, now hanging softly to the sides under their own heavy weight. Her recently seeded sex was still open, drooling the remnants of the prior night, though the sovereign would swear her hips were perhaps a hair wider. Where last night she would have had little trouble palming her bedmate's rear, now she would most definitely have some difficulty, with flesh pouring and overflowing her hand.

Motherly, more prepared for child bearing, she decided. An idea that was certainly delicious, leaving her cock twitching with her lewd thoughts. A chamberlain, unfortunately, would not make a proper mother to royal offspring.

First of all, however, there were matters to attend to. Gazing upon herself once more, it was quite clear such a body would not fit in her usual attire. Grabbing up one of the linens was the best she could do to cover herself, until her tailor could let out the sleeves of her dresses at least; though with her arm resting against it, holding it in, her chest would be another point of tension. Her attention then moved to the source of this incredible, sitting upon her desk where it had clattered out of her hands.

On long steps she approached, drawing up the blade and its discarded sheath. It was still warm to the touch, a sign of its supernatural affinity. She had much to thank it for, a soft smile on her lips, and much thanks for the goddess that bestowed it upon her. Out of respect for the weapon, she pressed it back into its home, the hilt sliding into place with a soft click.

It was a strange sensation, like letting a breath out long and slow. The tightness in her muscles began to fade, her profile shrinking back to its original shape. A tingle between her legs signalled the retreat of her tool, her womanly folds returning to their natural form. And, just like that, the queen was her old self.

*So easy?* She wondered back to the tales in her youth, of the costs of such trinkets from divine and profane creatures alike. Turning she quickly checked on Isa, seeing the swell of her matronly bust rising and falling with her snores. She was the same, her curves swollen from their night together; and of course, Lidia could still feel the dried remnants of sex upon her thighs. Was that all?

Out of curiosity, she pulled the dagger from its bed once more. Just like last time, heat began to build and spread out over her body. The change was exhilarating, making her breath quicken as her form bulked up once again, her chest surged beneath her hold, and of course, the rigid meat began to grow from the hood of her sex.

Despite having no such urges prior, her cock was hard, her mouth practically dry with thirst for pleasures of the flesh. With no other explanation, she tried to push the blade back into its sheath. It refused, like some invisible force was fighting back against her. It had been drawn; the weapon would taste blood before it would rest again.

As her transformation completed a low growl started in her throat. She turned to the bed, to where her prey from last night lay, starting to stir without her queen's warmth atop her. Any attempts at modesty were dropped upon the floor, the hermaphrodite springing back into bed.

Her chamberlain woke with a start, hazel eyes gazing up at her sovereign above her, strong arms on either side of her head, her breasts hanging down and her rod at the ready. "M-my queen-" she managed to stammer before the starving beast was again upon her; a deep kiss muffling the screams of delight as that turgid cock was stuffed in the servant once more.

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There was no collapse like the prior night. A feeling of relief, and a pleasant ache in her body, but with the sun pushing against the drapes proper exhaustion was not settling in. Her head was also clear, allowing the queen to ponder what she had learned.

Now that she had tended to the urge, she was no longer overwhelmed with breeding frenzy. Did that mean it only struck when her blade was drawn, or would it sneak up on her again if she maintained this form? Such curiosities kept her vigorously attentive, grinning all the while as she basked in her afterglow.

Her bedmate was already beginning to pull herself up, her breaths taxed, and her cheeks flush as she refused her recovery. "That was quite something your majesty," she offered, running a hand through her hair to fit it back into place.

Severina's rich gaze turned to her chamberlain, admiring her work with a sense of pride. As the woman began to redress, her suspicions were confirmed; she had definitely grown from their encounter. Isa struggled to pull her dress back up over her bosom, billowing flesh pouring every which way as she attempted to stuff it into the ill-equipped garment. When all was said and done, the fabric was pulled taut over her bust, and she gave a deep bow that showed her tightly packed cleavage before scurrying off to attend her duties; after cleaning up of course.

The queen would need to do so as well. She pulled the hook by her bedside, setting bells in her steward's quarters to send someone, and returned to where she'd been at the desk.

It was second nature to want to sheath the blade once more, but the wheels already were turning within the ruler's head. Her mind was clear, and with this powerful body, sexual and masculine in a way unachievable before, she had a plan. Pulling the dagger completely from its sheath, she wrapped it in cloth before slipping it back in far as it would go. No click, her transformation remained. She would need to carry it with her, along with the small scabbard; after all, it would not do to have one of her servants stumble upon it and revert her while cleaning.

The door to her bedroom opened wide, and another of her attendants entered to see the sight of the naked queen. Her face tinted, nearly dropping the jug of steaming water she was carrying. "Y-your majesty," she stammered, holding up the next servant behind her who peeked over the girl's shoulder to catch the sight himself.

"Yes?" Lidia grinned, turning her body to show off, "You are aware of where the tub is," she nonchalantly pointed to the cloth-lined basin, "and when you are finished, have the tailor fetched; I appear to have gained a small amount of weight, and shall need my dresses let out."

A small murmuring whisper spread among her staff, but they knew best to keep up with the task given them. "O-of course, my queen," the head girl stammered, shuffling her way forward, eyes drifting down to the healthy meat between the sovereign's tan thighs as she passed to get to the bath.

The queen could not help revelling in her enjoyment, teasing and shocking her staff with what she had become. "It does not bite," she told her bather, leaning back and opening her legs to allow the half-hard phallic rod to crest the water's surface.

Crimson spread across the girl's cheeks, and she followed the implied order without delay. A small lathering of the fatty soap across her hands and she set them to work, wiping away the dried fluids from her majesty's tool.

Lidia chattered in delight, feeling it twitch at her servant's touch, beginning to harden into iron once more. It would seem there was more than one way to derive pleasure from it, and already her mind was wandering to lewd ideas on using it. She would simply need to find someone willing.

Once clean, it was not a long wait for her tailor, the man entering the room and flushing in embarrassment seeing what he would be working with. "Y-your majesty," he stumbled upon his words, seeing the sharp tone of her musculature, along with the part everyone else was taking note of.

She didn't need to speak, only turning a wry smirk to him and waiting for him to speak his mind. "Shall I," he swallowed, tearing his eyes back up to her firm breasts standing high and full on her chest, "shall I be making you a more... masculine wardrobe from now on?"

"No," Queen Severina informed him clearly, "I will still be wearing my dresses. I simply require them let out," she took a moment to flex her arm, her bicep swelling to something that would of course not fit the skinny sleeves of her current clothing.

"Of course, my queen," he bowed without question and got to work, wrapping a cord about each part of her anatomy that had swollen in her new form.

It would be some time until she had proper clothing to attend the day. Until then, all of the morning's activity had worked up an appetite. A chemise, loose enough to keep things hidden from her court, and a belt to hold her dagger would do, as she set forth for her dining room with chin held high; a cocked smile upon her lips.

Things were ready for her as usual, word travelled faster than she did within the castle, and so she had a wonderful spread to choose from. Slices of rye so fresh the inner dough still glistened with moisture, well cooked and browned sausage that gave off a sweet scent, and crushed fruit mixes that would make for a fine side.

"You are looking well today your majesty," her attention was drawn to one of her servers, the slight little thing from the prior night.

The royal couldn't help a chuckle. "I am in barely any better than my nightclothes," she commented, waiting for her seat to be pulled out before settling herself down at the table. "Are you perhaps resorting to flattery to get another bite from the kitchen?"

The girl blushed, the creamy tone of her cheeks turning a dark crimson. "I would not impose such a thing your majesty," she replied, the queen smirking at the transparent display.

Drawing up her fork, she cut her way through the meat of her plate, the caramel burns crisp, cracking to let out rich juices that made the mouth water. Once more her hand was her bib, and she held the morsel out to her servant. "Come come," she ordered.

Not a moment was wasted, the girl hopping forth and presenting her mouth; warm and wet. Lidia could not help a profane idea, one that had her cock jumping beneath the folds of her underwear to cause a small pitch. First however, she met her peppy servant with her reward, placing the rough-cut meat upon her tongue and watching her lips clamp down as if it might escape.

She was a cute little thing; a round face, messy brunette locks beneath her bonnet, a nose like a button, and eyes of an off-green that shone with youthful vigour. "You are new to my staff," the queen commented, "have you a name child?"

Her mouth was still full, and to have the monarch's attention so directly on her when she could not reply brought a flush of embarrassment. She swallowed quickly, nearly choking in her haste, and turned to answer, "Gianna your majesty."

"A lovely name," Lidia smiled brightly, "for a lovely girl."

Everything was beginning to slip into place within her head, leading her to lean forward towards her servant; her elbows resting upon the table that her chin could lay in the bridge of her fingers. "Gianna, would you like to have food from my kitchen at each meal?" she offered, waiting to gauge the girl's reaction.

The kitchen aide's eyes grew wide, sparkling like precious gemstones. "Y-yes your majesty," she tried not to sound too eager, quickly dipping into an apologetic bow for her outburst.

Queen Severina gave a soft giggle, gesturing the girl closer with a wave of her hand. "Reach under the table," she ordered.

Gianna was quick to obey, bending at the waist and reaching her hand out. The sovereign took her by the wrist, guiding her touch to her clothed lap, the fabric still being pulled up taut by her half-erect member. Her curiosity reflected in those eyes, as she followed up her ruler's thigh, turning red as she brushed the feminine lips under her chemise, then crimson as she got to "its" base.

She looked up, her hand not moving from the tool beneath her fingertips, silently asking if it was what she thought it was.

"Are you married, Gianna?" the bronze-skinned hermaphrodite asked, shifting her posture to lay down an arm and frame her chest.

The servant shook her head, afraid to move her hand from its place upon the royal's genitals.

The queen's laugh was a warm chuckle, her chocolate eyes gazing deeply into the girl's. "Consider a promotion," she teased. "Become my personal consort. Handle 'this'," she tightened her core, making her cock push into the girl's palm, and sending the blush into her ears, "however I see fit to tell you, and I will have the chef make you your own plate at every meal," a grin upon her dark lips she finished with one last flirt, "We shall eat together."

Taking a moment to think, Gianna swallowed thickly. Her mouth was watering from all that was on offer, though she could not help to ask, "Is that not sin, your majesty?"

A hand came forth, cradling the girl's chin and holding her steady. "This tool is a gift from a goddess," her highness told her confidently, "To not worship such a thing would be the sin."

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With a small selection of her wardrobe made to fit, Queen Severina finally entered her throne room. Her chin was held high, proud, and her bulked-up arms lay decorated in layered sleeves that flowed with each small motion.

"Your majesty," her steward gave a low bow of reverence, picking up a pace and a half behind her. Properly dressed, it was more difficult to tell anything was different, but the tailor had been summoned, leaving the seeds there might be something to look for.

"Stephanos," the queen smiled to him on her way to her throne, "good. I will require you to start the day's affairs."

Again, the man dipped, his well-kept dark hair falling in front of his face in a soft wave, "Of course my liege. For what service do you have need of me?" he asked, turning his dark eyes to her and eagerly waiting upon her word.

"I would like you to send out a request for marriage to our neighbouring kingdoms," she explained, rising up the steps towards the seat from which she ruled.

Her steward paused, as if waiting to see if this might be some sort of farce. When her highness did not correct the matter, a wide grin spread across his face. "Of course, my queen," he bowed once more, "I will have a letter drafted for every eligible bachelor-"

"No," she stopped him, tearing his gaze back up to her, as she was settling into the royal seat. "A bachelor will not do. The offer of my hand goes out to a maiden."

Stephanos paused, clearly confused by this twist from the queen. "A-a maiden your majesty?"

The look on his face was well expected, a grin crossing Lidia's lips. "Yes," she replied, raising her gloved hands to give a single clap before leaning back into her throne.

At her cue, Gianna stepped into the great hall, a pink tint in her cheeks. Her soft shoes padded with each step she took, up towards the queen, past the steward who continued watching on in confusion. Once before her monarch she paused, looking expectantly up at her with her off-green eyes.

The queen gave the girl her attention, lightly lifting her chin with her fingers, running her thumb over the girl's bottom lip. "I believe I would like to use your mouth, Gianna," she mused with a seductive purr.

Her consort gave a nod, and took the hem of her master's dress in her hands. Still watching, the steward began to flush. "M-my liege," he stammered as fabric began rising higher and higher, "this is hardly the time--"

He was stunned by her chocolate stare flicking up to him. She was not going to stop, her gaze spoke as much without a word, but the smirk on her face was something new. He knew better than to look away, watching as Gianna hiked their sovereign's skirt over her knees, and pushed it back to reveal the semi-hard member between her legs.

The steward's eyes went wide, ready to pop out of his head at the sight. "Y-your majesty--"

She cut him off with a regal hand, looking back down to her little consort; she wanted to watch, to enjoy for a moment. The girl was warm in the cheeks, letting one hand take hold of the royal cock at its base and gently coax it to full mast with a few languid strokes. She wouldn't linger on that long though, she'd been given a specific order, and would obey. Opening her maw, she scooted in closer, and engulfed the brimmed tip as far as it would go.

It was as good as Lidia imagined, much to the detriment of her plans. Her fingers were curling against the arm of her throne, nails nearly chipping the wood, as Gianna gently bobbed her head. The girl's lips were stroking her length, her tongue trying to keep out of the way and tickling all she could take in with its rough texture. She needed to maintain her composure though; this was a demonstration of her strength, her intent, not a weakness.

"A maiden, Stephanos," she managed on shaky words. "Mine is not the womb that will c-carry--" she stammered as her consort's teeth caused her to flinch, one hand jumping to entwine itself in the brunette's locks, pushing her bonnet off her head, "carry my heir. I have been gifted by the gods themselves, and shall be the one to sire my kingdom's future."

The steward was still stunned, slack jawed and staring as he watched the profane display unfolding before him.

With her fingers upon her consort's head, the queen realised the small ways she could encourage the girl. A small twitch of her slender digits, the lightest little pet like that of a dog, and she could feel the pleased hum in her servant's throat; a vibration that had the sovereign nearly quivering in

delight. Those green pools turned upward, looking positively adorable as they sought confirmation that she was doing well; and would earn her dinner.

Queen Severina's answer was a simple nod, and at once Gianna redoubled her efforts, bobbing up and down upon the woman's dick. The flared head found perch in the back of her consort's throat, the muscles squeezing the over-sensitive organ and finally cracking that near perfect composure. With a grunt that shifted into a pleased moan her rod jumped, startling her servant whose cheeks bulged with the copious ejaculation.

It was bitter, salty, but not bad. It was purely shock that had the brunette disengage and receive the next blast across her face, painting her bangs and landing across an eye and her cheek, a third exploding and coating her top across her modest bust.

"Good girl," the hermaphrodite monarch cooed, stroking the girl's hair as she looked up with a grin, hot cum she could not swallow in time dribbling over her lip.

Those chocolate eyes flicked back to Stephanos, still agape and lacking for words. "This shall have adequately displayed my virility," she fiercely commanded, her gaze locked and stern as the throes of the pleased high began to fade. "Send out the proposals! I would take a wife before the first leaves fall for winter."

"Y-yes your majesty," he somehow found his wits, dipping into a deep bow and scurrying off before he could witness more debauchery.

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It would be some time yet before the propositions reached their recipients. Time for the rumours to germinate, to spread like wildfire, or long-rooted weeds; as well, time for Lidia to plan, and adjust.

Stepping into her room for the evening, the weight of the day came on her like a wave. She took the dagger from her belt, the strip of cloth she had used poking around the guard, and drew it out. For all this form granted her, pleasure, power, presence, she did not wish for it to be something permanent; not yet. A quick unravelling and she slid the blade back into its holster with a soft click.

With an exhale her body shrunk, her dress hanging somewhat slack about her arms and chest. Of more import however, her potent manhood shrunk back within her womanly flower.

Thought came a bit clearer. Even without the overwhelming lust of the initial drawing, there had been a small part of her all day thinking of it, aware of her dick whenever it twitched to attention or rubbed against her chemise. When next she needed it, she knew she would become that ravenous beast again until it was sated; a price the queen was ready to pay.

For the first time in some while, she was smiling. Not in any sort of cocky or forced way, but there from a genuine happiness within her. Her desires mattered, she would be courting a wife, and still fulfilling her duty to her kingdom. She was in proper control of her life, her destiny; nothing could diminish that sense of freedom.

That said, there was still much to consider, to analyse about her new gift and tool. She had kept her eyes open to see if Gianna would change as Isa had the prior night, and no. Despite swallowing a good amount of the royal seed, and being bathed in far more, her petite form had remained the same. It left the queen to ponder the catalyst, was it a part of drawing the blade, that initial burst? Or perhaps it was just a matter of being a side effect of filling someone's womb, preparing them for motherhood.

She would need to figure it out in time, but for now, her less broad form slipped out of her dress easily, and she dawned a nightgown not yet touched by her tailor. She would need to tell him to leave some things as-is, but that was a problem for tomorrow. For now, it was sleep, recovery, and preparation to receive a fiancée in the coming days.

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Those days were both long and short, the anticipation building with each sunset that the day was drawing nearer for the queen to take a bride. Now, standing in front of her mirror, her royal dress well-fitting and shimmering with its many decorations, it had risen to a swollen crescendo.

"Do you need relief, your majesty?" Gianna was beside her sovereign, dressed in a fine, if not provocatively low-cut, dress that showed off her inflated assets.

It had been an interesting ride, experimenting with the girl to discover all the magicks of her tool. There had been another "victim" before Lidia pieced it all together, the queen needing to draw her blade and taking out her overwhelming lust on one of the castle's maids; but she was able to confirm after another "test" it was the initial unsheathing which infused her with the ability to prepare a partner. Something which had, undeniably, been fun to discover the prior week.

The memory was still quite fresh in her mind. "Your majesty," her consort had greeted her with a deep bow as she arrived at the table for breakfast.

"Gianna," the transformed queen replied with a wide grin, her chocolate eyes peeking down the girl's top to her, at the time, quite petite chest. "Are you trying to provoke me?"

Her servant's face went red at the idea, "I-I would never, your majesty!" she stammered out, rising to attention, "I am simply excited for the morning meal."

"Really?" her predatory master teased, shifting her body in such a way the rigid length of her rod could be seen in her dress, "Because it was working."

The distance between them closed in an instant, the sovereign trapping her plaything between herself and the table. "Perhaps I should have you earn your keep before the chefs finish," she lifted the girl's chin with her powerful fingers, "work up a proper appetite."

Gianna's cheeks were flushed pink, and she opened her mouth wide in a cute little display of willingness that left the queen giggling.

"Not there, not this time," Queen Severina told her, taking her consort by the wrist and spun her to place it flat on the table.

The girl was confused, looking over her shoulder as her ruler knelt. She felt the queen's fingers around her ankles, taking the hem of her dress and chemise to lift them up and expose her rear to the world.

Bent over the table, there was little she could do. "M-my queen!" she stammered nervously, even as her body was quivering, the velvet lips of her sex glistening as she anticipated what was to come.

"I did tell you, 'however I see fit', Gianna," the bronze-skinned hermaphrodite smirked at her, lifting her own clothing and letting the head of her cock, already dripping clear love, slap against the girl's thighs to leave little wet dots. "Do you hold issue with giving the 'virgin queen' your own flower?"

She took a moment to contemplate, her teeth raking over the swell of her lower lip as her legs were visibly quaking. "No, your majesty," she replied, hands flat on the table, lowering herself that her chest was pressed to the surface with them, "I live to serve you."

"Good girl," Lidia purred, taking those nubile young hips in her hands and stuffing that pink-lipped sex with her girthy tool.

There was a brief resistance, the curling of young fingers stuttering against the hardwood as the girl tensed. Once the queen bottomed out though, the moan that left her was a pristine note of lewd delight. Thighs slapped against her rear, that flared head stroked her tight insides, and all attempts to speak broke into pleased cries.

Queen Severina felt the difference, a few of them. She was in control, level headed, she could stop right now if she so chose, rather than consumed by want to flood the girl's womb. There was also an obvious difference in little Gianna's virgin tunnel. It wrung her more often, wild and erratic as it adapted to this new sensation like a belligerent drunk. It brought a strange, raw, satisfaction to the queen she couldn't quite describe.

A grin spread over her lips, as those between her consort's legs were drooling potent streams down her thighs. She had brought the girl to orgasm already, that delightful sensation of her walls pulsing, flooding her body with ecstatic euphoria the sovereign knew well. Her sword was hardly halfway ready though; the girl needed to tough it out.

Strong arms reached out, the tan queen leaning forward to take her plaything's elbows and following them to her hands. Another idea, she entwined their fingers, feeling the servant's wavering grip as she rode the peak of her pleasure, and pulled her closer. Her body made a sharp V, and Lidia used it like handles to thrust forward into the depths on the climaxing cutie.

Gianna's moan reached an apex, her head tossing back unabashed as the queen filled her, unrelentingly pounding her femininity. They were at it long enough the new server emerged from the kitchen with breakfast to catch the sight, going red in the face and struggling to keep his composure as his eyes flit back and forth from his work and the tongue-out expression of bliss upon the royal consort's face.

All fun eventually reached an end however. Queen Severina pulled back, tilting herself in her pet as her abs tightened and she sprayed one of her copious loads into her personal cock sleeve. The cry

that poured over the petite girl's lips was so high pitched only the dogs would hear it. Then, as the royal started to go soft within her, she started to go slack; finally given leave to ride out her high.

With her wits about her, the dark-haired predator watched carefully, waiting for the moment of growth she witnessed a couple of hours prior to take place; it never came.

The smell of breakfast soon demanded attention, and the queen pulled out of her servant with a chuckle. "Work up an appetite?" she teased, brushing the folds from her dress as she let it fall and doing the same for her consort to hide the semen-stuffed hole from sight; their little secret until her pet could manage a bath.

"Your majesty?" Gianna pulled her back to the present, where her form had been bloomed from a round with her freshly-drawn blade; when the queen had revealed to her the secret of her transformation.

"I am without it for the moment," the tanned woman told her earnestly, patting her feminine mound to prove her member was indeed missing.

Her servant visibly shrank somewhat, "Oh," disinterest entered her features, her off-green gaze trailing off. She had given the same look when she first learned her monarch's hermaphrodite features were not a permanent fixture.

Perhaps she was making a mistake? These women had been brought far from their homes to answer her proposal. If she did not present her secret openly, that she was capable of fathering the children she promised...

Yet, Queen Severina could not help but feel this was the correct choice, the goddess Kasumi's words still within her heart: *"Doesn't take a god, just someone familiar."* Somehow, fate would guide her.

"Do not fret Gianna, I'm certain you will catch sight of it before the day is out," she moved her hand to where the weapon lay on her belt, pinching the girl's cheek to cheer her up. "Now, come! It is time to meet my brides."

Head held high, and consort in tow, her highness made her way to her throne room, the grand hall where she would first greet the prospects of her future. "Your majesty," Stephanos greeted her with a low bow, "Gianna," there was, perhaps, a jealous note of disdain in his voice for the girl who kept the queen's side. "The ladies are waiting."

"Show them in!" there were butterflies in the tall queen's stomach as she took her seat; nerves and giddy excitement churning together so vigorously she worried she may get sick.

Her steward gave a nod, then a clap to signal the doors. "Presenting, the honourable Lady Nataliya, of house Ludmilla."

The first to walk in. Her skin was pale as milk, her hair woven in braids of spun gold that cascaded over her shoulders. Her eyes were like the waters on the beach, the purest of blue, with the white froth of the waves. Her face was angular, with high cheeks that tinted rose with her smile. Was it forced, nervous? It was difficult to tell on a first meeting.

Her dress was made of bright colours and patterns. Scarlet reds, embroidered with lines and flowers. It was a work of art, nearly as beautiful as its wearer, and there was more to come yet, as she and her escorts stepped into place before the queen.

"The honourable Lady Ermina, of house Cesarina," she stepped forward in a dress of earthen green, the smell of the sea following her steps.

She had come from the west, most certainly, from over the waters. Strands of black poked out from beneath her headdress, hanging in front of her regal features. She held her chin high, proud, her dark eyes looking into Lidia's own as if in part to challenge, and to deem if she were worthy; when it was she that was competing for the queen's hand.

Her legs were quite long, her knees coming to the front of her skirt as she moved, her toes peeking beneath the hem in her sandals, as she made her way into position. She would not be outdone, letting her judging gaze look to the blonde girl and making sure to be a half-step in front of her competitor.

"And the honourable Lady Natasha, of house Aleksandra," the third prospective made her way in, her hands clasped together in her lap as she moved.

Her hair was an oaken brown, falling just above her shoulders in waves. The attire she had worn to meet her future wife was layered, pure, well-washed whites beneath a short black vest pushed ever so slightly apart by her nubile bust. She certainly had energy, with light hops on her toes as she made her way up that had her escorts grumbling in annoyance. Not the best first impression to meet a royal.

And yet, she stopped herself in line with the others, moving her slender hands behind her back that she could stand tall; though still perhaps a head shorter than Nataliya to her right. She said not a word, though dipped her head in reverence to the queen before rising back up with a grin on her young, round features.

The butterflies within her grew all the more restless, seeing the three prospective beauties in her hall. She had never thought such a thing would be reality, that there would be women seeking her hand. If only Kasumi were here, perhaps she could use that divine sight to tell her which of these girls were the one for her to pick. But no, she would need to figure it out on her own, through proper courtship.

Thinking of it brought a smile to the queen's lips, as she addressed her guests. "Welcome, my esteemed suitors," she exclaimed, rising to her feet and sorting the folds of her dress. "You must be famished after your respective journeys. Come, and let us take lunch, and get to know one another."

Lidia stepped down from her throne, starting for her dining room with Gianna close in tow. The energetic Natasha was ready to hop along with that skip in her step, but the dark-haired Ermina did not waste a moment in voicing her dissent.

"Hold, your majesty!" she at least remained respectful in her outburst. "I have come a long ways from my home at your request, and you insist I break bread with my competition?" she shot a leer to the other two. "There are also questions I believe you have an obligation to answer. Your letter stated you capable of siring an heir, how do you plan to accomplish such a miracle?"

She was the queen, the one in charge, who dictated the pace of this courtship. Clearly not all of her guests seemed to recognize this fact. The bubbly one of the trio had stopped mid-stride, and the tall Nataliya had not moved from her spot; her ocean-like gaze darting between their host and the most outspoken among them, as she waited for the answer.

"In due time, Ermina of house Cesarina," the tan-skinned sovereign flashed them a smile over her shoulder. "If the night goes well, at least one of you may see what my consort here has taken a liking to," she reached back to tickle Gianna's chin.

The happy chitter the girl released seemed enough to convince them, Natasha picking back up with her step as the towering blonde started along behind her. Ermina herself clearly caught onto the game too, a flush to her cheeks as she stepped into line, one arm defiantly curled under her bust.

The table was already set for their arrival; a grand feast for the queen and her party of three, with dishes inspired by their neighbouring kingdoms. Everything from stuffed vegetables bathing in hearty stews, to pastas and layered pies that threatened to shed their delicious flakes about with each bite. "I had my chefs work hard, hopefully you will all find something to your liking," the royal declared, as her servant's got into line, ready to pull out seats.

Lidia, of course, took her usual seat at the head of the table; Gianna wasting no time in taking her own within arm's reach when she could be fed, or else called upon as the royal consort. That only left one free side by the queen, and it seemed at least two of the girls seemed adamant to take it. Ermina continued to express her boldness, making the first move, only for Natasha to scurry forth with an uncanny speed and plop her rear into the coveted spot; even scooting it a few inches closer to the host before leaning forward on the table.

"So, will she be godmother then to our children?" the energetic girl asked, solidifying her position at the table with a nod to the servant girl at the queen's side.

Gianna's cheeks tinted with embarrassment, her verdant stare moving to her sovereign to give an answer she could not. "It would be more appropriate to choose a member from your family, Lady Natasha," the royal replied, "Gianna is my consort, not of noble birth."

The other two potentials found their seats, Nataliya at the far end of the table, pointing to the closest servant what she craved from the spread for her plate. With her first choice stolen, the seafaring bride was forced to walk the whole way around, avoiding going behind the queen, and planted herself a seat down from the queen's whore.

It did not take long for the five to settle into the meal, fine silverware hitting on well-seasoned wood plates as they ate. Conversation was scarce, with each girl occasionally darting an appraising look or glare to her competitors. "So, how will you be deciding your bride, Queen Severina?" Ermina broke the silence, ever pressing her host for the rules of this game she was playing.

The tall, bronze, beauty finished feeding her servant a bite, a smile cresting her lips as she became more comfortable with her guests' presence. "One week," she stated as a finger cleaned her plaything's chin and let her lick the errant drop from her finger. "Starting tomorrow, each of you will have two days, and one night with me. On the seventh dawn, I will make my decision."

Was she giving herself enough time? The goddess had seen through her in a matter of moments, compared to that, two days seemed plenty of time. And one night to share her secret with them, if it did not come out sooner. "You may decide among yourselves who will take the first courtship. If you cannot decide, then Gianna has a peasant game with stalks of grain we will use to determine the order."

The three all looked at one another, each perhaps daring one another to jump forth and make a mistake. "Stalks of grain sounds fun," Natasha chimed in with her cheery voice.

"I am far from comfortable leaving my future in the hands of a piece of wheat," the dark-haired prospect interjected.

The third at the end of the table continued to stay silent, her lovely blue eyes darting between her competitors. The decision, however, lay with her, and so she knew she needed to speak up.

"I am not knowing," it was clear her grasp on the language was not to the level of the others, her accent thick on her words, "This... means peasant game, yes?"

A flower to be handled with care. "Yes, Lady Nataliya," the queen verified with a soft grin, giving her hands a tender clap. Everything had been readied for this outcome, a servant coming in with three stiff pieces of straw clenched in his fist.

"It is a fairly simple game, you will each choose a stalk, and the one with the longest will be first, the shortest, last," Severina told them, reclining in her chair with a Cheshire cat's grin.

Her servant waited, as another tense moment overtook the three ladies. Ermina was not going to let another first chance slip her by, snapping forth and pulling the first straw out in her delicate fingers. It slid rough out of his fist, dragging out a number of inches before coming free.

There was no way of knowing which of the three it was, and the seafaring prospect found herself staring at it for a long moment. When Natasha got up, those dark eyes shifted, watching her bubbly rival reach across to get her own destiny.

Unlike the first bride's grace, the short-haired brunette plucked her pick like pulling up a blade of grass. It came out quickly, bringing a smirk to her competitor's lips as it was revealed barely more than a thumb's length. "Oh dear," the bubbly girl mused, only to shrug and sink back into her seat.

That left Nataliya, who refused to rise. The queen's subject walked his way over, holding it out for the last guest to take her destiny.

There was a pause, her hand nervous as it rose and grasped the last straw. It pulled easy, with little reason to keep the tight grip and hide its length, sliding its way out of the servant's hand. It beat Natasha's quickly as all attention once more turned to the blonde, waiting on bated breath, with sweat forming on brows. Another inch, another milestone, until it pulled loose, more than a hand long and the longest of the three strands; even viewed across the table.

The queen gave a happy clap. "Then it is settled," she declared with her hungry smile, "my first courtship will be with the Lady Nataliya."

The tall prospective found her cheeks flushing crimson, still looking at the stalk of wheat in her fingers. Of her rivals, the energetic one had known the state of her loss already, simply giving a shrug and returning to dinner with an unspoken confidence. Ermina, however...

"This was idiotic," she grumbled, rising to her feet, her fist trembling as she held her blade of grain. "You," she snapped at the nearest castle servant, "I wish to retire for the evening. Take me to my chambers!"

The poor table waiter tensed, looking to his sovereign for guidance on whether he should follow such an order. "That is acceptable," Lidia nodded, "Take her to the guest chambers, the maids will be able to point out which belongs to Lady Ermina during her stay."

He gave a nod, gesturing for the green-clad woman to follow. Her posture was stiff, the straw in her tightly held grip dancing with tremors as she passed the royal and made her exit. Queen Severina's butterflies were returning at the display, worried as what she hoped was going to be a good night was quickly crumbling around her.

"I would like to be parting as well," Nataliya chimed in, "Prepare for tomorrow."

Again the queen nodded, ordering another of her staff to aid her with a silent gesture. That simply left Natasha, and of course Gianna, still sitting in the dining hall. "This evening certainly has fallen short of my hopes," she muttered, drawing the eye of her consort.

"Shall we retire as well then, your majesty?" she asked, "I am certain I could assist you with relieving some stress."

A tempting offer, she could not deny. "What of you, Lady Natasha, shall I have you escorted to your room like the others?"

The bubbly brunette gave a lax shrug, flipping her short straw in her fingers. "No, I am quite alright," she replied. "I think, perhaps, I would like a tour of the castle," she locked eyes with her host, a smile on her lips, "If you would indulge me, Queen Severina. You did say one of us may learn your secret after all."

That was enough to spark the olive-skinned beauty's hopes once more. She smirked, getting to her feet. "As enjoyable an experience as that may be, I have lain out my rules, Lady Natasha," she explained, "Lady Ermina would not take kindly to you circumventing things when you drew the shortest stalk. Our time together will come in five days time."

She could not contain a grin, gesturing for Gianna to follow for that offered "relief". "I can have one of my staff show you about," she promised, turning a quick glance over her shoulder, "Though, I will admit, I am looking forward to showing you myself when the time comes."

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Another restless night, filled with dreams of the three women within her walls. Poor Gianna had gotten the brunt of the queen's tool not once, but thrice over the course of the night, as each girl took their turn overwhelming her thoughts. They were all beautiful in their own way, albeit rough around the

edges like unworked iron. There was every opportunity for any of them to be the one beneath that surface, and it was a buzzing anticipation to find out which it would be.

Today was Nataliya's turn. Blonde, already quite shapely, she would make a fine mother on those traits alone. Her struggle with the local language was cute, in a way which left Lidia excited to listen to her, to try and get through that shy shell and talking. Would she be the one?

Rising from the sheets, leaving a cum-covered Gianna to rest, she went to the desk and sheathed her blade. The bulk of her form vanished, her masculine member sinking back into her hood. Tonight, she would draw it again, at the apex of the courtship, and reveal to the first prospective bride the truth of her words.

Maids flooded in for the morning, helping the royal with a hasty bath and dressing for the day's events. A svelte dress of pink and olive, held tight around her waist, just under her bust, with clasped jewels and bands. How many such gifts had suitors showered her with, only for her to be using them for her own courtship? It was enough to bring her a small laugh as she parted, leaving her consort to herself; there would be no need for her today after all.

Each step down to the dining hall brought with it a quickening of her pulse. So close, to an heir to please her kingdom, and a wife to keep her bed warm. It could be her, Nataliya, and the next two days could decide it.

Lidia needed a breath, calming herself and brushing the folds of her skirt straight. "It begins," she whispered to herself, putting on her smile as the doors opened to allow her entry.

The food was waiting, as was the first of her prospects. The blonde sat as she did last night, across the table from the queen's seat, toying with a thick braid she had pulled over her shoulder. Her oceanic blues turned up at the sound of the door, meeting Severina's, though she did not utter a word.

"Lady Nataliya," the sovereign greeted her, gesturing up to the empty seats around her own, "you do not need to be so far away; this is a courtship. Come, sit with me," she offered warmly, making her way to the head of the table.

Her guest's eyes drifted, the inside of her lip tucking in in a pensive gesture. Queen Severina was settling down by the time she finally answered. "I can do this," she pushed herself out, her colourful dress swaying with her long steps.

With this girl as her only focus, the tanned queen could admire her properly. Clearly, she had proper hips between the layers of her cloth, each forward motion from her leg highlighting the plumpness held in her thighs. Her breasts were already full as a mother's, bouncing in the window created by squeezing them into such a small, layered, dress. Lidia could not wait to see more of it tonight.

Nataliya took her seat, still keeping shyly quiet in front of her plate. She flashed that same smile as their first meeting once more, the queen able to identify it more as similar nerves as were coursing through her now.

"I hope my chef's attempts at your home's cooking were adequate last night?" the dark-haired royal attempted to pierce the silence, get the girl to open up.

The blonde blinked, processing the phrase. "What is this, 'adequate'?"

It would appear the language barrier was a larger hurdle than the queen believed; though it was still cute. She gave a small laugh, trying not to offend her date with a warm smile. "It means was it good," she explained.

"Ah," the prospective nodded heavily, her braid riding up and down her shoulder, lightly fraying its tight weave. "Yes, they are good, but are missing spice," she explained bluntly, looking towards the rather mundane morning spread compared to the extravagance of the prior night.

"I will make sure to tell the chef. If you are to become my wife, I want to be able to give you all the comforts of your country in our home," Queen Severina nodded, hoping the conversation would carry along, only for Nataliya to once more fall silent, her hands fidgeting in her lap.

Pursing her lips, Lidia pondered, waving for her servants to see about filling their plates. "What would you like, Nataliya?" she offered, gesturing out to the table as her plate was filled.

Her blue eyes cast across the table, the sweet smells of breakfast undeniable, regardless of one's demeanour. "This," she pointed to the fried sausage, still hot and spitting on the plate, "and cheese."

There it was, a small bit of opening. The queen snapped her fingers, turning to the table waiter, "Have some fresh cheese brought from the kitchen for the lady!" she ordered, and was met with a hasty bow. Meanwhile, another came and began moving the sweating meat over to her dish.

The blonde gave her sausage a touch with her bare fingers and recoiling to the minor burn. She acknowledged the need for her fork, and began pressing into the meat to break off her first bite.

The silence was ready to return, however, Lidia would not let it. "So, the day is yours, Nataliya, how would you like to spend it?" she inquired to keep the shy girl speaking.

Once more the non-native speaker was pensive, taking the time to chew and savour her first bite before giving an answer. "I am not knowing," she told the queen.

Unhelpful, leading the royal to purse her lips. "Well, what do you enjoy? I want to get to know you, if you are to become my wife," she reached across the table, putting her rich caramel hand upon the northerner's pale cream one.

There was a flinch, but Nataliya managed to hold her position, eyes downcast upon this small connecting touch between them. "I am liking play cards," she told the woman, her hand keeping still.

Cards, the queen could work with that, turning to her servant once more. "Tell the steward to prepare the great chamber with a deck of cards, we will be retiring there after the morning meal."

The lightest crack of a smile found those pretty pink lips as the staff bowed and made their exit to obey. "You are more like king here, listened," the blonde noted as a wheel of pale cheese was brought out for her, the wax cracked and a healthy slice cut off and laid across her plate to melt over her still-hot meat.

"I am the sole sovereign to my nation," Lidia told her, watching as she pinched off another bite of her now cheesy sausage and brought it to her lips, "I have been for some time. I have needed to be a proper ruler to my people, and I do not intend for that to change."

Nataliya chewed slowly, her small smile widening at the tastes dancing on her tongue. An unspoken love, she clearly had a strong affection for good food.

After a hearty swallow back, she turned to the queen, that beam endearing her all the more. "This is 'adequate'."

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With their morning meal finished, the two retreated to play cards. It was good company, the royal trying to exchange pleasantries as it went on, to break the barrier, and the girl's shell.

The queen found herself able to be content with a life like this; quiet days with small games, only the finest meals her chef could offer coming between it. Word had gotten back to the kitchen of Nataliya's feedback, and come the evening dishes had been prepared with quite a bit more bite than she was used to. It was not bad, by any means, and the smile on the blonde's face as she savoured it was worth any small discomfort from the burning on her tongue.

As the sun began to creep low on the horizon, the moment was drawing near. Lidia felt the hammering of her heart in her cheeks, the excitement of the first night with her potential bride; and the reveal of her secret to solidify her part of the promise.

"Shall we retire, Nataliya?" she offered the girl her arm as they rose from their seats in the great chamber.

The curvy girl mulled it over, as she had most of the queen's words over the course of the day. "Yes," she answered, reluctantly putting her hand over her suitor's offered appendage.

Lidia greeted her with a smile, returning the gesture so their fingers lay across one another; and again, there was that soft flinch. "Is it your first time?" she asked, guiding them up the tower towards her room.

A long pause, the blonde's deep blues turning away.

"Do not worry," the queen whispered, opening the way to the chambers and pulling her suitor inside by the hands, "I will be gentle."

Queen Severina leaned in, pressing her lips to the girl's for the first time, their breasts squishing together in kind as she let out a shallow moan. Nataliya's response was far more reserved. Her body was tense, unsure; nothing the royal did not think could be solved. Many such servants had felt as such, and it took one thing.

She laid the blonde out on the bed, a smile upon her olive features. "Are you ready?" she purred, rising up and clawing the first layer of her dress off to fall to the floor.

The tall girl didn't respond, her eyes once more drifting away. She understood the direction of the evening well enough though, pulling at the hem of her colourful garb and starting to undress. "Y-yes."

Such cuteness, it positively tickled Lidia. "Well, I promised to share my secret," she whispered, walking to the desk and opening her jewellery box, "it is finally time."

Pulling out the dagger, the queen's fingers wrapped around the scabbard, only needing to give the hilt a flick of her thumb to dislodge the weapon. The effect washed over her immediately, multiplying the feeling that had been stirring inside her all day tenfold. Her breath became like dragon fire, spilling over her lip in a hungry sigh. Power coursed through her, tightening her muscles and straining the thin fabric of her chemise, before focusing on her mound to unsheathe her masculine tool.

Its silhouette pushed against her dress, showing off as she turned back to face her date, the turgid meat rising to a full mast at the sight of the blonde lain out on her bed. Another simmering breath passed out of her, member throbbing before them both. An attempt to speak only came out as a starving purr, as the possessed Lidia returned to crawl onto the sheets and take her prize.

Nataliya had gone pale. She locked with those chocolate eyes coming towards her, sweat upon her brow. "N-no!" she cried out, shoving the queen aside.

She got to her feet faster than she had been since her arrival, barely collecting her things. "I cannot do this," she spoke to herself, not her company, and fled from the room without looking back.

Queen Severina sat stunned, staring at the door for a full minute before she could react. Her cock was shouting its need to her, hot as molten iron. She still needed release. With an angered grunt she reached for the bell above the headboard. It didn't matter which servant showed up, they were going to be getting the brunt of her lusts; even as upset tears rolled down her cheeks.

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The breakfast table was lonesome the following morning. Worse, the queen could not find her appetite, stirring the specially prepared meal with her utensils and a blank stare across her features. This had not gone to plan, was the entire venture a matter of futility? "I cannot do this", the words were still echoing in her mind, amidst a silence so prevailing one could hear the movements of the kitchen staff from the dining table.

"I heard Lady Nataliya fled the castle?" a voice came from the hall, not her staff, but familiar enough to have Queen Severina turn her head.

It was Ermina, done up what such nobility as them would consider lazy; just a simple dress over her chemise to appear presentable. Speaking fairly, Lidia was not wearing much better. She had sheathed her weapon after sating her needs, and not bothered to sit and be dressed beyond her first layers.

"You heard correct, Lady Ermina," the royal returned her gaze to her plate, finding her cup in her fingers and swirling it just to feel the wine move about. "Are you wanting to depart as well?"

The olive-skinned propection walked forward, pulling out a seat for herself close to the queen. "No," she answered, laying her hands in her lap, "I have more conviction than that, your majesty."

"Please," Lidia sighed, "I am hardly worthy of that title this morning." Her gaze turned, to meet the woman sitting at the table with her. "Is there something you needed, daughter of house Cesarina?"

The dark-haired girl kept her chin high, even in the face of the queen's pessimistic tone. "No, I simply heard Nataliya had left," beneath the table her fingers curled into her half dress, her look drifting away, "and wanted to ensure that you were well."

After a day analysing her blonde flight's shyness, it was odd to recognize it of her west-born suitor. Through their initial meeting Ermina had exuded confidence, even defiance. This was something of a new side of her, and after the events of last night, it was not inspiring to see.

"Your courtship begins tomorrow, Lady Ermina," Queen Severina informed her flatly, "I will be well enough then."

She went pack to her morning meal, rolling spiced vegetables over one another with her spoon, to shine from the still juices seeping into the plate. She certainly did not expect an olive hand to come up and stop her with a tight grasp.

The very notion was shocking, taking Lidia aback. No one touched her like this, so forceful with the sovereign. It brought her head back up with a start, with more energy than she'd had for this entire morning.

She was met with Ermina's well-bred features, the same determination in her eyes as when she'd first met the queen; that mixture of challenge and measure. "I would see you well today, Queen Severina," she told her, pulling her chair closer that she could reach the plate as she stole the royal's utensils. "You need to eat, you would be doing me a disservice not to be at your best for our courtship."

Without permission, she began to slice the well-spiced meal, making a bite that she cradled with her hand, awkwardly, and brought forward to the bronze beauty. "You see to it your concubine eats properly. If I have to, I will ensure you do as well."

The queen sat in stunned silence. The brazen audacity of it, as this girl sat before her, staring her dead in the eyes with a spoonful of diced vegetable in her face. Yet, in spite of this, it was respectable.

Lidia came forward, her chin touching her suitor's hand as she took the bait, feeling the spices on her tongue at odds with how cold the meal had gotten. Still, she chewed, and swallowed before opening back up to let the burn off her tongue. "I seem to have waited too long," she breathed out, "This is not to my liking without a good reason to stomach it."

Ermina got to her feet, hands flat on the table. "Then I will have the chef prepare something else. What would you prefer, your majesty?" she asked.

"You do not-" the queen began, only to lift her head and see that gaze once more upon her. This was happening, regardless of any protest she had. "Bread, cheese," she mused, mulling over what her stomach was calling for after two days of catering to her guests, "and some eggs," a common food, but she was craving the simplicity.

Her olive prospective did not judge her for it. She simply gave a nod that tussled her dark locks, and turned towards the kitchen door to relay the queen's word.

So strange, for a girl of noble birth to be doing her own work like that. A servant could easily have been summoned. Though, listening to her bark the instructions to the staff, the girl's tone was one that Queen Severina recognized well. That sharp authority, the tone she took when someone questioned her right to rule as a woman.

A small smile managed to make its way to the sovereign's dark lips. Something in common, that was more than yesterday had brought, and it was that little bit enough to spark some hope in her again.

Ermina returned, taking her seat once more as two of the castle's waiters came in tow with all the queen had asked for and a pair of plates. "Here, I will not be leaving until I see you eat, your majesty," the slight prospect stated as one of the dishes was placed in front of her.

Lidia took a sip of her wine, moving it around her mouth to clear the stale taste of spice from it. "Please, I told you, I'm not in any sort of way to be addressed with such formality," she told her, some of her good cheer from the prior days returned, "Lidia is fine."

"Regardless of how you dress, you are the queen, and deserve respect," the olive foreigner replied, but there was a pleasant curl to your lips, "I will respect your wishes though, Lidia, so long as you take care of yourself."

The queen blushed, wasting no time in going to her plate and cutting herself a piece off her bread. Stacking it with cheese and egg, the yolk oozing off the edges of the morsel, she brought it to her mouth and savoured it with a pleasant hum. "Thank you, Ermina," she offered, watching her guest start to work on her own little breakfast she'd had the kitchen bring out. "The first meal of our courtship was supposed to be tailored for you," she noted aloud.

"I will gladly sacrifice a day of my home comforts to see you at your best, Lidia," her suitor told her, flashing her eyes up at her. "One day with you well is well worth two of you suffering the sting your prior courtship left you with."

Queen Severina's cheeks tinted rose. "I am not going to take away your two-day courtship, Ermina," she assured her, taking another bite of her morning meal, "but, I suppose we could begin it today. How would you like to spend the day?"

Ermina shook her head, lifting a hand to dismiss the idea; another shock to the royal. "Today will be about you. To feel better, and for me to get to know you, Lidia," she stated, matching the queen's pattern and stacking cheese and egg on bread to try, "This courtship goes both ways, I would like to know you are as right for me as I am for you."

A smile on her face, the sovereign watched her suitor take that first bite, that guilty curl in the corner of the olive beauty's lip, a transparent reveal she liked the simple meal. "Very well," the queen accepted, taking a moment to ponder the offer. "I believe I would like to get out, and feel the wind in my hair. I spent yesterday cooped up with a woman who chose to flee my company, I would like to ride away from those feelings. So, what say we dress, and I can show you to my stables?"

"Will we be riding into town?" her guest asked, preparing another bite of bread and egg.

"If you would like," Lidia answered, happy to have her suitor engaging with her.

Another shake that had her loose-held dark locks tumbling about. "That is not what I was asking," she clarified. "What I meant; if we are not going into town, then why should we bother dressing, Lidia? It is not like there would be anyone we are trying to impress within the castle or surrounding fields. Let us finish eating, and then ride as we are; comfortable."

It seemed like such a scandalous idea, tinting the queen's cheeks deeper. "You are quite right, Ermina," she chuckled, unable to hold the grin so pure as to reflect in her eyes. "I will not feel the wind I desire through a half-dozen layers."

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The unannounced arrival of the queen and her prospect to the stables, especially half-dressed, certainly was a shock to the workers there. "Your majesty," her stable hand greeted with a deep, reverent, bow, "to what do I owe your visit this morning?"

"Nothing of consequence," Queen Severina assured with a wave of her hand, "my guest and I have decided we will be taking a couple of the riding horses today."

"Yes, your majesty, I shall prepare them at once," the man replied, and went to get the saddles and bridles necessary.

It was only a few minutes for everything to be prepared, blankets to preserve the backs of the royal steeds, followed by the polished leather seats. The two beasts were led out to the waiting royal with another dip of the stable hand's head.

"Thank you, Elias," his sovereign told him, and rejected any help to rise into the saddle.

Ermina, on the other hand. Her climb up her mount was clumsy, nearly falling until the servant in their midst helped her up. She sat awkwardly, her back lightly bent in anticipation of jumping forward to wrap her arms around the creature's neck and hold for dear life.

Lidia chuckled. "Perhaps I should have asked if you knew how to ride first?" she teased, taking hold of the reigns before her and bringing her horse around in front of her suitor's own.

Red filled her cheeks, her pride somewhat damaged. "I have ridden, Queen Severina," she used her title, only because they were in front of staff, "though it has always been guided by my family's servants. I have not been permitted to take the reins myself like this."

"Well, I could teach you," the tall queen offered, "or I am certain Elias would have no problem walking you along if you would prefer."

The stable hand gave a nod, "Of course, your majesty," he offered, turning to the olive guest for her answer.

Ermina mulled it over, feeling the beast beneath her taking its breaths, spreading her legs apart. Her lips pursed, hands taking hold of the reigns daintily, that they might jump from her fingers at the

lightest notice. "I have come here to ride with you," she declared, far more prideful than confident with how she was still bent over her saddle, "I will not be simply pulled along behind."

The royal gave another curt laugh. "Very well, Lady Ermina," she guided her horse around, that she could sit abreast with her prospective wife. "To begin, sit straight, proud as I have seen you with your chin held high," she instructed.

She could do that, though it did not come quite as easy on the back of an animal. The dark-haired woman pushed out her chest, teetering with her balance in the attempt to hold herself strong. Still, her grip on the reins was loose, and her eyes showed the clear uncertainty in her actions.

"Take the reins," Lidia held hers up, "they are going to be your tool to stop. To go," she flexed her long legs, the squeeze making her steed start forward in a trot, "use your legs."

The dark eyes of her suitor watched intently, drinking in the lesson, and perhaps more? The queen couldn't quite tell, but it brought her a smile nonetheless.

Nervously, Ermina gathered her reigns, bunching them in one hand and ready to pull back at a moment's notice. Beneath her hitched dress, she shifted her legs; her horse did not move. She tightened more, pink in her cheeks as she attempted to urge the great beast on. She managed to urge a half-step forward, but it did not go further.

"Oh come now," the woman huffed, spreading her legs and slamming them back in in frustration.

That got a response. The horse set into a full gallop in an instant, the dark haired suitor immediately stricken with terror. She yanked on her reins, and her steed reared. With a loud whinny Ermina was bucked off its back, letting out a shout of her own before landing in the dirt with a heavy thud that kicked up dust.

Queen Severina could not help a laugh, one hand covering her mouth to spare the lady some of her dignity. With little effort she guided her horse around, coming back to her date's side. "Are you alright, Lady Ermina?" she asked, a tilt to her head as she looked down at her.

Her simple dress was sullied, her lips pursed tight in a thin line, her cheeks bright red in embarrassment. "I am fine," she muttered, letting her eyes open back up to see the queen above her, the early sun behind the sovereign, giving her a divine aura.

"Would you like to return inside?" Lidia offered, her smile radiant on her lips, as she tried to contain her laughter.

Slowly Ermina picked herself off the ground, brushing the dirt from her dress as an excuse to keep her eyes downcast. "No. We came here that you could ride the troubles of yesterday away, your majesty, I am not going to cut that short," she declared, finishing up to the best of her ability and keeping her gaze away.

The royal brought her mount closer, letting out her hand to her suitor. "Well then, would you like to ride with me, Lady Ermina?"

That crimson in the girl's cheeks deepened, the dark pools of her eyes drifting to the offer. "I will learn to ride on my own," she mumbled stubbornly, before reaching out to take the queen's hand, "but for today, I think I would like that."

Warmth filled the queen, her grip tightening to pull the girl up to the back of her saddle. It was a rough climb, but soon Ermina was nestled onto the back of their seat. "I will take it slow," the sovereign assured, "but, hold tight nonetheless."

Her olive skin arms wrapped about the queen's middle. Nothing like the day before, where every touch was slow, reluctant. The prideful prospective bride took her opportunity, squeezing her suitor, perhaps just the lightest bit in fear after her fall, her cheek pressing into a shoulder blade, her petite breasts on the small of the taller woman's back.

With a light flick of her shins the horse set off, and Ermina's hold briefly tightened, before she felt her usual confidence again to allow herself to relax. Together they trot around the castle grounds, Queen Severina showing off the prowess of riding her station had come to demand of her. She loved it nonetheless, and soon, her date was managing a small smile as she held on.

"You can go a little faster, Lidia," the dark-haired beauty offered, her fingers curling as her hold closed in, "You wanted to feel the wind in your hair. I do not feel much wind."

The queen looked over her shoulder, giving a lighthearted laugh that made her date cling to her tighter. "If you are sure," she warned, before flicking her calves and setting her steed into a gallop.

The sudden jolt of speed had the honourable lady yelp, clinging to the royal for all she was worth. Queen Severina could not help a chuckle, the wind blowing her hair and chemise back as she took them out of the secluded grounds to the open fields surrounding her castle. There were woods, the rich greens of the pines a beautiful sight, and the closest town dotting the landscape with its colourful shingles.

Once the start wore off, Ermina allowed her eyes to open, to take it all in with her suitor. Her grip loosened, her trust in not only the horse, but its rider having grown. "So, all of this is yours?" she posed over the winds rushing past them.

Lidia perked, pulling on the reins and slowing them back to a trot while she spoke with her prospective bride. "It is my responsibility, to protect from threat and to ensure its prosperity," she answered, looking out on the town. "Their success is mine, and it has been a great burden to rule them without the promise my line will continue."

"You have said though, you have a way to sire an heir," the lady reminded.

"Yes," the queen tensed, fingers curling about the strap in her hands. Today had been a wonderful distraction, but the events of the prior night still weighed heavy. The rejection; Nataliya fleeing at the sight of her.

Ermina's hand found her shoulder. "You were confident of it during your introduction," her prospect noted, "Did something happen yesterday?" she asked, carefully treading around the issue.

"Is it so obvious?" the sovereign replied, taking in a breath and letting it out in a sigh as she reared the horse around.

A day that had been filled with jubilant delights thus far suddenly fell silent. "Be honest, Lidia," her olive suitor's hand travelled down her arm, approaching her hand, but falling short for the answer, "can you produce an heir?"

The tanned royal nodded. "Yes, Ermina," she answered, turning over her shoulder to meet her gaze as she entwined her fingers in the woman's own. "If you wish, I can show you."

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The door to the queen's chambers opened, the two women's hands entwined as the sovereign led her date to the bed. There was no denying her nerves, her fingers were trembling in Ermina's grip; not a good sign, for either of them.

"Are you certain you are alright, Lidia?" the olive-skinned prospect asked again, doubt beginning to become more clear in her tone.

And again, the queen answered, "Yes."

She sat Ermina on the bed, her hands holding on the woman's lap. Would things be the same again? Would she see the sight of what the royal was and flee? It took a deep breath for Lidia to separate, walking to her desk and retrieving the dagger from behind the jewellery box.

She held it in both hands, her eyes downcast as she turned to the woman waiting for her. "This is a gift from the gods," she sought to explain, to prepare who could be her wife for what was to come, "When I draw its blade, it will transform my body, giving me the tools of a man in order to sire an heir."

The queen paused, her grip on the handle loosening. "I will also become ravenous. Once I it comes from its sheath, I am compelled to have sex. If it is with the intent to breed, you will be altered, better suiting your body to bearing a child."

She lifted her gaze, chocolate eyes looking to her suitor to see her reaction.

The dark-haired maiden was somewhat stunned, one brow half-raised in disbelief. It was clear she was trying to read the truth from the queen, more sensible than to simply believe in the miraculous. When she could not find it...

"Show me!" the west-born daughter demanded to see it with her own eyes.

The nerves rose up in Lidia's chest, from her gut all the way up to hold in her throat. "If you are certain," she mused, knowing they would be her last words until she had ravaged her mate.

With a click, the silver of the blade came free, and at once, the queen's breath became hot. She managed to collect herself at least enough to place it back down behind her, before her hands grabbed her vanity for support.

Her arms were first, her muscles tightening, swelling and stressing her chemise as they broadened her shoulders and strengthened her frame. Her chest pressed forth, breasts perking as the muscles beneath her chest grew firm. The obvious though was in her legs. They jumped in size, as between them, while the queen's breath blew clouds of condensed steam, her cock was growing. Each

pump of her heart saw it inflate, growing in girth and length until it was pitching her dress a near foot from her body.

Ermina's lips parted, her eyes wide as she watched literal magic at work. That did not mean she was without fear. Her fingers curled into the bedsheets, her lean retreating her away from the woman she had courted throughout the day. The look in those chocolate eyes as they rose to meet her. She had not been lied to, they were ravenous; like those of a predatory animal.

She crossed the room in a flash, her face suddenly only inches from that of her conquest, strong arms pinning her in at the sides. Each breath puffed up the queen's chest, coming out through her grin in puffs that licked over the olive cutie's lips. Her member throbbed with need, bobbing and slapping down against the girl's lap.

The proud suitor did not run. She stayed firm, only asking one thing: "Is it still you, Lidia?"

It gave the beast pause. She let one of her powerful hands start at the girl's knee, tenderly brushing up and starting to hike her dress. Her answer though was affirmative, as it veered to entwine her fingers together. She locked eyes with her suitor, reading for permission.

She got it when it was Ermina to come forward with their first kiss. Her lips were salty as the sea tongue warm as it pressed through their barrier. Slender arms came up, resting over the queen's powerful shoulders and holding her in with an unspoken fear; fear the hermaphrodite royal might escape.

Lidia was not going anywhere, though she did need to separate. Pulling back, her hands moved swiftly, grabbing her underthing and pulling it off over her head in a clean motion. Beneath her bestial exterior, she was thankful for the weeks of "practice" with her servants for this moment. The virgin queen no longer, but that did not mean the same for her partner.

She did not undress, instead nervously sitting on the bed. Her eyes were drifting about the tanned skin on display, the tight muscle, strong legs, though, notably, she seemed almost disinterested in the musky member bobbing in front of her face. No, she was more focused upward, to those firm breasts, and the light in the huge sovereign's eyes.

"Be gentle, Lidia?" she requested, leaning back with tint in her olive cheeks, "It is my first time."

The amazon would do her best. She returned to the bed, greedily getting back to their kissing as she crawled onto the sheets, guiding her mate back towards the pillows. Experienced hands slipped into the hem of her dress, riding up through the curled hairs on her legs to lift it to her waist, and reveal the virgin's flower.

How she wanted more. To tear the garment away, to take those pert little breasts in her hands, toy with the girl's nipples; she could only imagine their cuteness on her suitor's slender frame. She had been asked for tenderness however, and even driven by lust, she would give it.

With everything prepared, Lidia broke their kiss, chocolate eyes one last time appraising her partner before the moment. Ermina's own were keeping up, not looking at the monster hovering only inches from her sex. Her arms draped up over the queen's shoulders, locking their gazes, even as her body quivered with nerves.

Their lips re-locked, one powerful hand taking the headboard, as the other lined everything up. The muscular woman bore down, closing their distance, docking their chests, as her enormous dick slid into those folds.

The olive beauty flinched, letting out a whimper into her lover's lips. She was not quite ready, not wet enough for the hermaphrodite to make her way in. It needed to be slow.

No longer needed, Lidia's second hand wrapped behind the small of her prospect's back, assuring her wordlessly. Gently, the queen pulled back, rocking her hips and diving her damp tip that extra inch in on the forward thrust. Those hazel eyes looked back at her, arms wrapped tight over those strong shoulders. The shaking slowed, the petite beauty's breaths coming out in soft gasps with each roll.

Soon, she was half-buried and the sweet scent of sex was starting to fill the room. It was intoxicating, the royal showing her own powerlessness as she kissed down her bedmate's chin, nuzzling into her neck as the next thrust managed to go deeper.

Ermina's moan was a song, her grip loosening, her hands opening to caress the muscles of her partner's back. "More," she finally opened up, pleading into her lover's ear.

The amazon sovereign's feverish kisses picked up in pace, pulling the dark-haired beauty so close as to hilt her tool within her. As the last inches entered her, the sea-borne girl's nails curled, catching in the lines between those deltoids. There was a light pop, her virginity taken, and clinging tightly as she cried out in pleasure.

As beautiful as it was, Lidia craved to taste her. Her head rose, and she muted her lover with a moaning kiss. The next pull back led to a proper thrust, and soon the bed was creaking beneath the pair's love making.

The virgin beauty's climax came quickly. Her voice cracked, grip tightening about the queen as her walls clenched to wring the tool in their embrace. Her partner held her through it, slowing to allow her to savour the pleased spike coursing through her. She was not done however.

As soon as Ermina's breaths evened back out the thrusting resumed in full force. The girl's eyes rolled back, her gasping moan having lost all sense of maintaining any dignity. Her velvet lips were sensitive, and as promised, she was being ravaged.

They rode the line for two more peaks, before that tight channel finally managed to coax a finish from the hermaphrodite royal. Strong arms pulled her in, Lidia's core pulling in before a fiery cry accompanied her messy explosion into her bedmate's womb.

Spent, her body collapsed against her suitor's, eyes half-lidded as her sense and sanity started to return. "Thank you" and "Sorry" warred in her head to get out, the arguments for both quite compelling as she sighed and worked to catch her breath.

Neither would be first. Beneath her tanned cheek, the royal could feel her bedmate's breasts expanding; pressing out to form a soft pillow beneath her. Her little nipples puffed up, visible as the chest they rode upon began to stretch the girl's chemise, gaping the threads to show the pale olive skin beneath.

"By the gods," her prospect gasped, exhausted from the encounter, but not enough to miss what was happening to her.

Her hands rose, taking the globes that were her boobs into her hands, feeling the taut flesh overflowing between her fingers and idly rolling them. Meanwhile, exposed, her thighs were piling on a few pounds, her hips widening into an apt pair of birthing hips. "You were not exaggerating."

"I was not," Lidia affirmed, removing her limp member from the girl's spent folds and collapsing onto the bed next to her. Before she passed out though, she would wrap her arms about her suitor, pulling her in tight and burying her head against her body with a smile.

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An early night meant an early morning. The sun was hardly up, the sky out the queen's window still a warm orange as she began opening her eyes. She noticed two things. First, she could hear a rustling towards the foot of the bed. Second, her arms were empty of something she had expected to be there.

She shot upright with a start, blanket falling off her broadened shoulders. "My apologies, Lidia. Did I wake you?"

A wave of relief washed over her, coming out in a long sigh. "Not at all," she turned to Ermina, a pile of the girl's clothes draped across the footboard.

The girl was stark naked, her thighs lightly caked with last night's love making. That did not seem to be her first concern however. No, the queen got to watch her trying to pull one of her chemises down, only for it to catch and bunch on her recently improved assets.

The royal gave a giggle, letting her gaze drift to her desk, where it appeared her dagger had been moved; though not sheathed. "Did you move it?" she pointed to the weapon before looking to her undressed suitor.

Ermina flushed. "I did consider it. It is quite the shock to have seen real magic with my own eyes, let alone that the woman I would like to marry possess it."

That gave the royal pause, a coy little grin on her lips. "The woman you would like to marry?" she repeated, brushing a lock of her brunette hair over her shoulder.

Her olive cheeks tinted pink that moved down her exposed neck to her shoulders. "W-well, I would not have come this far if I did not intend to meet your offer of courtship," she stammered, trying to salvage her pride.

It was worth another chortle. Lidia rose up, stretching her strong limbs, her male tool half-hard from the sight she'd woken to and slapping between her thighs.

"So, is that a permanent fixture, now that I have seen it?" her suitor asked, casting another of her dresses over the bed and getting the next in a hope it would fit.

The queen shook her head. "No. My body will return to normal when I sheath the blade."

“Will mine?” the olive beauty followed up, casting another dress to the pile and cupping her breasts for emphasis. They were more than a handful, pouring over and between, her nipples visibly hard between her first two digits; from cold or play, it would need pressing to tell.

The amazonian royal chuckled, getting up and walking over to rest her hands upon the widened hips of her suitor. “My apologies, but no. I did warn you,” she teased, using her thumb to brush an errant lock of the woman’s hair from her face. “I will call the tailor, and see to it your clothes are all made to fit before you would need to return home.”

“That does not help me for today,” the noble pout, returning the touch, running her fingers over the toned abs in front of her.

“He has come to be a fast worker,” Lidia assured with a smile, taking the bait and kneeling in to lay a kiss on that extended lip. It was accepted, the pair briefly melting together, soft breast pressing on hard muscle.

“It is your day, Ermina,” the queen whispered, her member butting against her guest’s thighs, “how would you like to spend it?”

Those dark eyes drifted to the bed. “I would like to have a dress that fits,” she stubbornly muttered, but had a soft smile upon her face, “and a bath.”

“I can have the tailor summoned, and get your measurements while the maids prepare the tub.”

An olive finger pressed into Queen Severina’s lips. “I would like it if your tailor were not groping about me while I am so sullied,” she nodded down to her cum-soaked legs. “I will give up some of my day to have that bath first, then have my dresses fitted when I am more presentable.”

Again, a laugh built up in the royal. “Very well, a bath first,” she ran her hands up her mate’s sides, then over her soft arms, “Together, if you would have me?”

“Only if you put that away,” a light shift of the thigh, pushing the monstrous rod still dancing about her nethers aside, “Unless you bathe in a pool, I doubt there is room for the three of us in your tub.”

A pleasant surprise. “As you wish,” Lidia released her, going to her desk and slipping her magic blade back into its bed.

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In only a short time, their bath had been filled. The water warm, filling the air with summer steam, and drowning out the scent of dried sex on the two of them. Ermina had been right, there likely would not have been room for the two of them with her more bulky frame. As it stood, their legs were a tangle, brushing each other’s rears as the shallow waves lapped beneath their ribs.

Neither seemed bothered, taking turns dipping beneath the surface as the maids ladled the water over them to wet their hair, and undeniably revelling in the closeness. There was a soft smile on

the queen's lips, as she ran the backs of her fingers over her suitor's shoulder. An idea hit her, a strange one, considering, but one she felt would both enjoy.

"I believe we have enough hands present," she told their bather, "You may be dismissed, until we are prepared to dress."

The girl flushed, pulling her wet arms from the tub. "Are you certain, your majesty?"

Lidia gave a nod, and the girl dried and parted the room to leave them be. "We made quite the mess, I would like to wash off," Ermina mused, looking to her bath mate.

"If I do not do a sufficient job," the bronze-skinned royal fished the fatty bar of soap from its resting place, rubbing it betwixt her hands with a grin, "then we may call her back to finish up."

Her suitor flushed, recoiling to the back of the tub nervously. "It is hardly appropriate for the queen to be giving someone a washing," she mused, eyes cast aside, and one arm attempted to cross over her chest; only to leave her new bust squishing in either direction.

Queen Severina reached forth, lathered hand gliding down her date's slender shoulders. "I am a lone ruling queen, seeking a wife to bear my child," she pointed out, as the olive beauty started to loosen her grip, "I am hardly one to care about what is 'appropriate'. Else, I would have a husband by now."

She flashed those chocolate eyes, and it was enough for Ermina to open up. She allowed the sovereign to take her close, rubbing her body, admiring each inch of her as she washed away the dust and stains of the prior day. "Is this something you do with your concubine?" the suitor asked, leaned into her lover's arms.

"No," Lidia answered with a giggle, running a soapy hand up from core to the underside of a plump breast. "I simply felt it would be something I might enjoy."

The heat beneath her fingertips told enough: the stubborn woman was enjoying it as well. Their bodies pressed together, close enough the royal's breath tickled her neck just before a soft kiss.

"Speaking on the matter," the queen leaned back, pulling her date with her to get at her soft underbelly, "have you an idea to how you would like to spend our second day of this courtship, Ermina?"

The dark-haired girl mulled it over, fingers running along her bather's legs, gently squeezing when her more sensitive areas were touched. "I have one, yes," she admitted, her touch quivering on Lidia's skin, "Though, I do not believe it is what you intended with your offer, Lidia."

Hands came up, running the soap through the raven locks draped across their bodies. "If it is what you would like to do, Ermina, then it is exactly what I intended," she assured.

Ermina's cheeks tinted pink. "While riding yesterday, I was reminded of something I have always wanted to do, but have never been allowed as a lady of my house."

"And what would that be?" Queen Severina asked, cupping the water in her hands to pour over her work.

Those fingers curled tighter on her leg, rustling her soft hairs. "I have always been interested in hunting. The stories my father would tell at the table always left me envious I could not take part."

"I hold no such limitations on what you may and may not do, Ermina," Lidia told her. "Do you know how to shoot a bow?"

The girl's lips pursed, head turning away as it had so many times. "I do not," she admitted, "I have not been allowed."

The queen's soft laugh met her ear. "Well then, that would be where to start," she stated with a pat on the beauty's olive thigh. "We will go down to the soldier's range, and let us see if I can teach you enough for an evening hunt together."

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There were many things that made archery difficult for a beginner. The strength to draw back the bowstring, the stance to keep one's shot true, gauging distance to aim. Ermina was facing another problem.

"Cussing-... they keep getting in the way!" she whined as she let loose her shot and the bowstring flicked across the nipples of her recently plumped teats; even through a freshly-fit dress.

Lidia could not help but giggle, her date's arrow landing in the grass a few feet from the hay target. "You are holding the bow too low," the royal explained, pulling one of her own arrows out and nocking it. "You want the arrow to align with your eyes, then, focus on where you want to aim."

Her bow was raised and drawn. The queen's posture was straight, her muscles pulled tight from her core to her arms, and her attention sharp. Without a word she let loose her shot, the shaft bending before springing forth to sink its head into the target, a handful of rings off-centre.

She turned to Ermina, who still held a grumpy frown upon her cute lips. "You are not contesting with a tit like a small melon, Lidia," she grumbled, lifting her bow and showing how the string was pressing into her soft breast.

With a laugh, the sovereign rest her weapon. "We need to straighten your stance," she noted, coming over to stand before her date.

She laid her hands upon the lady's olive skin. They had opted for short to no sleeves, as to not interfere. Not exactly what the queen would wear on a hunt, she still opted for a skirt, but comfortable, and allowing for closeness.

Her calloused fingers helped guide, pink tinting Ermina's cheeks from the touch. Her arm was lifted and straightened, Queen Severina tapping her feet into place with her own. They were a breath apart, looking onto one another's eyes. "There," the royal stepped back, despite the overwhelming desire to have stolen another kiss, "give it a try!"

The sea bound beauty was still flustered, but did as told. She drew back the bowstring, the line barely grazing her breast, took aim, and let loose her shot. It flew true, sinking second ring from the centre in the hay target.

You could not buy the look of delight on the girl's face. She gave an excited hop, only that left her poorly bound assets jumping and nearly knocked her in the chin. It was the pure innocence of a child's dream come true, and could not help but fill the woman watching with warmth.

"You would appear to be a natural, Ermina," the queen congratulated her with a soft clap.

Her pride was enough to accept it, but she also knew well enough: "I would not have made it if you had not lined it up."

The tan royal chuckled. "If we are to go on a hunt in tandem this afternoon, it will be my role as the rider to do just that," she teased, propping herself on one of the square bales and admiring her date. "You are right though, show me one on your own!"

Just the right challenge to stoke the oversea beauty's fires. She planted her feet, levelled her gaze, and showed that, unlike horse riding, she took to the lesson well. The bowstring drew back, the fletching resting under her left eye, then released with a flick of the limbs to let the arrow fly.

With a dull "thwack" it connected with the target, second ring from the outmost, and elicited another clap from the royal. "See, a natural."

A hand came up, brushing her dark locks from her face and over her ear. "Not quite as good a shot," the olive woman mused, rolling her shoulder, "I did not think it would be so tiring on my arms."

"I did not need to draw a magic blade to have a bit of muscle," Lidia chuckled, rolling up a sleeve to show off the tight cords of her bicep as she flexed. "It is something you grow used to, with time."

Ermina's head dropped, her mood sullyng somewhat. She did not speak of it, instead picking up another arrow, nocking it, and taking aim for a third shot.

"Have I done something to offend, Ermina?" the queen asked, reluctant to stand and deny her suitor of space she may need.

"No," the fledgling archer replied, letting her arrow loose and watching it connect with the edge of hay target. "I am sorry, Lidia. It is just the final day of our courtship, this may be all the time I have," she picked up another arrow, her dark gaze downcast as she slid it into place on the bowstring.

It was easy to forget, lost in the enjoyment of one another's company. Indeed, this could be her only day to learn to shoot and go on a hunt, before, if she were not selected, returning home. "No, I am sorry," the royal got to her feet, coming over to the olive beauty's side, "I should have been more considerate of your circumstances."

"Please, do not take pity on me, your majesty," Ermina lifted her head, eyes on the target as she pushed herself for another shot. "I do not want guilt to influence your decision. Natasha deserves this opportunity just as much as I, no matter-" she bit her tongue, cutting herself off before releasing the bowstring.

The arrow flew, and struck the centre ring. Yet, it was clear the accomplishment did not bring either of them joy.

Lidia raised her hand, running it down her steadfast date's arm. "Do not push yourself, Ermina," she told her, feeling the warmth beneath her skin, the burn she was enduring, "it would sadden me to see you hurt yourself, trying to experience something I promised you."

The woman relaxed at the touch, letting her legs grow weak and lean against the sovereign. "I just told you, Lidia, not to take pity on me," she muttered into her welcoming chest.

"It is not pity to care for your well-being," Queen Severina stated, running her fingers through Ermina's hair, still slightly wet from their bath. "You have done well enough, we can see to readying the horses, and being out on the hunt in an hour."

Her suitor shook her head. "I believe I have done all the archery my body can muster for the day," she admitted, looking up into the royal's eyes. "I do not want to hurt myself, and upset you."

The queen smiled, coming down and pressing a kiss to the woman's lips. "Well, the day is still yours," she whispered, continuing to play with those dark locks, "How then would you like to spend it?"

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The pair retreated to the games room, taking tea by the fire and sharing stories of their homes. Lidia regaled her guest with tales of her early rule, the struggle of being a lone queen at a young age, and of her own hunts among the men of her court. Ermina, for her part, spoke of a more quaint life. Being her father's first daughter, with two older brothers she would engage in roughhousing with before she was old enough to be considered a lady.

"They certainly made me quite competitive," the beauty chuckled, shaking her head.

"I had not noticed," Lidia teased, enjoying this simple moment together all the same.

Over dinner, she talked of the grand foods of her homeland, wanting to hear about what the queen would be eating if she were not having her chefs try to mimic her local fare. It was a wonderful day, only coming to its end when the sun dipped low, and the lights of torch and candle were basking the castle in a warm glow.

Their walk to the guest room was long, taken in short steps to not need the conversation to end. Soon enough though, it was over, and they were standing outside the door, just delaying the inevitable.

"I quite enjoyed these past two days, Ermina," Queen Severina smiled, her fingers still wrapped about her date's palm.

"I have as well, Lidia," the olive beauty replied. "I..."

Another pause, just like on the range. There was tension, something sitting on the tip of the woman's tongue, struggling to get out. "Is there something you wanted to say, Ermina?" Lidia asked, tightening her grip in attempted comfort.

Her face tensed, lips pursed in contemplation. "I..." she tried again, only to withdraw her hand from the royal's grasp. "I was wondering if, perhaps, it would be alright to use the archery range during your courtship with Natasha? I will not have the opportunity when I return home, your majesty."

Odd. It was a perfectly reasonable request, but it struck the queen in such a way as to feel out of place. "Certainly, Ermina. I will let my steward know you have my blessings to use it."

"Thank you," the lady took the handle to her room, pushing the door open and stepping inside. "I hope your courtship with Natasha goes well."

And with that, she disappeared into her room, leaving the queen standing, contemplating. There was a great desire to follow, to give a knock, and press her suitor for what was truly bothering her. She was right though. Natasha's courtship began tomorrow, and she had to prepare for it.

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Early morning, the sun, and an empty bed. It felt almost foreign after the prior night, but it was as things had always been; save she was once again prepared for a whirlwind courtship.

Two days of activity, staying in practically her underthings, lead to some needed time to properly dress. A fresh bath, servants preparing her hair, and an appropriate dress that flowed with the queen's height. Natasha. The brunette had been the most eager in their first meeting, hopefully it would translate into their dates.

On long strides, Lidia descended the stairs, coming down to the dining room where the rambunctious brunette was already sitting and waiting. "Forgive my tardiness, Lady Natasha," the royal apologised, her servants jumping to attend and pull out her seat at the head of the table.

"You are forgiven, your majesty," Natasha just smiled innocently, idly toying with the fork next to her plate, "Breakfast is not ready yet, so you are still early."

"Not yet ready?" Queen Severina tilted her head, looking to the table. Indeed, it was not served, despite her late arrival.

"They made mistakes with preparation, so, I had them start again," the girl explained, sitting up and turning that grin to the sovereign, "It would not do to have our first private meal sullied with a sub-par representation of my country's delicacies."

"Quite fair," Lidia replied, somewhat unnerved, yet she could not put her finger upon it. "I apologise that my chefs did not initially meet your standards. This needs to be my best showing, considering how long you have waited, Natasha."

Her smile widened, a soft giggle escaping her lips. "They will get it, in time," she flashed her hazel-coloured eyes, framed by those wavy oaken locks to truly highlight them, towards the queen.

It could not be denied, there was a cuteness in her round features that was all too delectable, on a physical level. This courtship was more than that though. "To point out flaws with my staff's preparation, you must have a fine eye for cooking?"

Natasha replied with a lax shrug, "Not really, just a matter of having a tongue for the tastes of my home. Those were not it."

"I see," Queen Severina mused, touching a finger to her chin. Had she perhaps imported sub-par ingredients? "Well, then let us hope the second attempt is to your liking, Natasha; I find myself quite famished."

As if on cue, the wait staff emerged, bearing with them plates of flaky pastry full of crumbling cheese, and skewers with well-browned meats. The warm smells radiated about the room, and all too quickly the royal felt her mouth watering, and her belly rumbling in anticipation.

"Ermina's dates were quite the bout of activity," she remarked offhandedly, remembering them quite fondly, "they certainly built up an appetite."

The brunette sharing a table with her seemed to be paying her attentions to the meal in front of her, "Would you not mention her on our date, your majesty?" She asked, prodding the pastry before her with her fork and raking it across the browned crust.

Her tone was lower than that bubbly demeanour she held, catching Lidia off guard. "My apologies," she dipped her head, pointing to what she wanted from the spread for the waiters to fetch for her plate. "You are right, you should be the focus of my attention for these two days, Natasha."

The bubbly suitor's smile returned, for a flick, only to leave again as she leaned back into her seat. "Still not right. But, I suppose, delaying eating further would not do; you are famished after all."

Indeed, it would not. The queen had already begun cutting into the pastry on her plate, watching the small flakes jumping away from the blade of her knife before skewering it and bringing it to her mouth. It was delightful on the tongue, warm and buttery, with the crumbling dairy melting and bringing a happy flush to her cheeks.

"Forgive my chefs. They have done their best, and though your home's delicacies are far from their expertise, I quite enjoy their take on it if nothing else," she offered, taking up some of the browned lamb and enjoying a mouth watering nibble.

Natasha watched, a confident smirk on her lips. "I suppose that is a good thing," she mused, snapping her fingers for the staff's attention to fill her own plate.

They shared a short silence, mouths full of the kitchen's delights until the queen spoke up again. "So, you have had some time to think about it," she began, resting her utensils over her cleaned dish, "What did you have in mind for our first day of courtship?"

The brunette finished swallowing her last bite, doing the same with her fork and dabbing at her lips with a handkerchief. "How far do your lands stretch, Queen Severina?" she inquired with a tilt of her head.

An odd question, but a fair one for a prospective wife. "Further than the horizon. You came from the North, so I presume you passed through one of the towns that dot my borders. They stretch from there to the seas, where Er-" she caught herself, having already been warned of talking about her suitor's competitors.

A quick cough to get back on track. "But, yes. My lands are quite vast, Lady Natasha," she dipped her head.

Natasha smirked, shifting her seat to face the queen. "Then, I think I would like to see the town. There is one within a few minutes' ride, my party passed through it on the way to the castle, and I want to see more of it."

Lidia smiled in reply. "Very well," she nodded, summoning her staff to her with a small clap. "Have the steward prepare a carriage! We will be taking a day trip."

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The carriage wheels ground along the dirt road, breaking up clods of gravel on the way toward town. The queen had to admit, after a day of riding, she would have preferred to make the trip on horseback. With her date, however, such wasn't an option. Not that there was too much to be discontent with.

Natasha sat at her side, pressed close that their thighs were touching through the layers of their dresses. The sun shone in through the vehicle's large windows and highlighted her oaken hair, the light gap between her grinning lips. She was cute, full of energy, and very much it was a pleasure to be in her company.

Her eyes were cast out to the fields, one hand left close to her suitor; resting close to the queen's knee where it lay entwined with her date's fingers. Two digits were twitching, a light tap into Lidia's palm, as the girl admired the landscape and pondered many a question.

"You never did say how you would sire an heir, Queen Severina," she posed, as the view began to give way for farmland and the town.

"Please," the tan queen chuckled, "this is a courtship Natasha, Lidia is fine."

The brunette seemed to ponder it. "We will be in front of your subjects shortly, I think Queen Severina would be more appropriate," she pointed out, "And you have dodged the question."

A fair assessment, and observation. "Tonight," the sovereign promised, tightening her grip on the girl's hand, "It is something that requires being shown, not simply spoken about."

Natasha turned inward to her date, her hazel gaze looking the queen up and down, lingering on her crotch for a moment. "Interesting," she mused with a playful grin, as the gravel road made way to cobblestones and made their ride a tad more smooth.

Severina's subjects were awed by her arrival. Children stopped in the street, staring at the ornate carriage rolling into town. Shopkeepers looked up from their stalls, their looks mixtures of reverence, worry, and confusion at the sight of the royal; hand in hand with a noblewoman.

Lidia replied to their unspoken woes with a friendly wave, though she could do nothing for their concerns. Stephanos had warned the people were concerned over her ability to give them an heir to some day replace her. Arriving with romantic displays for a woman might only exacerbate those fears.

Her suitor picked up on it as well. "So, your people do not know this secret of yours either, Queen Severina?" she continued her indirect interrogation.

"Matters of my bedchambers are not their concern, Lady Natasha," the queen answered calmly.

"So, this first day is already poised to end in your bed?" the brunette teased, turning to the royal with a coy grin.

An excellent move, that left the tan beauty's cheeks tinted pink. How many times now had she had sex? It was foolish to be so shy about the idea. "I did say that this courtship would be two days, and one night," she reminded, in an attempt to remain at least somewhat poised in her demeanour.

A modicum of the girl's cheeky behaviour slipped off, those soft, youthful smile curling into a faux frown. "And here I was, feeling special," she playfully mocked, leaning back in her cushioned seat and turning her gaze back to the outside.

She was certainly a curious one, leaving the queen in the position of chase not unlike with Nataliya. Though, instead of trying to crack through a shell, she was eagerly pursuing her suitor's attention.

"Well," she purred, reaching out and guiding those eyes back to her own, a hungry smile on her dark lips, "you certainly are something special, Natasha."

The brunette giggled through pursed lips, unable to help her pride at the remark. "Please, your majesty: Lady Natasha in front of the subjects."

Lidia tightened her grip on the girl's hand, tilting her head as she approached. "My apologies," she offered, her warm breath tickling the girl's nose as she continued in for a kiss.

She was met with a pair of fingers, along with another playful chuckle from the minx in her presence. "I thought matters of the bedchambers were not for your people?" Natasha teased.

Queen Severina pulled away with a laugh of her own, fixing the crème on her lips when she saw the stain on the bubbly brunette's digits. "I did say that," she agreed, retreating to a proper seated position. She would get her chance again; the pursuit would go on.

They continued their trip through the town, Lidia asking whether they were continuing whenever they reached a street's end, and giving instructions to their driver. The quiet did not make it unpleasant, however. While she did not have the brunette's attention, seeing her perceived wonder at her people sated that need for a time.

"Here it is," Natasha blurted as they rounded a corner, turning to the driver rather than her suitor. "Stop here!"

The reins were pulled, the horses coming to a stop without complaint. Without waiting, the door was flung open from the inside, the energetic girl hopping out with her dress in her arms to keep it from the dusty cobble.

The queen was stunned for a moment, left watching curiously as her suitor made her way to one of the roadside stalls. Confectioneries were lain out in a row, kept to the edge of the baker's little counter where they could continue to stay warm in the noon-time sunlight, outside of the awning's

shade. At once, the brunette had snatched one up, its melted glaze of caramelised sugar sticking to her fingertips.

With a giggle, the royal rose from her seat, stepping out of their carriage and down to the street with her prospective bride.

"Your Majesty," the baker gave a small dip at her presence, holding back complaint of the strange foreigner handling his goods.

"At ease," Lidia raised a hand to the man, gesturing for her coachman as she turned to her date. "Have a sweet tooth, Lady Natasha?"

"We passed these on the way to the castle," the bubbly girl answered, taking a bite, crumbs and grained sugar raining onto her lip, "I wanted to try one. Sadly, staler than I anticipated," she mused, mulling over the idea of another bite.

A crude comment, leaving it on the queen to salvage. "They are not the bakers of the castle, who deliver the moment things are finished in the oven," she offered, nodding as the coachman got to her side.

The man pulled out a coin purse, fetching a pair of coins and laying them onto the counter for the baker.

That seemed to confuse Natasha, as she settled upon her second bite. "What are you doing?" she asked after swallowing back more of her sweet.

"Paying for us," Lidia answered, taking one of the rolls for herself, feeling how it stuck to her fingers, "I wanted one as well."

"He is one of your subjects, is he not?" the brunette went on. "He pays you in tax, why would you pay him at all? It will return to your coffers anyway."

Ah, a difference in understanding. "There is a difference.

"Yes, he will pay the crown some level of tax, that I may fulfil my responsibilities to my people," Queen Severina nodded, "But, while I am the queen, I am still no different than anyone else in this town. If I would like something, I must pay; the rules do not change because of my status."

She took a bite of her treat, enjoying the taste on her tongue for a moment before she went on. "Just as I need money from the people to maintain our army, to protect them, he needs the pay for his work, to maintain his business, and to feed his family," she flashed a kind smile to the baker, and received a prideful flush in return.

"You flatter me, your majesty," he offered, collecting the coins and pulling them into the pouch at his waist.

"Not at all," Lidia protested, "You are my people; your prosperity is my prosperity."

Natasha had finished her own confectionery, licking the errant sugar from her fingertips before wiping them on her skirt. "I suppose," she wistfully brushed the folds of her outfit, dismissing the rest of the line of thought entirely.

The brunette skipped her way over, before, in front of everyone, brazenly draping herself on her suitor's arm. "Let us get back to seeing the town!" she declared, pressing her lithe body against the royal's.

It was a simple act, in other circumstances, even an appreciated one from a prospective partner. In this public setting though, still at least a day's out from any decision, it left the queen flushing anxiously. Eyes were turning their way, murmurs growing in volume as what had previously been only rumours were being confirmed in front of them.

"Yes, let us," Queen Severina managed to maintain her composure.

The pair climbed back into the carriage, settling back into their seats, with the young lady continuing to make a public show of her physicality with the royal. Once more, something that was not in opposition to Lidia's desires, but something about it felt... she did not have the mental acuity to properly phrase it in her thoughts, not with Natasha's head resting on her shoulder and a hand running up and down her bicep.

Worse, the whispers coming in through the carriage windows from the people weighed on her confidence. She knew she could bear them an heir, she trusted the goddess that had gifted her that power. How was she to prove it to them though until there was a pregnant wife in her bed?

Perhaps her plan had not been thought through. If it was only rumours before outside of her castle walls, they had been made fact now with her suitor's actions.

Their vehicle jumped back into motion with their coachman's "Ya!" and the sound of the wheels at least muted her people's woes.

"Something troubling you, your majesty?" Natasha purred, flashing her hazel eyes up at her.

"No," such a lie did not come naturally, but she still needed to be her best for their courtship. She put on a smile, and got one in turn from the young spitfire, "Was there anything else you wanted to see of the town, or shall we return to the castle?"

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As the sun began to dip low in the sky, their carriage returned through the great gates that secluded the sovereign from the world. It came with a level of relief, letting the queen relax and enjoy the continued attention of her prospective. Natasha sat herself up, taking herself off her date's arm and peeking out the window to the orange dusk starting to show over the walls.

"It is getting late," she mused, an undeniably playful tone lacing her words. "Shall we turn in early, your majesty?"

She spun to face her suitor, and the grin on the brunette was unmistakable. One of mischief, curiosity, and a hunger for what she had been promised: secrets and a lay to end the evening. Queen Severina was not one to deny her, finding some of that spark for herself as her delicate fingers tickled the girl's chin.

"If that is what you desire, Natasha," she purred, "but, I want to hear you ask me properly!"

The bubbly lady reached her arms up, draping them over the tanned beauty's shoulders. "Take me to your bedchambers, Queen Severina, and share with me your secrets," she whispered as the carriage ground to a halt.

"Please," the royal leaned in, barely an inch from her suitor's lips that the heat of her breath billowed over them, "it is Lidia."

Natasha giggled, and without another word pulled herself in to steal a rough kiss.

They both knew what they wanted. The walk up the tower to the queen's chambers was stumbling, the pair hardly able to pull one another apart. Tempting kisses, small tugs at the hems of their clothes, until the door swung open and it was time to begin.

The brunette broke away, going over to the bed and letting herself haphazardly fall into the sheets with her devilish grin. "Alright, I have waited all day, and nearly a week before that," she chirped, waving her legs, showing off her ankles teasingly, "let us see this secret of yours!"

Of course. "Yes," Lidia sighed, headed over to her desk, to where her magical tool lay in wait.

She picked it up in both hands. The unfettered enthusiasm that had brought them up this far suddenly made way for a wave of nerves; there was every possibility there would be a repeat of that first night with Nataliya. Looking over her shoulder, the young lady of house Alexandra was on the edge of her seat.

Her fingers curled around the hilt, teeth raking over her lip. "Once we begin, there will be no stopping me," the queen warned.

Natasha leaned to the side, stealing a glance at the object in the woman's hands. "Are you going to stab me?" she questioned, turning those hazel orbs to the queen.

The sovereign could not help a chuckle. "No," she assured, "Not with this, anyway."

She pulled the blade, and at once gasped as its power poured into her. Her suitor's eyes went wide, as she watched the woman she had been hanging off all day begin to bulk up. The hems of her sleeves tore, showing off tightly corded muscle, her chest expanded to a broad board that showed off her perky breasts, and as her powerful hands gripped the desk behind her for support, her skirt began to tent with her virile manhood.

"By the gods," the brunette was stunned, staring slack jawed as with inch after inch it pulsed to attention.

It soon snagged, tearing her dress further to stand at attention. That bestial desire was overwhelming the queen, her breaths hot and her grin wide. Her dark eyes flicked up, meeting with her night's prey, tongue coming out to lap the last tastes of her from her lips.

In a blink she was upon her, one powerful hand on her prospective's shoulder and pinning her to the bed. The other was running strong fingers up her dress, along her lithe, athletic thigh.

She did not resist. To the contrary, Natasha's free arm came up, falling across the lust-possessed being's broad shoulders. "Where was this all day?" she teased with a cat-like smirk, and came up to greedily snatch a kiss.

Her legs spread, barely a care to undress in either of their heads. The sweet scent of her femininity was released, caught by the lightest intake of air between their fervent tasting of each other's mouths. It tickled Lidia's nose, driving her further to bear her weight down on the mischievous minx.

The hand that had opened the way now jumped to her own skirt, powerful digits digging into the fabric before filling the room with a resounding rip. Her cock bobbed free in an instant, slapping and leaving small dots of her excitement on her partner's legs. All of it a small song as Lidia forced her mate further onto the bed.

Now straddling over her, those bouncy legs wrapped around the hermaphrodite's rippled back. It would appear neither was getting away, the bubbly foreigner enthusiastic for the event to come, raking her teeth over her suitor's lips with a giggle. With no way back, there was only forward, with Queen Severina's girthy rod slipping itself into the waiting flower before her.

There was no resistance; something that did not occur to the well-hung royal until she hilted her tool. It was not a thought that lingered long. No, quickly things were escalating.

Long pulls led to powerful thrusts that slapped their thighs together. Natasha found her arms free to cling to the woman pounding her, clawing into the rough muscle of her back as her voice began to break in unabashed cries of pleasure. She knew what she was doing, bucking her hips back in kind, twisting and wringing that the monster filling her struck all the right places, savouring every moment.

She had stamina too, keeping pace with the ravaging royal through minutes. Their breaths grew ragged, but neither slowed. Sweat coated their brows and soaked the sheets. The ragged remains of their dresses were slipping away, letting their skin connect with small sparks.

Eventually Natasha crossed the threshold. Her body tensed, her moan drawn out and low in the feral queen's ear. Her walls wrung the tool filling her, providing the last bit of stimulation needed to return the favour, and rock her mate with a climax that overflowed that sweet canal.

Slowly, the blissful O on the brunette's lips curled into a smile. One last lazy kiss, catching a drop of sweat from the sovereign's neck, and she allowed herself to fall back to the bed with a satisfied sigh. "Getting right to work on your successor, your majes-"

She blinked, starting to sit back up as a strange sensation overwhelmed her. Lidia was starting to return to her senses, along the wave of exhaustion that came with such a powerful finish. They both got to witness the girl's sleek chest start to expand, pushing the hems of her vest apart and tearing her now too small top to show a line of pale cleavage.

A smirk crossed her lips, her hands reaching up to feel as her bust continued to swell in her grasp. "No wonder your concubine is so shapely," those hazel eyes turned to the queen, slowly slipping away in her lap, "You certainly are full of secrets, Queen Severina."

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The morning came, and with it, another empty bed. The sovereign pushed herself up, feeling the stiffness in her strong arms and the clammy cold of last night's sweat on the sheets. Last night's prospect though was not far, much like the last, standing at the foot of the bed.

Unlike the last though, Natasha stood naked, unabashed in showing off the new curves that had been added to her body. Breasts like ripe apples, a new flare to her hips that led into plump thighs. She had certainly blossomed into a proper matronly figure.

"Morning, your majesty," the brunette chuckled once she noticed the rising queen, coming back to the bed and leaning over the footboard. "Quite the collection of tricks you showed off last night."

Lidia's dark eyes scanned the room, seeing the dagger on the table, very much disturbed from where she had left it. "You touched it?" she questioned.

"I was curious," the girl admitted, shimmying her shoulders and making her heftier bosom sway, "I could not get it back into the sheath, despite my best efforts. And, obviously, it did not let me try out your... endowments," she purred, teeth raking her lip as her gaze dipped to the half-hard rod between the royal's legs.

The queen was still adorned in the torn rags from last night, the front of her skirt and chemise having been completely ripped away to leave her more than exposed. That was the least of her concerns, however.

"It is dangerous, Natasha," she scolded, "You saw the wild desire it instilled within me last night. What would you have done if it afflicted you with the same?"

"So, that was part of the 'magic' of your little trinket, Queen Severina?" The curvy brunette continued to purr, crawling over the foot board and onto the bed with her lover of the prior night. "Either way, it was quite the experience," she draped her arms over the woman's strong shoulders, before letting one slither down her body and wrap her fingers around her shaft, "I enjoyed the more rough side of you."

She started stroking, leaving Lidia vulnerable to the tingle of sensation running up her body. A hot gasp escaped her lips, her potent tool quivering beneath Natasha's soft touch, each nervous beat of her heart filling it further towards the same rigid hardness she had last night.

"I think I know how I would like to spend our second date," the girl went on, continuing to press herself forward, docking her breasts with the royals, "and from what is in my hand, it would appear you would like it too."

Sweat bead on the tanned woman's brow, unable to deny the physical call of her altered body. Her cock was ready, weeping tears of her ready pre, her nipples stiff as they pushed into her suitor's chest. Without a word, those young, talented lips were pressed against her own, and the pair of them were bunching the sheets on the way to the headboard.

"Will the beast be coming out of its cage?" Natasha rasped, continuing her languid stroking of the queen's member.

The sovereign's breath broke into a moan, her hands finally coming up to lay upon her naked companion. She took her by the shoulders, using her powerful body to take the initiative and roll herself on top. "That is not quite how it works," she explained with a predatory grin, bearing down, "but, I suppose I can play the role."

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The pair did not leave bed until hunger finally beckoned them down for breakfast; which of course was cold when they arrived. Natasha would not accept it, sending the chefs back to begin again and delay satisfaction to their stomachs for the sake of their tongues. By all means, Queen Severina understood the sentiment, especially seeing as it was still a day of their courtship. But, they had done away with three meals worth of ingredients now; exotic ones at that that the coffers would feel.

It hardly seemed to phase her suitor at all. Perhaps it was a matter of coming from a richer family? Though, by that logic, why would they have offered her to marry a woman? The queen certainly held a prestigious position, but it was not infallible, and there were plenty on her borders that did not bear the same risks she was lying in her letters of intent.

Such woes did not linger long past the collection of their plates. The bubbly brunette was already back to tugging on the collar of the royal's dress and beckoning her back to the bedroom. Who was she to deny her?

They spent the afternoon roughly sweating themselves over freshly made sheets, until neither had the energy to continue. From there, it was simple relaxation in the lounge with snacks and warm tea; albeit with some strange topics of conversation.

"I am thinking some changes will be in order once the wedding is finalised," Natasha mused, leaning back in her chair as she sipped her refreshment.

The queen could not contain a small perk, turning to the girl. "I have not made my decision yet, Natasha," she reminded her.

She got a smirk in reply, a knowing glint in her suitor's eye. "Oh please, Queen Severina. We have just spent a half a day rolling in the sheets and sowing seed. I would not be surprised if I am already going to bear a child for you, especially with how potent that sword of yours is," she teased, licking her lips as her gaze flit down to the subtle bulge of her soft member in her dress.

Red tinted the sovereign's cheeks, with the lightest bit stirring her loins below for a twitch. Still, there was something pecking at the back of her mind, those words of the goddess who had given her this gift.

"Enjoyable as it has been, there is more to choosing my wife than just sex," she offered, taking a calming sip from her tea.

Natasha replied with a scoff, and a pout of her lip. "Are you really going to make me wait for Saturn's day?" she whined.

That was a point. It had been such a whirlwind after Nataliya fled, the queen had forgotten she had another day before making her decision. “You did not want me talking of my other suitor, Natasha,” she pointed out, “but, yes. You will both need to wait until the appointed day of my decision.”

The girl sat up, leaning forward in her quick-made dress, her tits hanging forward in a tempting display. "Come now, we both saw how she behaved at dinner in your first meeting. She lacks respect for your majesty," she reasoned, setting her cup to the side to fully present her new cleavage. "Like she really has a chance."

There was a small ring of truth to that. At the same time, Ermina had shown her a very different side of herself over their courtship. Thinking on it, there was also one last thing still rapping at the back of her mind about their final moments.

“That is something for me to ponder tomorrow, Natasha,” the queen told her prospective wife, taking another drink of her tea while it was still warm. “Until then, you mentioned changes you would like to make?”

The pair continued their chat into the evening, until the glow of the candles started to overpower the fading daylight. Then, as she had with her prior date before, Queen Severina offered her arm to take her suitor back to her guest room.

“Not your room?” the minx teased, one hand drifting down and grabbing hold of the flaccid beast between the royal’s legs.

Lidia's teeth raked her lip, her cock twitching in the girl's grasp at the potential of yet another round. "Not tonight," she needed to keep her composure for her decision.

The bubbly brunette pout out her lip. “Well, if you change your mind Queen Severina,” she winked, coming off the sovereign’s arm and slipping off into her room.

The heat left the queen's cheeks, her breath coming out as a heavy sigh to calm herself, this enhanced body. "Certainly a spitfire," she chuckled, and started her way up the tower back to her chambers.

It felt like morning came all too soon, the sun beating the tanned royal to wake. Her eyes fluttered open, her body stiff with its muscle. It felt like she had changed to her sleepwear and simply collapsed into her sheets from exhaustion.

The stranger sensation, more a knowledge, was that this was the first day in six where she was not waking to obligation. There was no courtship to prepare for, no suitor in her bed. Had Nataliya stated, she wondered for a moment if she would have had the stamina to have handled her dates with Natasha. Regardless, she had a day for herself, to ponder her decision.

She pushed herself up, happy to have dry sheets to rise from, and at once felt her borrowed manhood slapping between her thighs. She had held this form over a day now, and for as much fun as it was for a night, or a romp, without those immediately available she preferred her normal self.

It was a tired trudge to her desk. Picking up her magical weapon, running her thumb over the ornate design of its handle to disturb a day's worth of dust, she slipped it back into its bed. It was another heavy sigh, as the night before, deflating her silhouette back to the tall but lithe figure she was used to.

Her nightgown was slack on her frame, slipping off her shoulder; as good an excuse as any to dress. A ring of the bell and her servants were summoned, "I am not planning any trips outside the castle," she told them, "so, something casual please."

Casual for the queen was still ornate, fanciful; it had far fewer layers though. Her crown upon her brow, a dress of rich olive, embroidered with the petals and leaves of the season. She had been a host, and suitor for a week, it was time to be a queen for a day.

By habit, she adorned her waist with her magical implement, and descended from her tower with her head held high. Down she walked to her dining room, where the table lay empty; save for a familiar face.

"Gianna," the queen chirped to her consort with a warm smile, "it has been a few days."

The girl gave a nod that left her messy locks and abundant curves bouncing. "You have had guests at the table, your majesty. I was hoping perhaps I might be able to offer a favour and have a meal with you, now that your courtships are finished," she mused, scratching at her cheek.

Lidia couldn't help a chuckle. "I have no intention of drawing my blade for favours," she told the girl, watching her deflate, "but, I would appreciate your company, and perhaps the favour can be a chat?"

That perked her back up. "I am not quite skilled in conversation, your majesty," she admitted, "but, I will certainly do my best for some of the chef's cooking."

"Wonderful," the queen smiled, "Then let us get two plates, and what the chef would offer this fine morning. It has been far too many days of foreign foods."

Her whims were granted, with smoked sausage, piping hot, slices of fresh bread, a few eggs, and half-glasses of a young wine. As expected, many of the essentials' reserves were shallow, but it was a fine meal for two nonetheless.

"I will have to have one of the servants do an extra shopping trip in town," Lidia mused over a bite of meat adorned on a morsel of bread.

Gianna simply nodded, enjoying her own with her fingers and a sip of her drink. "It will be nice. I had some of the leftovers from your last suitor, there was quite a bit, lots of pastries," she noted, "Creamy ones."

"They were certainly a treat, though they were not to Lady Natasha's liking," the royal sliced off some egg, watching the half-cooked yolk drain over her bread, "That is something she has in mind if she becomes the castle's second queen, replacing some of the kitchen staff for those more skilled at her local delicacies."

Her consort listened on, swallowing her current bite and washing it back. "That could be nice," she admitted, looking at her plate, stirring her piping meat around with a spoon, "I do like the chef and his work though. It would be disappointing to see him go."

"As do I," Queen Severina agreed. "She has high tastes, and is certainly vigorous."

"Does that mean you have made your decision then, your majesty?" Gianna asked.

The queen mulled it over. "No," she admitted. "I had thought it would be easier, so I am thankful to have a day with just my thoughts, and not the pressures of my repeated courtships."

The young brunette once more nodded, finally getting the link to where she wanted it and cutting it, laying it upon her bread and taking it into her hand. "What is making it hard?" her cheeks tinted red, "I-if it is acceptable for me to ask, your majesty."

"I asked you for conversation, Gianna," the queen chuckled, "you are fine."

She looked again into her dish, following her consort's lead and laying her half-eaten sausage in the puddle upon her soaking slice of bread. "I suppose, I have been looking for something: a sign that the goddess who granted me this power told me of."

Her close servant was still chewing, unable to speak for the grand mouthful she had bitten off. "What type of sign?" she asked, words muffled by her own gluttony.

"What indeed," Lidia sighed. "I only know when I have not seen it. Not to offend, but like yourself, Gianna. If I did not have this power, manhood to shatter your inhibition and food to offer, then I do not believe we would have this sort of intimate relationship."

The consort blushed, actively taking those words to heart. They stung, it was obvious in the wince in her verdant eyes, but in such a way as to be the truth.

"Not that it is a bad thing," her sovereign attempted to reassure her, "simply the reality. While that is fine for a consort, it is not what I want in a wife. So, I suppose the sign is that those things do not matter."

Gianna finished swallowing, dabbing her lips on her sleeve. "Well, did Lady Natasha give any of those signs, your majesty?"

The tanned woman thought it over. "I do not believe so," she had to admit, "She did not even use my given name when I asked, insisting on showing the proper respect to my position."

The girl again flushed. Though it wasn't like she was courting the queen, she was of significantly lower position; even as her consort. "Okay, what about Lady Ermina then?"

It had been two days now since she had last seen the olive beauty. And yet, her thoughts of their time gave her a small flutter. Still, "I am not sure," she answered truthfully. "When our courtship ended, she wanted to say something, but she kept it to herself. It has been bothering me since it happened."

"Well, why not go to see her then, your majesty?" the girl offered. "The staff have been saying she has been going to the archery range since her time with you ended. If the lady has finished her morning meal, she should be there about now."

Such simplicity, and yet, the royal could not argue the suggestion. "I suppose it would help my decision to ensure I have not left anything on the table," she mused, finishing the last bite of her breakfast and dabbing her lips with her handkerchief. "Thank you for your time, Gianna. Enjoy the remainder of your meal."

"I will, your majesty," her consort gave a small dip, and went about polishing off her sausage in one last bite.

The queen gave a dip herself, then set about on her way to her guard's practice area. As said, Ermina was there, dressed in a modest skit, and with a tighter chemise over her chest; the sleeves rolled up past her elbows. She was in the middle of a shot, the strung drawn back, the fletching just below her eye as she took aim. The shaft bending sharply before leaping forth, flying true to land in the second from middle circle, along with another just above it in the centre.

"You have certainly improved in leaps and bounds over two days, Lady Ermina," the tanned beauty noted as she approached.

Those hazel eyes turned the woman's way, her olive cheeks adopting the lightest shade of pink. "Queen Severina," she greeted.

"Please, Lidia is still fine," the sovereign told her.

That flush deepened. "Lidia," she corrected, and just that simple gesture brought an unspoken warmth to the queen's heart. "What brings you by today? Is it not a day of Lady Natasha's courtship?"

"It was moved a day forward," Queen Severina stated, "Thus, I am using the day to consider my decision."

Ermina was quiet, reaching for another arrow and nocking it on the bowstring. "That does not answer why you are here, Lidia," she repeated, a light wince in her eyes as she started to draw.

It did not go unnoticed, the tall royal closing their distance and stopping the action. She took the girl's hand in her own, rolling it to inspect her two fingers.

There was a bandage on her index finger, and her middle was red and near-raw from what must have been hundreds of shots. "I told you not to push yourself, Ermina," she whispered with a tinge of disappointment, tenderly rubbing her prior suitor's stiff knuckles.

Her gaze drifted away from the queen, her embarrassment obvious. "I risked not having another opportunity," she reminded, allowing the royal to continue tending her sore digits.

Lidia was silent, continuing to gently massage the digits in her care. "I am sorry," she whispered, "I should have considered that feeling more before allowing you full reign of my guard's facilities."

"You can hardly put yourself at fault for my decisions, Lidia," Ermina replied, her tone softer than the harsh one she would use with staff, or even their first meeting.

"It was my decision to allow you to be here," the dark-haired woman pointed out in a quick counter, before she went on with her purpose. "It has been gnawing at me. I do not believe being here, sharpening your skills, was what you wanted to tell me that day when we parted."

Her olive suitor bit at her lip, mentally returning to the moment. "It is not important to worry yourself over, Lidia," she told her, still playing that stubborn run around.

Queen Severina took her chin in two fingers, lifting her so that they could connect eye to eye. "That is for me to decide, Ermina," she replied, "I do not want to make a decision that will affect the rest of my life, the future of my kingdom, knowing that any bit was left beneath my notice."

Ermina flushed red, looking deep into the dark pools of that royal gaze. Her injured hand entwined with the queen's own, quivering as she struggled to let herself hold her. "I did not want to sully your choice," she stated, "Lady Natasha deserves this opportunity just as much as I, but..."

Tears welled in her eyes, as she fought her own pride and allowed her vulnerability to the surface. "To me, this is more than the succession of your kingdom. It may be my only chance to--"

Her lip quivered, and looking into those eyes, the longing, Lidia found her sign. She brushed those dark tousled locks from her suitor's face, tucking them behind her ear. "To be with one like you, whose heart rests with another woman."

No longer supported, the girl's head fell, her body slumping against the tall woman's. The queen embraced her, holding her tight, caressing her in this moment of openness. Ermina's arms wrapped her, holding her tight, this chance, this love, she did not wish to lose.

"I do not want to be chosen out of pity, Lidia," her stubborn nature remained firm as ever, ever as her voice wavered.

Lidia only chuckled, holding her tighter. "It is not pity, Ermina," she assured, leaning down to lay a kiss on her head. "You are all I have ever wanted: someone whom I can truly love, and does me in kind."

A small smile creased the olive beauty's lips, even as tears began rolling down her cheeks. "And you I, Lidia Severina," she whispered, finally able to raise her head to face her once more. "I could not be happier than as the wife of a woman who so respects me, and loves me with the whole of her heart."

The queen's hand took the dip of her back, pulling her in that her matronly bust was docked against her own. "Then, as queen of these lands, so shall it be," she purred, and pulled her future wife into a loving kiss.

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Some months had passed, the warmth of summer making way for the cool fall, soon to be the chill bite of winter. The Queens Severina ascended their tower, fingers entwined, and eyes full of desire after a long day's rule, and the obvious announcement, as Ermina's free hand rest upon the well-swollen bump of their coming child, heir to the throne.

It was not the only part of her that had gown either. Many attempts to get this far had left her with breasts like a man's skull, already leaking in preparation for when their baby arrived, and there could be no doubt her hips were prepared for the duty. The Mother Queen, Ermina Severina, she was known to the people; a title she wore proudly.

The Virgin Queen no longer, Lidia led the way to their chambers, hardly able to keep her hands from the voluptuous form of her wife. The Miracle Conceiver, she had delivered for her people a divine gift through her secrets. And, as many nights before, it was time for the woman to fulfil her duties.

Their door swung in, and at once, the tanned queen's lips locked with her wife's. She pulled her in as close as her extreme body would allow, guiding her to the bed and helping to lay the burdened woman down before moving a hand to the ornament on her hip.

Ermina stopped her with a hand, giving a playful chuckle. "Lidia, I am already pregnant," she pointed out, sceptically, "And I think I am quite big enough for the task," she nodded down to the deep cleavage her dress forced her to support, "any more and I will not be able to hold a bow for the hunt."

Her wife flushed, following her wishes and removing her hand from the dagger's hilt. "Very well, my love," she surrendered, looming over her, "then how would you like the evening to go? I have seen the way you have been undressing me with your eyes all day."

The olive beauty smirked, her own bit of power obvious. "I can hardly reach myself with all this," she purred, laying her arms over the woman's shoulders. "So, what say you undress as my eyes have apparently been doing to you all day, and then you can act as your consort and put your head up my skirt to please a queen?"

The redness grew in Lidia's cheeks, and she offered one last hungry kiss upon those smooth lips before pulling away with a grin. "So shall it be, your majesty," she bowed, and began to strip out of her dress.

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Kasumi smiled warmly, watching the scene unfold in the small orb on the desk. "Well, I suppose a few prayers aren't that bad," she mused, waving a hand over the orb to move the scene forward, the lovers on horseback, smiling warmly on a hunt with their daughter.

"You know it doesn't turn out well for them," another voice joined her. A fiery redhead, her face cast in shadow from the wide-brimmed cap akin to that of a witch. Despite the dark, it did nothing to diminish the golden glow of her eyes. "Her kingdom gets taken in only a few decades."

"So?" the goddess offered, tweaking the tuning on her guitar, "Let them be happy while they can, Matty."

"Yeah," a third joined them, laying her lithe arms over the witch's shoulders. A wall of bust conformed to the redhead's back, her hat knocking from her head, revealing her blonde, vulpine ears and letting her twin tails loose against the being behind her.

Rich blue locks poured over the vixen's shoulder, a horned head coming around with a wide grin upon her kissable lips. "Let them be happy, Matty, like us!" she chirped, planting a kiss on the woman's cheek.

Matty flushed, one of her large, furred claws reaching back against the one holding her's thigh, as she was slowly pulled into that expansive bust for a tight hug.

"Luna's got the idea," Kasumi chuckled, giving a strum to check the tune of her instrument. "Give it to her, succ!"

The succubus's spaded tail swished, slapping her trapped vixen on the bottom. "Always," she chirped, peppering more kisses on the redhead.

The witch grumbled, though the half-smile she wore couldn't be denied. "Alright, fine," she submit, her fluffy tails coming around as she sank into the buxom demon's bosom and affections, "You win Lulu."

"Yay," she succubus scooped her up in her arms, giving a spin that left her abundant proportions jiggling. "Happy endings," she snuggled the foxy woman close.

"For now," Kasumi mused, watching the two go with a somewhat sombre look in her hazel eyes. The threads binding them revealed, showing none connected to the jubilant demon. "Fate always collects some day..."