

## Royal Duties

The morning routine was *boring*.

Veshia failed to stifle a yawn as she awkwardly sat in the sturdy, backless, dwarf-made stool planted in front of multiple large full-length mirrors adorning this wall of her boudoir. Even with a frame made of palanantite and cushioned silk stuffed with swan-feathers, the chair was stuffy and uncomfortable and felt too small under her broad, royal, hips and wobbling cliff-face of a butt. While she was thankful it didn't have armrests that would have locked her maternal curves in place, it also meant she felt rather unbalanced in the seat. Her powerful legs, spread wide to accommodate her condition, may have provided some stability as she dug her slippered feet into the shag carpet. Still though, Veshia still felt like an emu-egg balanced atop a tea spoon by this point.

She craned her neck to peer over the top of her cleavage and the horizon of her belly beyond in order to observe the groggy reflection in the central mirror. She saw a mousy, slender, face dotted with light freckles. Her eyes blinked sleepily, with her family's distinctively luminous pink irises shielded behind a set of round silver-framed glasses resting on the bridge of her pert nose. Her ears were round, despite her elven heritage. It was common knowledge that longer, pointier, ears would determine one's magical talents, but Veshia did at least know some magic. Enough spells to make her day-to-day a little easier – such as having your shoes slip onto your feet without needing to bend over to grab them. That was a crucial spell for one of her size.

She breathed deeply of the strawberry scent of the oils being combed through her long, wavy, nut-brown hair by the maids. The simple act of taking a breath nearly broke her line of sight as her wobbling breasts rose and fell languidly. She'd need a new nightgown soon, the ruffled lavender-coloured material strained around her curves and the neckline stretched comically around her bulbous chest. She could barely feel any slack in the material as her fingertips traced random swirls and patterns over what little she could reach of her belly's sides.

She could feel a kick here and there across the surface, as her numerous babes jostled each other for space. Only occasionally would she feel the movement with her hands, given how huge she was; and though Veshia did cherish feeling her own babies, she much preferred feeling the kicks and shoves coming from the mountainous wombs of other women. It was good for artistic inspiration. Something she felt now, in fact, as Mera and Yojie stood behind her. Both handmaidens were bent double, their legs spread like an A-frame tent on either side of bulging wombs that rested firmly on the floor. Their maid outfits had been re-hemmed again and again as they continued to swell. Veshia could still tell from the angles of the surrounding mirrors that the sheer fertility of her servants caused the hems of the dresses to hike up when they were in such compromising positions. Indeed, she'd positioned some smaller oval mirrors *just right* to show

off the exposed swath of underbelly peeking under each maid's dress and the plump thighs sporting stockings and garterbelts of black lace.

Even as Veshia watched, Mera glanced back under her own chestnut-coloured bangs to meet her eye. The maid narrowed her baby-blue eyes knowingly and smiled coyly before nonchalantly wiggling her heart-shaped ass at the mirror, the hem swaying to expose maternity panties into a near-thong with the size of the asscheeks crushing them. Mera disguised her lewd movement as simply shifting to get comfortable, nuzzling her belly both into both Yojie's own, but also into Veshia's back. The blonde maid gave her cohort an irked glance and resumed running the jade comb through her mistress' long-tresses. Veshia subtly bit her lip as she felt the quartet of her maid's breasts wobble together and press softly into her upper back and shoulders.

Mera was an unabashed flirt, who deigned no bra beneath her uniform, and her nipples had hardened as she dug them into Veshia's shoulder blade. Even though Yojie was usually-nonsense, Veshia couldn't help but feel the same tented nubs poking her other shoulder as the blonde carefully gathered up her freshly-combed hair. Both maids set about braiding the hair with well-practiced movements, almost in synch with each other. It was a slow task, not only due to both maids not wanting to make a mistake – but also because they had to reach around and above their own huge chests to do so.

"We're done Princess." Yojie murmured, nodding in lieu of giving a bow due to how huge she was. She and Mera gingerly shuffled back and away in order to have room to slowly stand upright with a soft grunt each. The maids mirrored each other in both uniform and size, the traditional black-and-white maid outfits stretched to encompass mountainous the bellies and breasts so commonly seen around the palace's female staff. Despite this, they were eclipsed by Veshia's size by a solid extra 1/3<sup>rd</sup> of fertile mass. The Princess admired their handiwork in the mirror, noting the thick braids dangling on both sides to rest atop her mountainous breasts. It was her preferred hairstyle, chosen to honor her peasant-grandmother's look as a youth. She compared it to the small portrait of her Nan-Nan resting on an oak makeup cabinet to one side.

"Good work you two! Now... let's pick out an outfit that still fits and we'll head to the banquet hall..." Veshia affirmed with a soft smile and nod before slowly starting to stand...

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*Slowly* was the best word to describe Veshia's trek through the spacious, gilded, halls. She was squeezed into a diaphanous white dress accentuated with a key-lime-pie-green outer gown encompassing her shoulders and slender arms while left open to show her mountainous curves. Soft slippers of white velvet cushioned her dainty feet as she gingerly waddled along the crimson carpeting lining the floor of this wing of the palace. Yes, slowly described basically how the entire palace grounds worked. Oh sure, the Kingdom of Valthria could be quick when it needed to be – able to assemble military contingents in response to threats or natural disasters – but these were times of peace and prosperity on the world of Torranoc. The usual hustle and

bustle of the capitol was strangely languid here, with any isolated buzz of activity almost exclusively done by men who had to weave and squeeze through pockets of baby-bloated women shuffling along in their various duties.

One such lad emphasized this: a lanky youth with sandy-blond hair peeking from a feathered-page's cap jogging along with a scroll case under one arm. He hardly broke stride as he circumvented the lumbering Valthrian Princess and her trailing maids, only sketching a half-bow and cap-doff while making sure to give the pregnant women a wide berth.

"Highness, Ladies." He puffed between breaths with a nod to each before continuing on his way.

"Come see me when you're free, Kest!" Mera called after him, blowing a kiss with a wink as the page looked back in surprise.

"After your shift, of course." Yojie chided with her pointed nose tilted skywards and eyes shut haughtily.

"Of course..." The other maid groaned sarcastically, sticking her tongue out at the blonde.

Seeing Yojie's emerald eyes snap open with a huff, Veshia interjected before her handmaidens could argue. "My duties today are light." She smiled to put them each at ease. "I have a... meeting, I've been waiting for. So perhaps both of you could get part of the day off before then. No point in following my fat butt around if you don't need to."

"P-princess!" Yojie exclaimed, half-heartedly shocked. The three of them had been childhood friends and so knew each other's personalities and quirks, but it didn't stop either Mera or Veshia from poking fun at the business-minded blonde.

"Not that I would mind following you around when you're so big like this!" Mera chimed in, leaning slightly to peer at her Princess' asscheeks shuffling back and forth beneath the material of her gown as they walked. She and Veshia grinned cheekily at each other before looking over at the blonde to see her reaction.

Yojie rubbed her temples with dainty fingertips, looking annoyed despite the blush creeping across her ivory complexion. "Let's at least get breakfast first before talking about bedding each other, alright?"

"*Fii-iine~*" the maid and royal replied in-unison singsong before sharing a look and breaking into a fit of giggles. After a moment, the corner of Yojie's mouth twitched upwards before she chuckled along as well. This humour was broken when a scampering gaggle of children turned a corner of the hall in a raucous stampede and rushed towards them. They aged anywhere from six to ten years, their fine clothing designed for outdoor use and was already

scuffed from dirt and grass stains from the palace gardens. Leading the charge was Veshia's youngest brother Torin, astride a plush solar-raptor head on the end of a stick, its button-eyes bobbing comically. The dark-haired boy laughed uproariously while waving a blunt sword carved of wood. Unlike Veshia, who possessed rounded ears that had been seen amongst humans, Torin sported short-pointed ones associated with half-elves.

"Skywhales dead ahead!" The lad crowed, pointing his fake weapon at his sister and the maids. "Run around them or they'll roll over and squish you!" His various friends and siblings followed suit, churning around the trio in a babbling mass.

"Why you little gremlins!" Yojjie snapped irately as the dirty hoodlums swarmed past her. She ponderously turned to see Torin stick his tongue out at her with a pulled-down an eyelid before dashing around another corner, leading the pack out of view. "Ugh! My uniform!" The blonde woman cried out as she saw the results of the escapade. Sure enough, the sheer volume of royal and noble children had been unable to avoid contact with her mountainous belly completely, and so smudges of dirt and grass stains had been transferred to the white of the material as a result. Her friends had fared little better; especially Veshia whose once-immaculate dress was especially pattered with the smudgy handprints of those children in Torin's company who curiously rubbed the princess's mountainous swell as they had passed.

Far from discouraged at her dirtied attire, Veshia instead looked knowingly at her companions, planting her hands on her wide hips and pushing her milky-chest out along with her ovaloid belly in pride. "Not to worry girls I've been practicing!" And at this the princess extended an index finger in front of her face, fixing her pink eyes to it with focus before murmuring, "*Twel'kirranoc Ewel-Vesis!*" and with a soft *pop*, a soap-bubble filled with soft-white light appeared hovering an inch over her fingertip.

"Ooh that's new!" Mera said in wonder, stopping her attempts at cleaning her own uniform.

"Yup! Jessamine's been teaching me! I might even get another lesson this morning!" Veshia explained before pointing her finger to Yojjie first and letting a conjured stream of bubbles flow over the blonde in a cloud. The bubbles squeaked softly like rubber as they nuzzled each other in a carpet over the maid's curves, the glowing white interiors of the bubbles turning an earthy green-brown as they absorbed the offending dirt and stains peppering Yojjie's rotund body. The effect might have been *too* efficient, however, as Yojjie gave a squeak of surprise and stifled a gasp behind a trembling hand with her eyes shut tight against a blushing face. The bubbles were eager with their ministrations, the roiling mass especially fluctuating around the blonde maid's enormous breasts – and Veshia realized with a start that the ones capping the peaks of her friend's boobs were turning a creamy white colour rather than the earthy tones of those ridding her of dirt.

“Oh! Sorry Yojie!” Veshia managed before dismissing the bubbly swarm with a snap of her fingers. The maid tenderly rubbed the damp nubs tenting her dress, the blush only fading marginally from her flustered face. Other than the slight milking, Yojie’s dress was now dry and clean. She muttered thanks before clearing her throat with an awkward cough into her clenched fist to signal that the matter was closed.

Feeling somewhat foolish, the princess turned to find Mera practically leaning in cheek-to-cheek with a sly smile caressing her face. “Neat trick! Now do me!”

Veshia huffed a laugh shaking her head. “Alright, hold still then...”

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They arrived in the spacious banquet hall just as breakfast was beginning, the clatter of dishware and cutlery sounding from under the hubbub of gossip, intrigue, and general small-talk. The central table spanned the length of the hall and was lined with placemats and various dishes from the well-stocked palace larder. Ice runes carved in the walls of metal storage lockers beneath the palace allowed for a smorgasbord of ingredients to be kept for months without spoiling. This staved off any scarcity while trade ships plied Torranoc’s vast seas to reach other lands. The local farms were rich with rice and grain in this time of plenty, and livestock grew especially hale in the spring, so that supplemented the menu regardless of trade.

Few looked up to greet the trio as they made their way down along the crowded table edge, Veshia wasn’t an egotist who’d demand everyone stop what they were doing just to pay her homage – besides she was one of many royals in the palace. If everyone paused to bow to them, then nothing would get done around here!

It was mixed seating at the table, maids and more common folk mingling openly with merchants, knights, priests, and other hangers-on of the court. Generally the royals would sit together more out of familial convenience than any attempt at distancing themselves from other classes. The seats were varied as well, ranging from benches, chairs, stools, and even plush recliners with matching ottomans for the especially huge women amongst the guests. Veshia spied her usual armless recliner near the far end of the table next to trays of omurice topped with bacon crumbs. Other dishes spread along the table in waves of plenty: cream-topped strawberry and blueberry crepes, steaming fillets of steelcarp in beds of rice, chocolate oatcakes, diced-and-fried sweet potato, miso soup, and dozens of other foods besides. Arra, the head chef had really outdone herself as usual. Though, come to think of it, it seemed that the redhead wasn’t here in the dining room – and Arra never missed a chance to speak to those who so enjoy her cooking.

*“Mmm! It’s so flaky!”* Veshia overheard a merchant remark to his wife after biting into a lingonberry croissant. *“It’s feels like Arra experiments with new dishes every time we’re here. Where is she by the way? I want to toast the chef.”*

*“Apparently, her water broke just as everything was finished cooking. She’s birthing her current bunch as we speak.”* The merchant’s wife responded, dabbing her husband’s close-cropped beard free of berry sauce with a napkin.

*‘Ah.’* Veshia thought, realizing now why she hadn’t seen the plump, older woman. Arra was probably squatting now in her chambers, in the throes of orgasmic labor and birth of her second bunch of children. She’d had thirteen last time, and had looked even larger at full term when Veshia had last seen her. Absentmindedly, Veshia placed a hand to her own belly. *‘I wonder how many I’ll push out when the time comes.’* Her womb dwarfed that of the head chef’s, and Veshia still had awhile to go.

As she neared her usual spot at the table, Veshia’s batch-brother Aubron looked up from spreading jam on a rye bun, his normally serious features softening slightly upon seeing his rotund sister. With flinty eyes and a ranger-style haircut – close cropped on the sides but medium length on the top so his bangs combed to the side – Aubron fully looked the part of a military leader and Paladin of the Roaring Blade despite being out of his armor. Where normally he was clad in drab military gear of brass scale-mail and deep-crimson breastplate and pauldrons with a clockwork greatsword sheathed across his back, Veshia’s brother instead wore the simple white robes with golden trim of his Knightly Order. His ears were long and pointed: twice as long than little Torin’s, and pointer like a knife blade to hint that Aubron had more elven blood in his veins than many of his siblings.

He gave the trio a firm nod and indicated the open spots for them to sit, his eyes locking on Yojjie’s a moment longer before he looked away with a pointed sniff of his patrician nose. “Good morning. Breakfast is still warm, best get to it.” He stated flatly before biting into the bun and reaching for the morning paper.

*“You two still haven’t made up?”* Mera whispered to her blonde friend. Yojjie pursed her lips at this and flicked her wrist to indicate the matter be dropped. The feeling was awkward between Veshia’s friend and brother, so she gingerly lowered herself into the recliner next to Aubron’s chair, acting as a sort of fertile wall between her handmaid and the warrior-prince. “Good morning brother.” She mumbled before sliding the recliner sideways with a pulse of magic to put it parallel with the edge of the table so she could reach the spread of foodstuffs. “You look underdressed. I thought you were assigned on some knightly business today?” She added before pouring herself some honeymint tea.

“Mmm.” Aubron confirmed with a nod and sip from his own cup, pink eyes not leaving the newspaper as he skimmed it. “There’s been sightings of kraken-ships off the coast of Drendenhall, so the mayor requested aid from the Order. I’ll be leaving past noon along with a contingent of guard and some of the Greatforged. We should reach port by sundown and guard the city by night, then investigate in-earnest next morning.”

“That’ll be *after* mother holds court, eh brother?” Came a wry reply from across the table. Veshia looked up to see another of her batch-siblings; Terehil, who grinned at her and raised a gloved hand in greeting. His clothes were fancy to the point of being gaudy, specifically the green velvet waistcoat with golden-leaf filigree. She could even see the silver chain supporting his guitar case hanging over the top of his chair. Terehil’s strawberry blonde hair was pulled back in a tight ponytail, and had an uncharacteristic streak of black hair in the upper left of his mane - a quirk of birth. Veshia guessed her loud, musical, brother had used his hairstyle to woo many a maiden who attended his concerts. An accomplished mage specializing in lightning magic, Prince Terehil Veilstar used his skills to create dazzling pyrotechnics during his shows. His ears were short-points like Torin’s, but pierced with small golden hoops and studs. “G’morning sis! I’d ask why you hadn’t deigned to greet me - your favourite brother - this fine day! But I know you can’t see well in front due to your current size.” He stuck his tongue out teasingly while stirring his coffee with a dainty teaspoon.

Not all of her many siblings lived in the palace, or even the capitol of Relengard itself. Fate and fancy had seen plenty of Veshia’s brothers and sisters – both batch-siblings and younger ones – travel and settle across the Great Continent and other shores beyond. Merchants, scholars, physicians, magistrates, *magisters*, soldiers, knights, paladins, admirals, priests, husbands, wives – let it be said that none of Queen Hildegard’s many children were pigeonholed into being mere political pawns or bargaining chips.

“Shut it, you glittering weasel. The last thing a woman her size wants to hear is you belittling her for it, take it from me!” Came a hissed response to Terehil’s quip, even as Veshia opened her mouth to snap a reply. Slowly, with undulating movements, the lamian Ambassador Irzu slithered into view. Her scaled body was massive, rivalling Veshia’s own curves, and was squeezed into an all-too-small looking bikini garment of teal silk. The gravid lamian’s blue-black hair spilled down her back in inky waves, locked at hair hairline by a pearl speckled hairband. Her scaled skin was sea green and serpentine but possessed a glittering sheen to it like the skin of a fish.

Powerful shoulders trailed up to a strong neck leading to an angular face possessing high cheekbones, plump lips, and a human nose despite her snakelike species. Her ears were pointed but possessed a triad of fanning points, like the fin of a fish. Her yellow eyes with slitted pupils flashed in annoyance at Terehil as she came close. Her lower body comprised of a long, powerfully muscled snake-tail rather than human legs. Strong enough to readily carry her fertile load and heaving breasts, Irzu used it now to lift herself a head taller than normal. She looked to all like a great, green, mountain set to crash down upon the cheeky bard. Though, having seen the lamian woman’s size, Veshia knew this *technically* wouldn’t be the first time such a thing had occurred.

Far from cowed at this, Terehil instead splayed his fingers on his narrow chest and mockingly recoiled in shock with an over-exaggerated gasp. “My *dear, sweet, swollen* Lady! It

pains me to think that you, our honored ambassadorial guest, would be so offended on my sister's behalf! Why, *little Vesh-Vesh* and I have been teasing each other since childhood! It's sort of our personal game, if you will!" Despite this, the Bard-Prince's smile grew sheepish and he pointedly turned his eyes to Veshia as if in silent, pleading, apology.

Veshia let the moment hang, just long enough to scoop a forkful of omurice into her mouth and chew, letting her brother – frozen in place under the snake-woman's gaze – sweat just a little. Irzu's serpentine eyes regarded her expectantly. The ambassador's toned arms were crossed over her enormous chest, squishing the milk-bloated pillows enough to unknowingly start to dampen the silken top. Terehil had noticed as well, his eyes now locked on those swollen, lightly-scaled, orbs. He was starting to sweat for another reason now and those riding pants of his were bound to be getting tight...

The princess swallowed, dabbing her mouth free of catsup, before fanning her hand dismissively at the cheeky prince. "I'm afraid my earnest brother is correct, Irzu. He's always been a snippy braggart – especially in the mornings. We all take it in stride, isn't that right *Teri*?" Veshia huffed at him. Not missing a beat, Terehil cleared his throat with a nod to his sister. "Q- quite right! I meant nothing of it." He swiftly pulled a chair out and away from the table proper, clearing a space for the lamian ambassador.

"Damn right you didn't." Irzu replied with a soft *hmph*, coiling her snakelike lower half under her baby-bloated body in lieu of using a chair. She remained close to Terehil, looking at him surreptitiously beneath narrowed eyes with a light blush on her scaled cheeks. "Thanks for the spot..." she nodded, reaching for a bacon and feta banitsa.

"Think nothing of it, dearest." Terehil replied with a grin, sipping his coffee and patting the snake woman lovingly on the belly.

Yoljie and Mera had stayed silent during the brief exchange, simply not wanting to interject rather than being forbidden to. They soon chatted quietly about their plans for the day whilst beginning to dig into their chosen dishes. For his part, Aubron hadn't looked up from his morning paper either.

Biting into a cinnamon roll slathered in honey, Veshia blinked, "Wait... we have to attend while Mother's holding court today?"

"Don't talk with your mouth full." Her Paladin brother said with a glance. He then set the paper down with an exasperated sigh. "And yes we do. The Feylian Ambassador is arriving today to establish better relations between her nation and Valthria. If you actually paid attention during dinner this past week, you'd know all about this." Aubron rested his high-cheekboned face in his hand with eyebrows raised, looking unimpressed.

"Ugh! But politics are *so boring*!" Veshia responded with an exaggerated groan.



“Then don’t go into them then.” The blonde soldier huffed. “Choose something that gets you out of the palace and out into the world a bit more, sister.”

“Easy for you to say. You aren’t weighed down with dozens of children.”

“Too right, but keep in mind our dear sister Jessamine is *bigger* than your size and she still teaches magic courses at the Tirvaheim College.”

“Jessa has a magic carpet to help haul her fat butt around.” Veshia pointed out.

“Yes, and you can ask her to make you one.” Aubron shot back, sipping his tea.

The princess pursed her lips at this. “Maybe. I’ll ask her during our next lesson. But, I still like being here, with my books, and my inks.”

“Sister, you may enjoy The Ninth’s writings, I’ll admit to liking the ancient picture-texts he brought with him to the world. But please, spread yourself out a bit more? For me? For Mother? Sitting in a study to draw and write all day, gorging yourself on Arra’s snacks and steadily getting bigger is no way for the twelfth princess to solely behave.”

“Says soldier-boy.” Veshia felt her face flush with annoyance, “When’s the last time you went anywhere that wasn’t an assignment from the Order? Or a training patrol leading neophytes? Hells, Aubron! When’s the last time you took Yojie out somewhere like the playhouse or even the palace gardens for a picnic?!”

“Hush, Veshia.” Ever calm, the Paladin raised a hand to halt his sister now that she was starting to raise her voice. “I’ll admit to... working a fair bit more than I used to,” at this he leaned over in his seat to look past Veshia’s bulk at what she was sure was Yojie and her own bump. “But I want to do all I can to make the world a better place before they arrive.”

“And I get that, I really do. But you need to spend some actual time with her before then too.” Veshia’s voice softened, she fiddled with the sleeve of her dress, a habit from childhood whenever she was embarrassed. She didn’t mean to sour the mood.

A cranberry scone landed squarely on the table between them.

“Enough bickering!” Terehil called across from them. “Eat up! We’ve a long, *boring*, morning at court to get through!”

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Technically, Queen Hildegard held court on most weekdays, as it was one of her royal duties to the people and nation to oversee such matters of governance. While yes, she did have veritable platoons of administrators to do the bulk of such work; but the Queen still wanted to have an active hand in administering her country.

She just wasn't in a habit of asking her children to attend.

Some of the princes and princesses had attended before, mainly those with an interest in national politics or trade. Those few of Veshia's myriad siblings with an interest in law also would show up to observe. Though the bulk of the royal children who were of-age were spread far and wide beyond the palace walls and the capitol itself, many would visit home from time to time. Veshia shuffled awkwardly next to one of these returned siblings, feeling like a grapefruit next to a tall string bean.

Her batch-sister Leonie wasn't pregnant - but her presence filled the room in other ways. Fit and athletic, with form-fitted ranger armor, Leonie was nearly two-heads taller than Veshia. Her fiery orange hair pulled up and back in a tight scalp-lock that ran down over the curve of the silver greatbow slung across her back. Leonie had graduated from the Ranger Corps two years ago and hadn't been back since. Sure, she'd sent letters and even gifts on holidays, but the Ranger-Princess was a wanderer the world-over and didn't like to be tied down for very long; which made her presence here in the assembly portion of the great hall all the more surprising. Sensing her rotund sister's scrutiny, the Amazonian redhead looked over and down at Veshia.

"It's good to see you, sister." Veshia could hear the smile in Leonie's voice, despite her mouth being obscured by the silver heaume-mask covering the lower half of her face. "I could hardly believe you had attended the Convocation when I'd heard the news, but here you are, so round and huge - like mother."

Veshia shuffled a bit at that, "I'm not as big as mother..." she mumbled, resting a hand to her silk-clad bump and rubbing it.

"Still though, you hadn't been present at any of mother's previous Convocations with The Ninth since coming of age." Leonie mused, looking back to the assembled spread throughout the great hall.

"Neither did you." Veshia pointed out.

"Yes, well, I wasn't in the capitol at the time, was I? Hells, I don't think I was even on the continent come to think of it..." Out of habit, the Ranger-Princess rested her mask-clad chin in her hand to think, looking off in the middle-distance.

Veshia let her sister muse, and turned her attention back to the matter at hand. She was standing in a row alongside several of her brothers and sisters - some of her batch-siblings, though not all, and a smattering of the younger ones as well. Those siblings in their late teens or who were of-age, at least. The younger Royal Children such as Torin would be antsy or bored to tears if they were forced to attend, and so the lad and other siblings like him were exempt from attending. They were either busy with lessons or permitted a day off due to staggered schooling schedules. Aubron stood near the end of the line closest to the stairs leading down the landing,

the Paladin Prince now clad in his bronze scale-mail and crimson warplate, his mana-channeled sword sheathed across his back, its many sawtooth teeth at rest in the long track running the edges of the blade.

Terehil stood near Aubron, chatting idly away with his younger brother Connalyn, the Painter Prince. Knowing Terehil, he was probably discussing the details of a portrait he wanted to have done by the sandy-haired youth. And given how Terehil kept gesturing to Irzu as he spoke, it wasn't intended as a solo portrait. Other siblings comprised the rest of the line, those called upon to attend the court and those who arrived willingly. Some lived in the palace, others in the capitol proper. They came from all walks of life. Veshia noticed that her batch-sister Jessamine wasn't here though. This wasn't unusual given that the Mage-Princess curried enough favour with mother to be let off the hook for most social gatherings – especially if she was teaching a class and could not break away.

The palace's great hall was a vast, rectangular edifice, easily large enough that a regiment of soldiers could have fit with little effort. It mostly comprised of a series of tiered landings leading upwards to the dais where the throne sat. The smooth floor, walls, and vast vaulted ceiling was made of white marble threaded with veins of grey, gold, or pink. These veins in the marble practically glowed in the well-lit room. Sunlight streamed in great beams from the windows at the rear of the hall lining above and flanking the enormous set of double doors leading out into the gardens. Enormous brass chandeliers fitted with light crystals in the place of candles hung from the high ceiling. Plush red carpet trimmed in golden filigree was spread across most of the lower tier where the bulk of the royal court was situated. Huge tapestries hung from the walls, mostly depicting significant events of the history of the Kingdom of Valthria and Greater Torranoc beyond.

Veshia knew these tales since childhood. They primarily showcased the arrival of the being known as 'The Traveler'. A human male from another world, plucked from the moment of his unexpected death at the hands of a monster he called a 'truck' and spirited away across space and time to be deposited here in their world. The Moon Goddess Yusuna had summoned him to be the Hero that would save Torranoc at the time of greatest peril. For back then the world was in chaos, the land a cracked wasteland and the people of the world struggling under the clawed boot of the Demon Prince Zarvail – *The Shining One*, and his hordes of demonic armies and otherworldly minions. The Demon Prince had arrived centuries prior from a rift in the sky and set about conquering Torranoc and putting its people to the lash and sword.

Though giving a spirited defense, both humanity and the elves of old had been decimated; even moreso than the nations of other races – to the point near-extinction. The arrival of the Traveler turned the tide, having been reincarnated upon this world as Half-Human and Half-Elf – the first of his kind. Such a hybrid had not been seen upon Torranoc before, the races of the land lacking any ability to interbreed before this point. The Traveler quested for years and rallied the assembled races of the land in resistance to the Demon Prince. Eventually, at the

Battle of the Rift from whence the demons initially came; The Traveler defeated Zarrael and banished the Demon Prince to the realm between dimensions. He then presented Zarrael's forces with a choice: surrender, or follow their master. Amazingly, enough of the otherworldly beings relented and agreed to The Traveler's mercies, as well as a smattering of the lesser demonic races. Thus did the ancestor races of the likes of the lamians, Orcs, Kobolds, Gnolls, Goblins, Succubi - and other races besides - settle on Torranoc.

The Traveler established a kingdom on the very spot where he's first arrived in the world. That kingdom was Valthria, which had endured for nearly six millennia since. Though decimated by the war, elves and humans were saved from extinction and rebuilt their populations by interbreeding to eventually become solely the Half-Elven race. That explained the variety of ear shapes and sizes Veshia and her siblings shared, indeed a trait all half-elves shared. Humanity and elfkind were essentially no-more in today's world, both having melded together for mutual survival after The Traveler's arrival unlocked, somehow, the ability to produce hybrids. Half-elves were the only hybrids on the planet, as unions between the races otherwise resulted in batches of mixed offspring of either parent's race.

Certain secondary traits could still be carried on – such as height factors or muscle mass. A minotaur birthing a some gnome daughters in her litter could result in one daughter growing breasts far larger and milkier when compared to a gnome gal with two gnome parents. No other traits would be carried over, meaning no gnomes with horns and tails for example. Though this wasn't set in stone, as nothing was stopping a goblin woman from having enormous milk-cannons despite coming from an only-goblin lineage. Pregnancies tended to last around six years or so on Torranoc – give or take a few months depending on the race.

The Traveler brokered relations with other races and nations, establishing a web of interlocking alliances that made the world all the stronger for it. Though it did not encompass every nation on the vast globe of the world, enough agreed to the union due to either The Traveler's aid to them during the war, or his falling in love with one or more female from their race. Indeed, the post-war period saw the rise of several baby-bloated satellite-queens who had met The Traveler as mere maidens years prior.

After nearly five centuries of reign, The Traveler received a vision from Yusuna the Moon Goddess on his death bed and his final wish was that his body be cremated and the ashes mixed into platinum ore to smelt an artefact. He was to be ascended as a consort of Yusuna, the first ever, and would take his place amongst Torranoc's pantheon as the ninth god. That artefact made from his mortal remains was The Pillar of Virility. It was crafted to be a phallus of surprising girth and length, thirteen inches long and nearly three in girth. It stood tall with a pair of smooth testicles the size of ripe oranges, projected from a golden hexagonal plinth. And it was technically Veshia's and her many siblings' father.

There was no centralized monarchy on Torranoc, or at least nothing established by the Ninth that would have much matched the ones seen in the world he came from. The Pillar called and maidens of the kingdom answered. Mother described it as an ‘echo in her dreams’, of a vague, smiling face given by a stalwart stranger who shone with the light of the cosmos. And whose penis that hung between his legs would match the eternal girth of the Pillar itself. Hildegard, merely a seamstress from a commoner family then, followed the call to the capitol and was permitted ‘audience’ with the Pillar. Impaling herself on the thick shaft of metal, the blushing, moaning, maiden coaxed it to orgasm and blasting her fertile womb with a veritable storm of gently glowing semen, conceiving Veshia and her sibling in that moment.

Throughout her resulting pregnancy and the early years of her children’s lives, Hildegard was trained in the ways of statecraft by the plethora of magisters, chancellors, ministers, and other officials besides. It was an irrefutable law of the world by this point, whichever woman who was impregnated by the Ninth’s seed shall inherit Queenship, no exceptions. A Queen would rule until she either chose retirement, or died; at which times the position was forfeit and the Queen would step down to establish herself as nobility or another class. This change passed on to her children as well.

There was no shame in such things. Torranoc was *vast*, a world at least a hundred times the size of the one The Traveler had been plucked from; and it was abundant. The kingdom could easily weather the months-long gap between Queens, and each queen’s family was no worse off when stepping down. Indeed, maidens of other races and nations had been called by the Pillar as well – The Ninth did have an extensive harem of wives during his mortal reign after all. At such times, these newly-crowned foreign Queens would carry their fertile burdens back home. Far from causing petty entanglements in matters of succession or border disputes, these unions served to better strengthen relations between countries whose Queens both had felt the Pillar’s tempting pulse.

Even as her pink-eyes roved the assembly, Veshia picked out a green sphere that she recognized as Prild, a Tinker-Princess of the goblin realm and a distant cousin of hers. The metre-tall goblin woman noticed Veshia and raised her gangly arm above her head, peering over breasts half the size of her bump. The diameter of Prild’s womb rivalled her height, and half of the sphere was straining the denim work overalls stretched like a second skin over her short frame. The goblin princess grinned widely, her pudgy face and pointed nose lightly smudged with oil and grease, though her messy ponytail of reddish-brown hair had remained clean. The two cousins exchanged nods, and Veshia continued looking about the hall.

Besides her goblin cousin, there were delegates from other nations; usually those with embassies based around the palace. Irzu and some of her lamian cohort stood to Veshia’s right down the line placed at the top tier. Each tier determined the status of those who stepped upon it, with usually the topmost intended for royals and delegates, the mid-tier used by nobility and mercantile classes, and lower tier being the open floor of the hall intended for everyone else. Still

there was no strict hierarchy and Veshia saw casual mingling everywhere she looked: a blushing, fresh-faced knight leaned in over a noblewoman's huge silk-clad bump to whisper something in her pointed ear. Whatever he had said must have been agreeable because the noblewoman laughed musically and ran a slender finger under the knight's stubbled chin. Her whispered reply and bedroom-eyes caused him to blush further.

A gnoll woman on the merchant's tier was apparently doing some last minute business; with emphasis on *last-minute* given how ripe she looked, with a womb stretching well past her knees as she squatted atop an all-too-small stool. Her body was layered in light fur with speckles here and there, and she was nearly nude with only a night-black corset fighting a pendulous pair of breasts and did nothing to cover her bump. Her hair was deep-purple and ran down her muscular back to tickle the shelf of an ass so bulbous that the cheeks provided butt-cleavage due to how low and tight her riding pants were. Her face was humanoid, her features petite and her muzzle short. Despite their hyena-like appearances, gnolls lacked a lot of the bestial features one would expect. They had no hunched backs, their tails were stubby, and their legs plantigrade in structure. This gnoll female looked especially close to birth, given how her hands kept rubbing the tight, lightly-furred, surface of her belly and the deep heaving breaths she took that caused breasts larger than her head to rise and fall slowly. Braxton hicks, Veshia estimated, though she was no expert in such thigs. She did know that gnoll females also lacked the birthing difficulties hyenas had, so this merchant was in for a pleasurable birth once her waters broke.

The gnoll's business associate was a kobold. About a head shorter than the gnoll woman, this similarly-furred female was no less pregnant, at least in terms of proportions. Kobolds utterly lacked a snout, instead having features that were much more humanoid despite the otherwise canine appearance. Her ears were pointed but partly folded, as-opposed to the gnoll's rounded ears. Her fur was a light brown, though her hair was a golden blonde and tailored into a pixie cut. The kobold woman was squeezed into a ruffled shirt of white silk with straining black sailor pants adorning her backside, with a slit for her bushy tail to poke through. Her ears were pierced with small golden hoops, and Veshia noticed the glint of a square-signet ring on one finger. The boxy design, even from this distance to the upper tier where Veshia sat, signified a high rank in the local merchant's guild. Her attire spoke of a career spent sailing, whereas the gnoll's was one of a landlocked business. The kobold female's own huge belly was nuzzled gently against the gnoll's as they spoke. The shorter dog-woman kept glancing furtively at her gnoll associate's enormous bump, perhaps wondering if the hyena-woman's water would break at any moment.

*'We have midwives on the premises if that happens.'* Veshia mused while stifling a yawn. Seriously, one or two of the crowd going into labor would at least spice things up enough. She didn't envy the cleaning staff afterwards but she did envy the aforementioned midwives. Training in childbirth practices was an encouraged profession on Torranoc, especially coupled with light magic for additional healing purposes – and such powers were amplified when a woman was with-children already. Veshia recalled a moment from childhood when she'd been

spying curiously through the door of a nursemaid's apartment. The woman in-question was in the midst of birthing a litter of babies with her sweating belly towering above the bed as she crowned, and her attendant-midwife's water breaking in that moment as well. Both huge women's moans of exertion and surprise echoed in Veshia's head even now – a treasured memory even so many years later.

The twelfth princess shook herself free of such thoughts and turned her attention to the head of the hall. The topmost tier of the hall housed the royal throne comprised of sturdy marble with filigreed patterns of gold and layered in puffy goosedown pillows. The seat was wide and low to the ground, built to accommodate women of Hildegarde's staggering size, and naturally didn't have armrests. Whereas the lower tiers of the hall had the chandeliers to light the assembly, the royal throne was lit by natural sunlight. The ceiling was higher here, and comprised of a natural hanging garden with a rainbow of coloured flowers threading down vines of ivy.

A glass dome dominated the ceiling here, providing sunlight to halo the throne and the gardens and dazzling the shallow moat of fresh spring water encircling the wide octagonal plinth where the throne sat and the short marble bridge leading to it. The spring's source was situated a respectful distance behind the throne. It was a fountain-statue carved of shiny, smooth grey-marble. The statue depicted the Moon Goddess Yusuna herself in all her titanically pregnant glory: flat on her back with her great boulder of a belly sticking straight up, her hands clasped around her fat thighs to better spread them. For between the goddess-statue's legs, her vagina was spread wide around a hunk of carved amber representing the crowning head of her firstborn: Sinion the Sun-Prince.

From around the baby's head was the source of the spring, the gentle trickle of clear mineral water acting as the goddess' broken waters and squirting of amniotic fluid in the throes of childbirth. Veshia knew without looking that the goddess-statues mammoth breasts also acted as a source for the spring, the waters running down the stiff nipples capping the bulbous orbs. The goddess' head was thrown back, eyes open and her mouth carved in a wide O-shaped moan of ecstasy and exertion. Her long wavy tresses had been immaculately sculpted to flow back and hang down to dip into the crystal clear rear of the ornamental moat.

Trumpets sounded, jolting Veshia from her thoughts and causing her brood to kick up a storm as well. As her hands soothed the sphere of her belly, she caught movement from the corner of her eye and looked up to see Chancellor Rennyn, the Archmage of the Palace and one of the foremost sorcerers in the known world, step out onto the plinth before the throne. With ears as pointed as knives, he practically oozed magical prowess from his white robes and crimson cloak – both threaded in golden runes to better catch the flow of magic. Rennyn was tall, his long golden hair starting at a widow's peak on his brow and flowing down around to rest on his shoulders. Deep green eyes extruded a patience of ages. He looked to be in his late thirties but was well into two centuries of life. Rennyn's skin was like ivory, his face slender with the

high cheekbones seen in nobility, and possessed thin but pointed eyebrows that reminded Veshia of an owl.

The Archmage had been High Chancellor for Hildegarde's predecessor, Queen Lensa Keyfarren before she stepped down from the position to spend time in retirement with her great-great-great-grandchildren. He advised Veshia's mother in the ways of magical portents, the reading of the cosmos to predict the courses of fate, as well as more mundane matters in the running of the country. He had assisted in the rearing of Hildegarde's many children, though he was no father to them in a biological sense. Indeed, the Pillar of Virility was Veshia's father by blood, but Rennyn was her father in spirit. Despite having not sired any of Hildegarde's brood, Veshia knew the Archmage was one of the Queen's many lovers, perhaps the foremost. It made sense in a way; with the Pillar only calling when mother was not with-children, Hildegarde needed someone to fill the void.

Rennyn cleared his throat as the assembly quieted, all conversation ceasing and everyone's attention fixed on him. When he spoke, his voice echoed with magic, a spell that Veshia had once read in The Ninth's memoirs as being like a 'microphone' - whatever that device was - from his homeworld.

"Assembled friends, colleagues, and citizens, I present to you: Her Vaunted Highness Queen Hildegarde of our fair nation, here to commence proceedings of today's court." Rennyn gestured with an open hand towards a set of ivory-white double doors off to the side of the upper tier nearest to the throne and stepped aside.

There was no further fanfare as the doors opened slowly and a mountain emerged.

Mother was *gigantic*. Mother was *enormous*. She was a mountain of fertility that rivaled the swell of Yusuna herself. A blimp straining a pearlescent gown of lace and silver filigree bobbed as Queen Hildegarde slowly waddled out onto the upper landing. Her womb was an ovaloid dome reaching nearly three metres ahead of her plump frame and over three-quarters of that wide, her belly button tenting the tight material of the gown she chose today. The hem of the outfit barely trailed along the floor, seeming more like a moving circus tent than any royal garb, and hid the fact that Veshia knew her mother's belly hovered a mere inch above the palace floor. Clasped just below the nub of the belly button – clasped to a silver loop of a protruding navel-ring, a sapphire brooch sat and glowed. It had been an innovation of Princess Jessamine's, after Mother's latest pregnancy was showing signs of exceeding her previous ones.

It took Hildegarde several moments to emerge from the doorway, not only due to how slow she was at such a size; but also how she shouldn't be able to see. Breasts as large as oversized beach balls exposed more than a metre of creamy cleavage muffin-topping from the straining neckline of the gown. Veshia knew the dwarven-made bra cupping those udders was probably putting up a losing battle – but much like its makers, the stubborn garment would fight until the end. Tits that had fed dozens of royal babes rested high and proud on the upper slopes of



the Queen's womb, and yet her nipples still managed to tent the dwarf-bra – such was the pressure contained in those breasts.

Hildegarde's lumbering stride into the great hall put her in profile to most everyone's view, though the assembled citizens located catty-corner to her in the hall probably mainly saw a whale of a belly and wobbling pair of tits atop it. Hildegarde in profile showed that her line of sight was eclipsed by the mountains of her chest and womb, it was a wonder she knew where she was going and didn't require any attendants; or a seeing-eye dog - or even a team of them - to aid her. Her face was slender, her elven heritage keeping her features in her mid-20s despite her real age being in the early hundred-thirties. She had pointed ears, yes, but not as long or sharp as those of her son Aubron. Her ears were a bit wider in the middle, reminding Veshia of raindrops, while the points curved upwards a bit. A curtain of straight platinum-blond hair flowed perfectly down over her back to drape over the shelf of a rump and hips to rival the swell of her bust. Her shoulders were bare and her arms ended in hands clad in elbow-length gloves of blue-grey velvet.

A circlet of silver and diamond graced her brow, crafted to look like loosely woven blades of grass, and doubled as a hairband to keep her platinum locks in-place. Beneath this, Hildegarde's eyes were a sky-blue colour. She remained looking straight ahead as she moved, not turning to regard her children or subjects. One would wonder if she was looking straight ahead into her own cleavage, but Veshia knew the reason. Closer inspection of Hildegarde's eyes showed small semi-clear disks of blue light hovering before them, like spectacles without rims. It was a spell connecting her view to that of the sapphire in the belly-button brooch, to better help the gravid queen see past her own enormity.

Slowly, the Valthrian monarch pivoted as she moved, turning like an overladen trade-barge in port, before she shuffled backwards over the short bridge spanning the garden's spring-moat and settling her wide, plump, butt into the throne. Hildegarde scooted back and forth for a moment to get comfortable – it reminded Veshia of a mother hen settling in over her nest. Due to how low the throne was set, it would be impossible for the Queen to see without aid from the viewing-brooch, and anyone petitioning her would be addressing the fertile hills of her breasts and belly rather than seeing the Queen face-to-face. Softly though, so softly that Veshia had to strain to hear, a spell was murmured. After a moment, the throne made a muffled grinding sound and began to rise into the air on a nimbus of blue-white light, tilting forwards as it did so.

Hildegarde now floated above the heads of the attendees of the top tier of the hall, angled down through the power of the throne and spell to easily see over her mammoth breasts and gargantuan womb. The lenses of light were gone from before her eyes, no longer needing the power of the brooch to see at this time. Hildegarde silently regarded her assembled court, her slender lips tugged into a coy smile. Her eyes picked out persons of interest from the crowd, sweeping along the throng and dipping down the three tiers as she did so and settled on her children last. Veshia was closest to her mother simply due to her belly sticking so far out ahead

of her. Her eyes met her mother's and Hildegarde's smile broadened almost imperceptibly at her daughter before snapping her attention back to the royal court.

"Be welcome, all of you!" Hildegarde boomed out jovially, using the same voice-enhancing spell Archmage Rennyn had employed a minute before. She waved her arms languidly to encompass the whole of the room as she continued, "Now, I know some of you are eager to begin today's proceedings, and be assured that your voices will be heard! As the chosen bride of The Ninth, it is my honour to help each of you who so seek it. But first I have an announcement to make!" She paused to give the crowd time to muse on this, a low hum of murmurs threading through the hall. "For those of you who haven't noticed, let me point out that my dear daughter Leonie has returned to Relengard after years spent abroad!"

At this, the Ranger-Princess stepped forwards to salute her mother: a fist clenched over one breast. Leonie bowed, her long ponytail waving with the movement; it was a rare gesture amongst Hildegarde's daughters – since Leonie wasn't pregnant and could actually bow with no difficulty. The court clapped politely at this, a muted and polite welcome to a princess rarely seen. Hildegarde joined in giving a knowing nod of approval as Leonie stepped back in the line of royals.

"I know you're all wondering the significance of such an acknowledgement. After all, this isn't the first time one of my children has returned from a long journey. But take heart that my little Leonie hasn't returned alone!" At this Hildegarde swept her open palm towards the vast set of doors at the far end of the hall opposite. As if on cue, the doors opened to allow more sunlight from the palace grounds to stream in and for newcomers to make their entrance.

As the trumpets sounded again from the wings of the hall, an honour guard emerged. Veshia at first thought them to be beastkin such as gnolls, but she soon noticed the pointed ears and long tails of the soldiers. Though she hadn't seen one in-person before, Veshia had read of the Felin in books. A mysterious race of catfolk from a the jungle continent of Tul from across the sea, the history of The Traveler stated that the hero had arrived on those distant shores to enlist the Felin in the war against Zarrael.

They were humanoid, their feline features light on otherwise human faces but with luminous green or yellow eyes with slitted pupils. There was next to no snout, a lack of whiskers, but possessed a feline nose. They were a head taller on-average to the half-elves, and possessed a fine layer of fur on their lean muscled bodies. The fur came in a wide variety of colours and patterns evocative of both housecats and jungle predators. Tales said they were stealthy guerilla fighters, especially in jungle and forested terrain; and this approach to warfare was exemplified by these guards. Leather vests of reptile hide were stretched across muscular chests, left open in places to show off lines of battle scars. They wore leather breeches over their digitigrade legs, but otherwise were barefoot on their feline paw-feet.

In contrast, their hands were humanoid, furred, but possessing pointed fingernails that curved inwards. Veshia had read that the Felin could extend their catlike claws from their fingertips, doubling their length. It was said the catfolk even had their own martial art built around this trait. These clawed hands rested on the bone-hilts of saw-toothed machetes. Their pointed ears twitched, jangling any piercings the soldiers had. This too applied to their long tails, some of which had a ring of dull gold or other metal clasped along the length. Veshia knew these signified the wearer to already be wed.

The word '*Hardened*' sprang to mind upon seeing these soldiers. They were hardened by a lifetime in a jungle setting. Though it was an era of peace, and most of the countries spanning the globe were a part of the interlocking alliance The Traveler had established, all nations maintained some form of military. The rift in the sky may have been sealed millennia ago, but the people of Torranoc always worried it would open anew and that The Shining One would descend again in a tide of vengeance. Thus every nation remained prepared.

Not only were the Felin soldiers '*Hardened*', a few of the less-scarred, younger, among them were simply 'hard'. These youths tried to maintain a façade of discipline but their feline eyes drank in the rotund curves of the various baby-bloated females peppered throughout the assembly. Veshia watched a raven-haired felin youth gulp noticeable awe at the soon-to-birth gnoll merchant, his breeches tenting from a markedly human erection. Though these guards were certainly hard in more ways than one; the person they were escorting was *soft*.

'*Soft and big!*' Veshia blinked in surprise at the fertile sphere that slowly waddled through those sunlit doors, almost missing Leonie's soft giddy squeal of excitement at this arrival. Veshia knew at-a-glance that this woman rivaled her own bulk in size. Cream-coffee coloured fur dotted with light leopard spots stretched over a womb reaching before her by nearly four feet of gravidity. Completely bare aside from a gold-ruby navel ring, the sphere was attached to a woman squeezed into a jade-green saree blouse and matching skirt that did very little to hide the wealth of plush curves of the felin's fat tits and ass. Golden, cat-pupiled, eyes peered meekly through the canyon of speckled-chocolate cleavage; her hair a long, loosely-curved curtain of ebon locks. These golden eyes widened when they saw the enormous, beaming, form of Queen Hildegard. The eyes then glanced wildly around the hall, the vestige of a blush creeping across the cat-woman's slender, furred, face; her mouth was pursed and flustered.

The felin woman's gaze settled on Veshia – no, they looked past her. Veshia threw her ranger sister a quick glance, noticing now the glint of joy and pride in Leonie's pink eyes. The felin guards and woman approached each tier of the throne room, slowed no doubt by this newcomer's own burgeoning size. They were followed by a smattering of other felin dignitaries, a few pregnant females among them – though these were at most 1/3<sup>rd</sup> shy the bulk of this honoured guest. At last the party of catfolk approached the royal dais, but didn't cross the bridge. As one, the felin soldiers knelt, heads bowed – though the raven-haired youth Veshia had spied before was certainly sweating as he was near the rear of the formation and closest to the middle

tier with the huge gnoll woman watching him curiously. He was close enough to where Veshia wondered if the soldier could feel the heat of the pretty gnoll's womb on his back.

The enormous felin woman at the centre of the convoy didn't kneel for obvious reason, and instead bowed awkwardly, the underside of her belly meeting the briefly with the movement. She straightened, her hands absentmindedly stroking the expanse in response to the baby kicks no-doubt responding to the bow. Her golden eyes stared up at Hildegarde, wide and nervous, with her pointed ears flattened down on her skull. Her ringless tail was down and curled against her plump legs, anxious. Tentatively the felin woman cleared her throat and spoke in a soft but loud voice.

"The Kingdom of Valthria has called and the Assemblage of Tul has responded. I am Kessi Til'vairin, of the House Xthol'noc, Priestess of the Temple of First-Leikona the Mate of The Traveler. I am honoured to be invited into your house, Great Queen."

Hildegarde gave a throaty chuckle, hovering smoothly over the moat until her great womb pressed gently against the smaller sphere Kessi sported. The Queen rocked gently, nuzzling the cat woman's belly with her own, eliciting a startled purr and deeper blush from this felin priestess. Veshia noticed the felin's nipples tent the tight fabric of the blouse at this.

"Be greeted, honoured Priestess." Hildegarde responded, "For when The Traveler mounted Leikona all those millennia ago and filled her womb with life, a bond was formed between our two lands. I thank you for honouring that bond now, and making such a journey here – so laden down as you are." The Queen's smile widened into a cheeky grin, "But please dear, call me mother."

At this, the court bubbled anew with chatter, but stilled again as Hildegarde raised her slender, gloved, hand.

"You all heard correct. Allow me to further explain. Kessi Til'vairin and her kin are here not only as ambassadors from our jungle friends from across the sea, but she herself shall be wed into the royal family as wife of my dear daughter Leonie!"

Trumpets played anew as Veshia saw her sister sweep past her and pull the felin priestess into an embrace. The Ranger-Princess unclasped her heaume-mask and caught the blushing Kessi's lips hungrily in hers, the crowd cheering at the sight.

"My Leonie has spent years learning from the lands of Tul and teaching them in return. We haven't had an envoy from the jungle nations for quite some time, but Leonie met and fell in love with this priestess. And through our princess' connections and courting of Kessi here, she was able to convince the Assemblage to allow a formal Tulian embassy to be established here in Relengard!" Hildegarde nodded at the couple as they broke the kiss to regard her, Kessi blinking

away joyous tears and Leonie smiling lovingly up at her mother. “We will hold an open public wedding in a week’s time and welcome this Tulian Priestess into our family!”

Veshia found herself applauding excitedly along with the rest of the hall. Perhaps this court session wouldn’t be as boring as she thought. Leonie’s letters home had hinted at her meeting someone on her travels in Tul, but hadn’t embellished much beyond that. The Ranger-Princess was more mercurial compared to her siblings, preferring to let things simmer and build until she could spring a surprise. As the felin entourage trickled by to form a knot at the end of the line on this upper tier, Veshia leaned in to sideways hug her sister as Leonie resumed her place in line.

“Congratulations sis! But I must ask. Her... litter... are they yours?” Veshia inquired, resting a hand on her own bump despite herself.

Leonie’s eyes glittered with mischief, “Of course!”

“How?”

“Ask Jessamine, little Vesh-Vesh.” The Ranger-Princess replied with a knowing wink.

“Don’t be cute.” Veshia muttered, but didn’t press the issue. The mention of Jessamine said volumes, as the Mage-Princess was an accomplished alchemist as well as enchantress, and no doubt had a good dozen-or-so methods to allow Leonie the ability to impregnate Kessi.

“Come to think of it, I was told you were having lessons with Jessa these days.” Leonie added.

Veshia gave a *hmm* of reply, not wanting to elaborate even as she turned her attention back to Hildegard. She was having lessons with her batch-sister Jessamine, but they weren’t going smoothly. Veshia’s mana reserves were low, allowing for only spells of Lesser Magic and a variety of cantrips as-opposed to the cosmos-shuddering feats Jessamine could accomplish. She had a meeting today in-fact, taking place after royal court.

“Now that such a stupendous announcement has been made, let’s get down to business shall we?” Hildegard’s voice rippled across the crowd, smoothing the hubbub and gossip from the mention of the wedding. “Rennyn dear, who shall we hear from first?”

The Chancellor-Mage stepped forwards, a flick of his wrist conjuring a scroll that he unrolled to read from.

“First on the agenda is a suggestion of fresh trade routes to be established in the Sylmaln Forest off the Sheyarde Peninsula and the surrounding coast of the Swallow Sea. Petitioned by merchants Dhi Ashfist and Shil Gullcoin of The Terra-Firma Marchant Guild. Ladies please present yourselves to your royal highness and petition your case.”

Slowly, the gnom and kobold merchant women lumbered up the steps to the upper tier.

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Two hours later Veshia stood before the door of the meditation hall where she usually had lessons with Jessamine.

Unlike most of the doors in the palace, these were broad, tall, and made of a dark grey marble threaded with stormy-blue veins. Magical script of the Old Tongue was inlaid in lines of golden wire all along the surface; trailing up and around the edges of the doors and swirling and branching into the middle. While Veshia's magical skills were mediocre at-best, she could still understand the general meaning of the words on the door. Words of power, of enhancement, of protection, of concealment, of serenity, and of subtlety. Essentially these chambers were designed for magic practice and meditation in mind.

The door handles were made of brass and molded to look like large bird feathers. This wasn't just random decoration, as the words etched on the handles drastically lessened the weight of the doors, making the normally heavy stone as light as plywood. Still though, opening even one door by hand would prove logistically difficult for a woman of Veshia's size. Thankfully, one of the first lessons Jessamine taught her was for dealing with just this purpose.

"*Vuul'thesh!*" Veshia murmured with a j-shaped upwards flick of her open palm, reaching across her huge belly as she waddled up to the doors. She should have timed it a bit better, even as the doors opened smoothly inwards without a sound, her bulbous womb still bumped into them, speeding the opening. It was hard gauging her momentum when her weight and width increased incrementally every day.

The interior of the chamber was less lit than the glittering warm halls of the palace, but neither was it gloomy or drab. It had a muted grey-blue look, perfectly cubed in structure, and shallow waterfalls trickled from horizontal slits in the upper walls to pool in the recessed tiles bordering the floor. The ceiling and walls reached a good ten metres wide, and the centre of the floor rose in a wide square of deep blue tiles sitting about three inches above the water level. Each tile was a perfect foot-by-foot square and stamped with a large symbol of magic. An extreme variety of symbols peppered across the platform with neither rhyme or reason, each depicting a sliver of the concepts of magic. *Fire. Music. Levity. Life. Wakefulness. Spite. Light. Nature. Industry. Mind. Power. Lust.* Just to name a few among the dozens. Veshia knew that the next time she entered this room, the symbols would change locations on the platform, with some disappearing entirely to be replaced by others that hadn't been present at the previous visit.

Despite the expanse of the space, the sound of the numerous waterfalls and pool edging the square sides of the room, it was almost quiet – as if the sound was coming from far off over a hill or around a bend in the road. This was of course to ensure occupants could hear each other

clearly, while the white noise of the water provided a soothing background for practitioners of the arcane arts, calming the mind and the spirit of those wishing for serenity here.

And hovering cross-legged above the surface of the platform, with a gap of a near-metre of air between the tiles below and her plump thighs, was Jessamine the Mage-Princess.

Or, more accurately, from Veshia's viewpoint: the Mage-Princess' *belly*.

Her older batch-sister was *huge*, her enormous peachy sphere reaching nearly four feet from her slender frame. While Veshia and sister's pregnancies were close in size, Jessamine just barely outsized her, leading the palace midwife to theorize the two princesses only had a difference in one or two babies. Jessamine had foregone the traditional robes of a sorceress months ago when it became clear just how enormous she'd become throughout the rest of the pregnancy. A deep blue brassiere-corset cupped breasts nearly thrice the size of her head. Her skirt was the same colour and trailed down to the floor like a curtain, the slack at the hem evaporating into tight silk clinging like a second skin to what little of Jessamine's plump thighs and taut expanse of an ass that Veshia could see beneath the lower curve of her sister's belly. Jessamine was meditating: her slender face serene with a pair of oval-glasses perched on her pert nose. She wore a wide-brim wizarding hat of cobalt-blue, with her blue-black raven locks trailing in straight waves down her back from beneath the brim. Her gently curving, stiletto-shaped ears stabbed up through holes in the hat to frame her head – a testament to her prodigious magical capabilities – they were nearly six-inches long.

The Mage-Princess breathed slowly and deeply, the action straining her top even moreso than before, to the point where Veshia could count individual seams in the fabric where the two cups met. Jessamine's hands rested atop her fertile expanse, encircling her breasts and nearly trapping them in the crevasse where her spheres met. Her nails were painted the same deep blue as her clothing, and her hands idly rubbed what little of her baby-bloated womb she could reach. The sphere juddered slightly as some of her babies kicked. Despite Veshia's entrance, Jessamine gave no indication that she'd noticed her.

Veshia paused there, watching her sister float in the room of running water, seemingly at one with herself and her fecundity. By how the breathing was sounding, the young princess could almost swear that her more magical sister was... sleeping? Veshia tilted her head, her ears may not be pointed but her hearing was still keener than the humans of old. Yes! The rhythmic, languid, breathing of big-sis Jessamine was too deep and lacked the timed intervals to be simple meditation! Her sister was napping! Barely managing to stifle a laugh, Veshia slowly lumbered up and pressed her belly gently against her sister's, nuzzling her womb-to-womb. To Jessamine's credit, she didn't start at the touch, only opening her luminous pink eyes to regard her sister with a nonplussed frown – a faint blush betraying how she actually felt at the soft contact.

"You're late." Jessamine stated matter-of-fact as she smoothly unfolded her legs to steady herself on the tiled floor, taking a few waddling steps back from her sister as she did so.

Veshia stuck out her tongue in reply. “Only by a few minutes. You of all people should know how hard it is trying to get to places on time when you’re as big as me!”

The Mage-Princess huffed at this, “I suppose, but I still manage to keep my busy schedule despite my being *bigger*–” she patted her belly for emphasis “–than you though. So you can still adapt.”

“Says little miss ‘levitation spell’,” Veshia murmured in reply, pursing her lips with her arms crossed over her prodigious chest. She blinked, remembering something, “And hey! You weren’t at the court earlier, even though Mother requested we all attend! Who’s running late now huh?” The chocolate-haired princess snapped, jabbing a finger at her bigger sister.

A look of surprise crossed Jessamine’s alabaster features for an instant before her stern façade returned. She cleared her throat, pushing her spectacles up the bridge of her nose with a well-manicured finger, “Oh... *ahem* ...that was today?” She asked nonchalantly.

“Yes sis! And if I had to attend and listen to *boring* statecraft for almost two hours, then – by the Ninth – you should too!”

“Apologies, I was caught up in my meditations.”

“Liar, you were napping!”

“...”

The two princesses locked matching pink eyes with each other, the gentle cascade of the surrounding waters casting ghost-reflections on their round and oval glasses. Veshia held Jessamine’s gaze for a long moment. Finally, the tension broke, with Veshia giving a snorting chuckle while Jessamine’s mouth creased up in a slight grin.

“Alright Vesh-Vesh, you caught me. What did I miss at court?” The mage relented, tugging back a stray lock of blue-black hair behind her ear.

The younger princess shrugged at this, “Mostly trade talk, diplomats arriving.” Her expression grew sly and knowing, quirking an eyebrow at her sister, “Though I suppose you already knew about *that* part of the schedule, eh?”

Jessamine sighed at that, the action threatening to explode her brassiere, “Yes, Leonie told me. Hells – she told me months ago, asked to keep it a secret until everything was... arranged.”

“...and by ‘arranged’, you mean ‘babies made’?” Veshia added with a knowing grin.

“Tut-tut, sister.” The Mage-Princess snapped, “I doubt our dear Leonie divulged any of the details of our arrangement, but – short answer – yes. I did provide her with the means to



impregnate the feline priestess. I won't reveal any more than that. Client confidentiality, you know?"

"*Suuure* sis," the mousy twelfth princess replied as her smile widened. "And how many other *clients* have you provided these confidential services to, huh?"

Jessamine's cheeks turned pink, the stoic line of her mouth threatening to break into a sheepish grin. She *hmped* instead, opting to shift away from her younger sister, inadvertently presenting her enormous profile to Veshia. "E-enough of this! We have your studies to discuss."

Veshia sighed herself, now knowing the fun was over. "*Fiiine~*"

"You've been practicing, I presume?" The Mage-Princess waddled slowly around her slightly-smaller sister, like planets in orbit.

"The doors are open aren't they?" Veshia deadpanned. The spells for *Open* and *Close* were the first ones her sister had taught her when they'd first started the lessons.

"Indeed. And what else?"

"The bubble cleaning spell worked... a little *too* well."

Jessamine quirked an eyebrow at that, but the blush returned to her face – evidently she knew what Veshia had meant. "Yes... well, you need to practice control."

"I know Sis. But I'm just not in the habit of purposefully making messes just to test out bubble scrubbing..."

"Just keep after it." Jessamine clicked her tongue thoughtfully, resuming her dutiful tutor persona, "Regardless, I think it's time you learned something new today."

Now it was Veshia's turn to look quizzical, "Okay...?" This was a surprise, given the limited capacity she had for magic, Veshia could only learn a limited number of spells and so chose ones suited for practical day-to-day benefits rather than anything flashy. Higher magical capabilities meant more 'magical memory' so-to-speak, with magic users possessing a greater aptitude being able to lock more spells in their minds. Sure, people could still hear and learn about spells that were past their capabilities, but they could not *memorize* them in the magical sense. It wasn't just a matter of muttering a magic phrase and snapping your fingers, a spell had to be a part of your very being in order for it to work. People could also choose to forget spells in order to clear space in their magical memory, though this process was conducted through ritual and monitored by the Mage Guilds.

Most of half-elf kind had at least some magical capabilities due to the elven side of their heritage, and so medium and lesser spells and cantrips were commonly used among the citizenry and those not blessed with a particularly large 'magical memory'. Veshia was part of this pool,

though she had somewhat more memory capacity than most with her ear type due to her royal lineage. So her learning something a little more elaborate wasn't outside the realm of possibility.

Veshia tentatively stepped towards her sister, "So what's the spell?"

Jessamine looked pointedly at her, "Scrying."

The younger princess barked a laugh, but her mirth withered upon seeing her sister's serious expression "Whoa, wait, *scrying*?"

"Indeed..." The Mage-Princess turned, slowly pivoting like an overburdened trading galley, and gestured with an open palm to one of the waterfalls on the walls. Smoothly, like curtains parting, the cascade of water split in the middle to expose the damp stone beneath. Jessamine regarded her coolly, "Focus there, sister."

"B-but..." Veshia sputtered, waddling up to look at the bared patch of wall, her pink eyes glanced at the sorceress. "Jessa, I don't think I have the capacity for scrying, not with..." she gestured to her own mundane ears.

Jessamine sighed, exasperated, "It isn't scrying in the *true* sense, Veshia. You are not trawling the stars and greater cosmos to peel back the veil to glean the future or some greater insight beyond. This is more of a lesser scrying magic, more seeing within your own mind." Her lips pursed at Veshia's raised eyebrow, and cut the brunette off when she opened her mouth to speak "It is *recall*, more true than our regular memories. You pull it forth without the fog of bias, or time, or intoxication. Think of it as if what your eyes truly saw at a point were then projected onto that wall. Detectives use it to show forth evidence of what they have seen, for example."

"Well sis, just in case you hadn't noticed I'm in no state to go investigating a theft at this time, huh?" Veshia replied dryly, gesturing to her enormous womb for emphasis.

"Oh hush." A hint of annoyance crept into the mage's posh voice, she was starting to lose her patience. "That isn't all it's good for. Listen, you still attempt to draw those... *doujin*... those little backwards books that the Ninth brought with him when he was dragged to our world, yes?"

Veshia blushed, despite herself, "Yes Jessa, I have... dabbled in them and have practiced my drawing skills here and there..." She muttered with an awkward shuffle, trying in vain to look at her feet with a severely blocked line of sight, seeing instead her own deep cleavage and enormous mountain of fecundity.

"*Dabbled*, is not the word I'd use. You've read the ones penned by authors renowned throughout the continent and place orders for new volumes even before they're released officially on the market. You have a wall of your suites dedicated to storing them, shelves upon shelves sister. *Alphabetized*." Jessamine's trademark neutral look was marred as her lips creased into a slight smile. "The only reason you don't have a personal shelf in the palace library is

because Torin and others of his batch became curious about those scandalous little books and mother didn't want them asking about such things until they were much older. Torin even asked me about one, once, *The Mermaid who Became like a Pufferfish*. He saw the cover of one you left at the sitting room one time. I had to mage-pull it out of his grasping little hands before he had more than a peek."

"...did you?" Veshia asked, quirking an eyebrow.

"Hmm? Did I what?"

"Have a peek, sister?" Veshia stuck her tongue out playfully with a knowing smile.

Jessamine looked aghast, "Certainly not! There are more important duties I attend to than reading trashy comics with rotund women being ravished by overly endowed lovers." She turned her face away then, the deep scarlet of her embarrassment betraying her.

"Liar." The younger princess cat-called before turning her attention back to the bared wall, "So what does this scrying or recall or whatever it is have to do with my hobby?"

Jessamine cleared her throat, grateful that the topic was getting back on track, "Well, artists use the magic of recall to provide perfect references for their drawings. A painter need only to look at his subject once – albeit it must be a good, solid, look – before projecting it in perfect detail. Able to see all the contours and shades of a subject without the person in-question having to stand around for hours on end while the artist looks back and forth repeatedly."

"So if I wanted to, say, draw a portion of a city street for a basis on a page in my doujin, then this spell would let me see everything I saw in that moment?"

"Not only a moment, Veshia. But you could watch for any length of time you so desired. The spell lets you recall movement as well as images. That, dear sister, is why it's invaluable. And I know you have Mana-Memory enough to learn it."

Veshia sighed and managed to resist rolling her eyes. Though deep down she knew Jessamine was right. Her oldest batch-sister wouldn't have agreed to their mother's request to teach Veshia if Jessamine didn't think she had the skills. "Alright, let's give it a try then." Veshia said, stepping forwards and miming rolling up her sleeves for emphasis. She stood as close as she could to the wall while still keeping the gap in sight, but not close enough for the gentle mist from the waterfall to start to dampen the front of her vast belly.

The Mage-Princess nodded in approval, "Alright, primary palm out and clearly state: '*Syn'salivelt!*' Focus on a memory in your head, a fixed point in time. Concentrate on the details you can remember and the spell shall fill in the blanks. You may keep your eyes open during casting if that helps."

“Seems easy enough...” Veshia muttered before clearing her throat and shuffling her ponderous weight a bit before fixing her gaze on the wet marble of the wall and reached out with her left hand, her fingers spread and palm out. After a breath, she clearly and loudly called, ‘*Syn’salivelt!*’ It’d be simple, she’d think of something recent, such as breakfast that morning. It wasn’t her first time spellcasting, so Veshia knew how to focus her power.

After a moment, a large square of hazy light slowly faded onto the wall. It flickered slightly, the flat glow a little less than a metre long at the edges. It looked like swirls of pinkish ink or smoke, the flickering and intermittent fading slowing as the spell stabilized. Veshia focused on a particular morsel from that morning, a honey-glazed sugar-bun with cinnamon dusting the top. She remembered the heady sweetness and hint of spice spreading across her tongue as she chewed it. It had been warm and fresh from the oven, with faint wisps of steam wafting from the flaky crust as she lifted it to her eager mouth for another bite.

The swirling fog on the square began to coalesce, the haze fading as shapes became more distinct. Her dainty hand appeared, clutching the half-eaten pastry. It was apparent that this was from Veshia’s point of view because the sugar-bun dipped towards the bottom of the square of vision before moving back into the middle. Now there was another bite missing. Behind the hand and bun was the white tablecloth of the breakfast table, a tray of similar pastries with an empty spot, and Veshia’s plate with the remains of the omurice from that morning on it. The faint sounds of background chatter from the assembled guests at the breakfast table could be seen.

“Very good.” Jessamine said, and Veshia could hear the pleased undercurrent beneath the usual stoicism in her voice. “Now let’s see about-“

Abruptly, the square of projected vision flickered. The image of breakfast suddenly split in a jagged vertical line in the middle, like a crack in porcelain or a tear in paper. It took only a split second, and the image stabilized. Only now it wasn’t showing a simple meal.

Veshia and Jessamine’s eyes both widened as the image on the wall now showed that hot and heavy night months ago. It was the most recent Convocation, when Queen Hildegard had been called by the Pillar and members of the court had joined her in the event.

The image showed the great hall in shadow, but with hovering white candle flames floating sparsely in the air above. The skylight above the throne allowed the glow of the moon to descend and bounce off the perfect surface of the statue of the crowning goddess and better illuminate the vast space further. Queen Hildegard squatted down before the throne, her body was plump but showed no signs of a current pregnancy. Her breasts wobbled as the monarch bounced herself upon the gold-veined shape of the Pillar resting on the floor, her wet folds spread wide around the white-metal shaft. A faint ‘*schlick...schlick...schlick*’ could be heard beneath the Queen’s breathy pants as she pumped the familiar girth inside her. Her mouth was open in a breathy o-shaped moan, and her hair spiderwebbing across her flushed face. Alabaster

skin dotted with sweat, Hildegarde shuddered as an orgasm raced through her, pausing her ministrations to squirt femcum from around the shaft before resuming her movements.

The view of the room zoomed back, revealing a plethora of shapes writhing on the plush carpets or surrounding furniture. It was common knowledge that later Convocations in a queen's reign often became orgies and banquets as a means to spread the proverbial prosperity of the monarch and her kingdom. Indeed, plenty of non-royal children were inevitably conceived during such events. Expectant couples attended as well, as evidenced by the round bulbous shapes of pregnant women peppered throughout the throng.

But what surprised the princess sisters, was not the memory of the orgy itself, but the point of view showing it. The image flittered and jumped around languidly, evidently not the viewpoint of Veshia in this moment because there was no way she could have achieved flight during the event. Indeed, the viewpoint here seemed to have a mind of its own, not tied down to the eyes of a single individual but seemed more like a third-person view based on the collective consciousness of those present. Familiar faces and moments appeared and then faded to new ones.

They saw Yoljie, naked and trim, her hair flying as she humped in a reverse-cowgirl position atop Aubron as the paladin languished on a couch. The normally serious, military-minded, prince looked vulnerable, blushing like a schoolboy as his hands firmly gripped the maid's hips to better position himself.

The image then showed Irzu with her sea-green coils encircling an equally naked Terehil. The Bard Prince stood upright as the lamian ambassador's flexible body allowed her to curl her then-flat torso around and allow her to suck his cock, her hands reaching behind him to grip his toned ass even as his hands rested in her inky hair to guide the pace of the blowjob. Terehil was practically bent double, panting like a dog as the snake woman bobbed her head in his lap. "Ughuh... teeth... T-teeth – TEETH!" He yelped, looking pointedly down at Irzu before the ambassador gave him an apologetic look and slowly eased off his dick. She hissed an apology up at him while one of her hands jerked the rigid organ to keep pace. She smiled to expose her pointed incisors before her forked tongue trailed up the prince's shaft.

Veshia heard Jessamine give a squeak of surprise as the projection changed view again. Now the Mage-Princess herself lay back in a heap on the view, starlight-sparkle robes open to reveal a trim body generously spattered with cum from a slew of lovers resting nearby. Beneath her lay Falivan, the renowned Gunmage slowly pumped his virile shaft inside Jessa's slick folds. His lean body arched, managing to lift the Mage-Princess so that her open robe swayed like curtains as they fucked. His slouch hat with the phoenix feather in it rested on an unoccupied chair.

"Falivan!?" Veshia breathed, managing to break her gaze away from the sight to give her older sister an incredulous yet approving look. Jessamine blushed, averting her eyes briefly

before looking back up as the image apparently changed again. Veshia followed her gaze and wound up looking into her own face.

The Veshia in the image was surrounded by men, and some women too. Her eyes were shut as her mouth slobbered on the throbbing shaft of some young noble, while both of her hands jerked off two other boys in a blur of moment. A woman's pert lips suckled and tenderly bit the nub of one of Veshia's nipples, while the raging cock of another male nuzzled Veshia's unoccupied breast. From the positions of other lovers in the scene, Veshia could tell that not only was her hungering cunt being filled, but her tight ass as well. Her body was trim, not yet ballooning from the pregnancy that all this attention was going to give her, and positively dripping with spent seed.

Other attendees lingered in the circle, waiting for their turn, hands pleasuring dick and cunt to keep them edged for when Veshia called to them. The knob Veshia was sucking eased out of her mouth and she panted with her tongue out, eyes half-closed in lust, as the saliva slick cock soon erupted all over her face. The lad plowing her folds followed suit, glazing her womb with seed before stepping back after planting a thank-you kiss to her cheek. Another suitor soon took his place between Veshia's spread legs, easing his rod inside her and starting to pump away.

"T-this- this is not what the spell should be showing!" Jessamine huffed from behind Veshia, her cheeks now beet-red and her hands clasped to her face, peering sheepishly through her fingers at the lewd sights in the scrying vision. "Change it to something else!"

Veshia felt her own face flush, and realized her hand had lowered to rest at her bloated side, the spell didn't need to be channeled, it could probably be cast once and left to sit there and use the caster's mana as a conduit to keep going as long as was needed. "R-Right..." She murmured, mind racing to think of something new to change the scene to. Something from today, something fresh and close at hand...

She thought of preparing for the morning with Mera and Yoljie, of their slow progress down the halls to breakfast, of Kest the Page scampering past them, then of breakfast itself – and of Aubron, Terehil, and Irzu – to the royal court with her Mother and Archmage Rennyn and Leonie and the various other guests, and then the Felin dignitaries. Intuiting that she'd have to recast the spell again to change, it Veshia fixed these moments in her mind and lifted her hand again and murmured the incantation.

The image froze on Veshia's memory-self arching her back in an orgasmic scream as several of her surrounding lovers came at once, the droplets of their seed halted in midair like scattered pearls. The image flickered and then changed, though the new sight was no less lewd.

Mera was almost bent double, her fertile sphere of a belly resting firmly on the floor with her maid skirt hiked up over the shelf of her ass as Kest, the page she passed this morning, rammed into her from behind like a steam-piston. The lanky youth's face was beaded with sweat,

eyes shut tight and teeth gritted as he thrust deep into Mera's tightness. His pants were down around his ankles to join the lace pink panties the maid had discarded as well. Mera panted and squealed in the image, looking over her shoulder at her lover with a breathy moan. Her hands rested upon her impressive chest to keep her breasts from bouncing too much with their movements. The fulsome orbs still jostled though, causing soft trickles of milk to seep and trail down the straining fabric. From the looks of their surroundings, the room was a storage room in the interior of the palace, windowless with the source of light coming from a few hanging lanterns casting an amber glow over the surrounding crates of textiles and stored furniture. A broom lay on the floor nearby, hinting at what Mera had been doing before she was so lustfully interrupted.

"This... this isn't a memory..." Jessamine murmured, slowly waddling up to stand beside her sister, her eyes wide in wonder not at what was in the vision, but *when* was in the vision. She looked at Veshia then, "This is... happening now, isn't it? Your little friend there may be a shameless harlot but she wouldn't have you sit in and watch her getting railed." The pregnant mage blinked, returning her gaze to the vision on the wall with a studious look even if her face was no less flushed. "This isn't past scrying based on memories, Veshia, nor is it peering into the cosmos to catch snatches of the future, it's scrying at the present. Different angles of the present no-less." She looked pensive for a moment, trying to block out Mera's cries as the maid shuddered in orgasm. "We shan't squander this opportunity, Sister. Scrying in the Present isn't unheard of, but still a rarity. Not everyone is able to do it – I even haven't been able to manage it and I'm *me*!"

Veshia rolled her eyes at this but said nothing.

"Cast it again, fixing whatever you were thinking of before in your mind. I daresay further experimentation is in order before our session ends." Jessamine continued.

"Fine... but no overtime today. I have an appointment after we're done here." Veshia replied, shifting her glasses further up on the bridge of her nose with an index finger.

The sorceress pursed her lips at that, her need to experiment clashing with the promise she'd kept regarding her sister's schedule, as well as her own. "Agreed." She said with a huff, pressing her hands into her lower back and sticking her enormous belly out further, shifting her weight a bit as she returned her attention to the vision in front of them. "Now, cast it again."

Veshia fixed the morning in her mind and pulsed the spell again. The vision faded from showing Mera's quaking form and Yoljie reappeared in her place. The maid was fully naked, her alabaster flesh flawless as she squatted over the prone form of Aubron. The paladin was nude as well, having shed his armor for the sake of his love's comfort. Their surroundings were the spartanly appointed apartments Aubron slept in, and the pair fucked on the carpeted floor since there'd be no room for the hyperpregnant maid on the princes' four poster bed. Yoljie's mask of stoic professionalism was gone completely, exposing the lustful inferno that simmered at her

core. She bounced herself atop the prince's cock, his thickness standing tall and proud between his legs as they coupled.

Yoljie's belly rocked gently with the movement, even as her tits flopped about with abandon, spattering milk over her bulbous form. Her legs were spread wide to frame her pregnant belly, and her asscheeks bobbed hypnotically up and down as they met Aubron's chiseled torso with soft clapping sounds. Yoljie tilted her head back, exposing her swanlike neck as her long blonde hair flowed and shifted down her back. The prince sat up with a grunt, reaching out to gather the golden locks in one hand while the other supported him from the carpeted floor. His thumb idly traced Yoljie's hair. "You're beautiful-

"Fuck me you bastard!" Yoljie snapped with an irate look over her shoulder even as she intensified her humping. The Paladin merely grinned like a bashful schoolboy and let her hair drop before clasping her bloated sides with both of his hands and thrusting harder up into her. Yoljie moaned in response, returning her attention to her belly, reaching around her tits to caress what little she could of her womb as their children's kicks pattered across the surface.

"A-again." Jessamine ordered. Veshia gave her a glance and then a silent nod and pulsed the spell again.

The image rippled and transitioned again. This scene showed the cool-colours of the marble-floored common room of the lamian Embassy. One of the two black leather couches was occupied by Irzu's bloated form. The ambassador arched her back, sticking her mountainous sphere of a belly further up, her breasts heaving as her hissing breaths hitched in her throat as her pleasure built. Her strong hands gripped the cushions for support, her serpentine eyes half-closed with lust as Terehil knelt at the base of her belly. The nude half-elf prince leaned over Irzu's tree-trunk of a tail, his hands rubbing the underside of her womb as he tenderly licked the snake woman's quim, the greenish vaginal lips sopping wet with desire as he ate her out. Terehil's fine clothes were heaped on the opposite couch of the room, with the glass-topped coffee table having been moved to give them both some room. Irzu's serpent half lay lazily uncoiled, her tail shivering and flicking the tip a bit as she gasped in orgasm. A soft spurt of creamy femcum gushed from her slit, and Terehil buried his face deeper into the Ambassador's snatch, practically inhaling the fluid as his mouth locked over the wet hole as his nimble tongue went to work in the depths. Irzu's fading orgasm started to build again as her breathing quickened.

"Okay, again." Jessamine managed, and Veshia complied.

The next scene showed another embassy, this one with warm colours and filigreed carpets dotted with cushions. This didn't look familiar and Veshia quirked an eyebrow at her sister. "The Felin Embassy." Jessamine responded before turning her blushing face back to the vision. Incense wafted from copper braziers hanging from iron stands spaced at the corners of the common room, adding a dreamlike haze to the writhing forms on the floor. Veshia blinked in recognition of the gnoll merchant Dhi Ashfist, bobbing her cute head on the rigid shaft of the



younger felin guard Veshia had seen as part of the felin procession that day. It was the same guard who had been eyeing her, and given their current state – she had been eyeing him too. The overdue looking beastwoman lay on her side, propped up on a heap of cushions as she rapidly sucked the guard off, faint droplets of her spit pattering down on the carpet as well as his kneeling thighs.

One of Dhi's plump legs was lifted into the air as her business partner Shil Gullcoin ate her out from below. The kobold woman's soft-looking hands were flicking the gnoll's clit between moments of practically slobbering on her feminine lips. Shil rested on her own side, her free hand supporting Dhi's leg. The angle of the vision gave an unobstructed view of the smaller beastkin's unattended pussy cramped between thick thighs and the swell of her womb, the wet slit quivered with need. The guard gave a shivering moan and came buckets inside Dhi's eager mouth, the gnoll woman chugging as best she could even as dribbling streams of cum escaped to patter down to her cleavage and colossal womb. Dhi came with a groan, her juices splattering Shil's face. After a moment the trio slowly changed places with the kobold woman's plump pussy lips speared by the unnamed guard's still-hard length, with Dhi's mouth clamping down on one of Shil's rock-hard nipples to suckle even as she bounced with the male's thrusts.

Veshia looked to Jessamine, judging that this would be a time to change the view. Her magically-attuned sister's eyes followed the languid bobbing of the kobold woman's belly as she was fucked hard.

"Again..." Jessamine said, and again Veshia pulsed the spell.

It took her a moment to recognize the background of the new scene, as the view wasn't showing anyone just yet, only a great shadow behind green curtains of silk dangling around a four-poster bed. The surrounding room possessed a rather rugged feel, with simple looking furniture of plain oak and woven-wicker. Veshia realized then whose apartments these were – even as the view dove in to pass through the silk encompassing the vast bed. Unlike Aubron, Leonie had evidently ordered her bed upgraded to accommodate her fiancé's burgeoning size. Kessi, the Felin Priestess of House Xthol'noc, was naked and bobbing up and down rhythmically, her great velvet belly pointed skywards with her fat breasts quaking in rhythmic circles as Leonie thrust up into her. From the vantage point of the vision, Veshia and Jessamine were given an unobstructed view of the duo's mating. Kessi's vaginal lips spread wide around the quivering shaft of a pinkish phallus sprouting from the Ranger-Princess' own crotch. The cock looked semi-transparent and strangely both artificial yet alive. It had a texture like dessert jelly, and the two pendulous balls that hung below it were clouded with unspent seed. Even as they watched, a glowing pink speck, the details hazy inside the solid goo, travelled from between Leonie's legs down to settle in the wobbling testes, waiting there a moment before seeming to dissolve and the clouding effect in the nutsack deepened.

“It’s a Lust Slime, sister.” Jessamine commented, guessing at Veshia’s unasked question. “I summoned it, contained it, stamped it with wards of control, and gifted it to our sister at her *incessant* behest. It siphons her eggs and converts them into a supply of sperm. It also connects temporarily to her own body, so to all intents and purposes she feels it as if she possessed a penis of her own.”

Wet spurts of fluid squirted thinly from Kessi’s pussy with every deep thrust from her fiancé. The feline woman was leaning back and reaching up to caress Leonie’s cheek, her cat tail wriggling and flicking against the half-elf’s limber torso. For her part, the ranger’s hands gripped Kessi’s fat thighs, lifting her bodily up to let gravity aid in their coupling. The deep green bedspread was churned and scattered from their lovemaking, and was soon stained further when Leonie gritted her teeth, burying her face in the crook of the catgirl’s neck, ramming faster and faster before shuddering. The fake cock spasmed slightly as it expelled hot goutts of converted seed into Kessi’s packed womb. The clouding in Leonie’s artificial balls lessened slightly with each spurt.

Veshia managed to break away from the sight and turn to her sister as the ranger and priestess picked up the pace “Jessamine?”

The sorceress wasn’t listening, her eyes fixed on Leonie’s bobbing sack with an entranced and studious look, like how an inventor might examine a schematic.

“Jess!”

“...Hm?! Oh r-right, carry on...” The woman broke her gaze from the erotic sight on the wall, biting her lower lip as she tried to regain composure.

At the next pulse of the spell, the image rippled into a familiar sight: this time it was the Royal Study. Queen’s Hildegarde’s office was one used by all prior Valthrian Queens since the nation had first been founded. Vast windows with silken cream-coloured curtains stood facing above the central gardens of the palace, letting in golden beams of sunlight to dazzle the red wooden interior of the office. Enormous paintings of past Queens peppered the walls, and the canvases were vast indeed to showcase each monarch’s maternal glory. A crescent moon shaped desk of glossy red-wood dominated the centre of the office. The bow curve of the desk swept to either side to point to the rear windows and encompass the plush couch that Hildegarde sat upon. The desk was raised on adjustable clockwork pillars of dwarven steel to suit the sizes of each Queen who held office. It allowed Hildegarde to scoot her vast bulk beneath the table edge so she could better reach the surface – even if the taut surface of her belly extended a good few feet past the outer edge. Beyond this, various wooden shelves stood on bendable metal arms and stands to provide the Queen with easy to reach office supplies, seals, and even snacks. The glossy surface of the desk had reams of square parchment alongside ink pens, a goblin-made typewriter, wax blocks for seals, stamps, and glowquartz lamps for late night work.

What few official looking documents were visible were stacked in a pile in the nearby 'Out' box, as space has been cleared for Rennyn. The archmage sat on the edge of the desk in the centre of the crescent curve, with his robes parted and his vigorous steed standing up proud and tall – clasped between the dual mountains of the Queen's naked breastflesh. Rennyn rested one hand on the desk behind him for support while the other held a document up to his face to read from. His normally immaculate hairstyle was disheveled and his mouth and cheeks smeared by the peach-coloured lipstick Hildegard favoured.

"Y-you - *ah* – w-will have a meeting w-with representatives from the Assemblage of Tul to discuss further trade, your- your Highness! It'll be in two days around two in the a-afternoon." He squeaked, looking from the document to his Queen. Hildegard was only half-listening, her mouth full of the throbbing shaft that managed to escape the warm depths of her milk-bloated cleavage. Her half-closed eyes were fixed intently down toward his pole as she slowly sucked, deigning to glance up at him whenever he made a particularly enticing sound. Her arms clasped her mammoth jugs together and hefted them up and down his shaft, their sheer size utterly eclipsing his spread legs.

Rennyn swallowed audibly, beads of sweat trailing down his brow as he fought to stave off his release. "T-then the Oni contingent from – *oh* – Xia'Xol is has requested an a-audience sometime o-on – *ngh!*" He grimaced, cutting himself off as he arched his back to slide as much of his dick between the royal baps and fill her ravenous mouth as much as possible. Hildegard shut her eyes tight and deepthroated the rest of the chancellor's pole. She practically inhaled it, dipping her head down to the point she was basically kissing her own cleavage in her effort to get as much of his meat inside her as possible. Rennyn cried out and bucked his hips as he came, his free hand crumpling that week's itinerary as his mind was overwhelmed with pleasure. Hildegard's naked breasts squirted milk as he came in her hot mouth. Veshia and Jessamine both watched their mother's cheeks slowly balloon with seed as she match his thrusting hips with her bobbing head.

The ministrations of the Queen and her lover slowed, and Hildegard slowly pulled back from his still hard cock, releasing the head with a wet '*pop*'. Gobbets of saliva and semen dribbled a bit from her clasped lips while Hildegard stared into her panting chancellor's eyes. After several swallows, she finished the generous helping he'd given her. The Queen opened her mouth with a sigh to show she'd finished her rich snack, even as both her hands pumped his cock from where it sprouted between her breasts. With a chuckle, Hildegard leaned closer to him. "Mmm... Rennie..." she cooed, "Let's take a break from all this boring paperwork, shall we?"

"E-enough!" Jessamine sharply cut in, startling Veshia. "I don't want to see Mother and *Papa* on the job!" The Mage-Princess' complexion was now scarlet, her head clouded with arousal at the lewd cavalcade they'd both witnessed. The blush had actually managed to creep up to the pointed tips of her ears by this point. Veshia bet if Jessamine saw any more sex in the next few minutes, those ear-points would start smoking like the incense sticks in the temples of the

gods. Normally studious Jessamine was breathing heavily, with her spectacles having slid down the bridge of her slender nose. Her arousal was betrayed further by the rock-hard nipples tenting the tight fabric of her corset. She looked into the middle-distance for a few moments, still panting in need, before fixing her round sister with a stare. “L-lesson’s concluded. You may leave.”

Stifling a smile, Veshia gave her older batch-sister a nod and de-summoned the scrying spell with a hasty wave of her palm. The image shown on the magical canvas before it faded was that of Hildegard screaming in orgasm as the High Chamberlain rammed into her from behind. Veshia turned ponderously, knowing from her sister’s distracted look and burning expression that a goodbye would be worthless now. She lumbered through the doors, hastily closing them with a spell to give her sister some much needed privacy. As the doors slid shut, Veshia managed to catch a sight of an exasperated Jessamine hiking up her skirt and squatting down as a glowing phallic nimbus of staggering girth winked into existence beneath her at a murmured word. Veshia could hear the Mage-Princess’ groan of relief as she was penetrated before the marble doorway finished shutting.

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Veshia hadn’t been lying when she told Jessamine she had an appointment. In a way she was thankful for the lecherous visions shown in her newfound scrying spell, because they had aroused the Mage-Princess enough to cut their lesson short. This gave Veshia enough time to lumber along to her personal meeting rooms with enough time to spare. However, the polished double doors were closed by the time she’d arrived. A redhead maid waited nearby.

“The duke’s already arrived m’lady.” The maid explained, not making eye contact with Veshia, instead focusing her jade eyes on her own huge swell. Veshia didn’t know this maid’s name. She was probably a new hire, and most likely early into her pregnancy too given how the bulge was barely half the size of the princess’ own. Her shyness was most likely newbie jitters, as well as being intimidated by Veshia’s status and size.

“Oh! Did he request anything?” the chocolate-haired princess asked with a grin, stepping forwards to gently press her baby-filled womb against the maid’s belly and nuzzling against her. The redhead gave a startled squeak briefly meeting Veshia’s pink eyes, a strand of hair managing to flop free from her bun and dangle unkempt upon her forehead. Despite her blush, the maid didn’t retreat from the belly-on-belly contact, instead returning the greeting. “Y-yes, he requested some brandy from the guest’s cabinet, but chose to prepare it himself before I – uhm – b-bumped into it.” She looked cautiously up into Veshia’s eyes, awaiting rebuke for the mistake.

She received none, Veshia instead giggled knowingly in response. “Yeah, any good guest knows not to trouble gals as big as us with obviously difficult tasks. I wouldn’t dream of forcing you as part of your new duties,” – the maid’s blink of surprise at this confirmed the twelfth princess’ suspicion that she was new – “Besides, Cal’s a gentleman.” Veshia gave a sidelong

look to the closed doors before leaning a little bit forward to whisper conspiratorially, “Has he been waiting long?”

“About five minutes, m’lady.” The maid confirmed, smiling sheepishly. “He also requested one of your books from the shelf, to pass the time, I wasn’t sure what he’d prefer so I chose one I knew. The uh... *Top-Grade Mother from Another World*.” Her blush returned, and her smile threatening to break into a grin.

‘Good.’ Veshia thought, “Yeah I just started on that myself, he’ll love it.” She blinked, tilting her head to regard the maid, “You’re new, correct? What’s your name?”

The maid blanched, her brief amusement forgotten and nervousness beginning to creep back. “A-ah, it’s... Tinesi, m’lady. Tinesi Jadeleaf.” She attempted a nervous mix of a bow and curtsy, only really winding up sliding her womb up and down against the princess’, eliciting faint kicks from both surfaces.

Before Tinesi could recoil in embarrassment or stutter a string of apologies, Veshia smoothly pivoted, keeping the belly-to-belly contact, and gave the wide surface of the redhead’s bump a tender rub in response. “Active bunch aren’t they?”

“Y-yes.” The maid peeped with a nod, her hands covering her blushing mouth.

“How far along?” Veshia asked, still rubbing.

Tinesi gave reluctant chuckle. “Only a year, m’lady.”

“Ahh... you’ll have plenty of time to grow then.” Veshia winked at her, “Best make the most of it then! I’ll be busy discussing things with the Duke, so you’re relieved of duty for now until evening. Grab yourself a few bites to eat, take a nap, talk to someone. If you wanna read anything from the library...” at this Veshia gave the redhead’s bump a firm pat “I can recommend a few title like *The Goblin Inventor’s Round Investment*, or *Minotaur Moms At Midnight*, from my personal shelf. My treat!” Veshia tilted her head down towards the end of the hall and shuffled aside to give Tinesi room to leave.

The newbie looked shocked for a split-second at her reprieve and the doujin recommendations but soon gave a rapid nod of understanding and waddled off down the hallway.

Veshia didn’t watch her go, instead turning towards the doors, opening them with a spell, and squeezing her bulk inside. The room was simple but opulent like most of the sitting rooms of the palace. This one sported wood paneled walls of dark oak with glowquartz candelabras spaced evenly along the walls at eye level, with a small chandelier providing central lighting from above. A small refreshment cart sat on stubby wheels against one wall, with a pair of large bookcases next to this. A full portrait of the Storm Goddess, Tzavaina, rested on the mantle of

the empty fireplace that dominated the opposite wall. The goddess was in the throes of birth, her wavy green gown lifted to expose her crowning lips as she pushed. The torrent of rain in the piece represented her broken waters while the thunderheads were a result of her contractions. Her dark hair was slick with sweat she looked over her shoulder, teeth gritted with stubborn determination as she bore down to push. She was heedless of the small fleet of vessels beneath her in the picture. When a mother had to birth, *she had to birth*.

At the centre of the room, Veshia found her lover sitting on a cream coloured couch with a tumbler of booze in one hand, and a doujin issue in the other.

Duke Calis Dheneron was *short*. Nearly a full head shorter than Veshia, to where she was sure he had some Halving in his blood. He possessed a shaggy-but-short mess of honey-blond hair with the bangs nearly meeting his forest green eyes. His body was slender but not scrawny. His ears were only barely longer than young Torin's, but still pointed – though Veshia hadn't learned what sort of magic he specialized in, if-any. His boyish face was clean shaven and had the glass of alcohol raised to his lips to sip as he read the dialogue on the comic page. Despite his position, the Duke of Colforth, wore a subdued outfit of maroon breeches and a royal-purple waistcoat over a white cotton shirt with the sleeves partially rolled up.

He glanced up at her approach, having not heard her from outside the room due to the sound-muffling wards engraved on the doorframe for privacy's sake. He almost spit out his drink, instead choking on it a bit as he hastily stood to face her, setting the doujin on the coffee table as he did so. He stood with rigid, near-military, attention, - in more ways than one Veshia noticed. The breeches were tented with his arousal, the near-eleven inch girth looking like it could explode from the fabric with each faint throb. Evidently, the erotic book Tinesi had selected had gotten him all hot and bothered beforehand. Veshia made a mental note to give the new hire a bonus for her initiative.

"V-Veshia!" Calis managed between light coughs. His face was flushed from the mis-swallowed alcohol but also just blushing from her presence. She could tell because the red in his face had crept up to his ears as well. He'd looked the same during the Convocation as he rammed into her when she lay on her back, lasting far longer than any of her other suitors in the spent heap around them. He'd babbled sweet nothings and gasped like the virgin he had been then, his virile length harpooning her slit again and again and again. He'd cum inside her multiple times during all the excitement, only pausing to dab sweat from his shuddering body post-climax and wait at the edge of the group, gulping from what Veshia remembered vaguely being stamina potion. No one minded taking turns in any nation on Torranoc, and any sexual diseases that survived the coming of The Traveler over the centuries were mostly harmless if-not-annoying. Plus there'd be any number of nubile or gravid succubi willing to absorb any transmitted aliment into their lustful bodies to convert it into any of an array sexual medicine to secrete. As such, short Calis had no qualms plowing Veshia's fertile fields after another man had blown a load inside.

He'd been the most eager of her lovers during the Convocation, outpacing the others in how many times he'd erupted. Calis nuzzled his face between her impressive breasts during the final lay, the potion bottle empty nearby, pumping away with *such need*; shivering with fatigue with each thrust as he basted her womb repeatedly then. After wetly pulling from her loins, Calis slumped against Veshia sweaty body, his head on her heaving chest as dozed. Indeed, of all the men who'd filled her that night, he was the most likely to have fathered her children. And even if he wasn't, that didn't matter to her – for he was fun, adorable, enjoyed cooking for her and enjoyed reading her fan doujin.

She slowed to a wobbling stop in front of him, pivoting on the spot to see past her onerous breasts and belly. His eyes followed the sweeping movement before blinking, and snapping back to her own. Practically shaking himself free of drinking in her glory, Calis set his half-finished glass of brandy on the table before bowing stiffly to her.

“Y-your eminence, I humbly thank you for gracing me with your-“

“Oh c'mere you!” Veshia giddily cut him off, waddling forwards before pulling him into her taut, pillowy embrace. Whatever remaining formal greeting he had prepared came to a muffled stop when his face was smothered against her boob and she traced back his golden bangs to plant kisses on his forehead. Inadvertently, he returned the embrace as best he could, with one arm curling around her back while the other explored the silken surface of her womb. He leaned into her, to the point where she could feel the throbbing tree-trunk of that dick of his pressing firmly against the underside slopes of her belly, pulsing with need. She glanced over his shoulder to spy the cover of the doujin on the coffee table.

*‘Top-Grade Mother from Another World’* showcased a pure human girl in her late teens squeezed into an ill-fitting academy uniform. The uniform's design was similar to ones seen in one of The Traveler's manga he'd brought with him to Torranoc. The schoolgirl has disheveled wavy purple-black hair, amber eyes, and was heavily pregnant with a bared belly reaching just past her knees. Her face was blushing with an o-shaped gasp of shock at her predicament. Behind her on the cover was a Scylla, an aquatic race of merfolk with cephalopod tentacles instead of humanoid legs, her skin an ochre colour with blood red hair wet from the sea plastered to her head. Finned & pointed ears protruded from these crimson locks. With a face possessing a pert nose, the scylla's black glossy eyes were full of mischief and lust, while her lascivious grin revealed small sharp teeth.

The scylla pressed an equally huge pair of naked breasts and a slightly bigger baby-bloated belly into the schoolgirl's side. Her webbed hands gripped the human's wrists while her octopus tentacles traced the girl's rotund form, grappling her big tits until they squirted milk through the fraying uniform, curling around her plump thighs and under the uniform's skirt to tease her ass, while the girl's round bump was tenderly caressed. This was Volume 2, and Veshia

hadn't had a chance to read it yet. It was no wonder Calis was so erect given what she knew of the prior volume in this new series.

She felt her short man struggle to breathe for a moment and pull his head away from her side with a gasp, his face still flushed. She let him gulp a mouthful of air before dipping her head down as pressing her lips to his. It was hardly a chaste kiss, her tongue seeking his to pour her desire upon him, to make him *know* how she'd missed him. Any more of his flustered feelings melted away at this, and despite his shyness this wasn't their first meeting after all. Veshia's hormones had simmered for a fortnight while he'd been away at his family's estate overseeing the family's business ventures.

Evidently so had Calis' own hormones, Veshia thought as she felt the gentle but needy pulse of his tool against her while his heart hammered in his slender chest. Soon his hand slid up the mountain of her belly to cup then knead one of her breasts. His splayed fingers could barely encompass a third of her boob. She felt her nipple, still hard from the sighs shown in the scrying vision, press into his palm and her silken dress top and straining bra beneath dampened with the milk seeping from the aroused tit. His hand crept up to her wealth of cleavage, hooking fingers into the stretched neckline and tugging the fabric down. It held, barely, the enchanted silk had some give to it to enable her freedom of movement and give her room to grow. Her breasts bounced free, the movement snapping the centre clasp of the lavender brassiere and letting the halves of fabric flop open like flower petals to expose her pink, milk-damp nipples.

He broke the kiss, reluctantly, planting a quick smooch to her lips, subconsciously arching his back against her to more firmly nuzzle his rod against her womb. His eyes were half closed with a lustful haze, leaning his head and opening his mouth to clasp it around her bulging udder. One suck released a firm squirt of her milk into his hot mouth, eliciting a startled squeal of pleasure from Veshia. She felt her nethers seep with need, her thighs shuffling together in response to his ministrations. While one hand angles and armful of her breasts to aid in suckling, his other rubbed her lower back for her own comfort and support.

Veshia tilted her head back and moaned to the ceiling, one hand cradling the back of his head, her fingers engulfed in his honey-blond locks. Her other hand tweaked her unattended nipple, pinching and twisting the thick nub to coax streams of her milk from it. She ached with need, and had been looking forward to this all day. Panting slightly, she returned her attention to the couch Calis had occupied. With a gasped spell, she gestured, and the coffee table slid out while the couch slid back. The couch then unfolded, the gnome-engineered clockwork inside activating with a pulse of mana. The plush cushions shifted and up to become a soft headboard while the compacted foam mattress beneath stretched out on sliding metal tracks that eased from the edge of the couch. In a moment a bed had been erected, just barely large enough to accommodate the young duke and his enormous lover. It was already pre-made with crimson sheets sporting flowery white filigree patterns.



Returning her attention to Calis, the princess playfully pressed a slender finger to his brow and gently shoved his head away from her boob. His lips left her tit with a soft '*pop*'. He blinked, as if rousing from a daze, milk dotting his perplexed expression. He looked up at her, practically giving her puppy-dog eyes that melted her heart. Veshia smiled tenderly before glancing to the freshly assembled bed, inclining her head wordlessly. Calis followed her gaze and smiled sheepishly. "Alright," he breathed, "Let's get to it."

In moments they shed their clothing and clamoured onto the bed. Veshia rested on her back, her mountain of a womb rising above her. Calis straddled her chest, his hips sandwiched between her belly at his back and her breasts squeezed around his virile eleven-inch girth which just managed to protrude from her volumous cleavage. She swirled the tip with her tongue, pausing to plant kisses on it. "Good morning big guy!" she giggled, before looking up past her breasts into his eyes and giving Calis a nod. Taking his cue, the duke clasped his hands on either side of her jugs and began steadily moving his hips. Veshia opened her mouth and accepted his tip inside, bobbing her head to match his pace, her thick braid-tails swaying with the movement. Her hands reached up to rest on his own gripping her cleavage, and they intertwined their fingers. Veshia caressed the knuckles of his thumbs with her own.

Coaxed further, Calis thrust a bit harder, his breaths coming out in huffs as sweat beaded his slender body. Veshia complied by taking in more of this length, avoiding her gag reflex altogether through practice as he pounded her throat. Her breasts wobbled, caught between the overs, the fat, dark, nipples squirting twin streams in the air to rain down upon them. Calis soon started thrusting a bit harder, his movements becoming erratic as he sought to stave off his release just a bit further. From experience, Veshia could tell he was losing this battle and pressed her face as far down on his dick as she could, her hands leaving her breasts to reach up and grip his firm buttocks and pull him further towards her. Calis released her tits to instead grip the back of her head and ram himself as deep as feasible with choked cry. Teeth gritted, eyes shut tight, the duke erupted in the princess' mouth. The volcanic geyser of cum soon overflowed from Veshia despite her lustful attempts to gulp it down. White streams drizzled down from her lips, along the shaft, to spatter her cleavage and Calis' heavy sack. She came as he did, giving a muffled squeak around his girth as her vagina squirted. The pair caught their breath for a bit, Veshia's hand pumping his shaft to coax a few more splurts from the still hard beast.

The fine linen sheets and blankets of the bed, damp with their sweat and stained with their fluids, were churned into a mass as the couple changed positions. Calis spooned his royal love as she lay on her side, his hand lifting her plump leg with his fingers hooked firmly behind her knee. Veshia bit her knuckle lightly, a blush on her face, her breathing hitched as she knew what would come next. Calis lined himself up, his rod pulsing slightly from his heartbeat, the tip just grazing the sexual inferno of the princess' loins. Her pussy was cute, the pubic hair meticulously trimmed to point to the glistening treasure he knew so well. She was still wet from arousal and her previous orgasms, slick and ready for him, practically quivering with need.

He entered with almost agonizing slowness, easing his thickness into her folds easily, spreading and filling her to the brim. Veshia let out a long, low, groan that only ended with a squeak as he hilted himself inside her, his heavy balls bobbing against her entrance, their pubes meshing against one another. Despite his size, there was no change of him hurting her or putting her into labour prematurely. The Traveler's ministrations upon the biology of the people of Torranoc ensure long, large, healthy pregnancies, with mother's durable enough in body to endure such with a minimal amount of fuss. As such, Calis could ram balls-deep inside Veshia and do nothing to break her waters. She was nowhere near her due date and so that particular torrent of fluid wouldn't eject from her body until after that time – and even then there was a chance she'd become overdue.

But such thoughts were far from the twelfth princess' mind. Instead her mind was flooded with desire and pleasure, little electric tingles zipping along her body as she was filled. His pulse thrummed inside her, feeling like his cock had managed to reach into the centre of her womb, the core of her very being – even if it was really only ramming the doors of her durable cervix instead. There was no pain, and Veshia instead rode the waves of pleasure like a whale at sea. Then he began to thrust, slowly picking up a rhythm. Half-in then half-out, again and again and again. Veshia's bloated body quaked at this, her breasts wobbling and leaking cream, her plump ass pressing into his lower torso, her belly rocking slightly across the sheets with the patter of kicks from her brood emanating from the mountain of fertility.

He reached around her in a hug, his hands lovingly meeting hers against what little of the pregnant expanse she could reach. A few babies were felt: a brief elbow here, the press of a knee there. Veshia gave a breathy chuckle laced with a sigh as she came again, the only other sounds in the room being the creak of the clockwork bed and the wet *thwap-thwap-thwap* of Calis' testes against her as he thrust. She felt his teeth grace her bare shoulder briefly before he bit down, gently, a huffing moan escaping his mouth as he did so.

*"Y-Yes... right there.... Right therrrrreee!"* she called out, failing silence where her lover had not. Her G-spot had been found readily enough due to their prior couplings, and Calis' tip slammed it mercilessly at her demand of *"H-harder! HARDER!"*. Veshia came again, her hands pawing at her breasts, tugging her nipples to send milk skywards even as her juices spurted around the near-vacuum seal of Calis' shaft. He pulled his mouth from her shoulder to manage to gasp *"V-Veshie... Veshie- please!"* She managed to look over her shoulder despite the rapid movement of their bodies, her pink eyes meeting his green ones and she nodded.

Abruptly he leaned into her, catching her mouth with his as his hips slammed her once – twice – three times – a fourth – the clapping of their bodies spaced between one-second pauses as their combined pleasure peaked. On the fifth thrust he stayed inside, grinding his hips against her as he came buckets. The lovers screamed into each other's mouth, breaking the kiss midway as their pleasure plateaued in a mind numbing orgasm that rippled through them. His virile seed mingled with her slick femcum in an undulating torrent that puddled beneath them on the bed.

Calis thrust weakly into her to milk a bit more from his dwindling arousal, basting her insides with his cum before pulling from her sopping hole with a slow *splurch*.

They laid there, embracing, with Calis' breath puffing hotly against her neck as his pleasure diminished in waves. Veshia reached an arm up and back to caress his head, managing a smile as she came down from her own high. Her glasses were askew, thankfully not knocked off during the chaos, she gingerly readjusted them before turning her head against to regard his drowsy expression.

“So... another round?” She asked coyly.

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A half hour later saw the bedspread in sodden heaps around the couch as they languished in the afterglow of further couplings. Veshia had summoned a doujin from the shelf with a pulse of her magic and was thumbing through it as Calis read over her shoulder, the point of his chin on her collarbone.

“You’re getting better...” he commented before planting a kiss on her round ear, his eyes not leaving the lewd scenes on the comic page.

“Thanks!” Veshia replied with a grin, as she briefly turned the book to admire a cover depicting an enormously pregnant purple-skinned *djinn* woman looming over a half-elven knight standing in a night-shrouded desert oasis. The title read “*40 Hot and Heavy Kelsaryen Nights*”. Veshia’s name graced the cover as author. She re-opened the book to the page they’d left off, the panels depicting the overly-maternal djinn forming out of the lilac fog emanating from the silver lamp the handsome but surprised knight had liberated from the oasis in his attempt to catch fish.

Calis gave her another ear-kiss. “You’re working on the next volume? I’m here if you need-” he nuzzled his hips against her for emphasis despite the fact they were both spent for now – “-*inspiration*.”

“With you at my side babe? Always!” Veshia smiled, her thumb tracing her inlaid signature on the cover, and the caption beneath it that read:

*Produced, written, and penned by the Author-Princess.*